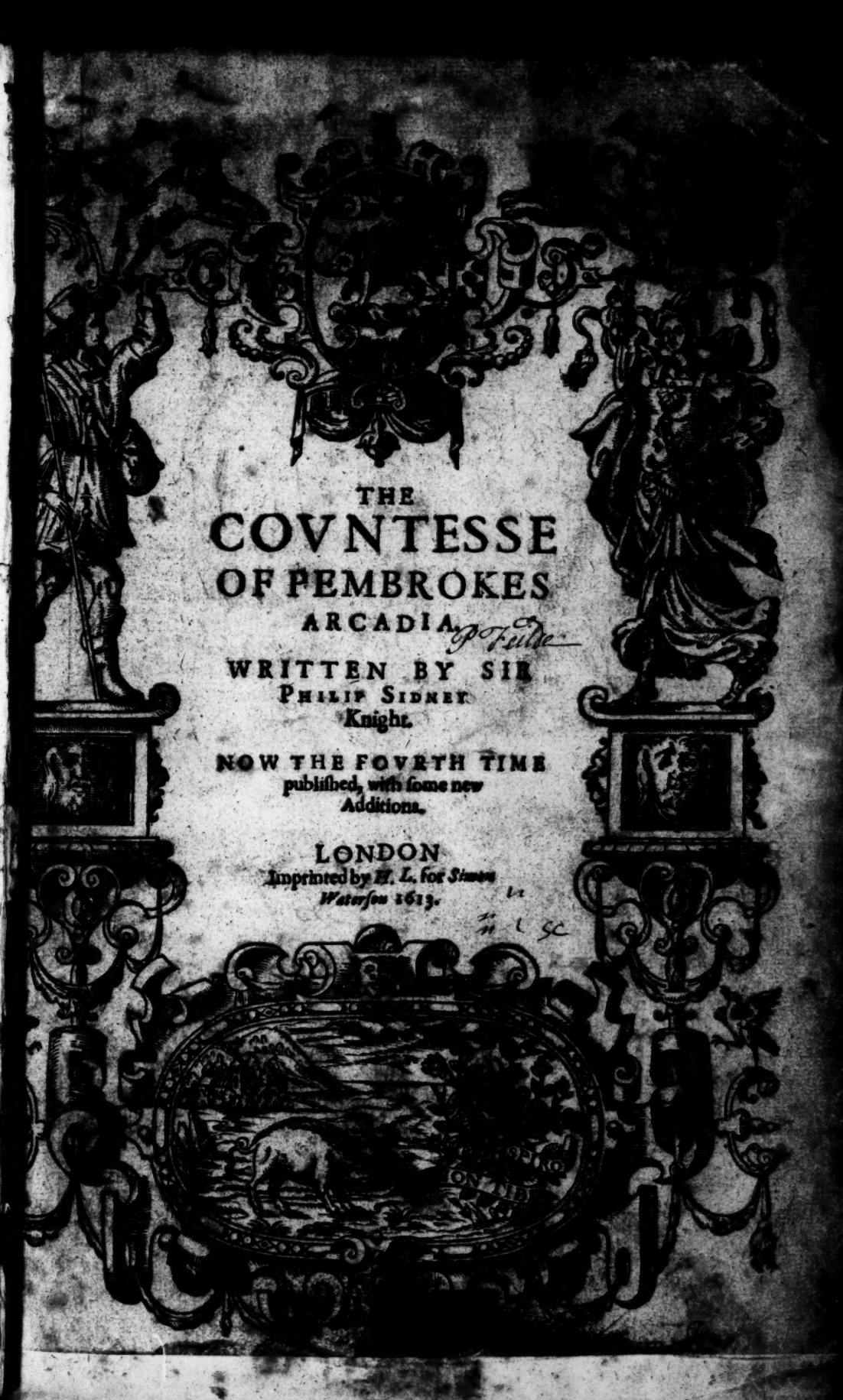


THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

WRITTEN BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY Knight.

NOW THE FOVRTH TIME published, with some new Additions.

LONDON
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O MY DEARE LADY AND SISTER, THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKE.

HEre now haue you (most deare, and most worthie to bee most deare Ladie) this idle work of mine: which I feare (like the Spiders web) will bee thought fitter to bee swept away, then worne to any other purpose. For my part, in very truth (as the cruel fathers among the Greeks were wont to doe to the babes they would not foster) I could well find in my heart, to cast out in some desert of forgetfulnes this child, which I am loth to father. But you desired me to do it, & your desire, to my heart is an absolute commandement. Now, it is done onely for you, onely to you: if you keepe it to your selfe, or to such friends, who will weigh errors in the balance of good will, I hope, for the fathers sake, it will be pardoned, perchance made much of; though in it selfe it haue deformities. For indeed, for seuerer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear selfe can best witnes the maner, being done in loose sheetes of paper, most of it in your presence, the rest, by

sheetes,

ſheetes, ſent vnto you, as faſt as they were done. I
ſumme, a yong head, not ſo wel ſtaied as I would it wer
(and ſhall bee when God will) hauing many man
fancies begotten in it, if it had not been in ſome way de
liuered, would haue growne a monſter, and more ſor
might I be that they came in, then that they gat out. Bu
his chiefe ſafety, ſhal be the not walking abroad; and hi
chiefe protection, the bearing the liuerie of your name
which (if much much good will do not deceiue me) i
worthy to be a ſanctuary for a greater offender. This ſa
I, becauſe I know the vertue ſo; and this ſay I, becauſe
may be euer ſo, or to ſay better, becauſe it will be euer ſ
Reade it then at your idle times, & the follies your goo
iudgement will finde in it, blame not, but laugh at. An
ſo, looking for no better ſtuf, then, as in a Haberdaſher
ſhop, glaſſes, or feathers, you will continue to loue th
writer, who doth exceedingly loue you, and moſt
moſte hartily praies you may long liue, to be a princip
ornament to the family of the *Sidneis*.

Your louing brother,

Philip Sidney.

THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA, WRITTEN BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEL.

THE FIRST BOOKE.

IT was in the time that the earth begins to put on her new apparel against the approch of her louer, & that the Sun running a most euen course, becoms an indifferent arbiter between the night & the day; when the hopeles shepherd *Strephon* was com to the sands which lie against the Iland of Cithera; where viewing the place with a heauy kind of delight, and sometimes casting his eyes to the Isle-ward; he called his friendly riuall, the pastor *Clains* vnto him, and setting first down in his darkned countnance a doleful copie of what he would speak: O my *Clains*, said he, hither we are now come to pay the rent, for which we are so called vnto by ouer-busie Remembrance, Remembrance, restles Remembrance, which claims not only this dutie of vs, but for it wil haue vs forget our selues. I pray you when we were amid our flock, & that of other shepheards some were running after their sheepe straied beyond their bounds, some delighting their eyes with seeing them nibble vpon the short and sweet grasse, some medicining their sicke ewes, some setting a bell for an enfigne of a sheepish squadron, some with more leasure inuenting new games of exercising their bodies and sporting their wits: did Remembrance grant vs any holiday, either for pastime or deuotion, nay either for necessary foode or naturall rest? but that still it forced our thoughts to worke vpon this place, where we last (alas that the word last should so long last) did graze our eyes vpon her euer florishing beautie: did it not still crie within vs? Ah you base minded wretches, are your thoughts so deeply bemired in the trade of ordinary worldlings, as for respect of gaine some paultry wooll may yeeld you, to let so much time passe without knowing perfectly her estate, especially in so troublesome a season? to leaue that shore vnsalured, from whence you may see to the Iland where she dwelleth? to leaue those steps vnkissed wherein *Vrania* printed the farewell of all beautie? Well then remembrance commaunded, we obeyd, and here we find, that as our remembrance came euer cloathed vnto vs in the forme of this place, so this place giues new heate to the feauer of our languishing remembrance. Yonder, my *Clains*, *Vrania* lighted, the verie horse (me thought) bewayled to be so disburdened: and as for thee, poore *Clains*, when thou wentst to help her downe, I saw reuerence and desire so diuide thee, that thou didst at one instant both blush and quake, and in steid of bearing her, wert readie to fall

down thy ſelfe. There ſhe ſate, vouchſafing my cloake (then moſt gorgeous) vnder her: at yonder riſing of the ground ſhee turned her ſelfe, looking backe toward her woonted abode, and becauſe of her parting, bearing much ſorrow in her eyes, the light ſomneſſe whereof had yet ſo naturall a cheerefulneſſe, as it made euen ſorrow ſeeme to ſmile; at that turning ſheeſpake to vs all, opening the cherries of her lips, and Lord how greedily mine eares did feed vpon the ſweete words ſhe vttered? And here ſhe laide her hand ouer thine eyes, when ſhee ſaw the teares ſpringing in them, as if ſhee would conceale them from other, and yet her ſelfe feele ſome of thy ſorrow: But woe is me, yonder, yonder, did ſhee put her foote into the boate, at that inſtant, as it were diuiding her heauenly beautie, betweene the Earth and the Sea. But when ſhe was imbarked, did you not marke how the windes whiſtled, and the ſeas daunſt for ioy, how the ſailes did ſwell with pride, and all becauſe they had *Vrania*? O *Vrania*, bleſſed be thou *Vrania*, the ſweeteſt, fairneſſe and faireſt ſweetneſſe: with that word his voice brake ſo with ſobbing, that he could ſay no further; and *Claius* thus anſwered; Alas my *Strephon* (ſaid he) what needes this skore to recken vp onely our loſſes? What doubt is there, but that the ſight of this place doth call our thoughts to appeare at the court of affection, held by that racking ſteward, Remembrance? Aſwell may ſheepe forget to feare when they ſpie woolues, as we can miſſe ſuch fancies, when we ſee any place made happie by her treading. Who can chooſe that ſaw her, but thinke where ſhe ſtayed, where ſhe walkt, where ſhe turned, where ſhe ſpoke? But what is all this? truely no more, but as this place ſerued vs to thinke of thoſe things, ſo thoſe things ſerue as places to call to memorie more excellent matters. No, no, let vs thinke with conſideration, and conſider with acknowledging, & acknowledge with admiration, & admire with loue, and loue with ioy in the midſt of all woes: let vs in ſuch ſort thinke, I ſay, that our poore eyes were ſo inriched as to behould, and our lowe hearts ſo exalted as to loue a maide, who is ſuch, that as the greateſt thing the world can ſhewe, is her beautie, ſo the leaſt thing that may be praiſed in her, is her beautie. Certainly as her eye-lids are more pleaſant to behold, then two white kiddes climbing vp a faire tree, and browſing on his tendereſt branches, and yet are nothing compared to the day-ſhining ſtarres contained in them; and as her breath is more ſweete then a gentle South-weſt wind, which comes creeping ouer flowrie fieldes and ſhadowed waters in the extreame heate of ſommer, and yet is nothing, compared to the hony flowing ſpeach that breath doth carrie: no more all that our eyes can ſee of her (though when they haue ſeene her, what elſe they ſhall euer ſee is but drie ſtubble after clouers graſſe) is to be matched with the flocke of vnſpeakeable vertues, laid vp delightfully in that beſt builded fold. But in deede as we can better conſider the ſunnes beautie, by marking how he gildes theſe waters and mountaines, then by looking vpon his owne face, too glorious for our weake eyes: ſo it may be, our conceits (not able to beare her ſun-ſtayning excellencie) will better waigh it by her workes vpon ſome meaner ſubiect employed. And alas, who can better witneſſe that then we, whoſe experience is grounded vpon feeling? hath not the only loue of her made vs (being ſilly ignorant ſhepheards) raiſe vp our thoughts aboue the ordinary leuell of the world, ſo as great clearks doe not diſdaine our conference? hath not the deſire to ſeeme worthie in her eyes, made vs when others were ſleeping, to ſit viewing the courſe of heauens? when others were running at baſe, to runne ouer learned writings? when other marke their ſheepe, we to marke our ſelues? hath not ſhe throwne reaſon vpon our deſires, and as it were giuen eyes vnto *Cupid*? hath in any but in her, loue-fellowſhip maintained

friendſhip

freindship between riuals, and beautie taught the beholders chastitie? He was going on with his praises, but *Strephon* bad him stay, and looke: and so they both perceiued a thing which floated drawing nearer and nearer to the banke; but rather by the fauourable working of the Sea, then by any selfe industrie. They doubted a while what it should be, till it was cast vp euen hard before them: at which time they fully saw that it was a man. Wherupon running for pitie sake vnto him, they found his hands (as it should appeare, constanter friends to his life than his memorie) fast griping vpon the edge of a square small coffer, which lay all vnder his breast: els in himselfe no shew of life, so as the boord seemed to be but a beere to carrie him aland to his Sepulcher. So drew they vp a yong man of so goodly shape, and well pleasing fauour, that one would thinke death had in him a louely countenance; and, that though he were naked, nakednesse was to him an apparell. That sight increased their compassion, and their compassion called vp their care; so that lifting his feete aboue his head, making a great deale of salt water come out of his mouth, they layd him vpon some of their garments, and fell to rub and chafe him, til they brought him to to recouer both breath the seruant, and warmth the companion of liuing. At length opening his eyes, he gaue a great groan; a doleful note, but a pleasant dittie: for by that, they found not onely life, but strength of life in him. They therefore continued on their charitable office, vntil (his spirits being well returned,) he (without so much as thanking them for their paines) gate vp, and looking round about to the vttermost limits of his sight, and crying vpon the name of *Pyrocles*, nor seeing nor hearing cause of comfort, what (said he) and shall *Musidorus* liue after *Pyrocles* destruction? therewithall hee offered wilfully to cast himselfe againe into the sea: a strange sight to the shepheards, to whome it seemed, that before being in apparance dead, had yet saued his life, and now comming to his life, should be a cause to procure his death; but they ranne vnto him, and pulling him back (then too feeble for them) by force stickled that vnnaturall fray. I pray you (said he) honest men, what such right haue you in me, as not to suffer mee to do with my selfe what I list? and what policie haue you to bestowe a benefite where it is counted an iniury? They hearing him speake in Greeke (which was their naturall language) became the more tender hearted towards him; and considering by his calling, and looking, that the losse of some deare friend was great cause of his sorrow; tolde him, they were poore men that were bounde by course of humanitie to preuent so great a mischiefe; and that they wisht him, if opinion of some bodies perishing bred such desperate anguish in him, that he should be comforted by his own proofe, who had lately escaped as apparant danger as any might be. No, no (said he) it is not for me to attend so high a blissefulnes: but since you take care of me, I pray you find meanes that some Barke may be prouided, that wil go out of the hauen, that if it be possible we may find the bodie farre farre too precious a food for fishes: and for the hire (said hee) I haue within this casket, of value sufficient to content them. *Claius* presently went to a Fisherman, and hauing agreed with him, and prouided some apparell for the naked stranger, he imbarked, & the Shepheards with him; and were no sooner gone beyond the mouth of the hauen, but that some way into the sea they might discerne (as it were) a staine of the waters colour, and by times some sparkes and smoke mounting therout. But the yong man no sooner saw it, but that beating his breast, he cried, that there was the beginning of his ruine, intreating them to bend their course as neere vnto it as they could: telling, how that smoke was but a small relique of a great fire, which had driuen both him and his friend rather to commit themselues to the cold mercie of the

ſea, than to abide the hot crueltie of the fire: and that therefore though they both had abandoned the ſhip, that he was (if any where) in that courſe to be met withall. They ſteared therefore as neare thither-ward as they could: but when they came ſo neare as their eies were ful maſters of the obiect, they ſaw a ſight ful of pitious ſtrangeneſſe: a ſhip, or rather the carkas of the ſhip, or rather ſome few bones of the carkas, hulling there, part broken, part burned, part drowned: death hauing vſed more than one dart to that deſtruction. About it floted great ſtore of very rich things, and many cheſtes which might promiſe no leſſe. And amidſt the precious things were a number of dead bodies, which likewiſe did not onely teſtifie both elements violence, but that the chiefe violence was growne of humane inhumanity: for their bodies were full of griſly wounds, and their bloud had (as it were) filled the wrinkles of the ſeas viſage: which it ſeemed the ſea would not waſh away, that it might witneſſe it is not alwaies his fault, when we condemne his crueltie. In ſumme, a defeate, where the conquered kept both field and ſpoile: a ſhipwrack without ſtorme or ill footing: and a waſt of fire in the midſt of the water.

But a little way off they ſaw the maſt, whoſe proude height now lay along; like a widdow hauing loſt her make of whom ſhe held her honour: but vpon the maſt they ſaw a yong man (at leaſt if hee were a man) bearing ſhew of about 18. yeares of age, who ſate (as on horſebacke) hauing nothing vpon him but his ſhirt, which being wrought with blew ſilke and gold, had a kind of reſemblance to the ſea: on which the ſun (then neare his Weſterne home) did ſhoote ſome of his beames. His haire (which the young man of Greece vſed to weare very long) was ſtirred vp and downe with the wind, which ſeemed to haue a ſport to play with it, as the ſea had to kiſſe his feete; himſelfe full of admirable beautie, ſet foorth by the ſtrangeneſſe both of his ſeate and geſture: for, holding his head vp full of vnmoued maieſtie, he held a ſword aloft with his faire arme, which often he waued about his crowne, as though he wold threaten the world in that extreamitie. But the fiſhermen, when they came ſo neare him, that it was time to throwe out a rope, by which hold they might draw him, their ſimplicity bred ſuch amaſement, and their amaſement ſuch ſuperſtition, that (aſſuredly thinking it was ſome God begotten betweene *Neptune* & *Venus*, that had made all this terrible ſlaughter) as they went vnder ſaile by him, held vp their hands and made their praiers. Which when *Muſidorus* ſaw, though he were almoſt as much rauiſhed with ioy, as they with aſtoniſhment, he leapt to the Mariner, and tooke the cord out of his hand, and (ſaying, Doeſt thou liue, and art well? who anſwered, thou canſt tell beſt, ſince moſt of my well being ſtands in thee,) threwe it out, but alreadie the ſhippe was paſt beyond *Pyrocles*: and therefore *Muſidorus* could doe no more but perſwade the Mariners to caſt about againe, aſſuring them that he was but a man, although of moſt diuine excellencies, and promiſing great rewards for their paine.

And now they were alreadie come vpon the ſtaies; when one of the ſailers deſcried a Galley vvhich came vvith ſailes and oares directly in the chaſe of them; and ſtreight perceiued it vvas a vvel knovvne Pirate, vvho hunted not onely for goods but for bodies of men, vvhich hee emploied either to be his Galley ſlaues, or to ſell at the beſt market. Which vvhen the Maiſter vnderſtood, he commanded foorthvvith to ſet on all the canuaſſe they could, and flie homevvard, leauing in that ſort poore *Pyrocles* ſo neare to be reſcued. But vvhat did not *Muſidorus* ſaie? vvhat did he not offer to perſvvade them to venture the fight? But feare ſtanding at the gates of their eares, put backe all perſvvaſions: ſo that he had nothing vvherevvith to accompanie

Pyrocles

Pyrocles, but his eyes; nor to succour him, but his wishes. Therefore praying for him, and casting a long looke that way, he saw the Gally leaue the pursuite of them, and turne to take vp the spoiles of the other wracke: and lastly he might well see them lift vp the young man; and alas (said hee to himselfe) deare *Pyrocles* shall that body of thine be enchained? shal those victorious hands of thine be cõmanded to base offices? shal vertue become a slaue to those that be slaues to viciousnesse? Alas, better had it bin thou hadst ended nobly thy noble daies: what death is so euil as vnworthy seruitude? But that opinion soone ceased, when he saw the gallie setting vpon another shippe, which held long and strong fight with her: for then he began afresh to feare the life of his friend, and to wish well to the Pirates whom before he hated, least in their ruine he might perish. But the fishermen made such speede into the hauen, that they absented his eyes from beholding the issue: where being entred, he could procure neither them nor any other as then to put themselues into the sea: so that being as ful of sorrow for being vnable to do any thing, as voide of counsell how to do any thing, besides that sicknesse grew something vpon him, the honest sheapheards *Strephon* & *Claius* (who being them selues true friends, did the more perfectly iudge the iustnesse of his sorrow) aduise him, that he should mitigate somwhat of his woe, since he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from assured perswasion of his death, to haue no cause to despaire of his life: as one that had lamented the death of his sheepe, should after know they were but straid, would receiue pleasure though readily he knew not where to find them.

Now sir (said they) thus for our selues it is; We are in profession but shepheards, and in this countrie of Laconia little better then straungers, and therefore neither in skill, nor ability of power greatly to stead you. But what we can present vnto you is this: Arcadia, of which countrie we are, is but a little way hence; and euen vpon the next confines there dwelleth a Gentleman, by name *Kalander*, who vouchsafeth much fauour vnto vs: A man who for his hospitalitie is so much haunted, that no newes stirre, but comes to his eares; for his vpright dealing so beloued of his neighbours, that he hath many euer readie to doe him their vttermost seruice, and by the great good will our Prince beares him, may soone obtaine the vse of his name and credit, which hath a principall swaie, not onely in his owne Arcadia, but in all these countries of *Peloponnesus*: and (which is worth all) all these things giue him not so much power, as his nature giues him will to benefit: so that it seemes no Musick is so sweet to his eare as deserued thanks. To him we will bring you, and there you may recouer againe your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent search for your friend: and therefore you must labour for it. Besides, we are sure the comfort of curtesie, and ease of wise counsell shall not be wanting.

Musidorus (who besides he was meerely vnacquainted in the countrie, had his wits astonished with sorow) gaue easie consent to that, from which hee saw no reason to disagree: and therefore (defraying the marriners with a ring bestowed vpon them) they tooke their iourney together through *Laconia*; *Claius* and *Strephon* by course carying his chest for him, *Musidorus* only bearing in his countenance euident markes of a sorrowful mind supported with a weake bodie: which they perceiuing, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not at the first to be striuen withall (being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following, than ouerthrowne by withstanding) they gaue way vnto it for that day and the next; neuer troubling him, either with asking questions, or finding fault with his melancholie, but rather fitting to his dolor dolorous discourses of their owne and other folks misfortune. Which

ſpeeches, though they had not a liuely entrance to his ſenſes ſhut vp in ſorow, yet like one halfe aſleepe he tooke hold of the matters ſpoken vnto him, ſo as a man may ſay, ere ſorow was aware, they made his thoughts beare away ſomething els beſide his own ſorow; which wrought ſo in him, that at the length he grew cõtent to marke their ſpeeches, then to maruell at ſuch wit in ſhepheards, after to like their company, and laſtly to vouchſafe conference: ſo that the third day after, in the time that the morning did ſtrow roſes and violets in the heauenly floore againſt the comming of the Sunne, the nightingales (ſtriuing one with the other which could in moſt dainty varietie recount their wrong cauſed ſorow) made them put off their ſleepe, & riſing from vnder a tree (which that night had bin their pauilion) they went on their iourney, which by and by welcomed *Muſidorus* eyes (wearied with the waſted ſoile of Laconia) with delightfull proſpects. There were hilles which garniſhed their proud heights with ſtately trees: humble valleis, whoſe baſe eſtate ſeemed comforted with refreſhing of ſiluer riuers: medowes, enameld with all ſortes of ey-pleaſing flowers: thickets, which being lined with moſt pleaſant ſhade, were witneſſed ſo too, by the cherefull depoſition of many wel-tuned birds: each paſture ſtored with ſheep feeding with ſober ſecuritie, while the pretie lambes with bleating oratorie craued the dams comfort: here a ſhepheards boy piping, as though he ſhould neuer be old: there a yong ſhepherdeſſe knitting, and withall ſinging, and it ſeemed that her voice comforted her hands to worke, and her hands kept time to her voices muſick. As for the houſes of the country (for many houſes came vnder their eye) they were all ſcattered, no two being one by th' other, and yet not ſo far off as that it barred mutuall ſuccor: a ſhew, as it were, of an accompanable ſolitarines, and of a ciuil wildnes. I pray you, ſaid *Muſidorus* (then firſt vnſealing his long ſilent lips) what countreyes be theſe we paſſe through, which are ſo diuers in ſhewe, the one wanting no ſtore, th' other hauing no ſtore but of want.

The country (anſwered *Clains*) where you were caſt aſhore, and now are paſt through, is Laconia, not ſo poor by the barrennes of the ſoyle (though in it ſelfe not paſsing fertill) as by a ciuill warre, which being theſe two yeares within the bowels of that eſtate, betweene the gentlemen and the peaſants (by them named *Helots*) hath in this ſorte as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it ſo vnhoſpitall as now you haue found it: the townes neither of the one ſide nor the other, willingly opening their gates to ſtrangers, nor ſtrangers willingly entring for feare of being miſtaken.

But this countrie (where now you ſet your foot) is Arcadia: and euen hard by is the houſe of *Kalander* whither we leade you: this country being thus decked with peace, & (the child of peace) good husbandrie. Theſe houſes you ſee ſo ſcattred are of men, as we two are, that liue vpon the commoditie of their ſheepe: and therefore in the diuiſion of the Arcadian eſtate are termed ſhepheards; a happy people, wanting little, becauſe they deſire not much. What cauſe then, ſaid *Muſidorus*, made you venter to leaue this ſweet life, and put your ſelfe in yonder vnpleaſant and dangerous realme? Guarded with pouertie (anſwered *Strephon*) and guided with loue. But now (ſaid *Clains*) ſince it hath pleaſed you to aske any thing of vs whoſe baſenes is ſuch as the very knowledge is darknes: giue vs leaue to know ſome thing of you, and of the yong man you ſo much lament, that at leaſt we may be the better inſtructed to enforme *Kalander*, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment. *Muſidorus* (according to the agreement betweene *Pyrocles* and him to alter their names) anſwered, that he called himſelfe *Palladius*, and his friend *Daiphantus*; but till I haue

him

him againe (ſaid he) I am indeed nothing, and therefore my ſtorie is of nothing: his entertainment (ſince ſo good a man he is) cannot be ſo low as I account my eſtate; and in ſumme, the ſumme of all his curteſie may be to help me by ſome meanes to ſeeke my friend.

They perceiued he was not willing to open himſelfe further, and therefore without further queſtioning brought him to the houſe; about which they might ſee (with fit conſideration both of the aire, the proſpect, and the nature of the ground) all ſuch neceſſarie additions to a great houſe, as might well ſhew, *Kalander* knew that prouiſion is the foundation of hoſpitalitie, and thrift the fewell of magnificence. The houſe is ſelfe was built of faire and ſtrong ſtone, not affecting ſo much any extraordinarie kind of fineneſſe, as an honourable repreſenting of a firme ſtatelineſſe. The lights, doores and ſtaires, rather directed to the vſe of the gueſt, then to the eye of the Artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, ſo the other not neglected; each place handſome without curioſitie, and homely without lothſomneſſe; not ſo dainty as not to be trode on, nor yet ſlubbered vp with good felowſhip; all more laſting than beautiful, but that the conſideration of the exceeding laſtingneſſe made the eye beleeue it was exceeding beautifull. The ſeruants not ſo many in number, as cleanly in apparell, and ſeruiceable in behauiour, teſtifying euen in their countenances, that their maiſter tooke aſwell care of them that did ſerue, as to be ſerued. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the ſhepherds, as men, who though they were poore, their maiſter greatly fauored; and vnderſtanding by them, that the young man with them was to be much accounted of, for that they had ſeen tokens of more then common greatneſſe, how-ſoeuer now eclipſed with fortune: he ran to his maiſter, who came preſently forth; and pleaſantly welcomming the ſhepherds, but eſpecially applying him to *Muſidorus*, *Strephon* priuately told him all what he knew of him, and partcularlie that he found this ſtraunger was loth to be knowne.

No ſaid *Kalander* (ſpeaking aloud) I am no Herald to enquire of mens pedegrees, it ſufficeth me if I know their vertues; which (if this young mans face be not a falſe witneſſe) do better apparel his minde, thē you haue done his body. While he was thus ſpeaking, there came a boy, in ſhew like a Marchants prentiſe, who taking *Strephon* by the ſleeue, deliuered him a letter; written iointly both to him and *Claius* from *Vrania*: which they no ſooner had read, but that with ſhort leaue-taking of *Kalander* (who quickly gueſſed and ſmiled at the matter) and once againe (though haſtily) recommending the yong man vnto him, they went away, leauing *Muſidorus* euen loth to part with them, for the good conuerſation he had of them, and obligation he accounted himſelfe tied in vnto them: and therefore they deliuering his cheſt vnto him, he opened it, and would haue preſented them with two verie rich iewels; but they abſolutely refuſed them, telling him, that they were more then enough rewarded in the knowing of him, and without harkening vnto a reply (like men whoſe harts diſdained all deſires but one) gat ſpeedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them flie. But by that ſight *Kalander* ſoone iudged, that his gueſt was of no meane calling; and therfore the more reſpectfully entertaining him, *Muſidorus* found his ſickneſſe (which the fight, the ſea and late trauell had layd vpon him) grow greatlie; ſo that fearing ſome ſodaine accident, he deliuered the cheſt to *Kalander*, which was full of moſt precious ſtones, gorgeouſlie and cunningly ſet in diuerſe maners, deſiring him he would keep thoſe trifles, and if he died, he would beſtow ſo much of it as was needfull, to find out and redeeme a young man, naming himſelfe *Daiphantus*, as then in the hands of Laconia pirats.

But *Kalander* ſeeing him faint more and more, with carefull ſpeed conueyed him to the moſt commodious lodging in his houſe: where being poſſeſt with an extreame burning feuer, he continued ſome while with no great hope of life: but youth at length got the victorie of ſickneſſe, ſo that in ſixe weeks the excellencie of his returned beautie was a credible Embaſſadour of his health, to the great ioy of *Kalander*; who, as in this time he had by certaine friends of his, that dwelt neare the ſea in Meſſenia, ſett forth a ſhip and a galley to ſeeke and ſuccour *Daiphantus*: ſo at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profite or gratifie *Palladius*.

For, hauing found in him (beſides his bodily gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by daylie diſcourſes, which he delighted himſelfe to haue with him, a mind of moſt excellent compoſition (a piercing wit quite voyd of oſtentation, high erected thoughts ſeated in a heart of courteſie, an eloquence as ſweet in the vttering, as ſlow to come to the vttering, a behauiour ſo noble, as gaue a maieſtie to aduerſitie: and all in a man whoſe age could not be aboue one and twentie yeares) the good olde man was euen enamoured with a fatherlie loue towards him, or rather became his ſeruant by the bonds ſuch vertue laid vpon him; once, he acknowledged himſelfe ſo to be, by the badge of diligent attendance.

But *Palladius* hauing gotten his health, and only ſtaying there to be in place where he might heare anſwere of the ſhips ſet forth, *Kalander* one afternoone led him abroad to a well arrayed ground he had behind his houſe, which he thought to ſhew him before his going, as the place himſelfe more then in anie other delighted. The backſide of the houſe was neither field, garden, nor orchard; or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard: for as ſoone as the deſcending of the ſtaires had deliuered them downe, they came into a place cunningly ſet with trees of the moſt taſtpleaſing fruits: but ſcarcely they had taken that into their conſideration, but that they were ſodainly ſtept into a delicate greene. of each ſide of the greene a thicket, and behind the thickets againe new beds of flowers, which being vnder the trees the trees were to them a Pauillion, and they to the trees a Moſaicall floore: ſo that it ſeemed that Arte therein would needs be delightfull, by counterfeyting his enemie Errour, and making order in confuſion.

In the middeſt of all the place was a faire pond, whoſe ſhaking cryſtall was a perfect mirrour to all the other beauties, ſo that it bare ſhew of two gardens; one in deede, the other in ſhadowes: and in one of the thickets was a fine fountaine made thus: A naked *Venus* of white marble, wherein the grauer had vſed ſuch cunning, that the natural blew veines of the marble were framed in fit places, to ſet forth the beautifull veynes of her bodie. At her breaſt ſhe had her babe *Aeneas*, who ſeemed (hauing begun to ſucke) to leaue that, to looke vpon her faire eyes, which ſmiled at the babes follie, meane while the breaſt running. Hard by was a houſe of pleaſure built for a ſommer retiring place: whither *Kalander* leading him, he found a ſquare roome full of delightfull pictures, made by the moſt excellent workeman of Greece. There was *Diana* when *Acteon* ſaw her bathing, in whoſe cheekes the Painter had ſet ſuch a colour, as was mixt betweene ſhame and diſdaine; and one of her fooliſh Nymphs, who weeping, and withall lowring, one might ſee the workman meant to ſet forth teares of anger. In another table was *Atalanta*; the poſture of whoſe limmes was ſo liuely expreſſed, that if the eyes were the only iudges, as they be the only ſeers, one wold haue ſworn the very picture had run. Beſides many mo, as of *Helena*, *Omphale*, *Iole*: but in none of them all beautie ſeemed to ſpeake ſo much as in a large table,

which

which contained a comely old man, with a Ladie of middle age, but of excellēt beautie; and more excellent would haue bene deemed, but that there ſtood between them a young maid, whoſe wonderfulneſſe tooke away all beautie from her, but that which it might ſeeme ſhe gaue her backe againe by her verie ſhadow. And ſuch difference (being knowne that it did indeed counterfeit a perſon liuing) was there betweene her and all the other, though Goddeſſes, that it ſeemed the skill of the Painter beſtowed on the other new beautie, but that the beauty of her beſtowed new skill of the Painter. Though he thought inquiſitiueneſſe an vncomely gueſt, he could not chooſe but aske who ſhe was, that bearing ſhew of one being indeed, could with naturall gifts go beyond the reach of inuention. *Kalander* anſwered, that it was made by *Philoclea* the younger daughter of his Prince, who alſo with his wife were contained in that Table: the Painter meaning to repreſent the preſent condition of the young Ladie, who ſtood watched by an ouer-curious eye of her parents; and that he would alſo haue drawne her eldeſt ſiſter, eſteemed her match for beautie, in her ſhepheardiſh attire, but that the rude clowne her gardian would not ſuffer it; neither durſt he aske leaue of the Prince for feare of ſuſpicion. *Palladius* perceiued that the matter was wrapt vp in ſome ſecrecie, and therefore would for modeſtie demaund no further: but yet his countenance could not but with dumbe eloquence deſire it: Which *Kalander* perceiuing, well ſayd he, my deare gueſt, I know your mind, and I will ſatisfie it; neither will I do it like a niggardly anſwerer, going no further then the bounds of the queſtion, but I will diſcouer vnto you aſwell that wherein my knowledge is common with others, as that which by extraordinarie means is deliuered vnto me: knowing ſo much in you (though not long acquainted) that I ſhall find your eares faithfull treaſurers. So then ſitting downe in two chaires, and ſometimes caſting his eye to the picture, he thus ſpake.

This countrie Arcadia, among all the prouinces of Greece, hath euer bene had in ſingular reputation: partly for the ſweetneſſe of the aire, and other naturall benefits, but principally for the well tempered mindes of the people: who (finding that the ſhining title of glorie, ſo much affected by other nations, doth indeed help little to the happineſſe of life) are the only people, which as by their iuſtice and prouidence giue neither cauſe nor hope to their neighbours to annoy them, ſo are they not ſtirred with falſe praiſe to trouble others quiet; thinking it a ſmall reward for the waſting of their owne liues in rauening, that their poſteritie ſhould long after ſay, they had done ſo. Euen the Muſes ſeeme to approue their good determination, by chooſing this countrie for their chiefe repairing place, and by beſtowing their perfections ſo largely here, that the very ſhepheards haue their fancies lifted to ſo high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names, and imitate their cunning.

Here dwelleth and raigneth this Prince (whoſe picture you ſee) by name *Baſilius*, a Prince of ſufficient skill to gouerne ſo quiet a countrie, where the good minds of the former Princes had ſet downe good lawes, & the well bringing vp of the people doth ſerue as a moſt ſure bond to hold thē. But to be plaine with you, he excels in nothing ſo much, as in the zealous loue of his people: wherein he doth not onely paſſe all his own fore-goers, but as I think all the Princes liuing. Wherof the cauſe is, that though he exceed not in the vertues which get admiration; as depth of wiſedome, height of courage and largeneſſe of magnificence: yet is he notable in thoſe which ſtirre affection; as truth of word, meekneſſe, curteſie, mercifulneſſe, and liberality.

He being already well ſtriken in yeares, maried a young Princeſſe named *Gynecia*, daughter

daughter to the king of Cyprus, of notable beautie, as by her picture you ſee: a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely vertues than her husband; of moſt vnſpotted chaſtitie, but of ſo working a mind, and ſo vehement ſpirits, as a man may ſay, it was happie ſhee tooke a good courſe, for otherwiſe it would haue bene terrible.

Of theſe two are brought to the world two daughters, ſo beyond meaſure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reaſonable creatures, that we may thinke they were borne to ſhew, that nature is no ſtepmother to that ſexe, how much ſoeuer ſome men (ſharp-witted only in euill ſpeaking) haue ſought to diſgrace them. The elder is named *Pamela*; by many men not deemed inferiour to her ſiſter: for my part, whē I marked thē both, me thought there was (if at leaſt ſuch perfections may receiue the word of more) more ſweetneſſe in *Philoclea*, but more maieſty in *Pamela*: me thought loue plaid in *Philocleas* eyes, and threatned in *Pamelas*: me thought *Philocleas* beautie only perſwaded, but ſo perſwaded as all hearts muſt yeeld: *Pamelas* beautie vſed violence, and ſuch violence as no heart could reſiſt: and it ſeems that ſuch proportion is betweene their minds: *Philoclea* ſo baſhfull, as though her excellencies had ſtolne into her before ſhe was aware; ſo humble, that ſhee will put all pride out of countenance; in ſumme, ſuch proceeding as will ſtirre hope, but teach hope good maners, *Pamela* of high thoughts, who auoyds not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be voyd of pride; her mothers wiſedome, greatneſſe, nobilitie, but (if I can gueſſe aright) knit with a more conſtant temper. Now then, our *Baſilius* being ſo publikelie happie as to be a Prince, and ſo happie in that happineſſe, as to be a beloued Prince, and ſo in his priuate bleſſed as to haue ſo excellent a wife, and ſo ouer excellent children, hath of late taken a courſe, which yet makes him more ſpoken of than all theſe bleſsings. For, hauing made a iourney to Delphos, and ſafely returned, within ſhort ſpace he brake vp his Court, and retired himſelfe, his wife & children into a certain forreſt hereby, which he calleth his deſert; wherein (beſides a houſe appointed for ſtables, and lodgings for certaine perſons of meane calling, who do all houſhold ſeruices) he hath builded two fine lodges: in the one of them himſelfe remaines with his yonger daughter *Philoclea*, which was the cauſe they three were matched together in this picture, without hauing any other creature liuing in that lodge with him.

Which, though it be ſtraunge, yet not ſo ſtraunge, as the courſe he hath taken with the Princeſſe *Pamela*, whom he hath placed in the other lodge: but how thinke you accompanied? truly with none other but one *Dametas*, the moſt arrant doltiſh clowne, that I thinke euer was without the priuiledge of a bable, with his wife *Miſo*, and daughter *Mopſa*; in whom no wit can deuiſe any thing wherein they may pleaſure her, but to exerciſe her patience, and to ſerue for a foyle of her perfections. This lowtiſh clowne is ſuch, that you neuer ſaw ſo ilfauoured a viſar; his behauiour ſuch, that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; and for his apparell, euen as I would wiſh him: *Miſo* his wife, ſo handſome a beldame, that onely her face and her ſplay-foote haue made her accuſed for a witch: only one good point ſhe hath, that ſhe obſerues *decorum*, hauing a froward mind in a wretched body. Betweene theſe two perſonages (who neuer agreed in any humour, but in diſagreeing) is iſſued forth miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, a fit woman to participate of both their perfections: but becauſe a pleaſant fellow of my acquaintance ſet forth her praiſes in verſe, I will only repeat them, and ſpare mine owne tongue, ſince ſhe goes for a woman. The verſes are theſe, which I haue ſo often cauſed to be ſung, that I haue them without booke.

What

What length of verſe can ſerue braue Mopſas *good to ſhow?*
Whoſe vertues ſtrange, and beauties ſuch, as no man them may know:
Thus ſhrewdly bardened then, how can my Muſe eſcape?
The gods muſt helpe, and precious things muſt ſerue to ſhew her ſhape:
Like great god Saturne *faire, and like faire* Venus *chaſte:*
As ſmooth as Pan, *as* Iuno *mild, like goddeſſe* Iris *faſte.*
With Cupid *ſhe foreſees, and goes god* Vulcans *paſe:*
And for a taſte of all theſe gifts, ſhe ſteales god Momus *grace.*
Her forehead Iacinth like, her cheeks of Opall hue,
Her twinkling eyes bedect with pearle: her lips as Saphir blew:
Her haire like Crapal-ſtone, her mouth o heauenly wide:
Her skin like burniſht gold, her hands like ſiluer vre vntride.
As for her parts vnknowne, which hidden ſure are beſt:
Happie be they which well beleeue, and neuer ſeeke the reſt.

Now truly hauing made theſe deſcriptions vnto you, me thinks you ſhould imagine that I rather faine ſome pleaſant deuiſe, then recount a truth, that a Prince (not baniſhed from his owne wits) could poſsiblie make ſo vnworthie a choiſe. But trulie (deare gueſt) ſo it is, that Princes (whoſe doings haue bene often ſmoothed with good ſucceſſe) thinke nothing ſo abſurd, which they cannot make honourable. The beginning of his credit was by the Princes ſtraying out of the way, one time he hunted, where meeting this fellow, and asking him the way, and ſo falling into other queſtions, he found ſome of his anſweres (as a dog ſure, if he could ſpeake, had wit enough to deſcribe his kennell) not vnſenſible, and all vttered with ſuch rudeneſſe, which he interpreted plainneſſe (though there be great difference betweene them) that *Baſilius* conceiuing a ſodaine delight, tooke him to his Court, with apparant ſhew of his good opinion: where the flattering Courtier had no ſooner taken the Princes mind, but that there were ſtraight reaſons to confirme the Princes doing, & ſhadowes of vertues found for *Dametas*. His ſilence grew wit, his bluntneſſe integritie, his beaſtlie ignorance vertuous ſimplicitie: and the Prince (according to the nature of great perſons, in loue with that he had done himſelfe) fancied, that his weakneſſe with his preſence would much bee mended. And ſo like a creature of his owne making, he liked him more and more, and thus hauing firſt giuen him the office of principall heardman; laſtly ſince he tooke this ſtrange determination, he hath in a maner put the life of himſelfe and his children into his hands. Which authority (like too great a ſaile for ſo ſmall a boat) doth ſo ouer-ſway poore *Dametas*, that if before he were a good foole in a chamber, he might be allowed it now in a comedy: ſo as I doubt me (I feare me indeed) my maſter will in the end (with his coſt) find, that his office is not to make men, but to vſe men as men are, no more then a horſe will be taught to hunt, or an aſſe to mannage. But in ſooth I am afraid I haue giuen your eares too great a ſurfet, with the groſſe diſcourſes of that heauy peece of fleſh. But the zealous griefe I conceiue to ſee ſo great an errour in my Lord, hath made me beſtow more words, then I confeſſe ſo baſe a ſubiect deſerueth.

Thus much now that I haue told you, is nothing more then in effect anie Arcadian knowes. But what moued him to this ſtrange ſolitarineſſe, hath bene imparted (as I thinke) but to one perſon liuing. My ſelfe can coniecture, and indeed more then coniecture by this accident that I will tell you: I haue an only ſonne, by name *Cli-*

tophon;

tophon, who is now abſent. This ſonne of mine (while the Prince kept his Court) was of his bed chamber; now ſince the breaking vp thereof, returned home, and ſhewed me (among other things he had gathered) the copie which hee had taken of a letter: which when the Prince had read, he had laid in a windowe, preſuming no body durſt looke in his writings: but my ſonne not only tooke a time to reade it, but to copie it. In truth I blamed *Clitophon* for the curioſitie, which made him breake his dutie in ſuch a kind, whereby kings ſecrets are ſubiect to be reuealed: but ſince it was done, I was content to take ſo much profit, as to know it. Now here is the letter, that I euer ſince for my good liking, haue caried about me: which before I reade vnto you, I muſt tell you from whom it came. It is a noble man of this countrie, named *Philanax*, appointed by the Prince, regent in this time of his retiring, and moſt worthy ſo to be: for, there liues no man, whoſe excellent witte more ſimply imbraceth integritie, beſides his vnfained loue to his maiſter, wherein neuer yet any could make queſtion, ſauing whether he loued *Baſilius* or the Prince better: a rare temper, while moſt men either ſeruilely yeeld to all appetites, or with an obſtinate auſteritie looking to that they fancie good, in effect neglect the Princes perſon. This then being the man, whome of all other (and moſt worthie) the Prince chiefely loues, it ſhould ſeeme (for more then the letter I haue not to gheſſe by) that the Prince vpon his returne from Delphos, (*Philanax* then lying ſick) had written vnto him his determination, riſing (as euidently appeares) vpon ſome Oracle he had there receiued: whereunto he wrote this anſwer.

Philanax his letter to Baſilius.

Moſt redoubted and beloued Prince, if as well it had pleaſed you at your going to Delphos as now, to haue vſed my humble ſeruice, both I ſhould in better ſeaſon, and to better purpoſe haue ſpoken: and you (if my ſpeech had preuailed) ſhould haue beene at this time, as no way more in danger, ſo much more in quietnes; I would then haue ſaide, that wiſedome and vertue be the only deſtinies appointed to man to follow, whence we ought to ſeeke all our knowledge, ſince they be ſuch guides as cannot faile; which, beſides their inward comfort, do leade ſo direct a way of proceeding, as either proſperitie muſt enſue; or, if the wickednelle of the world ſhould oppreſſe it, it can neuer be ſaid, that euill happeneth to him, who falles accompanied with vertue: I would then haue ſaid, the heauenly powers to be reuerenced, and not ſerched into; and their mercies rather by praiers to be ſought, then their hidden counſels by curioſitie. Theſe kindes of ſooth ſayings (ſince they haue left vs in our ſelues ſufficient guides) to be nothing but fancie, wherein there muſt either be vanitie, or infallibleries, and ſo, either not to be reſpected, or not to be preuented. But ſince it is weakeneſſe too much to remember what ſhould haue beene done, and that your commaundement ſtretcheth to know what is to be done, I do (moſt deare Lord) with humble boldneſſe ſay, that the manner of your determination doth in no ſort better pleaſe me, then the cauſe of your going. Theſe thirtie yeares you haue ſo gouerned this Region, that neither your Subiects haue wanted iuſtice in you, nor you obedience in them; and your neighbours haue found you ſo hurtleſly ſtrong, that they thought it better to reſt in your friendſhip, then make new trial of your enmitie. If this then haue proceeded out of the good conſtitution of your ſtate, and out of a wiſe prouidence, generally to preuent all thoſe things which might encomber your happines: why ſhould you now ſeeke new courſes, ſince your owne example comforts you to continue, & that it is to me moſt certaine,

though it please you not to tell me the verie words of the Oracle) that yet no destiny nor influence whatsoeuer, can bring mans wit to a higher point, than wisedome and goodnesse? Why should you depriue your selfe of gouernmẽt, for feare of losing your gouernment, like one that should kill himselfe for feare of death? Nay rather if this Oracle be to be accounted of, arme vp your courage the more against it: for who will sticke to him that abandons himselfe; let your subiects haue you in their eyes; let them see the benefits of your iustice dayly more and more; and so must they needs rather like of present sureties then vncertaine chaunges. Lastly, whether your time call you to liue or die, do both like a Prince. Now for your second resolution; which is to suffer no worthy Prince to be a suter to either of your daughters, but while you liue to keepe them both vnmaried, and, as it were, to kill the ioy of posteritie, which in your time you may enioy, moued perchance by a mis-understood Oracle: what shall I say, if the affection of a father to his owne children, cannot plead sufficiently against such fancies? once certaine it is, the God which is God of nature, doth neuer teach vnnaturalnesse: and euen the same mind hold I touching your banishing them from companie, least, I know not what strange loues should follow. Certainlie sir, in my Ladies your daughters, nature promiseth nothing but goodnesse: and their education by your fatherly care hath bene hitherto such, as hath bene most fit to restraine all euill; giuing their minds vertuous delights, and not grieuing them for want of well ruled libertie. Now to fall to a sodaine straightning them, what can it do but argue suspicion, a thing no more vnpleasant, then vnsure, for the preserving of vertue. Leaue womens minds, the most vntamed that way of any: see whether a cage can please a bird? or whether a dog grow not fiercer with tying? what doth iealousie, but stirre vp the mind to thinke, what it is from which they are restrained? for they are treasures or things of great delight, which men vse to hide, for the aptnesse they haue to each mans fancies: and the thoughts once awaked to that, harder sure it is to keepe those thoughts from accomplishment, then had bene before to haue kept the mind (which being the chiefe part, by this meanes is defiled) from thinking. Lastly, for the recommending so principall a charge of the Princesse *Pamela* (whose mind goes beyond the gouerning of manie thousands such) to such a person as *Dametas* is (besides that the thing in it selfe is strange) it comes of a verie euill ground, that ignorance should be the mother of faithfulnesse; O no; hee cannot be good that knowes not why he is good, but stands so farre good as his fortune may keepe him vnassayed: but comming once to that, his rude simplicitie is either easily changed, or easily deceiued: and so growes that to be the last excuse of his fault, which seemed to haue bene the first foundation of his faith. Thus farre hath your commandement and my zeale drawne me; which I, like a man in a valley that may discerne hilles, or like a poore passenger that may spie a rocke, so humblie submit to your gracious consideration, beseeching you againe to stand wholly vpon your owne vertue, as the surest way to maintaine you in that you are, and to auoyd any euill which may be imagined.

By the contents of this letter you may perceiue, that the cause of all, hath bene the vanitie which possesseth many, who (making a perpetuall mansion of this poore baiting place of mans life) are desirous to know the certaintie of things to come; wherein there is nothing so certaine as our continuall vncertaintie. But what in particular points the Oracle was, in faith I know not; neither (as you may see by one place of *Philanax* letter) he himselfe distinctly knew. But this experience shewes vs, that *Basilius* iudgement, corrupted with a Princes fortune, hath rather heard then followed

folowed the wiſe (as I take it) counſell of *Philanax*. For hauing left the ſterne of his gouernment, with much amazement to the people, among whome many ſtrange bruits are receiued for currant, and with ſome apparance of danger in reſpect of the valiant *Amphialus* his nephew, and much enuying the ambitious number of the Nobilitie againſt *Philanax*, to ſee *Philanax* ſo aduanced, though (to ſpeake ſimply) he deſerue more then as many of vs as there be in *Arcadia*: the Prince himſelfe hath hidden his head, in ſuch ſort as I tould you, not ſticking plainly to confeſſe, that hee meanes not (while he breathes) that his daughters ſhal haue any husband, but keepe them thus ſolitary with him: where he giues no other body leaue to viſit him at any time but a certaine Prieſt, who being excellent in poetrie, he makes him write out ſuch things as he beſt likes, he being no leſſe delightfull in conuerſation, then needfull for deuotion, and about twenty ſpecified ſhepheards, in whom (ſome for exerciſes, and ſome for Eglogs) he taketh greater recreation.

And now you know as much as my ſelfe: wherein if I haue held you ouer long, lay hardly the fault vpon my olde age, which in the very diſpoſition of it, is talkatiue; whether it be (ſaid he ſmiling) that nature loues to exerciſe that part moſt, which is leaſt decayed, and that is our tongue: or, that knowledge being the onely thing whereof we poore olde men can brag, we cannot make it knowne but by vtterance: or, that mankind by all meanes ſeeking to eternize himſelfe ſo much the more, as he is neare his end, doth it not onely by the children that come of him, but by ſpeeches and writings recommended to the memorie of hearers & readers. And yet thus much I will ſay for my ſelfe, that I haue not laid theſe matters, either ſo openly or largely to any as to your ſelfe: ſo much (if I much fail not) do I ſee in you, which makes me both loue and truſt you. Neuer may he be old, anſwered *Palladius*, that doth not reuerence that age, whoſe heauineſſe, if it waye downe the fraile and fleſhlie balance, it as much lifts vp the noble and ſpirituall part; and well might you haue alleaged another reaſon, that their wiſedome makes them willing to profit others. And that haue I receiued of you, neuer to be forgotten, but with vngratefulneſſe. But among many ſtrange conceits you told me, which haue ſhewed effects in your Prince, truly euen the laſt, that he ſhould conceiue ſuch pleaſure in ſhepheards diſcourſes, would not ſeeme the leaſt vnto me, ſauing that you tould me at the firſt, that this country is notable in thoſe wits, and that indeed my ſelfe hauing bene brought not only to this place, but to my life by *Strephon* and *Claius*, in their conference found wits as might better become ſuch ſhepheards as *Homer* ſpeakes of, that be gouernours of peoples, then ſuch Senators who hold their Councell in a ſheep-cote. For them two (ſaid *Kalander*) eſpecially *Claius*, they are beyond the reſt by ſo much, as learning commonly doth adde to nature: for, hauing neglected their wealth in reſpect of their knowledge, they haue not ſo much impaired the meaner, as they bettered the better. Which all notwithſtanding, it is a ſporte to heare how they impute to loue, which hath indued their thoughts (ſay they) with ſuch a ſtrength.

But certainly all the people of this country from high to lowe, is giuen to thoſe ſports of the wit, ſo as you would wonder to heare how ſoone euen children will begin to verſifie. Once, ordinary it is amongſt the meaneſt ſort, to make ſongs and dialogues in meeter, either loue whetting their braine, or long peace hauing begun it; example and emulation amending it. Not ſo much, but the Clowne *Dametas* will ſtumble ſometimes vpon ſome ſongs that might become a better braine: but no ſort of people ſo excellent in that kind as the paſtors; for their liuing ſtanding

but

but vpon the looking to their beasts, they haue ease, the Nurse of Poetrie. Neither are our shepheards such as (I heare) they be in other countries; but they are the verie owners of the sheepe, to which either themselues looke, or their children giue dayly attendance. And then truly, it would delight you vnder some tree, or by some riuers side (when two or three of them meet together) to heare their rurall Muse, how pretilie it will deliuer out, sometimes ioyes, sometimes lamentations, sometimes chalengings one of the other, sometimes vnder hidden formes vttering such matters, as otherwise they durst not deale with. Then haue they most commonlie one, who iudgeth the prise to the best doer; of which they are no lesse glad, then great Princes are of Triumphs: and his part is to set downe in writing all that is said, saue that it may be, his pen with more leasure doth polish the rudenesse of an vnthought-on song. Now the choise of all (as you may well thinke) either for goodnesse of voice, or pleasantnesse of wit, the Prince hath: among whom also there are two or three strangers, whom inward melancholies hauing made wearie of the worlds eyes, haue come to spend their liues among the countrie people of *Arcadia* and their conuersation being well approoued, the Prince vouchsafeth them his presence; and not onley by looking on, but by great curtesie and liberalitie, animates the shepheards the more exquisitely to labour for his good liking. So that there is no cause to blame the Prince for sometimes hearing them; the blame-worthinesse is, that to heare them, he rather goes to solitarinesse, then makes them come to companie. Neither do I accuse my maister for aduauncing a countrieman, as *Demetas* is; since God forbid, that where worthines is (as truly it is among diuerse of that fellowship) any outward lowneſse should hinder the highest raising; but that he would needs make election of one, the baseneſse of whose mind is such, that it sinks a thousand degrees lower then the baſest body could carie the most base fortune: which although it might be answered for the Prince, that it is rather a trust he hath in his simple plainnesse, then any great aduauncement, but being chiefe heardman; yet all honest hearts feele, that the trust of their Lord goes beyond all aduancement. But I am euer too long vpon him, when he crosseth the way of my speach; and by the shadow of yonder tower, I see it is a fitter time, with our supper to pay the duties we owe to our stomacks, then to breake the aire with my idle discourses: and more wit I might haue learned of *Homer* (whome euen now you mentioned) who neuer entertained either guests or hosts with long speeches, till the mouth of hunger were throughly stopped. So withall he rose, leading *Palladius* through the garden againe to the Parler where they vsed to suppe; *Palladius* assuring him that he had already bene more fed to his liking, then he could be by the skilfullest trencherman of *Media*.

But being come to the supping place, one of *Kalandars* seruants rouned in his eare: at which (his colour changing) he retired himselfe into his chamber; commanding his men diligently to wait vpon *Palladius*, and to excuse his absence with some necessary businesse he had presently to dispatch. Which they accordingly did, for some few dayes forcing themselues to let no change appeare: but though they framed their countenances neuer so cunningly, *Palladius* perceiued there was some ill-pleasing accident fallen out.

Wherupon, being againe set alone at supper, he called to the steward, & desired him to tell him the matter of this sudden alteration: who after some trifling excuses, in the end confessed vnto him, that his master had receiued newes, that his son not long since chaced to be at a battaile which was fought between the Gentlemē of Lacedæmon & the

Helots: who winning the victorie, he was there made priſoner, going to deliuer a friend of his taken priſoner by the *Helots*; that the poore young Gentleman had offered great ranſome for his life; but that the hate thoſe peaſants conceiued againſt all Gentlemen was ſuch, that euery houre he was to look for nothing, but ſome cruell death: which hitherunto had only bene delayed by the Captaines vehement dealing for him, who ſeemed to haue a heart of more manly pitie then the reſt. Which loſſe had ſtriken the old Gentleman with ſuch ſorrow, as if abundance of teares did not ſeeme ſufficiently to witneſſe it, he was alone retired, tearing his beard and haire, and curſing his old age, that had not made his graue to ſtop his eares from ſuch aduertiſements: but that his faithfull ſeruants had written in his name to all his friends, followers, and tenants (*Philanax* the gouernour refuſing to deale in it as a priuate cauſe, but yet giuing leaue to ſeeke their beſt redreſſe, ſo as they wronged not the ſtate of Lacedæmon) of whom there were now gathered vpon the frontiers good forces, that he was ſure would ſpend their liues by any way, to redeeme or reuenge *Clitophon*. Now ſir (ſaid he) this is my maiſters nature, though his griefe be ſuch, as to liue is a griefe vnto him, and that euen his reaſon is darkened with ſorow; yet the lawes of hoſpitalitie (long and holily obſerued by him) giue ſtill ſuch a ſway to his proceeding, that he will no way ſuffer the ſtraunger lodged vnder his roofe, to receiue (as it were) any infection of his anguiſh, eſpecially you, toward whom I know not whether his loue, or admiration be greater. But *Palladius* could ſcarce heare out his tale with patience, ſo was his heart torne in peeces with compaſsion of the caſe, liking of *Kalanders* noble behauiour, kindneſſe for his reſpect to himward, and deſire to find ſome remedie, beſides the image of his deareſt friend *Daiphantus*, whome he iudged to ſuffer either a like or worſe fortune. Therefore riſing from the boord, he deſired the ſteward to tell him particularly, the ground and euent of this accident, becauſe by knowledge of many circumſtances, there might perhaps ſome way of help be opened. Whereunto the ſteward eaſily in this ſort condiſcended.

My Lord (ſaid he) when our good King *Baſilius*, with better ſucceſſe then expectation, tooke to wife (euen in his more then decaying yeares) the faire young Princeſſe *Gynecia*; there came with her a yong Lord, conſin german to her ſelfe, named *Argalus*, led hither, partly with the loue and honour of his noble kinſwoman, partly with the humour of youth, which euer thinks that good whoſe goodneſſe he ſees not: and in this Court he receiued ſo good increaſe of knowledge, that after ſome yeares ſpent, he ſo manifeſted a moſt vertuous mind in all his actions, that *Arcadia* gloried ſuch a plant was tranſported vnto them, being a Gentleman indeed moſt rarely accompliſhed, excellently learned, but without all vaine glorie: friendly, without factiouſneſſe; valiant, ſo as for my part, I think the earth hath no man that hath done more heroicall acts then he; how ſoeuer now of late the fame flies of the two Princes of *Theſſalia* and *Macedon*, and hath long done of our noble Prince *Amphialus*; who indeed, in our parts is onely accounted likely to match him: but I ſay for my part, I thinke no man for valour of mind, and abilitie of body to be preferred, if equalled to *Argalus*; and yet ſo valiant as he neuer durſt do any body iniurie: in behauiour ſome will ſay ouer ſad, ſurely ſober, and ſomewhat giuen to muſing, but neuer vncurteous; his word euer led by his thought, and followed by his deed; rather liberall then magnificent, though the one wanted not, and the other had euer good choiſe of the receiuer: in ſumme (for I perceiue I ſhall eaſilie take a great draught of his praiſes, whom both I and all this countrie loue ſo well)

such a man was (and I hope is) *Argalus*, as hardly the niceſt eye can find a ſpot in, if the ouer-vehement conſtancy of yet ſpotleſſe affection, may not in hard wreſted conſtructions be counted a ſpot: which in this maner began that worke in him, which hath made both him, and it ſelfe in him ouer all this countrey famous. My maiſters ſonne *Clitophon* (whoſe loſſe giues the cauſe to this diſcourſe, and yet giues me cauſe to begin with *Argalus*, ſince his loſſe proceeds from *Argalus*) being a young Gentleman, as of great birth (being our kings ſiſters ſoone) ſo truly of good nature, and one that can ſee good and loue it, haunted more the companie of this worthy *Argalus*, then of any other: ſo as if there were not a friendſhip (which is ſo rare, as it is to be doubted whether it be a thing indeede, or but a word) at leaſt there was ſuch a liking and frendlineſſe, as hath brought forth the effects which you ſhall heare. About two yeares ſince, it ſo fell out, that hee brought him to a great Ladies houſe, ſiſter to my maiſter, who had with her her onelie daughter, the faire *Parthenia*; faire indeed (fame I thinke it ſelfe daring not to call anie fairer, if it be not *Helena* Queene of *Corinth*, & the two incomparable ſiſters of *Arcadia*) & that which made her faireneſſe much the fairer, was, that it was but a faire Embaſſador of a moſt faire mind, full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to iudge it ſelfe, then to ſhew it ſelfe: her ſpeech being as rare as precious; her ſilence without ſullenneſſe; her modeſtie without affectation; her ſhamefaſtneſſe without ignorance: in ſumme, one that to praiſe well, one muſt firſt ſet downe with himſelfe, what it is to be excellent; for ſo ſhe is.

I thinke you think, that theſe perfections meeting, could not chooſe but find one another, and delight in that they found; for likeneſſe of maners is likely in reaſon to draw liking with affection: mens actions do not alwaies croſſe with reaſon: to be ſhort, it did ſo indeed. They loued, although for a while the fire there of (hopes wings being cut off) were blowne by the bellowes of deſpaire vpon this occaſion.

There had beene a good while before, and ſo continued, a ſuter to this ſame Ladie, a great noble man, though of Laconia, yet neare neighbour to *Parthenias* mother, named *Demagoras*: a man mighty in riches and power, and proud thereof, ſtubbornlie ſtout, louing no body but himſelfe, and for his owne delights ſake *Parthenia*: and purſuing vehementlie his deſire, his riches had ſo gilded ouer al his other imperfections, that the olde Lady (though contrarie to my Lord her brothers mind) had giuen her conſent; and vſing a mothers authority vpon her faire daughter, had made her yeeld thereunto, not becauſe ſhe liked her choiſe, but becauſe her obedient mind had not yet taken vpon it to make choiſe; and the day of their aſſurance drew neare, when my young Lord *Clitophon* brought this noble *Argalus*, perchance principallie to ſee ſo rare a ſight, as *Parthenia* by all well iudging eyes was iudged.

But though few dayes were before the time of aſſurance appointed, yet loue that ſaw he had a great iourney to make in ſhort time, haſted ſo himſelfe, that before her word could tie her to *Demagoras*, her heart hath vowed her to *Argalus*, with ſo gratefull a receipt in mutuall affection, that if ſhe deſired aboue all things to haue *Argalus*, *Argalus* feared nothing but to miſſe *Parthenia*. And now *Parthenia* had learned both liking and miſliking, louing and loathing, and out of paſſion began to take the authoritie of iudgement; in ſo much, that when the time came that *Demagoras* (full of proud ioy) thought to receiue the gift of her ſelfe, ſhee with words of reſolute refuſal (though with teares ſhewing ſhe was ſorie ſhe muſt refuſe) aſſured her mother, ſhee would firſt be bedded in her graue, then wedded to *Demagoras*. The chaunge was no more ſtraunge, then vnpleaſant to the mother: who

being determinately (leaſt I ſhould ſay, of a great Lady, wilfullie) bent to marie her to *Demagoras*, tried all wayes which a wittie and hard-harted mother could vſe, vpon ſo humble a daughter; in whom the only reſiſting power was loue. But the more ſhe aſſaulted, the more ſhe taught *Parthenia* to defend; and the more *Parthenia* defended, the more ſhe made her mother obſtinate in the aſſault: who at length finding, that *Argalus* ſtanding betweene them, was it that moſt eclipſed her affection from ſhining vpon *Demagoras*, ſhe ſought all meanes how to remoue him, ſo much the more as he manifeſted himſelfe an vnremoueable ſuter to her daughter: firſt, by employing him in as many dangerous enterpriſes, as euer the euill ſtepmother *Iuno* recommended to the famous *Hercules*: but the more his vertue was tried, the more pure it grew, while all the things ſhe did to ouerthrow him, did ſet him vp vpon the height of honour; enough to haue moued her heart, eſpecially to a man euerie way ſo worthie as *Argalus*: But ſhe ſtrugling againſt all reaſon, becauſe ſhee would haue her will, and ſhew her authoritie in matching her with *Demagoras*, the more vertuous *Argalus* was, the more ſhe hated him, thinking herſelfe conquered in his conqueſts, and therefore ſtill imploying him in more and more dangerous attempts: in the meane while, ſhe vſed all extremities poſsible vpon her faire daughter, to make her giue ouer her ſelfe to her direction. But it was hard to iudge, whether he in doing, or ſhe in ſuffring, ſhewed greater conſtancy of affection: for, as to *Argalus* the world ſooner wanted occaſions, then he valour to go through them: ſo to *Parthenia*, malice ſooner ceaſed then her vnchanged patience. Laſtly, by treaſons, *Demagoras* and ſhe would haue made away *Argalus*; but he with prouidence and courage ſo paſt ouer all, that the mother tooke ſuch a ſpitefull griefe at it, that her heart brake withall, and ſhe died.

But then, *Demagoras* aſſuring himſelfe, that now *Parthenia* was her owne ſhe would neuer be his, and receiuing as much by her owne determinate anſwer, not more deſiring his owne happineſſe, then enuying *Argalus*, whome he ſaw with narrow eyes, euen ready to enioy the perfection of his deſires, ſtrengthening his conceit with all the miſchieuous counſels which diſdained loue, and enuious pride could giue vnto him; the wicked wretch (taking a time that *Argalus* was gone to his countrie, to fetch ſome of his principall friends to honour the mariage, which *Parthenia* had moſt ioyfullie conſented vnto) the wicked *Demagoras* (I ſay) deſiring to ſpeake with her, with vnmercifull force (her weake armes in vaine reſiſting) rubd all ouer her face a moſt horrible poyſon: the effect whereof was ſuch, that neuer leaper lookt more vgly then ſhe did: which done, hauing his men and horſes ready, departed away in ſpite of her ſeruants, as ready to reuenge as they could be, in ſuch an vnexpected miſchiefe. But the abhominableneſſe of this fact being come to my L. *Kalander*, he made ſuch means, both by our kings intercceſsion, and his owne, that by the King and Senate of Lacedæmon, *Demagoras* was vpon paine of death baniſhed the countrie: who hating the puniſhment, where he ſhould haue hated the fault, ioyned himſelfe, with all the powers he could make, vnto the *Helots*, lately in rebellion againſt that ſtate: and they (glad to haue a man of ſuch authoritie among them) made him their General: and vnder him haue committed diuerſe the moſt outrageous villanies, that a baſe multitude (full of deſperate reuenge) can imagine.

But within a while after this pitifull fact committed vpon *Parthenia*, *Argalus* returned (poore Gentleman) hauing her faire image in his hart, and already promiſing his eyes the vttermoſt of his felicitie, when they (no body elſe daring to tell it him) were the firſt meſſengers to themſelues of their owne misfortune. I meane not to moue

paſsions

paſsions with telling you the griefe of both, when hee knew her; for at firſt hee did not, nor at firſt knowledge could poſsibly haue vertues aide ſo ready, as not euen weakely to lament the loſſe of ſuch a iewell, ſo much the more, as that skilfull men in that art aſſured it was vnrecouerable: but within a while, truth of loue (which ſtill held the firſt face in his memorie) a vertuous conſtancie, and euen a delight to bee conſtant, faith giuen, and inward worthineſſe ſhining through the fouleſt miſtes, tooke ſo full hold of the noble *Argalus*, that not onely in ſuch comfort which witty arguments may beſtow vpon aduerſitie, but euen with the moſt aboundant kindneſſe that an eye rauiſhed louer can expreſſe, hee laboured both to driue the extremity of ſorrow from her, and to haſten the celebration of their marriage: whereunto hee vnfainedly ſhewed himſelfe no leſſe cheerefully earneſt, then if ſhe had neuer been diſinherited of that goodly portion, which nature had ſo liberally bequeathed vnto her: & for that cauſe deferred his intended reuenge vpon *Demagoras*, becauſe he might continually be in her preſence; ſhewing more humble ſeruiceableneſſe, and ioy to content her, then euer before.

But as he gaue this rare example, not to be hoped for of any other, but of another *Argalus*: ſo of the other ſide, ſhe tooke as ſtrange a courſe in affection: for, where ſhee deſired to enioy him, more then to liue; yet did ſhe ouerthrowe both her owne deſire and his, and in no ſort would yeeld to marry him; with a ſtrange encounter of loues affects, and effects, that he by an affection ſprong from exceſsiue beauty, ſhould delight in horrible foulneſſe; & ſhe, of a vehement deſire to haue him, ſhould kindlie build a reſolution neuer to haue him: for truth is, that ſo in heart ſhe loued him, as ſhe could not finde in her heart he ſhould be tied to what was vnworthy of his preſence.

Truely Sir, a very good Orator might haue a faire field to vſe eloquence in, if hee did but onlie repeate the lamentable, and truely affectionated ſpeeches, while he coniured her by remembrance of her affection, & true oathes of his owne affection, not to make him ſo vnhappy, as to thinke he had not only loſt her face, but her heart; that her face, when it was faireſt, had beene but as a marſhall, to lodge the loue of her in his mind; which now was ſo well placed, as it needed no further help of any outward harbinger: beſeeching her, euen with teares, to knowe, that his loue was not ſo ſuperficiall, as to go no further then the skin; which yet now to him was moſt faire, ſince it was hers: how could he be ſo vngratefull, as to loue her the leſſe for that which ſhe had only receiued for his ſake? that he neuer beheld it, but therein he ſaw the louelineſſe of her loue toward him: proteſting vnto her, that he would neuer take ioy of his life, if he might not enioy her, for whom principally he was glad he had life. But (as I heard by one that ouerheard them) ſhe (wringing him by the hand) made no other anſwere but this: my Lord (ſaid ſhe) God knowes I loue you: if I were Princeſſe of the whole world, and had withall, all the bleſsings that euer the world brought forth, I ſhould not make delay, to lay my ſelfe, and them vnder your feete: or if I had continued but as I was, though (I muſt confeſs) far vnworthy of you, yet wold I with too great a ioy for my heart now to think of) haue accepted your vouchſafing me to be yours, and with faith and obedience would haue ſupplied all other defects. But firſt let mee be much more miſerable then I am, ere I match *Argalus* to ſuch a *Parthenia*: Liue happy, deare *Argalus*, I giue you full liberty, and I beſeech you take it; and I aſſure you I ſhall reioyce (whatſoeuer become of me) to ſee you ſo coupled, as may be fit, both for your honour & ſatisfaction. With that ſhe burſt out in crying and weeping, not able longer to containe her ſelfe from blaming her fortune, and wiſhing her owne death.

But *Argalus* with a moſt heauie hart ſtill purſuing his deſire, ſhe fixt of mind to auoid further intreatie, and to fly all company; which (euen of him) grew vnpleaſant vnto her; one night ſhe ſtole away: but whither, as yet is vnknowne, or indeede what is become of her.

Argalus ſought her long, and in many places: at length (deſpairing to find her, and the more he deſpaired, the more enraged) wearie of his life, but firſt determining to bee reuenged of *Demagoras*, hee went alone diſguiſed into the chiefe towne held by the *Helots*: where comming into his preſence, garded about by many of his ſouldiers, he could delay his furie no longer for a fitter time: but ſetting vpon him, in deſpight of a great many that helped him, gaue him diuerſe mortall wounds, and himſelfe (no queſtion) had bene there preſently murthered, but that *Demagoras* himſelfe deſired hee might be kept aliue; perchaunce with intention to feede his owne eyes with ſome cruell execution to bee layd vpon him: but death came ſooner then he lookt for; yet hauing had leiſure to appoint his ſucceſſor, a yong man, not long before deliuered out of the priſon of the King of *Lacedæmon*, where he ſhould haue ſuffered death for hauing ſlaine the kings Nephew: but him hee named, who at that time was abſent, making roades vpon the *Lacedæmonians*; but being returned, the reſt of the *Helots*, for the great liking they conceiued of that yong man, eſpecially becauſe they had none among themſelues to whome the others would yeeld, were content to follow *Demagoras* appointment. And well hath it ſucceeded with them, he hauing ſince done things beyond the hope of the yõgeſt heads: of whom I ſpeake the rather, becauſe he hath hitherto preſerued *Argalus* aliue, vnder pretence to haue him publiquelie, and with exquiſite torments executed, after the ende of theſe warres, of which they hope for a ſoone and proſperous iſſue.

And he hath likewiſe hitherto kept my young Lord *Clitophon* aliue, who (to redeeme his friend) went with certeine other noble men of *Laconia*, and forces gathered by them, to beſiege this young and new ſucceſſor: but hee iſſuing out (to the wonder of all men) defeated the *Laconians*, ſlue many of the noble men, and tooke *Clitophon* priſoner, whom with much adoe he keepeth aliue, the *Helots* being villanouſly cruel; but he tempereth them ſo ſometimes by following their humour, ſometimes by ſtriuing with it, that hitherto hee hath ſaued both their liues, but in different eſtates; *Argalus* being kept in a cloſe and hard priſon, *Clitophon* at ſome liberty. And now Sir, though (to ſay the truth) we can promiſe our ſelues little of their ſafeties, while they are in the *Helots* hands, I haue deliuered all I vnderſtand touching the loſſe of my Lords ſonne, and the cauſe thereof: which, though it was not neceſſarie to *Clitophons* caſe, to be ſo particularlie told, yet the ſtrangeneſſe of it made mee thinke it would not be vnpleaſant vnto you.

Palladius thanked him greatly for it, being euen paſſionatly delighted with hearing ſo ſtraunge an accident, of a knight ſo famous ouer the world, as *Argalus*, with whom he had himſelfe a long deſire to meete: ſo had fame powred a noble emulation in him towards him.

But then (well bethinking himſelfe) he called for armour, deſiring them to prouide him of horſe and guide: & armed all ſauing the head, he went vp to *Kalander*, whom he found lying vpon the ground, hauing euer ſince baniſhed both ſleepe and foode, as enemies to the mourning, which paſſion perſwaded him was reaſonable. But *Palladius* rayſed him vp, ſaying vnto him: No more, no more of this, my Lord *Kalander*; let vs labour to finde, before wee lament the loſſe: you knowe my ſelfe miſſe one,

one, who though he be not my ſonne, I would diſdaine the fauour of life after him: but while there is hope left, let not the weakeneſſe of ſorrow, make the ſtrength of it languiſh: take comfort, and good ſucceſſe will follow. And with thoſe words, comfort ſeemed to lighten in his eyes, and that in his face and geſture was painted victorie. Once, *Kalanders* ſpirits were ſo reuiued withall, that (receiuing ſome ſuſtenance, and taking a little reſt) he armed himſelfe, and thoſe few of his ſeruants he had left vnſent, and ſo himſelfe guided *Palladius* to the place vpon the frontiers; where already there were aſſembled betweene three & foure thouſand men, all well diſpoſed (for *Kalanders* ſake) to abide any perill: but like men diſuſed with a long peace, more determinate to do, then skilfull how to do: luſtie bodies, and braue armours; with ſuch courage, as rather grew of deſpiſing their enemies, whom they knew not, then of any confidence for any thing which in themſelues they knew; but neither cunning vſe of their weapons, nor art ſhewed in their marching, or in camping. Which *Palladius* ſoone perceiuing, hee deſired to vnderſtand (as much as could be deſiered vnto him) the eſtate of the *Helots*.

And he was anſwered by a man well acquainted with the affaires of Laconia, that they were a kind of people, who hauing bene of old, freemen and poſſeſsioners, the *Lacedæmonians* had conquered them, and laid, not only tribute, but bondage vpon them; which they had long borne; till of late the *Lacedæmonians* through greedineſſe growing more heauie then they could beare, and through contempt leſſe carefull how to make them beare, they had with a generall conſent (rather ſpringing by the generalneſſe of the cauſe, then of any artificiall practiſe) ſet themſelues in armes: and whetting their courage with reuenge, and grounding their reſolution vpon deſpaire, they had proceeded with vnlooked for ſucceſſe, hauing already taken diuerſe Townes and Caſtels, with the ſlaughter of many of the gentrie; for whom no ſex nor age could be accepted for an excuſe. And that although at the firſt they had fought rather with beaſtly fury, then any ſouldierly Diſcipline, practiſe had now made them comparable to the beſt of the *Lacedæmonians*, and more of late then euer; by reaſon, firſt of *Demagoras* a great Lord, who had made himſelfe of their party; and ſince his death, of another Captaine they had gotten, who had brought vp their ignorance, and brought downe their furie, to ſuch a meane of good gouernment, and withall led them ſo valourouſly, that (beſides the time wherein *Clitophon* was taken) they had the better in ſome other great conflicts: in ſuch wiſe, that the eſtate of *Lacedæmon* had ſent vnto them, offering peace with moſt reaſonable and honourable conditions. *Palladius* hauing gotte this generall knowledge of the party againſt whom, as he had already of the party for whom he was to fight, he went to *Kalander*, and told him plainly, that by plaine force, there was ſmall apparance of helping *Clitophon*: but ſome deuice was to be taken in hand, wherein no leſſe diſcretion then valour was to be vſed.

Whereupon, the counſell of the chiefe men was called; and at laſt, this way *Palladius* (who by ſome experience, but eſpecially by reading Hiſtories, was acquainted with ſtratagems) inuented, and was by all the reſt approoued: that all the men there ſhould dreſſe themſelues like the pooreſt ſorte of the people in *Arcadia*, hauing no banners, but bloudie ſhirtes hanged vpon long ſtaues, with ſome bad bagge-pipes in ſtead of drumme and fife; their armour they ſhould aſwell as might bee, couer, or at leaſt make them looke ſo ruſtike, and ill fauourredly as might well become ſuch wearers: and this the whole number ſhould do, ſauing two hundred of the beſt choſen Gentlemen, for courage and ſtrength,

whereof

whereof *Palladius* himſelfe would bee one, who ſhould haue their armes chayned, and be put in cartes like priſoners. This being performed according to the agreement, they marched on towards the towne of *Cardawila* where *Clitophon* was Captiue; and being come two houres before Sunn-ſet within viewe of the walles, the *Helots* alreadie deſcrying their number, and beginning to ſound the Allarum, they ſent a cunning fellow (ſo much the cunninger as that he could maske it vnder rudeneſſe) who with ſuch a kind of Rhetorike, as weeded out all flowers of Rhetorike, deliuered vnto the *Helots* aſſembled together, that they were countrie people of *Arcadia*, no leſſe oppreſſed by their Lords, and no leſſe deſirous of libertie then they; and therefore had put themſelues in the field, and had already (beſides a great number ſlaine) taken nine or ten ſcore Gentlemen priſoners whome they had there well and faſt chained. Now becauſe they had no ſtrong retiring place in *Arcadia*, and were not yet of number enough to keepe the field againſt their Princes forces, they were come to them for ſuccour; knowing that dayly more & more of their qualitie would flocke vnto them; but that in the meane time, leaſt their Prince ſhould purſue them, or the *Lacedamonian* King & Nobility (for the likeneſſe of the cauſe) fall vpon them, they deſired that if there were not roome enough for them in the towne, that yet they might encampe vnder the walles, and for ſurety haue their priſoners (who were ſuch men as were euer able to make their peace) kept within the towne.

The *Helots* made but a ſhort conſultation, being glad that their cõragion had ſpread it ſelfe into *Arcadia*, and making account that if the peace did not fall out betweene them and their King, that it was the beſt way to ſet fire in all the parts of *Greece*; beſides their greedineſſe to haue ſo many Gentlemen in their hands, in whoſe raunſome they already meant to haue a ſhare: to which haſt of concluding, two things wel helped; the one, that the Captaine with the wiſeſt of them, was at that time abſent about confirming or breaking the peace with the ſtate of *Lacedamon*: the ſecond, that ouer many good fortunes began to breede a proude reckleſneſſe in thẽ: therfore ſending to view the Campe, and finding that by their ſpeach they were *Arcadians*, with whom they had had no warre, neuer ſuſpecting a priuate mans credit could haue gathered ſuch a force, and that all other tokens witneſſed them to bee of the loweſt calling (beſides the chaines vpon the Gentlemen) they graunted not onely leaue for the priſoners, but for ſome others of the companie; and to all, that they might harbour vnder the walles. So opened they the gates, and receiued in the carts; which being done, and *Palladius* ſeeing fit time, hee gaue the ſigne, and ſhaking off their chaines (which were made with ſuch arte, that though they ſeemed moſt ſtrong and faſt, he that ware them might eaſilie looſe them) drewe their ſwordes hidden in the cartes, and ſo ſetting vpon the ward, made them to flye either from the place, or from their bodies, and ſo giue entrie to all the force of the *Arcadians*, before the *Helots* could make anie head to reſiſt them.

But the *Helots*, being men hardened againſt dangers, gathered (as well as they could) together in the market place, and thence would haue given a ſhrewd welcome to the *Arcadians*, but that *Palladius* (blaming thoſe that were ſlow, hartning them that were forward, but eſpecially with his owne example leading them) made ſuch an impreſſion into the ſquadron of the *Helots*, that at firſt the great body of them beginning to ſhake and ſtagger; at length, euery particular bodie recommended the protection of his life to his feete. Then *Kalander* cried to go to the priſon, where he thought his ſonne was: but *Palladius* wiſht him (firſt ſcouring the ſtreetes) to houſe all the *Helots*, and make themſelues maiſters of the gates.

But

But ere that could bee accompliſhed, the *Helots* had gotten new heart, and with diuers ſortes of ſhot from corners of ſtreetes, and houſe windowes, galled them; which courage was come vnto them by the returne of their Captain, who though he brought not many with him (hauing diſperſt moſt of his companies to other of his holds) yet meeting a great number running out of the gate, not yet poſſeſt by the *Arcadians*, he made them turne face, and with banners diſplayed, his Trumpet giue the lowdeſt teſtimony he could of his returne; which once heard, the reſt of the *Helots* which were otherwiſe ſcattered, bent thitherward, with a new life of reſolution: as if their Captaine had been a roote, out of which (as into branches) their courage had ſprong. Then began the fight to grow moſt ſharpe, and the encounters of more cruel obſtinacy. The *Arcadians* fighting to keepe that they had wonne; the *Helots* to recouer what they had loſt. The *Arcadians* as in an vnknowne place, hauing no ſuccour but in their hands; the *Helots*, as in their owne place fighting for their liuings, wiues and children. There was victory and courage againſt reuenge and deſpaire: ſafety of both ſides being no otherwiſe to be gotten, but by deſtruction.

At length, the left wing of the *Arcadians* began to loſe ground; which *Palladius* ſeeing, he ſtraight thruſt himſelfe with his choiſe band againſt the throng that oppreſſed them, with ſuch an ouerflowing of valour, that the Captaine of the *Helots* (whoſe eyes ſoone iudged of that wherewith themſelues were gouerned) ſaw that he alone was worth all the reſt of the *Arcadians*. Which he ſo wondred at, that it was hard to ſay, whether he more liked his doings, or miſliked the effects of his doings: but determining that vpon that caſt the game lay, and diſdaining to fight with any other, ſought only to ioyne with him: which minde was no leſſe in *Palladius*, hauing eaſily marked, that he was as the firſt mouer of all the others hands. And ſo their thoughts meeting in one point, they conſented (though not agreed) to try each others fortune: and ſo drawing themſelues to be the vttermoſt of the one ſide, they began a combat, which was ſo much inferior to the battaile in noiſe and number, as it was ſurpaſſing it in brauery of fighting, and (as it were) delightful terriblenes. Their courage was guided with skill, and their skill was armed with courage; neither did their hardineſſe darken their wit, nor their wit coole their hardineſſe: both valiant, as men deſpiſing death; both confident, as vnwonted to be ouercome; yet doubtful by their preſent feeling, and reſpectfull by what they had already ſeene. Their feete ſtedy, their hands diligent, their eyes watchfull, and their harts reſolute. The partes either not armed, or weakely armed, were well knowne, and according to the knowledge ſhould haue bene ſharply viſited, but that the anſwere was as quick as the obiection. Yet ſome lighting; the ſmart bred rage, and the rage bred ſmart againe: till both ſides beginning to wax faint, and rather deſirous to die accompanied, then hopefull to liue victorious, the Captaine of the *Helots* with a blow, whoſe violence grew of fury, not of ſtrength, or of ſtrength proceeding of fury, ſtrake *Palladius* vpon the ſide of the head that he reeled aſtonied: and withall the helmet fell of, hee remaining bare headed: but other of the *Arcadians* were ready to ſhield him from any harme might riſe of that nakedneſſe.

But little needed it: for his chiefe enemy in ſteed of purſuing that aduantage, kneeled down, offering to deliuer the pommel of his ſword, in token of yeilding: withal ſpeaking alowd vnto him, that he thought it more liberty to be his priſoner, then any others General. *Palladius* ſtanding vpon himſelf, & miſdoubting ſome craft, & the *Helots* (that were next their captain) waucring between looking for ſome ſtratagem, or fearing treaſon; what ſaid the captain, hath *Palladius* forgot the voice of *Daiphantus*?

By

By that watch word *Palladius* knew that it was his onely friend *Pyrocles*, whom he had loſt vpon the Sea, and therefore both moſt full of wonder, ſo to be met, if they had not bene fuller of ioy then wonder, cauſed the retrait to be ſounded, *Daiphantus* by authoritie and *Palladius* by perſwaſion; to which helped well the little aduantage that was of either ſide: and that of the *Helots* partie their Captaines behauiour had made as many amazed as ſawe or heard of it: and of the *Arcadian* ſide the good old *Kalander*, ſtriuing more then his old age could atchieue, was newly taken priſoner. But indeed the chiefe parter of the fray was the night, which with her black armes pulled their malicious ſights one from the other. But he that tooke *Kalander*, meant nothing leſſe then to ſaue him, but onely ſo long, as the Captaine might learne the enemies ſecrets: towards whome he led the old Gentleman, when he cauſed the retreit to be ſounded; looking for no other deliuerie from that captiuitie, but by the painfull taking away of all paine: when, whom ſhould he ſee next to the captaine (with good tokens how valiantly he had fought that day againſt the *Arcadians*) but his ſonne *Clitophon*? But now the Captaine had cauſed all the principall *Helots* to be aſſembled, as well to deliberate what they had to do, as to receiue a meſſage from the *Arcadians*; Among whom *Palladius* vertue (beſides the loue *Kalander* bare him) hauing gotten principall authoritie, hee had perſwaded them to ſeeke rather by parley to recouer the Father and the Sonne, then by the ſworde: ſince the goodnes of the Captaine aſſured him that way to ſpeede, and his value (wherewith he was of old acquainted) made him thinke any other way dangerous. This therefore was done in orderly maner, giuing them to vnderſtand, that as they came but to deliuer *Clitophon*, ſo offering to leaue the footing they alreadie had in the towne, to goe away without any further hurt, ſo as they might haue the father and the ſonne without raunſome deliuered. Which conditions being heard and conceiued by the *Helots*, *Daiphantus* perſwaded them without delay to accept them. For firſt (ſaid he) ſince the ſtrife is within our owne home, if you loſe, you loſe all that in this life can be deare vnto you: if you winne, it will be a bloudie victorie with no profit, but the flattering in our ſelues that ſame bad humour of reuenge. Beſides, it is like to ſtirre *Arcadia* vpon vs, which now, by vſing theſe perſons well, may be brought to ſome amitie. Laſtly, but eſpecially, leaſt the king and nobilitie of *Laconia* (with whom now we haue made a perfect peace) ſhould hope by occaſion of this quarrel to ioyn the *Arcadians* with them, and ſo breake off the profitable agreement alreadie concluded. In ſumme, as in all deliberations (waying the profit of the good ſucceſſe with the harme of the euil ſucceſſe) you ſhall finde this way moſt ſafe and honorable.

The *Helots*, as much moued by his authoritie, as perſwaded by his reaſons, were content therewith. Whereupon, *Palladius* tooke order that the *Arcadians* ſhould preſently march out of the towne, taking with them their priſoners, while the night with mutuall diffidence might keepe them quiet, and ere day came they might be well on of their way, and ſo auoid thoſe accidents which in late enemies, a looke, a word, or a particular mans quarell might engender. This being on both ſides concluded on, *Calander* and *Clitophon*, who now (with infinite ioy did knowe each other) came to kiſſe the hands and feete of *Daiphantus*: *Clitophon* telling his father, how *Daiphantus* (not without danger to himſelfe) had preſerued him from the furious malice of the *Helots*; and euen that day going to conclude the peace (leaſt in his abſence he might receiue ſome hurt) he had taken him in his compani, and giuen him armour, vpon promiſe he ſhould take the part of the *Helots*; which hee had in this fight performed, little knowing that it was againſt his father: but (ſaid *Clitophon*)

here

here is he, who (as a father) hath new begotten me, and (as a God) hath saued me from many deaths, vvhich already layed hold on me: which *Kalander* with teares of ioy acknowledged (besides his owne deliuerance) onely his benefite. But *Daiphantus*, who loued doing well for it selfe, and not for thanks, brake off those ceremonies, desiring to knowe how *Palladius* (for so he called *Musidorus*) was come into that company, and what his present estate vvas; whereof receiuing a briefe declaration of *Kalander*, he sent him word by *Clitophon*, that he should not as now come vnto him, because he held himselfe not so sure a maister of the *Helots* mindes, that he vvould aduenture him in their power, who was so well knowne with an vnfriendly acquaintance, but that he desired him to return with *Kalander*, whither also he within few dayes (hauing dispatched him selfe of the *Helots*) would repaire. *Kalander* would needes kisse his hand againe for that promise, protesting he would esteeme his house more blessed then a temple of the gods, if it had once receiued him. And then desiring pardon for *Argalus*, *Daiphantus* assured them that he would die but he would bring him (though till then kept in close prison indeede for his safety, the *Helots* being so animated against him as else he could not haue liued) & so taking their leaue of him, *Kalander*, *Clitophon*, *Palladius* and the rest of the *Arcadians* (swearing that they would no further in any sort molest the *Helots*) they straight way marched out of the towne, carying both their dead and wounded bodies with them; and by morning were already within the limits of *Arcadia*.

The *Helots* of the other side shutting their gates, gaue thēselues to bury their dead, to cure their wounds, and rest their wearied bodies: till (the next day bestowing the cheerefull vse of the light vpon them) *Daiphantus* making a generall conuocation spake vnto them in this manner. We are first (said he) to thanke the Gods, that (further then we had either cause to hope, or reason to imagine) haue deliuered vs out of this gulfe of danger, vvherein we were already swallowed. For all being lost (had they not directed my returne so iust as they did) it had been too late so recouer that, vvhich being had, vve could not keep. And had I not happened to know one of the principall men among them, by which meanes the truce began betweene vs, you may easily conceiue, vvhat little reason we haue to thinke, but that either by some supply out of *Arcadia*, or from the nobility of this Country (who vvould haue made fruits of wisedome grow out of this occasion) we should haue had our power turned to ruine, our pride to repentance and sorrovv. But now the storme, as it fell, so it ceased: and the error committed, in retaining *Clitophon* more hardly then his age or quarell deserued, becomes a sharply learned experience, to vse in other times more moderation.

Now I haue to deliuer vnto you the conclusion between the kings vvith the Nobility of *Lacademon*, and you; vvhich is in all points as your selues desired: as vvell for that you would haue graunted, as for the assurance of vvhat is granted. The Townes, and Fortes you presently haue, are still left vnto you, to be kept either with or vvithout garrison, so as you alter not the lawes of the Country, and pay such duties as the rest of the *Laconians* do: Your selues are made by publique decree, free men, and so capable both to giue and receiue voice in election of Magistrates. The distinction of names between *Helots* and *Lacedæmonians* to be quite taken away, and all indifferently to enioy both names and priuiledges of *Laconians*: Your children to be brought vp with theirs in the *Spartane* discipline: and so you (framing your selues to be good members of that estate) to bee hereafter fellowes, and no longer seruants.

Which conditions you ſee, carry in themſelues no more contention then aſſurance. For this is not a peace which is made with them, but this is a peace by which you are made of them. Laſtly a forgetfulneſſe decreed of all what is paſt, they ſhewing themſelues glad to haue ſo valiant men as you are, ioyned with them: ſo that you are to take mindes of peace, ſince the cauſe of warre is finiſhed; and as you hated them before like oppreſſours: ſo now to loue them as brothers; to take care of their eſtate becauſe it is yours, and to labour by vertuous doing, that the poſteritie may not repent your ioyning. But now one Article onely they ſtood vpon, which in the ende I with your commiſsioners haue agreed vnto, that I ſhould no more tarry heere; miſtaking perchance my humor, and thinking me as ſeditious as I am young; or elſe it is the king *Amiclas* procuring, in reſpect that it was my ill hap to kill his Nephew *Eurileon*; but how ſo euer it be, I haue condiſcended. But ſo will not we, cried almoſt the whole aſſembly, counſelling one another, rather to trie the vttermoſt euent, thou to loſe him by whom they had beene victorious. But hee as well with generall orations, as particular dealing with the men of moſt credit, made them throughly ſee how neceſſary it was to preferre ſuch an opportunitie before a vaine affection; but yet could not preuaile, till openly he ſware, that hee would (if at any time the *Lacedæmonians* brake this treatie) come backe againe, and be their Captaine.

So then after a few daies, ſetting them in perfect order, he took his leaue of them, whoſe eyes bad him farewell with teares, and mouthes with kiſsing the places where he ſtept, and after making temples vnto him as to a demi-God: thinking it beyond the degree of humanitie to haue a wit ſo farre ouergoing his age, and ſuch dreadfull terrour proceede from ſo excellent beauty. But hee for his ſake obtained free pardon for *Argalus*, vvhom alſo (vpon oath neuer to beare armes againſt the *Helots*) hee deliuered: and taking onely with him certaine principall Iewels of his owne, hee would haue parted alone with *Argalus* (whoſe countenance well ſhewed, while *Parthenia* was loſt he counted not himſelfe deliuered) but that the whole multitude would needs gard him into *Arcadia*. Where againe leauing them all to lament his departure, hee by enquiry got to the well-knowne houſe of *Kalander*: There was hee receiued with louing ioie of *Kalander*, vvith ioyfull loue of *Palladius*, with humble (though dolefull) demeanor of *Argalus* (whom eſpecially both he and *Palladius* regarded) with gratefull ſeruiceablenes of *Clitophon*, & honorable admiration of all. For being now well viewed to haue no haire on his face, to witneſſe him a man, vvho had done acts beyond the degree of a man, and to looke with a certaine almoſt baſhfull kinde of modeſtie, as if hee feared the eyes of men, vvho vvas vnmooued with ſight of the moſt horrible countenances of death; and as if nature had miſtaken her worke to haue a *Marſes* heart in a *Cupids* bodie: All that beheld him (and all that might beholde him, did behold him) made their eyes quicke meſſengers to their mindes, that there they had ſeene the vttermoſt that in mankind might be ſeen. The like wonder *Palladius* had before ſtirred, but that *Daiphantus*, as younger & newer come, had gotten now the aduantage in the moiſt and fickle impreſsion of eye-ſight. But while all men (laying poore *Argalus*) made the ioie of their eyes ſpeake for their hearts towards *Daiphantus*: Fortune (that belike was bid to that banquet, & meant then to play the good fellow) brought a pleaſant aduenture among them. It was that as they had newly dined, there came in to *Kalander* a meſſenger, that brought him word, a yong noble Lady, neare kinſewoman to the faire *Helen* Queene of *Corinth*, vvas come

thither

thither, and desired to be lodged in his house. *Calander* (most glad of such an occasion) went out, and all his other worthy guests with him, saving onely *Argalus*, who remained in his chamber, desirous that this company were once broken vp, that he might goe in his solitarie quest after *Parthenia*. But when they met this Lady; *Kalander* straight thought he saw his neece *Parthenia*, and was about in such familiar sort to haue spoken vnto her: but she in graue and honourable manner giuing him to vnderstand that he was mistaken, he halfe ashamed excused himselfe with the exceeding likenesse was betweene them, though indeede it seemed that this Lady was of the more pure and daintie complexion; she sayd, it might very well be, hauing bene many times taken one for another. But assoone as she was brought into the house, before she would rest her, she desired to speake with *Argalus* publikely, who she heard was in the house. *Argalus* came hastilie, and as hastilie thought as *Kalander* had done, with sudden changes of ioy into sorrow. But she when she had staid their thoughts with telling them her name and qualitie, in this sort spake vnto him. My Lord *Argalus*, said she, being of late left in the Court of Queene *Helen* of *Corinth*, as chiefe in her absence (she being vpon some occasion gone thence) there came vnto me the Lady *Parthenia*, so disfigured, as I thinke Greece hath nothing so ougly to behold. For my part, it was many daies, before with vehement oathes, and some good proofes, she could make me thinke that she was *Parthenia*. Yet at last finding certainely it was she, and greatly pitying her misfortune, so much the more, as that all men had euer told me (as now you do) of the great likenesse betweene vs, I tooke the best care I could of her; and of her vnderstood the whole tragicall historie of her vndeserued aduenture: and therewithall, of that most noble constancy in you my Lord *Argalus*: which whosoeuer loues not, she wes himselfe to be a hater of vertue, and vnworthy to liue in the societie of mankind. But no outward cherishing could salue the inward sore of her minde, but a few daies since she died: before her death earnestly desiring, and perswading me, to thinke of no husband but of you, as of the only man in the world worthy to be loued; withall she gaue me this Ring to deliuer you; desiring you, and by the authoritie of loue commanding you, that the affection you bare her you should turne to me: assuring you, that nothing can please her soule more, then to see you and me matched together. Now my L. though this office be not (perchance) suitable to my estate nor sex, who should rather looke to be desired; yet, an extraordinary desert requires an extraordinary proceeding: and therefore I am come (with faithfull loue built vpon your worthinesse) to offer my selfe, and to beseech you to accept the offer: and if these noble Gentlemen present will say it is great folly, let them withall, say it is great loue. And then she staid, earnestly attending *Argalus* his answer, who first making most hartie sighes do such obsequies as he could to *Parthenia*, thus answered her.

Madame (sayd hee) infinitly am I bound vnto you, for this, no more rare then noble courtesie; but most bound for the goodnesse I perceiue you shewed to the Lady *Parthenia* (with that the teares ranne down his eyes; but hee followed on) and as much as so vnfortunate a man, fit to bee the spectacle of miserie, can doe you seruice; determine you haue made a purchase of a slaue (while I liue) neuer to fayle you. But this great matter you propose vnto me, wherein I am not so blind as not to see what happinesse it should be vnto me; Excellent Lady, know, that if my hart were mine to giue, you before all other should haue it; but *Parthenias* it is though dead: there I began, there I ende all matter of affection. I hope I shall not long tarry after her, with whose beautie if I had onely bene inloue, I should be so with

you, who haue the ſame beautie: but it was *Parthenias* ſelfe I loued, and loue; which no likeneſſe can make one; no commandement diſſolue, no foulneſſe defile, nor no death finiſh. And ſhall I receiue (ſaid ſhe) ſuch diſgrace, as to be refuſed? Noble Lady (ſaid he) let not that hard word be vſed; who know your exceeding worthineſſe farre beyond my deſert: but it is only happineſſe I refuſe, ſince of the only happineſſe I could and can deſire, I am refuſed.

He had ſcarce ſpoken thoſe words, when ſhe ranne to him, and imbracing him, why then *Argalus* (ſaid ſhe) take thy *Parthenia*; and *Parthenia* it was indeede. But becauſe ſorow forbad him too ſoone to beleeue, ſhe told him the truth, with all circumſtances; how being parted alone, meaning to die in ſome ſolitary place, as ſhe hapned to make her complaint, the Queene *Helen* of *Corinth* (who likewiſe felt her part of miſeries) being then walking alſo alone in that lonely place, heard her, and neuer left till ſhe had knowne the whole diſcourſe. Which the noble Queene greatly pitying, ſhe ſent her to a Phyſition of hers the moſt excellent man in the world, in hope he could helpe her: which in ſuch ſort as they ſaw he had performed, and ſhe taking with her of the Queenes ſeruants, thought yet to make this triall, whether he would quickly forget his true *Parthenia*, or no. Her ſpeech was confirmed by the *Corinthian* Gentlemen, who before had kept her counſell, and *Argalus* eaſily perſwaded to what more then ten thouſand yeares of life he deſired: and *Kalander* would needes haue the mariage celebrated in his houſe, principally the longer to hold his deareſt gueſts, towards whom he was now (beſides his owne habite of hoſpitalitie) caried with loue and duty: and therefore omitted no ſeruice that his wit could inuent, and his power miniſter.

But no way he ſaw he could ſo much pleaſure them, as by leauing the two friends alone, who being ſhrunke aſide to the banquetting houſe where the pictures were, there *Palladius* recounted vnto him, that after they had both abandoned the burning ſhip (& either of them taken ſome thing vnder him, the better to ſupport him to the ſhore) hee knew not how, but either with ouer-labouring in the fight, and ſudden cold, or the too much receiuing of ſalt water, he was paſt himſelfe: but yet holding faſt (as the nature of dying men is to do) the cheſt that was vnder him, he was caſt on the ſands, where he was taken vp by a couple of ſhepheards, and by them brought to life againe, and kept from drowning himſelfe, when hee deſpaired of his ſafetie. How after hauing failed to take him into the fiſher boate, he had by the ſhepheards perſwaſion come to this Gentlemans houſe; where being dangerouſlie ſicke, hee had yeelded to ſeeke the recouery of health, onely for that hee might the ſooner goe ſeeke the deliuery of *Pyrocles*: to which purpoſe *Kalander* by ſome friendes of his in *Meſſena*, had alreadie ſet a ſhippe or two abroad, when this accident of *Clitophons* taking had ſo bleſſedly procured their meeting. Then did he ſet foorth vnto him the noble intertainment and carefull cheriſhing of *Kalander* towards him, and ſo vpon occaſion of the pictures preſent, deliuered with the frankes of a friends tongue as neere as he could, word by word what *Kalander* had tould him touching the ſtrange ſtory (with all the particularities belonging) of *Arcadia*, which did in many ſorts ſo delight *Pyrocles* to hear; that hee would needes haue much of it againe repeated, and was not contented till *Kalander* himſelfe had anſwered him diuerſe queſtions.

But firſt at *Muſidorus* requeſt, though in briefe maner, his mind much running vpon the ſtrange ſtorie of *Arcadia*, he did declare by what courſe of aduentures he was come to make vp their mutuall happineſſe in meeting. When (couſin ſaid he)

we had ſtript our ſelues, and were both leapt into the Sea, and ſwome a little toward the ſhoare, I found by reaſon of ſome wounds I had, that I ſhould not be able to get the land, and therefore turned backe againe to the maſt of the ſhippe, where you found me, aſſuring my ſelfe, that if you came aliue to ſhoare, you would ſeeke me; if you were loſt, as I thought it as good to periſh as to liue, ſo that place as good to periſh in as another. There I found my ſword among ſome of the ſhrowds, wiſhing (I muſt confeſſe) if I died, to be found with that in my hand, and withall wauing it about my head, that ſaylers by, might haue the better glimpſe of me. There you miſsing mee, I was taken vp by Pyrates, who putting me vnder boord priſoner, preſently ſet vpon another ſhip and maintaining a long fight, in the end, put them all to the ſword. Amongſt whom I might heare them greatly praiſe one young man, who fought moſt valiantlie, whom (as loue is carefull, and misfortune ſubiect to doubtfulnes) I thought certainely to bee you. And ſo holding you as dead, from that time till the time I ſaw you, in truth I ſought nothing more then a noble end, which perchaunce made me more hardie then otherwiſe I would haue beene. Tryall whereof came within two dayes after: for the Kings of *Lacedæmon* hauing ſet out ſome Galleys vnder the charge of one of their Nephewes, to ſcowre the ſea of the Pyrates, they met with vs, where our Captaine wanting men, was driuen to arme ſome of his priſoners, with promiſe of libertie for well fighting: among whome I was one, and being boorded by the Admirall, it was my fortune to kill *Euryleon* the Kings Nephew: but in the end they preuailed, and we were all taken priſoners: I not caring much what became of me (onely keeping the name of *Daiphantus*, according to the reſolution you knowe is betweene vs) but being laid in the iayle of *Tenaria*, with ſpeciall hate to me for the death of *Euryleon*, the popular ſort of that towne conſpired with the *Helots*, and ſo by night opened them the gates; where entring and killing all of the gentle and rich faction, for honeſtie ſake brake open all priſons and ſo deliuered me: and I mooued with grateſulneſſe, and encouraged with careleſneſſe of life ſo behaued my ſelfe in ſome conflicts they had within few dayes, that they barbarouſlie thinking vnſenſible wonders of me, and withall ſo much the better truſting mee, as they heard I was hated of the King of *Lacedæmon*, their chiefe Captaine being ſlaine, as you know by the noble *Argalus* (who helped thereunto by his perſwaſion) hauing borne a great affection vnto mee, and to auoide the daungerous emulation which grew among the chiefe, who ſhould haue the place, and alſo affected, as rather to haue a ſtraunger then a competitour, they elected mee (God wot little proude of that dignity;) reſtoring vnto me ſuch things of mine as being taken firſt by the Pyrates and then by the *Lacedæmonians*, they had gotten in the ſacke of the towne. Now being in it, ſo good was my ſucceſſe with many victories, that I made a peace for them to their owne liking the very day that you deliuered *Clitophon*, whom I with much ado had preſerued. And in my peace the King *Amiclas* of *Lacedæmon* would needes haue mee baniſhed, and deprined of the dignitie whereunto I was exalted: which (and you may ſee how much you are bound to mee) for your ſake I was content to ſuffer, a new hope riſing in mee, that you were not dead: and ſo meaning to trauaile ouer the world to ſeeke you; and now heere (my deare *Muſidorus*) you haue mee. And with that (embracing and kiſsing each other) they called *Kalander*, of whom *Daiphantus* deſired to heare the full ſtorie, which before hee had recounted to *Palladius*, and to ſee the letter of *Philanax*, which hee read and well marked.

But within ſome dayes after, the marriage betweene *Argalus* and the faire *Parthenia* being to be celebrated *Daiphantus* and *Palladius* ſelling ſome of their Iewels, furniſhed themſelues of very faire apparell, meaning to do honour to their louing hoſt; who as much for their ſakes, as for the mariage, ſet foorth each thing in moſt gorgeous manner. But all the coſt beſtowed did not ſo much enrich, nor all the fine deckings ſo much beautifie, nor all the daintie deuiſes ſo much delight, as the faireneſſe of *Parthenia*, the pearle of all the maides of *Mantinea*: who as ſhe went to the Temple to be maried, her eyes themſelues ſeemed a temple, wherein loue and beautie were married: her lips though they were kept cloſe with modeſt ſilence, yet with a prety kind of naturall ſwelling, they ſeemed to inuite the gueſts that lookt on them: her cheekes bluſhing, and withall when ſhe was ſpoken vnto, a little ſmiling, were like roſes, when their leaues are with a little breath ſtirred: her haire being laid at the full length downe her backe, bare ſhew as if the voward fayled, yet that would conquer. *Daiphantus* marking her, ô *Iupiter* (ſaid he, ſpeaking to *Palladius*) how happens it, that beautie is onely confined to *Arcadia*? But *Palladius* not greatly attending his ſpeech, ſome daies were continued in the ſolemnizing the marriage, with all conceipts that might deliuer delight to mens fancies.

But ſuch a chaunge was growne in *Daiphantus*, that (as if cheerefulneſſe had bene tediouſneſſe, & good intertainement were turned to diſcourteſie) he would euer get himſelfe alone, though almoſt when he was in company, he was alone, ſo litle attention he gaue to any that ſpake vnto him: euen the colour and figure of his face began to receiue ſome alteration; which he ſhewed little to heede: but euery morning earely going abroad, either to the garden, or to ſome woods towards the deſert, it ſeemed his onely comfort was to be without a comforter. But long it could not bee hid from *Palladius*, whom true loue made ready to marke, and long knowledge able to marke; and therefore being now growne weary of his aboade in *Arcadia*, hauing informed himſelfe fully of the ſtrength and riches of the country, of the nature of the people, and maner of their lawes: and ſeeing the court could not be viſited, prohibited to all men, but to certaine ſhepheardiſh people, he greatly deſired a ſpeedie returne to his owne countrie, after the many mazes of fortune he had troden. But perceiuing this great alteration in his friend, he thought firſt to breake with him thereof; and then to haſten his returne; whereto he found him but ſmally enclined: whereupon one day taking him alone with certaine graces and countenances, as if he were diſputing with the trees, began in this manner to ſay vnto him.

A mind well trained and long exerciſed in vertue (my ſweete and worthie coſin) doth not eaſily change any courſe it once vndertakes, but vpon well grounded and well waied cauſes. For being witneſſe to it ſelfe of his owne inward good, it findes nothing without it of ſo high a price, for which it ſhould be altered. Euen the very countenance and behauiour of ſuch a man doth ſhew forth Images of the ſame conſtancy, by maintaining a right harmony betwixt it and the inward good, in yeelding it ſelfe ſutable to the vertuous reſolution of the mind. This ſpeech I direct to you (noble friend *Pyrocles*) the excellencie of whoſe mind and well choſen courſe in vertue, if I do not ſufficiently know, hauing ſeene ſuch rare demonſtrations of it, it is my weakeneſſe, and not your vnworthineſſe: but as indeede I know it, and knowing it moſt dearely loue both it and him that hath it; ſo muſt I needes ſay, that ſince our late comming into this countrie, I haue marked in you, I will not ſay an alteration, but a relenting truly, and a ſlacking of the maine career, you had ſo notably begun & almoſt performed; and that in ſuch ſort, as I cannot find ſufficient reaſon in thy great

loue

loue toward you how to allow it, for (to leaue off other secreter arguments which my acquaintance with you makes me easilie find) this in effect to any man may be manifest, that whereas you were wont in all places you came, to giue your selfe vehemently to the knowledge of those things which might better your mind; to seeke the familiaritie of excellent men in learning and souldierie: and lastly, to put all these things in practise both by continuall wise proceeding and worthy enterprises, as occasion fell for them; you now leaue all these things vndone: you let your mind fall asleepe: beside your countenance troubled (which surely comes not of vertue) for vertue like the cleare heauē is without clouds) & lastly you subiect your selfe to solitaries, the slie enemy, that doth most separate a man from well doing. *Pyrocles* mind was all this while so fixed vpon another deuotion, that he no more attentiuely marked his friends discourse, then the child that hath leaue to play, markes the last part of his lesson; or the diligēt Pilot in a dangerous tēpest doth attēd the vnskilfull words of a passinger: yet the very sound hauing imprinted the generall points of his speech in his hart, pierced with any mislike of so deerely an esteemed friend, & desirous by degrees to bring him to a gentler consideration of him, with a shamefast looke (witnessing he rather could not helpe, then did not know his fault) answered him to this purpose: Excellent *Musidorus*, in the praise you gaue me in the beginning of your speech, I easily acknowledge the force of your good will vnto me, for neither could you haue thought so well of me, if extremitie of loue had not made your iudgement partiall, nor you could haue loued me so intirely, if you had not bene apt to make so great (though vndeserued) iudgements of me; and euen so must I say to those imperfections, to which though I haue euer through weaknes bene subiect, yet you by the daily mending of your mind haue of late bin able to looke into them, which before you could not discerne; so that the change you speake of, falles not out by my impairing, but by your bettering. And yet vnder the leaue of your better iudgement, I must needes say thus much, my deare cosin; that I find not my selfe whollie to be condemned, because I do not with continuall vehemēcy folow those knowledges, which you call the bettering of my mind; for both the mind it selfe must like other things sometimes be vnbent, or else it will be either weakned, or broken: And these knowledges, as they are of good vse, so are they not all the minde may stretch it selfe vnto: who knowes whether I feede not my minde with higher thoughts? Truely, as I know not all the particularities, so yet I see the bounds of all these knowledges: but the workings of the mind I find much more infinite, then can be led vnto by the eie, or imagined by any, that distract their thoughts without themselues.

And in such contemplation, or as I thinke more excellent, I enioy my solitarinesse; & my solitarines perchance, is the nurse of these contemplations. Eagles we see flie alone; & they are but sheepe which alwayes heard together; condemne not therfore my mind sometimes to enioy it selfe; nor blame not the taking of such times as serue most fit for it. And alas, deare *Musidorus*, if I bee sadde, who knowes better then you the iust causes I haue of sadnesse? And here *Pyrocles* suddenly stopped, like a man vnsatisfied in himselfe, though his wit might well haue serued to haue satisfied another. And so looking with a countenance, as though hee desired hee should know his mind without hearing him speake, and yet desirous to speake, to breath out some part of his inward euill, sending again new bloud to his face, he continued his speech in this manner. And Lord (deare cosin, (said he) doth not the pleasantnesse of this place carry in it selfe sufficient reward for any time lost in it? Do you not see how all things conspire together to make this countrie a heauenly

dwelling? Do you not ſee the graſſe, how in colour they excell the Emeralds, euery one ſtriuing to paſſe his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equall height? And ſee you not the reſt of theſe beautifull flowers, each of which would require a mans wit to know, & his life to expreſſe? Do not theſe ſtately trees ſeem to maintain their floriſhing old age with the only happineſſe of their ſeat, being clothed with a continual ſpring, becauſe no beautie here ſhould euer fade? Doth not the aire breath health, which the birds (delightful both to eare and eye) do dayly ſolemnize with the ſweete conſent of their voices? Is not euery *Eccho* thereof a perfect Muſicke? and theſe freſh & delightfull brookes how ſlowly they ſlide away, as loth to leaue the company of ſo many things vnited in perfection? & with how ſweete a murmure they lament their forced departure? Certainely, certainely, coſin, it muſt needs be that ſome Goddeſſe inhabiteth this Region, who is the ſoule of this ſoyle: for neither is anie leſſe then a Goddeſſe, worthie to be ſhrined in ſuch a heape of pleaſures: nor anie leſſe then a Goddeſſe could haue made it ſo perfect a plotte of the celeſtiall dwellings. And ſo ended with a deepe ſigh, rewfully caſting his eye vpon *Muſidorus* as more deſirous of pitie then pleading. But *Muſidorus* had all this while held his looke fixed vpon *Pyrocles* countenance; and with no leſſe louing attention marked how his words proceeded from him: but in both theſe he perceiued ſuch ſtrange diuerſities, that they rather increaſed new doubts, then gaue him ground to ſettle anie iudgement: for beſides his eyes ſometimes euen great with teares, the oft changing of his colour, with a kind of ſhaking vnſtayednes ſe ouer al his body, he might ſee in his countenance ſome great determination mixed with feare; and might perceiue in him ſtore of thoughts, rather ſtirred then digeſted; his words interrupted continually with ſighes (which ſerued as a burthen to each ſentence) and the tenor of his ſpeech (though of his wonted phraſe) not knit together to one conſtant end, but rather diſſolued in it ſelfe, as the vehemency of the inward paſsion preuailed: which made *Muſidorus* frame his aunſwere neareſt to that humor which ſhould ſooneſt put out the ſecret. For hauing in the beginning of *Pyrocles* ſpeech which defended his ſolitarines, framed in his minde a replie againſt it, in the praiſe of honourable action, in ſhewing that ſuch a kind of contemplation is but a glorious title to idleneſſe; that in action a man did not only better himſelfe but benefit others; that the gods would not haue deliuered a ſoule into the body, which hath armes and legges, only inſtruments of doing, but that it were intended the mind ſhould imploy them, and that the mind ſhould beſt know his owne good or euill by practiſe, which knowledge was the only way to increaſe the one, and correct the other: beſides many other arguments, which the plentifulneſſe of the matter yeelded to the ſharpeneſſe of his wit. When hee found *Pyrocles* leaue that, and fall into ſuch an affected praiſing of the place, hee left it likewiſe, and ioyned with him therein: becauſe he found him in that humour vtter more ſtore of paſsion; and euen thus kindly embracing him, he ſaid: Your words are ſuch (noble coſin) ſo ſweetly and ſtrongly handled in the praiſe of ſolitarineſſe, as they would make me likewiſe yeeld my ſelfe vp into it, but that the ſame words make me knowe, it is more pleaſant to enioy the companie of him that can ſpeake ſuch words, then by ſuch words to be perſwaded to follow ſolitarineſſe. And euen ſo do I giue you leaue (ſweete *Pyrocles*) euer to defend ſolitarineſſe, ſo long as to defend it, you euer keepe companie. But I marueil at the exceſsiue praiſes you giue to this country; in truth it is not vnpleaſant: but yet if you would returne into *Macedon*, you ſhould either ſee many heauens, or find this no more then earthly. And euen *Tempe* in my *Theſſalia* (where you and

I to my great happineſſe were brought vp together) is nothing inferiour vnto it. But I thinke you will make mee ſee, that the vigor of your wit can ſhew it ſelfe in any ſubiect: or elſe you feede ſometimes your ſolitarineſſe with the conceipts of the Poets, whoſe liberall pennes can as eaſily trauaile ouer mountaines, as molehils: and ſo like well diſpoſed men, ſet vp euery thing to the higheſt note; eſpecially, when they put ſuch words in the mouthes of one of theſe fantaſticall mind-infected people, that children & Muſitians call Louers. This word, Louer, did no leſſe pierce poore *Pyrocles*, then the right tune of muſicke toucheth him that is ſicke of the *Tarantula*. There was not one part of his body, that did not feele a ſudden motion, while his hart with panting, ſeemed to daunce to the ſound of that word, yet after ſome pauſe (lifting vp his eyes a little from the ground, and yet not daring to place them in the eyes of *Muſidorus*) armed with the very countenance of the poore priſoner at the barre, whoſe anſwer is nothing but guiltie: with much a do he brought foorth this queſtion. And alas, ſayd he, deare coſin, wh at if I be not ſo much the Poet (the freedome of whoſe pen can excerciſe it ſelfe in any thing) as euen that miſerable ſubiect of his cunning, whereof you ſpeake? Now the eternall Gods forbid (mainely cryed out *Muſidorus*) that euer my eare ſhould be poyſoned with ſo euill newes of you. O let me neuer know that any baſe affection ſhould get any Lordſhip in your thoughts. But as he was ſpeaking more, *Kalander* came, and brake off their diſcourſe, with inuiting them to the hunting of a goodly ſtagge, which being harboured in a wood thereby, he hoped would make them good ſport, and driue away ſome part of *Daiphantus* melancholy. They condiſcended, and ſo going to their lodgings, furniſhed themſelues as liked them, *Daiphantus* writing a few words which he left ſealed in a letter againſt their returne.

Then went they together abroad, the good *Kalander* entertaining them with pleaſant diſcourſing, how well he loued the ſport of hunting, when he was a yong man, how much in the compariſon thereof he diſdained all chamber delights, that the Sunne (how great a iourney ſoeuer he had to make) could neuer preuent him with earlineſſe, nor the Moone (with her ſober countenance) diſwade him from watching till midnight for the deeres feeding. O, ſaid he, you will neuer liue to my age, without you keepe your ſelues in breath with exerciſe, and in heart with ioyfulneſſe: too much thinking doth conſume the ſpirits, and oft it falles out, that while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaues to do the effect of his thinking. Then ſpared he not to remember, how much *Arcadia* was changed ſince his youth: actiuitie and good fellowſhip being nothing in the price it was then held in, but according to the nature of the old growing world, ſtill worſe and worſe. Then would he tell them ſtories of ſuch gallants as he had knowne: and ſo with pleaſant company beguiled the times haſt, and ſhortned the wayes length, till they came to the ſide of the wood, where the hounds were in couples ſtaying their comming, but with a whining accent crauing libertie: many of them in colour and markes ſo reſembling, that it ſhewed they were of one kind. The huntſmen handſomely attired in their greene liueries, as though they were children of Summer, with ſtaues in their hands to beate the guiltleſſe earth, when the houndes were at a fault, and with hornes about their neckes, to ſound an alarum vpon a ſillie fugitiue. The hounds were ſtraight vncoupled, and ere long the Stagge thought it better to truſt to the nimbleneſſe of his feete, then to the ſlender fortification of his lodging: but euen his feete, betraid him; for howſoeuer they went, they themſelues vttered themſelues to the ſent of their enemies; who one taking it of another,

and

and ſometimes beleeuing the windes aduertiſements, ſometimes the view of (their faithfull counſellers) the huntſmen, with open mouthes then denounced warre, when the warre was already begun. Their crie being compoſed of ſo well ſorted mouthes, that any man would perceiue therein ſome kind of proportion, but the skilfull woodmen did find a muſicke. Then delight and varietie of opinion drew the horſemen ſundrie wayes; yet cheering their houndes with voyce and horne, kept ſtill (as it were) together. The wood ſeemed to conſpire with them againſt his owne citizens, diſperſing their noiſe through all his quarters, and euen the Nymph *Echo* left to bewaile the loſſe of *Narciſſus*, and became a hunter. But the Stagge was in the end ſo hotly purſued, that (leauing his flight hee was driuen to make courage of deſpaire; and ſo turning his head, made the hounds (with change of ſpeech) to teſtifie that he was at a bay: as if from hot purſuite of their enemy they were ſuddenly come to a parley.

But *Kalander* (by his skill of coaſting the countrey) was among the firſt that came in to the beſieged Deere; whom when ſome of the younger ſort would haue killed with their ſwordes, he would not ſuffer: but with a Croſſe-bow ſent a death to the poore beaſt, who with teares ſhewed the vnkindneſſe he tooke of mans crueltie.

But by the time that the whole company was aſſembled, and that the Stagge had beſtowed him ſelfe liberally among them that had killed him, *Daiphantus* was miſt: for whom *Palladius* carefully enquiring, no newes could bee giuen him, but by one that ſaid, he thought hee was returned home; for that hee markt him, in the chiefe of the hunting, take a by way, which might lead to *Kalanders* houſe. That anſwere for the time ſatisfying, and they hauing performed all duties, as well for the Stagges funerall, as the hounds triumph, they returned: ſome talking of the fatneſſe of the Deeres body; ſome of the faireneſſe of his head; ſome of the hounds cunning; ſome of their ſpeede; and ſome of their cry: till comming home (about the time that the candles begin to inherit the Sunnes office) they found *Daiphantus* was not to be found. Whereat *Palladius* greatly maruelling, and a day or two paſſing, while neither ſearch nor inquirie could helpe him to knowledge, at laſt hee lighted vpon the letter, which *Pyrocles* had written before hee went a hunting, and left in his ſtudy among other of his writings. The letter was directed to *Palladius* himſelfe, and contained theſe words;

My onely friend, violence of loue leades me into ſuch a courſe, whereof your knowledge may much more vexe you, then helpe me. Therefore pardon my concealing it from you; ſince, if I wrong you, it is in the reſpect I beare you. Returne into *Theſſalia*, I pray you, as full of good fortune, as I am of deſire: and if I liue, I will in ſhort time follow you; if I die, loue my memory.

This was all, and this *Palladius* read twiſe or thriſe ouer. Ah (ſaid he) *Pyrocles*, what meanes this alteration? what haue I deſerued of thee, to be thus baniſhed of thy counſels? Heretofore I haue accuſed the ſea, cõdemned the Pirates, & hated my euil fortune, that depriued me of thee; but now thy ſelf is the ſea, which drownes my comfort, thy ſelfe is the Pirat that robbeth thy ſelfe frõ me: thy own wil becomes my euil fortune. Then turned he his thoughts to all formes of gheſſes that might light vpon the purpoſe and courſe of *Pyrocles*: for he was not ſo ſure by his words, that it was loue, as he was doubtfull where the loue was. One time he thought, ſome beautie in *Laconia* had layed hold of his eies; another time he feared, that it might be *Parthenias* excellency, wch had broken the bands of al former reſolution; but the more he thought, the more he knew not what to thinke, armies of obiections riſing againſt any accepted opinion.

Then

Then as carefull he was what to doe himselfe: at length determined, neuer to leaue seeking him, till his search should be either by meeting accomplished, or by death ended. Therfore (for all the vnkindnes bearing tender respect, that his friends secret determinatiō should be kept from any suspicion in others) he went to *Kalander*, and told him, that he had receiued a message from his friend, by which hee vnderstood he vvas gone back again into *Laconia*, about some matters greatly importing the poore men, whose protection he had vndertaken, & that it vvas in any sort fit for him, to follow him, yet in such priuate vvise, as not to be knowne, and that therefore he vvould as then bid him farewell: arming himselfe in a blacke armour, at either a badge, or prognostication of his minde: and taking onely with him good store of money, and a few choise iewels, leauing the greatest number of them, and most of his apparel with *Kalander*: which hedid partly to giue the more cause to *Kalander* to expect their returne, and so to be the lesse curiously inquisitiue after them: and partly to leaue those honourable thankes vnto him, for his charge and kindnesse, vvhich hee knevv hee would no other vvaie receiue. The good olde man hauing neither reason to dissvvade, nor hope to perswade, receiued the things, vvith minde of a keeper, not of an owner; but before he went, desired he might haue the happinesse, fully to knovvv vvhat they vvere: which he said, he had euer till then delayed, fearing to be any way importune: but now he could not be so much an enemy to his desires as any longer to imprison them in silence; *Palladius* told him, that the matter vvas not so secret, but that so vvorthy a friend deserued the knowledge, and should haue it as soone as he might speake vvith his friend: without whose consent (because their promise bound him otherwise) he could not reueale it: but bad him hold for most assured, that if they liued but a while, he should finde, that they which bare the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, would giue him and his cause to thinke his noble courtesie well imployed. *Kalander* would presse him no further, but desiring that hee might haue leaue to goe, or at least to send his sonne and seruants with him, *Palladius* brake off all ceremonies, by telling him, his case stood so, that his greatest fauour should be in making least ado of his parting. Wherewith *Kalander* knowing it to be more cumber then curtesie, to striue, abstained from further vrging him, but not from hearty mourning the losse of so sweete a conuersation.

Onely *Clitophon* by vehement importunity obtained to goe with him, to come againe to *Daiphantus*, vvhom hee named and accounted his Lord. And in such priuate guise departed *Palladius*, though hauing a companion to attire withall, yet talking much more with vnkindnes. And first they vvent to *Mantinea*, wherof because *Parthenia* vvas, hee suspected there might be some cause of his abode. But finding there no newes of him, hee vvent to *Tegea*, *Nipa*, *Enispa*, *Stimphalus*, and *Pheneus*, famous for the poisonous *Stygian* water, & through all the rest of *Arcadia*, making their eyes, their eares, and their tongues serue almost for nothing, but that enquiry. But they could knovv nothing but that in none of those places hee vvas knowne. And so vvent they, making one place succeede to another, in like vncertaine to their search, many times encountring strange aduentures, worthy to be registred in the roules of fame; but this may not be omitted. As they past in a pleasant valley (of either side of vvhich high hils lifted vp their beetle-browes, as if they vvould ouerlooke the pleasantnesse of their vnder-prospect) they vvere by the daintinesse of the place, & the wearines of themselues, inuited to light from their horses, and pulling off their bits, that they might something refresh their mouthes vpon the grasse (vvhich plentifully grew, brought vp vnder the care of those vvell shading trees)

trees) they themſelues layed them downe hard by the murmuring muſicke of certaine waters, vvhich ſpouted out of the ſide of the hils; and in the bottome of the vallie made of many ſprings a prettie brooke, like a common-wealth of many families: but vvhen they had a vvhile hearkened to the perſwaſion of ſleepe, they roſe, and walkt onward in that ſhady place, till *Clitophon* eſpied a peece of armour, and not far off another peece: and ſo the ſight of one peece teaching him to looke for more, he at length found all, with head-peece and ſhield, by the deuice whereof, vvhich vvas he ſtraight knevv it to be the armour of his coſin, the noble *Amphialus*. Whereupon (fearing ſome inconuenience hapned vnto him) he told both his doubt and cauſe of his doubt to *Palladius*, who (conſidering thereof) thought beſt to make no longer ſtay, but to follow on: leaſt perchance ſome violence were offerd to ſo worthy a Knight, whom the fame of the world ſeemed to ſet in ballance with any Knight liuing. Yet with a ſudden conceipt, hauing long borne great honour to the name of *Amphialus*, *Palladius* thought beſt to take that armour, thinking thereby to learne by them that ſhould knowe that armour, ſome newes of *Amphialus*, and yet not hinder him in the ſearch of *Daiphantus* too. So hee by the help of *Clitophon* quickly put on that armour, wherof there was no one peece wanting, though hacked in ſome places, bewraying ſome fight not long ſince paſſed. It was ſomthing too great, but yet ſerued well inough. And ſo getting on their horſes, they trauelled but a little way, vvhen in opening of the mouth of the valley into a faire field, they met with a coach drawne with foure milke-white horſes furniſhed all in blacke, with a black a More boy vpon euery horſe, they all apparelled in white, the coach it ſelfe very richly furniſhed with blacke and white. But before they could come ſo neare as to diſcern what vvas within, there came running vpon them aboue a doſen horſemen, who cried to them to yeeld themſelues priſoners, or elſe they ſhould die. But *Palladius* not accuſtomed to grant ouer the poſſeſsion of himſelfe vpon ſo vniuſt titles, vvith ſword drawne, gaue them ſo rude an anſwere, that diuerſe of them neuer had breath to reply againe: for being well backt by *Clitophon*, and hauing an excellent horſe vnder him, when he was ouerpreſt by ſome, he auoided them, & ere th'other thought of it, puniſhed in him his fellowes faults: and ſo either vvith cunning or with force, or rather with a cunning force, left none of them either liuing, or able to make his life ſerue to others hurt. Which being done, he approached the coach, aſſuring the black boies they ſhould haue no hurt, who were elſe ready to haue run away: and looking into the coach, hee found in the one end a Lady of great beauty, & ſuch a beauty, as ſhewed forth the beames both of wiſedom and good nature, but all as much darkned, as might be, with ſorrow. In the other, two Ladies (who by their demeanure ſhewed well, they were her ſeruants) holding before them a picture, in which was a goodly Gentleman (whom he knew not) painted, hauing in their faces a certaine waiting ſorrow, their eyes being infected with their miſtres weeping. But, the chiefe Lady hauing not ſo much as once heard the noiſe of this conflict (ſo had ſorrow cloſed vp all the entries of her mind, & loue tiedher ſenſes to that belov'd picture) now the ſhadow of him falling vpō the picture made her caſt vp her eye, and ſeeing the armour which too well ſhe knew, thinking him to be *Amphialus* the Lord of her deſires (bloud comming more freely into her cheekes, as though it would be bold, and yet there growing new againe pale for feare) vvith a pitifull look (like one vniuſtly condemned:) My Lord *Amphialus*, ſaid ſhe, you haue inough puniſhed me: it is time for cruelty to leaue you, and euill fortune me; If not, I pray you (and to grant my praier, fitter time nor place you can

haue

haue) accompliſh the one euen now, and finiſh the other. With that, ſorow impatient to be ſlowly vttered in her often ſtaying ſpeeches, poured it ſelfe ſo faſt in teares, that *Palladius* could not hold her longer in error, but pulling off his helmet, Madam (ſaid he) I perceiue you miſtake me: I am a ſtranger in theſe parts, let vpon (without any cauſe giuen by me) by ſome of your ſeruants, whom becauſe I haue in my iuſt defence ouill entreated, I came to make my excuſe to you: whom ſeeing ſuch as I do, I finde greater cauſe, why I ſhould craue pardon of you. When ſhe ſaw his face, and heard his ſpeech, ſhe looked out of the coach, and ſeeing her men, ſome ſlaine, ſome lying vnder their dead horſes, and ſtriuing to get from vnder them, without making more account of the matter, Truly (ſaid ſhe) they are well ſerued that durſt lift vp their armes againſt that armour. But Sir Knight (ſaid ſhe) I pray you tell me, how come you by this armour? for if it be by the death of him that owed it, then haue I more to ſay vnto you. *Palladius* aſſured her it was not ſo; telling her the true manner how he found it. It is like enough (ſaid ſhe) for that agrees with the manner he hath lately vſed. But I beſeech you Sir (ſaid ſhe) ſince your proweſſe hath bereft me of my company: let it yet ſo farre heale the wounds it ſelfe hath giuen, as to gard me to the next towne. How great ſo euer my buſineſſe be fayre Lady (ſaid he) it ſhall willingly yeeld to ſo noble a cauſe: But firſt euen by the fauour you beare to the Lord of this noble armour, I coniure you to tell mee the ſtorie of your fortune herein, leſt hereafter when the image of ſo excellent a Ladie in ſo ſtrange a plight come before mine eyes, I condemne my ſelfe of want of conſideration in not hauing demanded thus much. Neither aske I it without proteſtation, that wherein my ſword and faith may auaile you, they ſhall bind themſelues to your ſeruice. Your coniuration, faire Knight (ſaid ſhe) is too ſtrong for my poore ſpirite to diſobey; and that ſhall make me (without any other hope, my ruine being but by one vnrelieueable) to graunt your will herein: and to ſay the truth, a ſtrange niceneſſe were it in me to refraine that from the eares of a perſon repreſenting ſo much worthineſſe, which I am glad euen to rockes and woods to vtter. Know you then that my name is *Helen*, Queene by birth: and hitherto poſſeſſour of the faire citie and territorie of *Corinth*. I can ſay no more of my ſelfe, but beloued of my people: and may iuſtly ſay, beloued, ſince they are content to beare with my abſence, and folly. But I being left by my fathers death and accepted by my people, in the higheſt degree, that countrie could receiue; aſſoone, or rather, before that my age was ripe for it; my court quickly ſwarmed full of ſuters; ſome perchance louing my ſtate, others my perſon: but once I know all of them, howſoeuer my poſſeſſions were in their hearts, my beautie (ſuch as it is) was in their mouthes; many ſtrangers of princely and noble blood, and all of mine own countrie, to whom either birth or vertue gaue courage to auowe ſo high a deſire.

Among the reſt, or rather before the reſt, was the Lord *Philoxenus*, ſonne and heire to the vertuous noble man *Timotheus*: which *Timotheus* was a man both in power, riches, parentage, and (which paſſed all theſe) goodnes, and (which followed all theſe) loue of the people, beyond any of the great men of my countrie. Now this ſonne of his, I muſt ſay truly, not vnworthie of ſuch a father, bending himſelfe by all meanes of ſeruiceablenes to mee, and ſetting forth of himſelfe to win my fauour, wan thus farre of mee, that in truth I leſſe miſliked him then any of the reſt: which in ſome proportion my countenance deliuered vnto him. Though I muſt proteſt it was a verie falſe embaſſadour, if it deliuered at all any affection, whereof my heart was vtterly void, I as then eſteeming my ſelfe borne to rule, and thinking ſoule ſcorne willingly to ſubmit my ſelfe to be ruled.

But whiles *Philoxenus* in good ſort purſued my fauour, and perchance nouriſhed himſelfe with ouer much hope, becauſe he found I did in ſome ſort acknowledge his valew, one time among the reſt, he brought with him a deare friend of his; With that ſhe looked vpon the picture before her, & ſtraight ſighed, and ſtreight teares followed, as if the Idole of dutie ought to be honoured with ſuch oblations, and then her ſpeach ſtaied the tale, hauing brought her to that looke, but that looke hauing quite put her out of her tale. But *Palladius* greatly pitying ſo ſweete a ſorrow in a Ladie, whom by fame he had already knowne and honoured, beſought for her promiſe ſake, to put ſilence ſo long vnto her mourning, till ſhe had recounted the reſt of this ſtory. Why ſaid ſhe, this is the picture of *Amphialus*; what need I ſay more to you? what eare is ſo barbarous but hath heard of *Amphialus*? who followes deeds of armes, but euery where finds monuments of *Amphialus*? who is curteous, noble, liberal, but he that hath the example before his eyes of *Amphialus*? where are al heroical parts, but in *Amphialus*? O *Amphialus* I would thou were not ſo excellent, or I would I thought thee not ſo excellent, and yet would I not, that I would ſo: with that ſhe wept againe, till he againe ſoliciting the concluſion of her ſtory: Then muſt you (ſaid ſhe) know the ſtory of *Amphialus*: for his will is my life, his life my hiſtory: and in deed in what can I better emploie my lips then in ſpeaking of *Amphialus*?

This Knight then whoſe figure you ſee, but whoſe mind can be painted by nothing, but by the true ſhape of vertue, is brothers ſonne to *Baſilius* King of *Arcadia*, and in his childhood eſteemed his heire: till *Baſilius* in his old yeares marrying a yong and a faire Ladie, had of her thoſe two daughters, ſo famous for their perfection in beautie: which put by their yong coſin from that expectation.

Whereupon his mother (a woman of a haughtie heart, being daughter to the King of *Argos*, either diſdaining, or fearing, that her ſonne ſhould liue vnder the power of *Baſilius*, ſent him to that Lord *Timotheus* (betweene whome and her dead husband there had paſſed ſtraight bands of mutuall hoſpitalitie) to be brought vp in companie with his ſonne *Philoxenus*.

A happie reſolution, for *Amphialus*, whoſe excellent nature was by this meanes trained on with as good education, as any Princes ſonne in the world could haue, which otherwiſe it is thought his mother (farre vnworthy of ſuch a ſonne) would not haue giuen him. The good *Timotheus* no leſſe louing him then his own ſonne, well they grew in yeares; and ſhortly occaſions fell aptly to trie *Amphialus*, and all occaſions were but ſteppes for him to clime fame by. Nothing was ſo hard, but his valour ouercame: which yet ſtill he ſo guided with true vertue, that although no man was in our parts ſpoken of but he for his manhod, yet, as though therein he excelled himſelfe, he was commonly called the curteous *Amphialus*. An endleſſe thing it were for me to tell, how manie aduentures (terrible to be ſpoken of) he atchieued: what monſters, what Giants, what conqueſts of countries, ſometimes vſing policie, ſometimes force, but alwaies vertue, well followed and but followed by *Philoxenus*: betweene whom, and him, ſo faſt a friendſhip by education was knit, that at laſt *Philoxenus* hauing no greater matter to imploy his frendſhip in, then to winne me, therein deſired, and had his vttermoſt furtherance: to that purpoſe brought he him to my court, where truely I may iuſtly witneſſe with him, that what his wit could conceiue (and his wit can conceiue as farre as the limits of reaſon ſtretch) was all directed to the ſetting forward the ſuite of his friend *Philoxenus*: mine eares could heare nothing from him, but touching the worthineſſe of *Philoxenus*, and of

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the great happinesse it would be vnto me to haue such a husband, with manie ar-
guments, which God knowes I cannot well remember because I did not much be-
thinke me for why should I vse manie circumstances to come to that where already I am,
and euer while I liue must continue? in few words, whilst he pleaded for another, he
wan me for himselfe: at least (with that she sighed) he would account it a win-
ning, for his fame had so framed the way to my mind, that his presence so full of
dexterity, sweetnes, and noble conuersation, had entred there before he vouchsafed to
call for the keyes. O Lord, how did my soule hang at his lippes while he spake! O
how bee he in feeling manner would describe the loue of his friend, how well (thought I)
doth loue become those lippes! when he would with daintiest eloquence, stirre pi-
tie in the coward *Philoxenus*, why sure (said to my selfe) *Helen*, be not afraid, this
hearte can not want pitie, and when he would extoll the deeds of *Philoxenus*, who in
deede had long waited of him therein, alas (thought I) good *Philoxenus*, how euil doth
it become thy name to be subscribed to his letter: what could I saie? nay, what
should I not saie (noble Knight) who am not ashamed, nay am delighted, thus to ex-
presse mine owne passions? Day es past, his eagernesse for his friend neuer decreased, my affection to him euer
increased. At length, in way of ordinarie entrie, I obtained of him (who suspected
no such matter) this his picture, the only *Amphialus*, I feare that I shall euer enioy:
and grow as bolder, or madder, or bolde with madnesse, I discouered my affection
vnto him. But, Lord I shall neuer forget how anger and curtesie, at one instant ap-
peared in his eyes, when he heard that motion: how with his blush he taught me
shame. In summe, he left nothing vnassayed, which might disgrace himselfe, or grace
his friend, in sweet tearms making me receiue a most resolute refusall of himselfe.
But when he found that his presence did far more perswade for himselfe, then his
speech could do for his friend, he left my court: hoping that forgetfulnesse (which
commonly waits vpon absence) would make roome for his friend: to whome he would
not vtter thus much (I thinke) for a kinde feare not to grieue him, or perchaunce
(though he cares litle for me) of a certaine honourable gratefulnesse, not yet to dis-
couer so much of my secrets: but as it should seeme, meant to trauel into farre coun-
tries, vntill his friends affection either ceased, or preuailed. But within a while, *Phi-
loxenus* came to see how onward the fruits were of his friends labour, when (as in
truth I cared not much how he took it) he found me sitting beholding this picture,
I know not with how affectionate countenance, but I am sure with a most affectio-
nate mind. I straight found iealousie and disdaine tooke hold of him: and yet the fro-
ward paine of mine owne heart made me so delight to punish him, whom I esteemed
the chiefest let in my way, that when he with humble gesture, and vehement speeches
sued for my fauor, I told him, that I would heare him more willingly, if he would
speak for *Amphialus*, as well as *Amphialus* had done for him: he neuer answerd me,
but pale & quaking, went straight away: and straight my heart misgaue me some euill
successe: and yet though I had authoritie enough to haue stayed him (as in these fa-
tall things it falles out, that the high-working powers make second causes vnwittingly
necessarie to their determinations) I did no further but sent a foot-man of mine
(whose faithfulnes to me I well knew) from place to place to follow him, & bring me
word of his proceedings: which (alas) haue brought forth that which I feare I must
euer rew.

For he had trauailed scarse a daies iorney out of my countrey, but that (not farre
from this place) he ouer-tooke *Amphialus*, who (by succouring a distressed Lady)

had bene here stayed: and by and by called him to fight with him, protesting that one of them two should die: you may easily iudge how strange it was to *Amphialus*, whose heart could accuse it selfe of no fault, but too much affection toward him, which he (refusing to fight with him) would faine haue made *Philoxenus* vnderstand, but (as my seruant since told me) the more *Amphialus* went back, the more he followed, calling him Traytor, & coward, yet neuer telling the cause of his strange alteration. Ah *Philoxenus* (said *Amphialus*) I know I am no Traytor, and thou well knowest I am no coward: but I pray thee conclude thy selfe with this much, and let this satisfie thee, that I loue thee, since I beare so much of thee, but he leauing words drew his sword and gaue *Amphialus* a great blow on it, which but for the goodnes of his armor would haue slaine him: and yet so far did *Amphialus* containe himselfe, stepping aside, and saying to him: Well *Philoxenus*, and this much will any am I content to put vp, not any longer for thy sake (whom I haue no cause to loue, since thou dost iniurie me, & wilt not tell me the cause) but for thy vertuous fathers sake, to whom I am so much bound. I pray thee go away, and conquer thine owne passions, & thou shalt make me soone yeld to be thy seruant. But he would not attend his words, but still strake so fiercely at *Amphialus*, that in the end (nature preuailing aboue determination) he was faine to defend himselfe, & with halfe to offend him, that by an vnlucky blow the poor *Philoxenus* fell dead at his feet, hauing had time only to speak some words, whereby *Amphialus* knew it was for my sake: which when *Amphialus* saw, he forthwith gaue such tokens of true-felt sorow, that as my seruant said, no imagination could conceiue greater woe. But that by and by, an vnhappie occasion made *Amphialus* passe himselfe in sorrow: for *Philoxenus* was but newly dead, when there comes to the same place, the aged and vertuous *Timotheus*, who (hauing heard of his sonnes sodaine and passionate manner of parting from my Court) had followed him as speedily as he could, but alas not so speedily, but that he found him dead before he could ouertake him. Though my heart be nothing but a stage for Tragedies, yet I must confesse, it is euen vnable to beare the miserable representation thereof: knowing *Amphialus* and *Timotheus* as I haue done. Alas what sorrow, what amasement, what shame was in *Amphialus*, when he saw his deere foster father, find him the killer of his onely sonne? In my heart I know, he wished mountaines had laine vpon him, to keep him from that meeting. As for *Timotheus*, sorrow of his sonne and (I think principally) vnkindnesse of *Amphialus* so deuoured his vitall spirites, that able to say no more but *Amphialus*, *Amphialus*, haue I? he sanke to the earth, and presently died.

But not my tongue, though daily vsed to complaints; no nor if my heart (which is nothing but sorow) were turned to tongues, durst it vnder-take to shew the vnspeakablenes of his griefe. But (because this serues to make you know my fortune) he threw away his armour, euen this which you haue now vpon you, which at the first sight I vainly hoped, he had put on againe; and then (as ashamed of the light) he ranne into thickest of the woods, lamenting, and euen crying out so pitifully, that my seruant, (though of a fortune not vsed to much tendernesse) could not refraine weeping when he tould it me. He once ouertooke him, but *Amphialus* drawing his sword, which was the onely part of his armes (God knowes to what purpose) he carried about him, threatned to kill him, if he followed him, and withall bad him deliuer this bitter message, that he well inough found, I was the cause of all this mischiefe: and that if I were a man, he would go ouer the world to kill me: but bad me assure my selfe, that of all creatures in the world, he most hated me. Ah sir knight (whose eares I think by this time are tired with the rugged wayes of these misfor-

misfortunes) now weigh my case, if at least you know what loue is. For this cause haue I left my countrey, putting in hazard how my people will in time deale by me, aduenturing what perils or dishonors might ensue; onely to follow him, who proclaimeth hate against me, and to bring my neck vnto him, if that may redeeme my trespasse and aswage his furie. And now sir (said she) you haue your request, I pray you take paines to guide me to the next towne, that there I may gather such of my company againe, as your valour hath left me. *Palladius* willingly condiscended: but ere they began to go, there came *Clitophon*, who hauing bene something hurt by one of them, had pursued him a good way: at length ouertaking him, and ready to kil him, vnderstood they were seruants to the faire Queene *Helen*, and that the cause of this enterprise was for nothing, but to make *Amphialus* prisoner, whom they knew their mistresse sought; for she concealed her sorrow, nor cause of her sorrow from no body.

But *Clitophon* (verie sory for this accident) came back to comfort the Queene, helping such as were hurt, in the best sort that he could, and framing friendly constructions of this rashly vnder-taken enmitie, whē in comes another (til that time vnseen) all armed, with his beuer downe, who first looking round about vpon the company, as soone as he spied *Palladius*, he drew his sword, and making no other prologue, let flie at him. But *Palladius* (sorie for so much harme as had alreadie happened) sought rather to retire, and ward, thinking he might be some one that belonged to the faire Queene, whose case in his heart he pitied. Which *Clitophon* seeing, stept betweene them, asking the new come knight the cause of his quarell; who answered him, that he would kill that theefe, who had stolen away his maisters armour, if he did not restore it. With that *Palladius* lookt vpon him, and saw that he of the other side had *Palladius* own armour vpon him: truely (said *Palladius*) if I haue stolen this armour, you did not buy that: but you shall not fight with me vpon such a quarell, you shall haue this armour willingly, which I did onely put on to do honor to the owner. But *Clitophon* straight knew by his words and voice, that it was *Ismenus*, the faithfull and diligent Page of *Amphialus*: and therefore telling him that he was *Clitophon*, and willing him to acknowledge his error to the other, who deserued all honor, the yong Gentleman pulled off his head-peece, and (lighting) went to kisse *Palladius* hands; desiring him to pardon his follie, caused by extreame griefe, which easilie might bring foorth anger. Sweet Gentleman (said *Palladius*) you shall onely make me this amends, that you shall carie this your Lords armour from mee to him, and tell him from an vnknowne knight (who admires his worthinesse) that he cannot cast a greater mist ouer his glorie, then by being vnkind to so excellent a Princesse as this Queene is. *Ismenus* promised he would as soone as he durst find his maister: and with that went to doe his duetie to the Queene, whom in all these encounters astonishment made hardie; but assoone as shee saw *Ismenus* (looking to her picture) *Ismenus* (said shee) here is my Lord, where is yours? or come you to bring me some sentence of death from him? if it be so, welcome be it. I pray you speake; and speake quickly. Alas Madame, said *Ismenus*, I haue lost my Lord, (with that teares came vnto his eyes) for assoone as the vnhappie combat was concluded with the death both of father and sonne, my maister casting off his armor, went his way: forbidding me vpon paine of death to follow him. Yet diuers daies I followed his steppes; till lastly I found him, hauing newly met with an excellent Spaniell belonging to his dead companion *Philoxenus*. The dog straight fawned on my maister for old knowledge: but neuer was there thing more pitifull then to heare my maister blame the dog for louing his maisters murtherer, renewing afresh his complaints,

with the dumbe counseller, as if they might comfort one another in their miseries. But my Lord hauing spied me, rose vpon such rage, that in truth I feared he would kill me: yet as then he said onely, if I would not displease him I should not come neere him till he sent for me: too hard a commaundement for me to disobey: I yeelded, leauing him onely waited on by his dog, and as I thinke seeking out the most solitary places, that this or any other countrie can graunt him: and I returning where he had left his armour, found another in steede thereof, and (disdaining I must confesse that any should beare the armour of the best Knight liuing) armed my selfe therein to play the foole, as euen now I did. Haire *Ismenus* (said the Queene) a fitter messenger could hardly be to vnfold my Tragedie: I see the end, I see my end.

With that (sobbing) she desired to be conducted to the next towne, where *Palladius* left her to be waited on by *Clitophan*, at *Palladius* earnest entreatie, who desired alone to take that melancholy course of seeking his friend: and therefore changing armours againe with *Ismenus* (who went with that to a castle belonging to his maister) he continued his quest for his friend *Daiphantus*.

So directed he his course to *Lacenia*, aswell among the *Helots*, as *Spartans*. There indeede he found his fame flourishing, his moniments engraued in Marble, and yet more durably in mens memories: but the vniuersall lamenting his absented presence, assured him of his present absence. Thence into the *Elean* prouince, to see whether at the Olympian games (there celebrated) he might in such concourse blesse his eyes with so desired an encounter: but that huge and sportfull assemblie grew to him a tedious lonelinesse, esteeming no bodie found, since *Daiphantus* was lost. Afterward he passed through *Achaia* and *Sicyonia*, to the *Corinthians*, prowde of their two Seas, to learne whether by the streight of that *Isthmus*, it were possible to know of his passage. But finding euery place more dumbe then other to his demaunds, and remembring that it was late-taken loue, which had wrought this new course, he returned againe (after two moneths trauaile in vaine) to make a fresh search in *Arcadia*; so much the more, as then first he bethought him selfe of the picture of *Philoclea*, which (resembling her he had once loued) might perhaps awake againe that sleeping passion. And hauing already past ouer the greatest part of *Arcadia*, one day comming vnder the side of the pleasant mountaine *Mænalus*, his horse (nothing guiltie of his inquisitiuenesse) with flat-tyring taught him, that discreete stayes make speedie iourneis. And therefore lighting down, and vnbridling his horse, he him selfe went to repose him selfe in a little wood he saw there by. Where lying vnder the protection of a shadie tree, with intention to make forgetting sleepe comfort a sorrowfull memorie, he saw a sight which perswaded, and obtained of his eies, that they would abide yet awhile open. It was the appearing of a Ladie, who because she walked with her side toward him, he could not perfectly see her face; but so much he might see of her, that was a suretie for the rest, that all was excellent.

Well might he perceiue the hanging of her haire in faireſt quantitie, in lockes some curled, and some as it were forgotten, with such a careless care, and an art so hiding art, that she seemed she would lay them for a pattern, whether nature simply, or nature helped by cunning, be the more excellent: the rest whereof was drawne into a coronet of gold richly set with pearle, and so ioyned all ouer with gold wiers and couered with feathers of diuers colours, that it was not vnlike to an helmet, such a glittering shewe it bare, and so brauely it was held vp from the head. Vpon her body she ware a doublet of Skie colour Sattin, couered with plates of gold, and as it were nailed with precious stones, that in it she might seem armed; the neather part of her

garment

garment was full of stuffe, and cut after such a fashion, that though the length of it reached to the ankles, yet in her going one might sometimes discerne the small of her legge, which with the foote was dressed in a short paire of crimson velvet buskins, in some places open (as the auncient maner was) to shew the fairnesse of the skin. Over all this she ware a certaine mantell, made in such maner, that comming vnder her right arme, and covering most of that side, it had no fastening on the left side, but onely vpon the top of the shoulder, where the two ends met, and were closed together with a very rich iewell: the deuise whereof as he after saw was this: a *Hercules* made in little forme, but set with a distaffe in his hand as he once was by *Omphales* commandement with a word in Greeke, but thus to be interpreted, *Manly more-vailant*. On the same side, on her thigh she ware a sword, which as it witnessed her to be an *Amazon*, or one following that profession, so it seemed but a needlesse weapon, since her other forces were without withstanding. But this Lady walked out right till she might see her enter into a fine close arbour: it was of trees whose branches so louinglie enterlaced one the other, that it could resist the strongest violence of eye-sight; but she went into it by a doore she opened; which moued him as warilie as he could to follow her, and by and by he might heare her sing this song, with a voice no lesse beautifull to his eares then her goodlinesse was full of harmony to his eyes.

Transformd in shew, but more transformd in mind,
I cease to striue with double conquest foilde:
For (wo is me) my powers all I find
With outward force, and inward treason spoilde.

For from without came to mine eyes the blow,
Whereto mine inward thoughts did faintly yeelde:
Both these conspir'd poore Reasons ouerthrow,
False in my selfe, thus haue I lost the field.

Thus are my eyes still captiue to one sight,
Thus all my thoughts are slaues to one thought still:
Thus Reason to his seruants yeelds his right,
Thus is my power transformed to your will.
What maruell then I take a womans hue,
Since what I see, thinke, know, is all but you?

The dittie gaue him some suspicion, but the voice gaue him almost assurance, who the singer was. And therefore boldly thrusting open the doore, and entring into the arbour, he perceiued indeed that it was *Pyrocles* thus disguised, wherewith not receiuing so much ioy to haue found him, as griefe so to haue found him, amazedlie looking vpon him (as *Apollo* is painted when he saw *Daphne* so dainly turned into a Laurell) he was not able to bring forth a word. So that *Pyrocles* (who had as much shame, as *Musidorus* had sorow) rising to him, would haue formed a substantiall excuse; but his insinuation being of blushing, and his diuision of sighes, this whole oration stood vpon a short narration, what was the cause of this Metamorphosis. But by that time *Musidorus* had gathered his spirits together, and yet casting a gastfull countenance vpon him (as if he would coniure some strange spirite) then thus spake vnto him.

And

And is it possible, that this is *Pyrocles*, the onlie yong Prince in the world, formed by nature, and framed by education to the true exercise of vertue? or is it indeed some *Amazon* that hath counterfeited the face of my frend, in this sort to vexe me? for likelier sure I would haue thought it, that any outward face might haue bin disguised, then that the face of so excellent a mind could haue bin thus bemished. O sweet *Pyrocles*, separate your selfe a little (if it be possible) from your selfe, and let your owne mind looke upon your owne proceedings, so shall my words be needlesse, and you best instructed. See with your selfe, how fit it will be for you in this your tender youth, borne so great a Prince, and of so rare, not only expectation but proofe, desired of your old father, and wanted of your native countrie, now so neare your home, to diuert your thoughts from the way of goodnesse, to lose, nay to abuse your time. Lastlie, to ouerthrowe all the excellent things you haue done, which haue filled the world with your fame; as if you should drowne your ship in the long desired hauen, or like an ill player, should marre the last act of his Tragedie. Remember (for I know you know it) that if we will be men, the reasonable part of our soule is to haue absolute commandement; against which if any sensuall weaknesse arise, we are to yeeld all our sound forces to the ouerthrowing of so vnnatural a rebellion, wherein how can we want courage, since we are to deale against so weake an aduersarie, that in it selfe is nothing but weaknesse? Nay, we are to resolue, that if reason direct it, we must do it: and if we must do it, we will do it; for to say I cannot, is childish, and I will not, womanish. And see how extreamely euery way you endaunder your mind; for to take this womanish habite (without you frame your behauior accordingly) is wholie vaine: your behauiour can neuer come kindly from you, but as the mind is proportioned vnto it. So that you must resolue, if you will play your part to any purpose, whatsoeuer peuish imperfections are in that sexe, to soften your hart to receiue them, the verie first down-step to al wickednes, for do not deceiue your selfe, my deare cosin, there is no man sodainly either excellently good, or extreamly euill, but growes either as he holds himselfe vp in vertue, or lets himselfe slide to viciousnesse. And let vs see, what power is the authour of all these troubles; forsooth loue, loue, a passion, and the basest and fruitlessest of all passions: feare breedeth wit, anger is the cradle of courage; ioy openeth hand enableth the heart: sorrow, as it closeth, so it draweth it inward to looke to the correcting of it selfe; and so all of them generallie haue power towards some good by the direction of Reason. But this bastard Loue (for indeed the name of Loue is most vnworthily applied to so hatefull a humor) as it is engendered betwixt lust and idlenesse, as the matter it works vpon is nothing but a certaine base weaknes, which some gentle fooles call a gentle hart; as his adioned companions be vnquietnesse, longings, fond comforts, faint discomforts, hopes, iealousies, vngrounded rages, causlesse yeeldings; so is the highest end it aspires vnto, a little pleasure with much paine before, and great repentance after. But that end how endlesse it runnes to infinite euils, were fit enough for the matter we speak of, but not for your eares, in whom indeed there is so much true disposition to vertue: yet this much of his worthy effects in your selfe is to be seene, that (besides your breaking lawes of hospitalitie with *Kalander*, and of friendship with me) it vtterly subuerts the course of nature, in making reason giue place to sence, and man to woman. And trulie I thinke hereupon it first gat the name of Loue: for indeed the true loue hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transforme the verie essence of the louer into the thing loued; vniting, and as it were incorporating it with a secret and inward working. And herein do these kind of Loues imitate the excellent;

for

for as the loue of heauen makes one heauenly, the loue of vertue vertuous, so doth the loue of the world make one become worldly, and the effeminate loue of a man, doth so womanish a man, that (if he yeeld to it) he will not only wish himself a woman, but a launder, a distaffe spinner, or whatsoeuer other vile occupation their idle heads can imagine and their weake hands performe. But stoppe (to trouble you no longer with my tedious but doting words) if either you remember what you are, what you haue bene, or what you must be: if you consider what it is that moued you, or by what kind of creature you are moued, you shall finde the cause so small, the effect so dangerous, your selfe so vnworthie to turne into the one, or to be driuen by the other, that I doubt not I shall quickly haue occasion rather to praise you for hauing conquered it, then to giue you further counsell, how to doe. But in *Pyrocles* this speech wrought no more, but that hee, who before he was ouer-awed, was afraid; after, being perceiued, was ashamed, now being hardly rubbed vpon, left both feare and shame, and was moued to anger. But the exceeding good will he bare to *Musidorus* striuing with it, he thus, partly to hasten him, but principally to loose the reines to his owne motions, made him answere. Cosin, whatsoeuer good disposition nature hath bestowed vpon me, or howsoeuer that disposition hath bene by bringing vp confirmed, this must I confesse, that I am not yet come to that degree of wisdome, to thinke light of the sexe, of whom I haue my life, since I beare any thing (which your friendship rather finds, then I acknowledge) I was to come to it, borne of a woman, & nursed of a woman. And certainely (for this point of your speach doth neerest touch me) it is strange to see the vnmanlike cruelty of mankind, who not content with their tyrannous ambition, to haue brought the others vertuous patience vnder them (like childish maisters) thinke their maisterhood nothing, without doing iniurie to them, who (if we will argue by reason) are framed of nature with the same parts of the minde for the exercise of vertue, as we are. And for example, euen this estate of *Amazons*, (which I now for my greatest honour do seeke to counterfeit) doth well witnesse, that if generally the sweetnesse of their disposition did not make them see the vainnesse of these things, which we account glorious, they neither want valour of mind, nor yet doth their fairnesse take away their force. And truely we men, and praisers of men should remember, that if we haue such excellencies, it is reason to thinke them excellent creatures, of whom we are, since a Kyte neuer brought forth a good flying Hawke. But to tell you true, as I thinke it superfluous to vse any words of such a subiect, which is so praised in it selfe as it needs no praises, so withall I feare least my conceit (not able to reach vnto them) bring forth words, which for their vnworthinesse may be disgrace to them I so inwardly honour. Let this suffice, that they are capable of vertue, and vertue (you your selues say) is to be loued, and I too truely, but this I willingly confesse, that it likes me much better, when I finde vertue in a faire lodging, then when I am bound to seeke it in an ilfauored creature, like a pearle in a dunghill. As for my fault of being an vnciuill guest to *Kalander*, if you could feele what an inward guest my selfe am hoste vnto, ye would thinke it verie excusable, in that I rather performe the duties of an host, then the ceremonies of a guest. And for my breaking the lawes of friendship with you (which I would rather die, then effectually do) truely, I could finde in my heart to aske you pardon for it, but that your now handling of me giues me reason to confirme my former dealing. And there *Pyrocles* stayed, as to breath himselfe, hauing bene transported with a little vehemencie, because it seemed him *Musidorus* had ouer bitterly glaunced against the reputation

of

of womankind: but quieting his countenance (as well as one of an vnquiet mind it might be) he thus proceeded on: And poore Loue (said he) deare Colin, is little beholding vnto you, since you are not contented to spoile it of the honour of the highest power of the mind, which notable men haue attributed vnto it, but you deiect it below all other passions, in truth somwhat strangely: since, if loue receiue any disgrace, it is by the company of these passions you preferre before it. For those kinds of bitter obiections (as that lust, idlenesse, and a weake heart, should be, as it were, the matter and forme of loue) rather touch me, deare *Musidorus*, then loue: but I am good witnesse of mine owne imperfections, and therefore will not defend my selfe: but herein I must say, you deale contrarie to your selfe: if I be so weake, then can you not with reason stir me vp as ye did, by remembrance of mine owne vertues: or if indeede I be vertuous, then must ye confesse, that loue hath his working in a vertuous heart: and so no doubt hath it, whatsoeuer I be: for, if we loue vertue, in whom shall we loue it, but in a vertuous creature? without your meaning be, I should loue this word *Vertue*, where I see it written in a booke. Those troublesome effects you say it breedi, be not the faults of loue, but of him that loues, as an vnable vessell to beare such a liquor: like euill eyes, not able to looke on the Sun: or like a weake braine soonest ouerthrowne with the best wine. Euen that heauenly loue you speake of, is accompanied in some hearts with hopes, griefes, longings, and despaires. And in that heauenly loue, since there are two parts, the one the loue it selfe, th' other the excellencie of the thing loued; I, not able at the first leap to frame both in me, do now (like a diligent workeman) make ready the chiefe instrument, and first part of that great worke, which is loue it selfe; which when I haue awhile practised in this sort, then you shall see me turne it to greater matters. And thus gently you may (if it please you) thinke of me. Neither doubt ye, because I weare a womans apparell, I will be the more vvomanish, since I assure you (for all my apparell) there is nothing I desire more, then fullie to proue my selfe a man in this enterprise. Much might be said in my defence, much more for loue, and most of all for that diuine creature, which hath ioyned me and loue together. But these disputations are fitter for quiet schooles then my troubled braines, vvhich are bent rather in deeds to performe, then in words to defend the noble desire that possesseth me. O Lord (said *Musidorus*) how sharp-vvitted you are to hurt your selfe? No (answered he) but it is the hurt you speake of, vvhich makes me sharp-vvitted. Euen so (said *Musidorus*) as euerie base occupation makes one sharpe in that practise, and foolish in all the rest. Nay rather (answered *Pyrocles*) as each excellent thing once vvell learned, serues for a measure of other knowledges. And is that become (said *Musidorus*) a measure for other things, which neuer receiued measure in it selfe? It is counted vvithout measure (answered *Pyrocles*) because the vvorkings of it are vvithout measure, but otherwise, in nature it hath measure, since it hath an end allotted vnto it. The beginning being so excellent, said *Musidorus*, I vvould gladly knovv the end. Enioying, answered *Pyrocles*, vvith a deepe sigh. O (said *Musidorus*) now set ye forth the baseness of it, since if it end in enioying, it shevves all the rest vvas nothing. Ye mistake me (answered *Pyrocles*) I spake of the end to vvhich it is directed; vvhich end ends not, no sooner then the life. Alas, let your ovvne braine disenchaunt you (said *Musidorus*.) My heart is too farre possessed (sayd *Pyrocles*.) But the head giues you direction. And the heart giues me life, answered *Pyrocles*.

But *Musidorus* vvas so grieued to see his vvelbeloued friend obstinate (as hee thought) to his ovvne destruction, that it forced him vvith more then accustomed vehe-

vehemencie to speake these words; Well, well, (said he) you list to abuse your selfe: it was a verie white and red vertue, which you could picke out of a painterly glosse of a visage. Confesse the truth, and ye shall finde the vtmost was but beautie; a thing, which though it be in as great excellency in your selfe as may be in any, yet I am sure you make no further reckening of it, then of an outward fading benefit Nature bestowed vpon you. And yet such is your want of a true grounded vertue, which must be like it selfe in all points, that what you wisely account a trifle in your selfe, you fondly become a slaue vnto in another. For my part I now protest, I haue left nothing vnsaid, which my wit could make me know, or my most entire friendship to you requires of me; I do now beseech you euen for the loue betwixt vs (if this other loue haue left any in you towards me) (and for the remembrance of your old carefull father (if you can remember him that forget your selfe) lastly for *Pyrocles* owne sake (who is now vpon the point of falling or rising) to purge your selfe of this vile infection, otherwise giue me leaue to leaue off this name of friendship, as an idle title of a thing which cannot be, where vertue is abolished. The length of these speeches before had not so much cloyed *Pyrocles*, though he were verie impatient of long deliberations, as this last farewell of him he loued as his own life, did wound his soule: For thinking himselfe afflicted, he was the apter to conceiue vnkindnesse deeply; in so much, that shaking his head, and deliuering some shew of teares, he thus vttered his griefes. Alas (said he) Prince *Musidorus*, how cruellie you deale with me! If you seeke the victorie, take it, and if ye list triumph: haue you all the reason of the world, and with me remaine all the imperfections; yet such as I can no more lay fro me, then the Crow can be perswaded by the Swan to cast off all his blacke feathers. But truly you deale with me like a Physition, that seeing his Patient in a pestilent feuer, should chide him in steed of ministring helpe, and bid him be sicke no more; or rather like such a friend, that visiting his friend condemned to perpetuall prison, and loden with grieuous fetters, should will him to shake off his fetters, or he would leaue him. I am sicke, and sicke to the death; I am prisoner, neither is there any redresse, but by her to whom I am a slaue. Now if you list, leaue him that loues you in the highest degree: But remember euer to carie this with you, that you abandon your friend in his greatest extremitie.

And herewith the deepe wound of his loue being rubbed afresh with this new vnkindnesse, began as it were to bleed again, in such sort that he was vnable to beare it any longer, but gushing out abundance of teares, and crossing his armes ouer his wofull heart, he sunke downe to the ground: which sodaine trance went so to the heart of *Musidorus*, that falling downe by him, and kissing the weeping eyes of his friend, he besought him not to make account of his speech, which if it had bin ouer vehement, yet was it to be borne withall, because it came out of a loue much more vehement; that he had not thought fancie could haue receiued so deepe a wound: but now finding in him the force of it, he would no further contrarie it: but employ all his seruice to medicine it, in such sort as the nature of it required. But euen this kindenesse made *Pyrocles* the more melt in the former vnkindnesse, which his manlike teares well shewed, with a silent looke vpon *Musidorus*, as who should say, And is it possible that *Musidorus* should threaten to leaue me? And this strooke *Musidorus* minde and senses so dumbe too, that for griefe being not able to say anie thing, they rested with their eyes placed one vpon another, in such sort, as might well paint out the true passion of vnkindnesse to be neuer aright, but betwixt them that most dearely loue.

And

And thus remained they a time; till at length *Musidorus* embracing him, said, and will you thus shake off your friend? It is you that shake me off (said *Pyrocles*) being for my vnperfectnesse vnworthy of your friendship. But this (said *Musidorus*) shewes you more vnperfect, to be cruell to him, that submits himselfe vnto you, but since you are vnperfect (said he smiling) it is reason you be gouerned by vs wise and perfect men. And that authoritie will I begin to take vpon me, with three absolute commandements: the first, that you increase not your euill with further griefes: the second that you loue her with all the powers of your mind: and the last commandement shall be, you command me to do what seruice I can towards the attaining of your desires. *Pyrocles* heart was not so oppressed with the two mightie passions of loue and vnkindnesse, but that it yeelded to some mirth at this commandement of *Musidorus*, that he should loue: so that something clearing his face from his former shewes of griefe: Well (said he) deare cosin, I see by the well choosing of your commandements, that you are farre fitter to be a Prince then a Counseller, and therefore I am resolued to imploy all my endeuour to obey you, with this condition, that the commandements ye command me to lay vpon you, shall onely be, that you continue to loue me, and looke vpon my imperfections with more affection then iudgement. Loue you? (said he) alas, how can my heart be separated from the true embracing of it, without it burst, by being too full of it? But (said he) let vs leaue off these flowers of new begun friendship; and now I pray you againe tell me, but tell it me fullie, omitting no circumstance, the storie of your affections, both beginning, and proceeding; assuring your selfe, that there is nothing so great, which I will feare to do for you, nor nothing so small, which I will disdaine to do for you. Let me therefore receiue a cleare vnderstanding, which many times we misse, while those things we account small, as a speech, or a looke are omitted, like as a whole sentence may faile of his congruitie by wanting one particle. Therefore betweene friends all must be laid open, nothing being superfluous nor tedious. You shall be obeyed (said *Pyrocles*) and here are we in as fit a place for it as may be; for this arbor no bodie offers to come into but my selfe, I vsing it as my melancholy retiring place, and therefore that respect is borne vnto it; yet if by chaunce any should come, say that you are a seruant sent from the Queene of the *Amazons* to seeke me, and then let me alone for the rest. So sate they downe, and *Pyrocles* thus said.

Cosin (said he) then began the fatall ouerthrow of all my liberty, when walking among the pictures in *Kalanders* house, you your selfe deliuered vnto me what you had vnderstood of *Philoclea*, who much resembling (though I must say) much surpassing) the Lady *Zelmane*, whom so well I loued: there were mine eyes infected, and at your mouth did I drinke my poyson. Yet alas, so sweet was it vnto me, that I could not be contented, till *Kalander* had made it more and more strong with his declaration. Which the more I questioned, the more pitie I conceiued of her vnworthie fortune: and when with pitie once my heart was made tender, according to the aptnesse of the humor, it receiued quickly a cruell impression of that wonderfull passion, which to be defined is impossible, because no words reach to the strange nature of it; they only know it, which inwardly feele it, it is called loue. Yet did I not (poor wretch) at first know my disease, thinking it only such a wonted kind of desire to see rare sights; and my pitie to be no other, but the fruits of a gentle nature. But euen this arguing with my selfe came of further thoughts, and the more I argued, the more my thoughts encreased. Desirous I was to see the place where she remained, as though the Architecture of the lodges would haue bene much for my learning;

but

but more desirous to see her self, to be iudge, forsooth, of the Painters cunning. For thus at the first did I flatter my selfe, as though my wound had been no deeper: but when within short time I came to the degree of vncertaine wishes, and that those wishes grew to vnquiet longings, when I could fix my thoughts vpon nothing, but that within litle varying they should end with *Philoclea*: when each thing I saw, seemed to figure out som part of my pasions; when euen *Parthenias* faire face became a lecture to me of *Philocleas* imagined beautie; when I heard no word spoken, but that me thoght it caried the sound of *Philocleas* name: then indeed, then I did yeeld to the burthen, finding my selfe prisoner, before I had leasure to arme my selfe: and that I might well, like the spaniell, gnaw vpon the chaine that tyes him, but I should sooner marre my teeth, then procure libertie: yet I take to witnesse the eternall spring of vertue, that I had neuer read, heard, nor seene any thing; I had neuer any taste of Philosophie, nor inward feeling in my self, which for a while I did not call to my succour. But (alas) what resistance was there, when ere long my very reason was, (you will say corrupted) I must confesse, conquered; and that me thought euen reason did assure me, that all eyes did degenerate from their creation, which did not honor such beautie? Nothing in truth could hold any plea with it, but the reuerent friendship I beare vnto you. For as it went against my heart to breake any way from you, so did I feare more then any assault to breake it to you: finding (as it is indeed) that to a heart fully resolute, counsell is tedious, but reprehension is lothsome: and that there is nothing more terrible to a guilty heart, then the eye of a respected friend. This made me determine with my selfe (thinking it a lesse fault in friendship to doe a thing without your knowledge, then against your will) to take this secret course: wch conceit was most builded vp in me, the last day of my parting and speaking with you, when vpon your speech with me, & my but naming loue (when else perchance I would haue gone further) I saw your voyce and countenance so change, as it assured me, my reuealing it should but purchase your griefe with my cumber: and therefore (deare *Musidorus*) euen ran away from thy well known chiding: for hauing written a letter, which I know not whether you found or no, and taken my chiefe jewels with me, while you were in the midst of your sport, I got a time (as I thinke) vnmarked by any, to steale away, I cared not whether, so I might escape you, & so came I to *Ithonia* in the prouince of *Messenia*, where lying secret, I put this in practise, which before I had deuised. For remembring by *Philanax* his letter, & *Kalanders* speech, how obstinately *Basilius* was determined not to mary his daughters, & therfore fearing lest any publicke dealing should rather increase her captiuity, then further my loue; loue (the refiner of inuention) had put in my head thus to disguise my self, that vnder that mask I might (if it were posible) get accesse, and what accesse could bring forth, commit to fortune and industry, determining to beare the countenance of an *Amazon*. Therefore in the closest manner I could, naming my selfe *Zelmane*, for that deare Ladies sake, to whose memory I am so much bound, I caused this apparell to be made, and bringing it neare the Lodges, which are hard at hand, by night, thus dressed my selfe, resting till occasion might make me to be found by them whom I sought: which the next morning hapned as wel as my own plot could haue laid it. For after I had run ouer the whole petigree of my thoughts, I gaue my selfe to sing a litle, wch, as you know, I euer delighted in, so now especially, whether it be the nature of this clime to stirre vp Poeticall fancies, or rather as I thinke, of loue, whose scope being pleasure, will not so much as vtter his griefes, but in some forme of pleasure.

But I had ſung verie little, when (as I thinke, diſpleaſed with my bad muſicke) comes maſter *Dametas* with a hedging bill in his hand, chafing and ſwearing by the pantofle of *Pallas*, and ſuch other othes as his ruſticall brauerie could imagine; and when he ſaw me, I aſſure you, my beautie was no more beholding to him then my harmony; for leaning his hands vpon his bill, and his chin vpon his hands, with the voyce of one that playeth *Hercules* in a play, but neuer had his fancy in his head, the firſt word he ſpake to me, was, Am not I *Dametas?* why, am not I *Dametas?* he needed not name himſelf, for *Kalanders* deſcription had ſet ſuch a note vpō him, as made him very notable vnto me; and therfore the height of my thoughts would not deſcend ſo much as to make him any anſwer, but continued on my inward diſcourſes: which he (perchance witneſſe of his owne vnworthineſſe, and therefore the apter to thinke himſelfe contemned) tooke in ſo hainous manner, that ſtanding vpon his tiptoes, and ſtaring, as if he would haue had a mote pulled out of his eye, Why (ſaid he) thou woman, or boy, or both, whatſoeuer thou be, I tell thee here is no place for thee, get thee gone, I tell thee it is the Princes pleaſure, I tell thee it is *Dametas* pleaſure. I could not chooſe, but ſmile at him, ſeeing him looke ſo like an Ape that had newly taken a purgation; yet taking my ſelfe with the manner, ſpake theſe words to my ſelfe: O ſpirit (ſaid I) of mine, how canſt thou receiue any mirth in the midſt of thine agonies? and thou mirth, how dareſt thou enter into a mind ſo growne of late thy profeſſed enemy? Thy ſpirit (ſaid *Dametas*) doſt thou think me a ſpirit? I tell thee I am *Baſilius* officer, and haue charge of him & his daughters. O only pearle (ſaid I ſobbing) that ſo vile an Oyſter ſhould keepe thee? By the Combcaſe of *Diana* (ſware *Dametas*) this woman is mad: Oyſters and Pearles? doeſt thou thinke I will buy Oyſters? I tell thee once againe get thee packing; and with that lifted vp his bill to hit me with the blunt end of it: but indeed that put me quite out of my leſſon, ſo that I forgat all *Zelmanes* ſhip, and drawing out my ſword, the baſeneſſe of the villaine yet made me ſtay my hand, and he (who, as *Kalander* tolde me, from his childe-hood euer feared the blade of a ſword) ranne backward (with his handes aboue his head) at leaſt twentie paces, gaping and ſtaring, with the verie grace (I think) of the clownes, that by *Latonas* prayers were turned into frogs. At length ſtaying, finding himſelfe without the compaſſe of blowes, hee fell to a freſh ſcolding, in ſuch mannerly manner, as might well ſhew hee had paſſed through the diſcipline of a Tauerne. But ſeeing me walke vp and downe, without marking what hee ſaid, hee went his way (as I perceiued after) to *Baſilius:* for within a while he came vnto mee, bearing indeede ſhewes in his countenance of an honeſt and well minded Gentleman, and with as much curteſie as *Dametas* with rudeneſſe ſaluting me, Faire Lady (ſaid hee) it is nothing ſtrange, that ſuch a ſolitarie place as this ſhould receiue ſolitary perſons; but much doe I maruell, how ſuch a beautie, as yours is, ſhould be ſuffered to be thus alone. I (that now knew it was my part to play) looking with a graue maieſtie vpon him, as if I found in my ſelfe cauſe to be reuerenced: They are neuer alone (ſaid I) that are accompanied with noble thoughts. But thoſe thoughts (replied *Baſilius*) cannot in this your lonelineſſe neither warrant you frō ſuſpicion in others, nor defend you from melancholy in your ſelfe. I then ſhewing a miſlike that he preſſed me ſo farre, I ſeeke no better warrant ſaid I, then my owne conſcience, nor no greater pleaſure, then mine owne contentation. Yet vertue ſeekes to ſatisfie others, ſaid *Baſilius*. Thoſe that be good, ſaid I, and they will be ſatisfied as long as they ſee no euill. Yet will the beſt in this countrie, ſaid *Baſilius*, ſuſpect ſo excellent beautie, being ſo weakely guarded.

Then

Then are the beſt but ſtarke naught, anſwered I: for open ſuſpecting others comes of ſecret condemning themſelues: but in my country (whoſe maners I am in all places to maintaine and reuerence) the generall goodneſſe (which is nouriſhed in our hearts) makes euery one think the ſtrength of vertue in another, whereof they finde the aſſured foundation in themſelues. Excellent Lady, ſaid he, you praiſe ſo greatly (and yet ſo wiſely) your country, that I muſt needs deſire to know what the neſt is, out of which ſuch birds doe flie. You muſt firſt deſerue it, ſaid I, before you may obtaine it. And by what means, ſaid *Baſilius*, ſhall I deſerue to know your eſtate? By letting me firſt know yours, anſwered I. To obey you, ſaid he, I will do it, although it were ſo much more reaſon yours ſhould be knowne firſt, as you doe deſerue in all points to be preferd. Know you, faire Lady, that my name is *Baſilius*, vnworthily Lord of this country: the reſt, either fame hath already brought to your eares, or (if it pleaſe you to make this place happy by your preſence) at more leaſure you ſhall vnderſtand of me. I that from the beginning aſſured my ſelfe it was he, but would not ſeem I did ſo, to keep my grauitie the better, making a piece of reuerence vnto him; Mighty Prince (ſaid I) let my not knowing you ſerue for the excuſe of my boldneſſe, and the litle reuerence I do you, impute it to the manner of my country, which is the inuincible land of the *Amazons*: my ſelfe neece to *Senicia*, Queene thereof, lineally deſcended of the famous *Pentheſilea*, ſlaine by the bloudy hand of *Pyrrhus*: I hauing in this my youth determined to make the world ſee the *Amazons* excellencies, as well in priuate, as in publike vertue, haue paſſed ſom dangerous aduentures in diuers countries, till the vnmercifull Sea depriued me of my companie; ſo that ſhipwrack caſting me not farre hence, vncertaine wandring brought me to this place. But *Baſilius* (who now began to taſte of that, which ſince he had ſwallowed vp, as I will tell you) fell to more cunning intreating my abode, then any greedy hoſte would vſe to well paying paſſengers. I thought nothing could ſhoot righter at the marke of my deſires; yet had I learned already ſo much, that it was againſt my womanhood to be forward in my own wiſhes. And therfore he (to proue whether interceſsions in fitter mouthes might better preuaile) commanded *Dametas* to bring forth his wife and daughters thither, three Ladies, although of diuers, yet of excellent beautie.

His wife in graue Matron-like attire, with countenance and geſture ſutable, and of ſuch faireneſſe (being in the ſtrength of her age) as if her daughters had not beene by, might with iuſt price haue purchaſed admiration; but they being there, it was enough that the moſt dainty eye would thinke her a worthy mother of ſuch children. The faire *Pamela*, whoſe noble heart I finde doth greatly diſdaine, that the truſt of her vertue is repoſed in ſuch a louts hands as *Dametas*, had yet, to ſhew an obedience, taken on ſhepheardiſh apparell, which was but of ruſſet cloath, cut after their faſhion: with a ſtraight bodie, open breaſted, the neather part full of pleights, with long and wide ſleeues: but beleeue me ſhe did apparell her apparell, and with the pretiouſnes of her body made it moſt ſumptuous. Her haire at the full length, wound about with gold lace, onely by the compariſon to ſhew how far het haire doth excell in colour: betwixt her breaſts (which ſweetly roſe vp like two faire Mountainets in the pleaſant vale of *Tempe*) there hung a very rich Diamond ſet but in a blacke horne, the word I haue ſince read is this: *Yet ſtill my ſelfe.* And thus particularly haue I deſcribed them, becauſe you may know that mine eyes are not ſo partiall, but that I marked them too. But when the ornament of the earth, the modell of heauen, the triumph of nature, the life of beautie, the Queene of Loue,

young *Philoclea* appeared in her Nymph-like apparell, ſo neere nakednesſe, as one might well diſcerne part of her perfections; and yet ſo apparelled, as did ſhew ſhe kept beſt ſtore of her beautie to her ſelfe: her haire (alas too poore a word, why ſhould I not rather call them her beames) drawne vp into a net, able to haue caught *Iupiter* when he was in the form of an Eagle; her body (O ſweet body) couer'd with a light Taffata garment, ſo cut, as the wrought ſmock came through it in many places, enough to haue made your reſtrained imagination haue thought what was vnder it: with the caſt of her blacke eyes, black indeed, whether nature ſo made them, that we might be the more able to behold & beare their wonderfull ſhining, or that ſhe (goddeſſe-like) would worke this miracle with her ſelfe, in giuing blacknesſe the price aboue all beautie. Then, I ſay, indeed me thought the Lillies grew pale for enuie, the Roſes me thought bluſhed to ſee ſweeter Roſes in her cheeks, & the Apples, me thoght, fell down from the trees, to do homage to the Apples of her breaſt; then the cloudes gaue place, that the heauens might more freely ſmile vpon her, at the leaſt the clouds of my thoughts quite vaniſhed: and my ſight (then more cleare and forcible then euer) was ſo fixed there, that (I imagine) I ſtood like a well wrought Image, with ſome life in ſhew, but none in practiſe. And ſo had I been like enough to haue ſtayed long time, but that *Gynecia* ſtepping betweene my ſight and the onely *Philoclea*, the change of obiect made me recouer my ſenſes; ſo that I could with reaſonable good manner receiue the ſalutation of her, and of the Princeſſe *Pamela*, doing them yet no further reuerence then one Princeſſe vſeth to another. But when I came to the neuer-enough praiſed *Philoclea*, I could not but fall downe on my knees: and taking by force her hand, and kiſsing it (I muſt confeſſe) with more then womanly ardency; Diuine Lady, ſaid I, let not the world, nor theſe great Princeſſes maruell, to ſee me (contrary to my manner) do this ſpeciall honor vnto you, ſince all both men & women, do owe this to the perfection of your beauty. But ſhe bluſhing (like a faire morning in May) at this my ſingularity, and cauſing me to riſe, Noble Lady, ſaid ſhe, it is no maruell to ſee your iudgement much miſtaken in my beautie, ſince you begin with ſo great an errour, as to do more honor vnto me then to them, to whom I my ſelf owe all ſeruice. Rather (anſwered I with a bowed down countenance) that ſhews the power of your beautie, which forced me to do ſuch an errour, if it were an errour. You are ſo well acquainted (ſaid ſhe ſweetly, moſt ſweetly ſmiling) with your owne beauty, that it makes you eaſily fall into the diſcourſe of beauty. Beauty in me? ſaid I truly ſighing: alas, if there be any, it is in my eies, which your bleſſed preſence hath imparted vnto them.

But then (as I think *Baſilius* willing her ſo to do) Wel, ſaid ſhe, I muſt needs confeſſe I haue heard that it is a great happineſſe to be praiſed of them that are moſt praiſe-worthy: and well I finde that you are an inuincible *Amazon*, ſince you will ouercome, though in a wrong matter. But if my beauty be any thing, then let it obtaine thus much of you, that you will remaine ſome while in this company, to eaſe your owne trauell, and our ſolitarineſſe. Firſt let me die (ſaid I) before any word ſpoken by ſuch a mouth ſhould come in vaine. And thus with ſome other words of entertaining, was my ſtaying concluded, and I led among them to the Lodge; truely a place for pleaſantneſſe, not vnfit to flatter ſolitarineſſe: for it being ſet vpon ſuch an vnſenſible riſing of the ground, as you are come to a pretie height before almoſt you perceiue that you aſcend, it giues the eye Lordſhip ouer a good large circuit, which according to the nature of the country, being diuerſified betweene hils and dales, woods and plaines, one place more cleare, another more darke-

darkesome, it seemes a pleasant picture of nature, with louely lightsomnesse and artificiall shadowes. The Lodge is of a yellow stone, built in the forme of a starre, hauing round about a garden framed into like points: and beyond the garden, ridings cut out, each answering the angles of the Lodge, at the end of one of them is the other smaller Lodge, but of like fashion; where the gracious *Pamela* liueth: so that the Lodge seemeth not vnlike a faire Comet, whose taile stretcheth it selfe to a stat of lesse greatnesse.

So *Gynecia* her selfe bringing me to my lodging, anon after I was inuited and brought downe to suppe with them in the garden, a place not fairer in naturall ornaments, then artificiall inuentions: where, in a banquetting house among certaine pleasant trees, whose heads seemed curled with the wrappings about of vine-branches, the table was set neer to an excellent water-work; for by the casting of the water in most cunning maner, it makes (with the shining of the sunne vpon it) a perfect rain-bow, not more pleasant to the eye then to the minde, so sensibly to see the proofe of the heauenly *Iris*. There were birds also made so finely, that they did not only deceiue the sight with their figure, but the hearing with their songs, which the watery instruments did make their gorge deliuer. The table at which we sate was round, w^ch^ being fast to the floore whereon we sate, & that diuided from the rest of the buildings (with turning a vice, which *Basilius* at first did to make me sport) the table, and we about the table did all turne round, by meanes of water which ran vnder, and caried it about as a mill. But alas, what pleasure did it to me, to make diuers times the full circle round about, since *Philoclea* (being also set) was caried still in equall distance from me, & that only my eyes did ouertake her? which when the table was stayed, and we began to feed, dranke much more eagerly of her beautie, then my mouth did of any other liquor. And so was my common sense deceiued (being chiefly bent to her) that as I dranke the wine, and withall stole a looke on her, me seemed I tasted her deliciousnesse. But alas, the one thirst was much more inflamed then the other quenched. Sometime my eyes would lay themselues open to receiue all the darts she did throw, sometimes close vp with admiration, as if with a contrary fancie, they would preserue the riches of that sight they had gotten, or cast my lids as curtaines ouer the image of beauty, her presence had painted in them. True it is, that my reason (now growne a seruant to passion) did yet often tell his Master, that he should more moderately vse his delight. But he, that of a rebell was becom a Prince, disdained almost to allow him the place of a Counseller: so that my senses delights being too strong for any other resolution, I did euen loose the reines vnto them: hoping, that (going for a woman) my lookes would passe, eyther vnmarked, or vnsuspected.

Now thus I had (as me thought) well playd my first act, assuring my selfe, that vnder that disguisement, I should find opportunity to reueale my selfe to the owner of my heart. But who would think it possible (though I feele it true) that in almost eight weeks space I haue liued here (hauing no more company but her parents, and I being familiar, as being a woman, & watchfull, as being a louer) yet could neuer find opportunity to haue one minutes leasure of priuate conference: the cause whereof is as strange, as the effects are to me miserable. And (alas) this it is.

At the first sight that *Basilius* had of me (I think *Cupid* hauing headed his arrowes with my misfortune) he was striken (taking me to be such as I professe) with great affection towards me, which since is grown to such a doting loue, that til I was faine to get this place, sometimes to retire vnto freely) I was euer choked with his

tediouſneſſe. You neuer ſaw foureſcore years daunce vp and downe more liuely in a young louer: now, as fine in his apparell, as if he would make me in loue with a cloake: and verſe for verſe with the ſharpeſt-witted Louer in *Arcadia*. Do you not thinke that this is a ſallet of worme-wood, while mine eyes feed vpon the *Ambroſia* of *Philocleas* beauty. But this is not all; no, this is not the worſt; for he (good man) were eaſie enough to be dealt with: but, as I think, Loue & miſchiefe hauing made a wager, which ſhould haue moſt power in me, haue ſet *Gynecia* alſo on ſuch a fire towards me, as will neuer, I feare, be quencht but with my deſtruction. For ſhe (being a woman of excellent wit, and of ſtrong working thoughts) whether ſhe ſuſpected me by my ouer-vehement ſhews of affection to *Philoclea* (w^ch^ loue forced me vnwiſely to vtter, while hope of my mask fooliſhly encouraged me) or that ſhe hath taken ſome other marke of me, that I am not a woman: or what diuell it is hath reuealed it vnto her, I know not; but ſo it is, that all her countenances, words, and geſtures, are euen miſerable portraitures of a deſperate affection. Wherby a man may learne, that theſe auoydings of company, doe but make the paſsions more violent, when they meete with fit ſubiects. Truly it were a notable dumbe ſhew of *Cupids* Kingdome, to ſee my eyes (languiſhing with ouer-vehement longing) direct themſelues to *Philoclea*: and *Baſilius* as buſie about me as a Bee, & indeed as cumberſom; making ſuch vehement ſuits to me, who neither could if I would, nor would if I could, help him: while the terrible wit of *Gynecia*, carried with the beere of violent loue, runnes through vs all. And ſo iealous is ſhe of my loue to her daughter, that I could neuer yet begin to open my mouth to the vneuitable *Philoclea*, but that her vnwiſhed preſence gaue my tale a concluſion, before it had a beginning. And ſurely if I be not deceiued, I ſee ſuch ſhewes of liking, & (if I be acquainted with paſsions) of almoſt a paſsionate liking in the heauenly *Philoclea*, towards me, that I may hope her eares would not abhorre my diſcourſe. And for good *Baſilius*, he thought it beſt to haue lodged vs together, but that the eternall hatefulneſſe of my deſtinie made *Gynecias* iealouſie ſtop that, and all other my bleſsings. Yet muſt I confeſſe, that one way her loue doth me pleaſure; for ſince it was my fooliſh fortune, or vnfortunate folly, to be knowne by her, that keepes her from bewraying me to *Baſilius*. And thus (my *Muſidorus*) you haue my tragedy plaied vnto you by my ſelf, which I pray the gods may not indeed proue a tragedy. And therewith he ended, making a full point of a hearty ſigh.

Muſidorus recommended to his beſt diſcourſe, all w^ch^ *Pyrocles* had told him. But therein he found ſuch intricateneſs, that he could ſee no way to leade him out of the maze; yet perceiuing his affection ſo grounded, that ſtriuing againſt it, did rather anger then heale the wound, & rather call his friendſhip in queſtion, then giue place to any friendly counſell; Well (ſaid he) deare couſin, ſince it hath pleaſed the gods to mingle your other excellencies with this humour of loue, yet happy it is, that your loue is imployed vpon ſo rare a woman: for certainly, a noble cauſe doth eaſe much a grieuous caſe. But as it ſtands now, nothing vexeth me ſo much, as that I cannot ſee wherein I can be ſeruiceable vnto you. I deſire no greater ſeruice of you (anſwered *Pyrocles*) then that you remaine ſecretly in this country, and ſomtimes com to this place, eyther late in the night or early in the morning, where you ſhall haue my key to enter, becauſe as my fortune either amends or impaires, I may declare it vnto you, and haue your counſell and furtherance: & hereby I will of purpoſe leade her, that is the praiſe, and yet the ſtaine of all womankinde, that you may haue ſo good a view, as to allow my iudgement: and as I can get the moſt conuenient

time,

time, I will come vnto you; for though by reason of yonder wood you cannot see the Lodge, it is hard at hand. But now (said she) it is time for mee to leaue you, and towards euening wee will walke out of purpose hitherward, therefore keepe your selfe close in that time. But *Musidorus* bethinking himselfe that his horse might happen to bewray them, thought it best to returne for that day to a village not farre off, and dispatching his horse in som sort, the next day early to come a foote thither, and so to keep that course afterward, which *Pyrocles* very well liked of. Now farewell deere cousin (said he) from me, no more *Pyrocles*, nor *Daiphantus* now, but *Zelmane*: *Zelmane* is my name, *Zelmane* is my title, *Zelmane* is the only hope of my aduauncement. And with that word going out, and seeing that the coast was cleare, *Zelmane* dismissed *Musidorus*, who departed as full of care to help his friend, as before he was to dissuade him.

Zelmane returned to the lodge, where (inflamed by *Philoclea*, watched by *Gynecia*, and tired by *Basilius*) she was like a horse desirous to runne, and miserably spurred, but so short raind, as he cannot stirre forward: *Zelmane* sought occasion to speake with *Philoclea*; *Basilius* with *Zelmane*; & *Gynecia* hindered them all. If *Philoclea* happned to sigh (and sigh she did often) as if that sigh were to be waited on, *Zelmane* sighed also; whereto *Basilius* and *Gynecia* soon made vp foure parts of sorrow. Their affection increased their conuersation; and their conuersation increased their affection. The respect borne bred due ceremonies; but the affection shined so through them, that the ceremonies seemed not ceremonious. *Zelmanes* eyes were (like children before sweet meat) eager, but fearefull of their ill-pleasing gouernours; Time in one instant, seeming both short, and long vnto them: short, in the pleasingnesse of such presence: long in the stay of their desires.

But *Zelmane* failed not to entice them all many times abroad, because she was desirous her friend *Musidorus* (neere whom of purpose she led them) might haue full sight of them. Somtimes angling to a little riuer neere hand, which for the moisture it bestowed vpon rootes of some flourishing trees, was rewarded with their shadow. There would they sit down, and pretie wagers be made between *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, which could soonest beguile silly fishes, while *Zelmane* protested, that the fit pray for them was hearts of Princes. She also had an angle in her hand; but the taker was so taken, that she had forgotten taking. *Basilius* in the meane time would be the cooke himselfe of what was so caught, and *Gynecia* sit still, but with no still pensiuenesse. Now shee brought him to see a seeled Doue, who the blinder shee was, the higher she straue. Another time a Kite, which hauing a gut cunningly pulled out of her, and so let flie, caused all the Kites in that quarter, who (as oftentimes the world is deceiued) thinking her prosperous, when indeed she was wounded, made the poore Kite finde, that opinion of riches may well be dangerous.

But these recreations were interrupted by a delight of a more gallant shew; for one euening, as *Basilius* returned from hauing forced his thoughts to please themselues in such small conquests, there came a shepheard, who brought him word, that a Gentleman desired leaue to do a message from his Lord vnto him. *Basilius* granted; whereupon the Gentleman came, and after the dutifull ceremonies obserued, in his masters name tolde him, that he was sent from *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, to craue licence, that as he had done in many other courts, so he might in his presence defie all *Arcadian* Knights in the behalfe of his mistresse beautie, who would besides, her selfe in person be present, to giue euident proofe what his launce should affirme. The conditions of his chalenge were, that the defendant should bring his mistresse

picture,

picture, which being ſet by the image of *Arteſia* (ſo vvas the miſtreſſe of *Phalantus* named) vvho in ſixe courſes ſhould haue better of the other, in the iudgement of *Baſilius*, with him both the honors and the pictures ſhould remain. *Baſilius* (though he had retired himſelfe into that ſolitary dwelling, with intention to auoid, rather then to accept any matters of drawing company; yet becauſe he would entertaine *Zelmane*, (that ſhe might not thinke the time ſo gainefull to him, loſſe to her) granted him to pitch his tents for three dayes, not farre from the lodge, and to proclaim his challenge, that what *Arcadian* Knight (for none elſe but vpon his peril was licenſed to come) would defend what he honored againſt *Phalantus*, ſhould haue the like freedome of acceſſe and returne.

This obtained and publiſhed, *Zelmane* being deſirous to learne what this *Phalantus* was, hauing neuer knowne him further then by report of his good iuſting, in ſo much as he was commonly called, The faire man of armes, *Baſilius* told her that he had had occaſion by one very inward with him, to know in part the diſcourſe of his life, which was that he was baſtard-brother to the faire *Helen* Queen of *Corinth*, and deerely eſteemed of her for his exceeding good parts, being honorable courteous, and vvrongleſly valiant, conſiderately pleaſant in conuerſation, and an excellent courtier vvithout vnfaithfulneſſe; vvho finding his ſiſters vnperſwadeable melancholy, through the loue of *Amphialus*, had for a time left her court, and gone into *Laconia*: where in the warre againſt the *Helots*, he had gotten the reputation of one, that both durſt and knew. But as it was rather choiſe then nature, that led him to matters of armes, ſo as ſoone as the ſpur of honor ceaſed, hee willingly reſted in peaceable delights, being beloued in all companies for his louely qualities, and (as a man may tearme it) winning cheerfulneſs, wherby to the Prince and Court of *Laconia*, none was more agreeable then *Phalantus*: and he not giuen greatly to ſtruggle vvith his owne diſpoſition, followed the gentle currant of it, hauing a fortune ſufficient to content, and he content with a ſufficient fortune. But in that court he ſaw, & vvas acquainted with this *Arteſia*, vvhoſe beautie he now defends, became her ſeruant, ſaid himſelfe, and perchaunce thought himſelfe her louer. But certainely, ſaid *Baſilius*, many times it falles out, that theſe yong companions make themſelues beleeue they loue at the firſt liking of a likely beautie; louing, becauſe they will loue for want of other buſineſſe, not becauſe they feele indeede that diuine power, which makes the heart find a reaſon in paſſion: and ſo (God knowes) as inconſtantly leaue vpon the next chaunce that beautie caſtes before them. So therefore taking loue vpon him like a fathion, he courted this Ladie *Arteſia*, vvho was as fit to pay him in his owne mony as might be. For ſhe thinking ſhe did vvrong to her beautie if ſhe vvere not proud of it, called her diſdaine of him chaſtitie, and placed her honour in little ſetting by his honouring her: determining neuer to marry, but him, vvhom ſhe thought worthy of her: and that vvas one, in vvhom all worthineſſes vvere harboured. And to this conceipt not only nature had bent her, but the bringing vp ſhe receiued at my ſiſter in law *Cecropia*, had confirmed her: who hauing in her widowhood taken this young *Arteſia* into her charge; becauſe her father had bene a deare friend of her dead husbands, had taught her to thinke that there is no wildome but in including both heauen and earth in ones ſelfe: and that loue, curteſie, gratefulneſſe, friendſhip, and all other vertues are rather to be taken on, then taken in ones ſelfe. And ſo good a diſciple ſhe found of her, that liking the fruits of her own planting, ſhe was content (if ſo her ſonne could haue liked of it) to haue wiſhed her in marriage to my Nephew *Amphialus*. But I thinke that deſire hath loſt ſome of his

heat,

heat, since shee hath knowne, that such a Queene as *Helen* is, doth offer so great a price as a Kingdome, to buy his fauour; for if I be not deceiued in my good sister *Cecropia*, she thinks no face so beautiful, as that which loookes vnder a Crowne. But *Artesia* indeede liked well of my Nephew *Amphialus*; for I can neuer deeme that loue, vvhich in hauty hearts proceeds of a desire onely to please, and as it were, peacock themselues; but yet she hath shewed vehemency of desire that way, I think, because all her desires be vehement, in so much that she hath both placed her only brother (a fine youth called *Ismenus*) to be his squire, and her selfe is content to wait vpon my sister, till she may see the vttermost what she may work in *Amphialus*: who being of a melancholie (though I must say truely curteous and noble) minde, seems to loue nothing lesse then Loue: and of late hauing through some aduenture, or inward miscontentment, withdrawn himselfe from any bodies knowledge, where he is: *Artesia* the easier condiscended to go to the court of *Laconia*, whither she was sent for by the Kings wife, to vvhom she is somwhat allied.

And there after the war of the *Helots*, this Knight *Phalantus*, (at least for tongue-delight) made himselfe her seruant: and she so little caring, as not to shevv mislike thereof, vvas content onely to be noted to haue a notable seruant. For truely one in my court neerely acquainted vvith him, vvithin these few daies made me a pleasant description of their loue, while he with cheerefull looks would speake sorowfull words, vsing the phrase of his affection in so high a stile, that *Mercury* vvould not haue wooed *Venus* with more magnificent Eloquence: but els neither in behauiour, nor action, accusing in himselfe any great trouble in minde, vvhether he sped or no. And she, on the other side, vvell finding how little it vvas, and not caring for more, yet taught him, that often it falleth out but a foolish wittinesse, to speake more then one thinks.

For she made earnest benefite of his iest, forcing him in respect of his profession, to do her such seruices, as were both cumbersome and costly vnto him, while he still thought he went beyond her, because his heart did not commit the idolatrie. So that lastly, she (I thinke) hauing in mind to make the fame of her beauty an oratour for her to *Amphialus*, (perswading her selfe perhaps, that it might fall out in him, as it doth in some that haue delightfull meat before them, & haue no stomack to it, before other folks praise it) she tooke the aduantage one day vpon *Phalantus* vnconscionable praisings of her, & certaine cast-away vowes hovv much he would do for her sake, to arrest his word assoon as it was out of his mouth, & by the vertue therof to charge him to go with her through all the courts of *Greece*, and with the chalenge novv made, to giue her beautie the principalitie ouer all other. *Phalantus* was entrapped, & saw round about him, but could not get out. Exceedingly perplexed he vvas (as he confest to him that told me the tale) not for doubt he had of himselfe, (for indeede he had little cause) being accounted, with his Launce especially, whereupon the challenge is to be tried, as perfect as any that *Greece* knoweth; but because he feared to offend his sister *Helen*: and withall (as he said) he could not so much beleeue his loue, but that he must thinke in his heart (what soeuer his mouth affirmed) that both she, my daughters, & the faire *Parthenia* (wife to a most noble Gentleman my wiues neere kinsman) might far better put in their claime for that prerogatiue. But his promise had bound him prentice, and therefore it was now better vvith willingnesse to purchase thanks, then vvith a discontented doing to haue the paine, and not the reward; and therefore went on, as his faith, rather then loue, did lead him. And now hath he already passed the courts of *Laconia*, *Elis*, *Argos* & *Corinth*: &

(as

(as many times it happēs) that a good pleader makes a bad cause to preuaile; so hath his Launce brought captiues to the triumph of *Artesias* beautie, such, as though *Artesia* be among the faireſt, yet in that companie were to haue the preheminence: for in those courts many knights (that had bene in other farre countries) defended such as they had seene and liked in their trauaile: but their defence had bene such, as they had forfaited the pictures of their Ladies, to giue a forced false testimonie to *Artesias* excellencie. And now lastly is he come hither where he hath leaue to trie his fortune. But I assure you, if I thought it not in due and true consideration an iniurious seruice and churlish curtesie, to put the danger of so noble a title in the deciding of such a dangerless combat, I would make yong master *Phalantus* know, that your eies can sharpen a blunt Launce, and that age, which my gray haires (only gotten by the louing care of others) make seeme more then it is, hath not diminished in me the power to protect an vndeniable veritie. With that he bustled vp himselfe, as though his heart would faine haue walked abroad. *Zelmane* with an inward smiling gaue him outward thanks, desiring him to reserue his force for worthier causes. So passing their time according to their vvoont, they waited for the comming of *Phalantus*, who the next morning hauing already caused his tents to be pitched, neere to a faire tree hard by the Lodge, had vpon the tree made a shield to be hanged vp, which the defendant should strike, that would call him to the maintaining his challenge. The *Impresa* in the shield; vvas a heauen full of starres, vvith a speech signifying, that it vvas *the beauty which gaue it the praise*.

Himselfe came in next after a triumphant chariot, made of Carnation veluet, enriched with purle and pearle, vvherein *Artesia* sate, drawne by foure winged horses with artificiall flaming mouths, and fiery wings, as if she had newly borowed them of *Phœbus*. Before her marched, two after two, certaine footmen pleasantly attired, who between them held one picture after another of them, that by *Phalantus* vvell running had lost the prize in the race of beauty, and at euery pace they stayed, turning the pictures to each side, so leasurely, that with perfect iudgement they might be discerned. The first that came in (following the order of the time wherein they had been wonne) was the picture of *Andromana*, Queen of *Iberia*; whom a *Laconian* Knight hauing sometime (and vvith speciall fauour) serued, (though some yeeres since returned home) with more gratefulnesse then good fortune defended. But therein *Fortune* had borrowed wit; for indeede she was not comparable to *Artesia*; not because she was a good deale elder (for time had not yet been able to impouerish her store thereof) but an exceeding red haire vvith small eyes, did (like ill companions) disgrace the other assemblies of most commendable beauties.

Next after her was borne the counterfait of the princesse of *Elis*, a Lady that taught the beholders no other point of beautie, but this, that as liking is not alwaies the child of beauty, so whatsoeuer liketh is beautifull; for in that visage there was neither maiestie, grace, fauour, nor faireneſſe; yet shee wanted not a seruaunt that vvould haue made her fairer then the faire *Artesia*. But hee wrote her praises vvith his helmet in the dust, and left her picture to bee as true a witnesse of his ouerthrow, as his running was of her beauty.

After her vvas the goodly *Artaxia*, great Q. of *Armenia*, a Lady vpon whom nature bestowed, and well placed her most delightfull colours; and vvithall, had proportioned her without any fault, quickly to be discouered by the senses, yet altogether seemed not to make vp that harmony, that *Cupid* delights in, the reason wherof might seeme a manniſh countenance, which ouerthrew that louely sweetneſſe, the noblest

nobleſt power of womankinde, farre fitter to preuaile by parley then by battell.

Of a farre contrary conſideration was the repreſentation of her that next followed, which was *Erona* Queene of *Licia*, who though of ſo browne a haire, as no man ſhould haue iniured it to haue called it black, and that in the mixture of her cheeks the white did ſo much ouercom the redde (though what was, was very pure) that it came neare to paleneſſe, and that her face was thought longer then the exact *Symmetrians* perhaps would allow; yet loue plaid her part ſo well in euery part, that it caught hold of the iudgement, before it could iudge, making it firſt loue, and after acknowledge it faire, for there was a certaine delicacy, which in yeelding conquered; and with a pitifull looke made one finde cauſe to craue helpe himſelfe.

After her came two Ladies, of noble, but not of royall birth: the former was named *Bacchа*, who though very faire, & of a fatnes rather to allure, then to miſlike, yet her breaſts ouer-familiarly laid open, with a made countenance about her mouth, between ſimpring and ſmiling, her head bowed ſomewhat downe, ſeemed to languiſh with ouer-much idleneſſe, and with an inuiting look caſt vpward; diſſwaded with too much perſwading, while hope might ſeem to ouer-run deſire.

The other (whoſe name was written *Leucippe*) was of a fine daintines of beauty, her face carying in it a ſober ſimplicity; like one that could do much good, & meant no hurt, her eyes hauing in them ſuch a cheerefulneſſe, as nature ſeemed to ſmile in them: though her mouth and cheekes obeyed to that prettie demureneſſe which the more one markte, the more one would iudge the poore ſoule apt to beleeue; and therefore the more pittie to deceiue her.

Next came the Queen of *Laconia*, one that ſeemed borne in the confines of beauties kingdom: for all her lineaments were neither perfect poſſeſſioners therof, nor abſolute ſtrangers thereto: but ſhe was a Queene, and therefore beautifull.

But ſhe that followed, conquered in deed with being conquered; and might well haue made all the beholders wait vpon her triumph, while her ſelf were led captiue. It was the excellently-faire Queen *Helen*, whoſe Iacinth haire curled by nature, but intercurled by art (like a fine brook through golden ſands) had a rope of faire pearle, which now hiding, now hidden by the haire, did as it were play at faſt & looſe, each with other, mutually giuing & receiuing richneſſe. In her face ſo much beauty & fauour expreſſed, as if *Helen* had not been knowne, ſome would rather haue iudged it the painters exerciſe, to ſhew what he could do, then the counterfaiting of any liuing patterne: for no fault the moſt fault-finding wit could haue found, if it were not, that to the reſt of the body the face was ſomewhat too little: but that little was ſuch a ſpark of beauty, as was able to enflame a vvorld of loue: for euery thing was full of a choice fineneſſe, that if it wanted any thing in maieſtie, it ſupplied it with increaſe in pleaſure; and if at the firſt it ſtrake not admiration, it rauiſhed vvith delight. And no indifferent ſoule there was, which if it could reſiſt from ſubiecting it ſelf to make it his princeſſe, that would not long to haue ſuch a playfellow. As for her attire, it vvas coſtly & curious, though the looke (fixt with more ſadneſſe then it ſeemed nature had beſtowed to any that knew her fortune) bewraied, that as ſhe vſed thoſe ornaments, not for her ſelfe, but to preuaile with another, ſo ſhe feared that all would not ſerue. Of a farre differing (though eſteemed equall) beauty, vvas the faire *Partheнia*, who next waited on *Arteſias* triumph, though farre better ſhe might haue ſit in the throne. For in her euery thing vvas goodly, & ſtately; yet ſo, that it might ſeeme that great-mindednes was but the auncient-bearer to the humblenes. For her great gray eye, which might ſeeme full of her own beauty: a large, and exceedingly faire

forehead

forehead, with all the reſt of her face and body, caſt in the mould of Nobleneſs, was yet ſo attired, as might ſhew, the miſtreſs thought it either not to deſerue, or not to neede any exquiſite decking, hauing no adorning but cleanlineſſe; and ſo farre from all art, that it was full of careleſneſſe: vnleſſe that careleſneſſe it ſelfe (in ſpight of it ſelfe) grew artificiall. But *Baſilius* could not abſtaine from praiſing *Parthenia*, as the perfect picture of womanly vertue, and wiuely faithfulneſſe: telling withall *Zelmane*, how he had vnderſtood, that when in the court of *Laconia*, her picture (maintained by a certaine *Sycionian* Knight) was loſt, through want rather of valour, then iuſtice: her husband (the famous *Argalus*) would in a chafe haue gone & redeemed it with a new tryal. But ſhe (more ſporting then ſorowing for her vndeſerued champion) told her husband, ſhee deſired to be beautifull in no bodies eye but his; and that ſhe would rather marre her face as euill as euer it was, then that it ſhould bee a cauſe to make *Argalus* put on armour. Then would *Baſilius* haue tolde *Zelmane* that which ſhe already knew, of the rare tryall of that coupled affection: but the next picture made their mouthes giue place to their eyes.

It was of a young maid, vvhich ſate pulling out a thorne out of a Lambes foote, with her looke ſo attentiue vnto it, as if that little foote could haue been the circle of her thoughts, her apparell ſo poore, as it had nothing but the inſide to adorne it; a ſheephooke lying by her, with a bottle vpon it. But with all that pouertie, beauty plaid the prince, and commanded as many hearts as the greateſt Queen there did. Her beauty and her eſtate made her quickly to be knowne to be the faire ſhepheardeſſe *Vrania*, whom a rich knight called *Lacemon*, farre in loue with her, had vnluckily defended.

The laſt of all in place, becauſe laſt in the time of her being captiue, vvas *Zelmane*, daughter to the King *Plexirtus*: vvho at the firſt ſight ſeemed to haue ſome reſembling of *Philoclea*, but with more marking (cõparing it to the preſent *Philoclea*, who indeed had no paragon but her ſiſter) they might ſee it was but ſuch a likeneſſe as an vnperfect glaſſe doth giue; anſwerable enough in ſome features and colours, but erring in others. But *Zelmane* ſighing, turning to *Baſilius*, Alas ſir (ſaid ſhe) here be ſome pictures which might better become the tombes of their Miſtreſſes, then the triumph of *Arteſia*. It is true ſweeteſt Lady (ſaid *Baſilius*) ſome of them be dead, and ſome other captiue: But that hath happened ſo late, as it may be the Knights that defended their beauty, knew not ſo much: vvithout wee will ſay (as in ſome harts I know it would fall out) that death it ſelf could not blot out the image which loue hath engrauen in them. But diuers beſides theſe (ſaid *Baſilius*) hath *Phalantus* wonne, but he leaues the reſt, carrying only ſuch, vvho either for greatnes of eſtate, or of beauty, may iuſtly glorifie the glory of *Arteſias* triumph.

Thus talked *Baſilius* with *Zelmane*, glad to make any matter ſubiect to ſpeake of with his miſtreſs, while *Phalantus* in this pompous maner, brought *Arteſia* with her gentlewoman into one Tent, by which he had another: vvhere they both wayted who would firſt ſtrike vpon the ſhield, vvhile *Baſilius* the Iudge appointed ſticklers and trumpets, to whom the other ſhould obey. But none that day appeared, nor the next, til already it had conſumed halfe his allowance of light; but then there came in a knight, proteſting himſelfe as contrary to him in minde, as he vvas in apparell. For *Phalantus* was all in white, hauing in his baſes, and capariſon imbroidered a waning water: at each ſide whereof hee had nettings caſt ouer, in which were diuers fiſhes naturally made, and ſo pretily, that as the horſe ſtirred, the fiſhes ſeemed to ſtriue, and leape in the net.

But

But the other knight by name *Nestor*, by birth an *Arcadian*, & in affection vowed to the faire Shepherdesse, was all in black, with fire burning both vpon his armour and horse. His *impresa* in his shield, was a fire made of Iuniper, with this word, *More easie, and more sweet*. But this hote knight was cooled with a fall, which at the third course he receiued of *Phalantus*, leauing his picture to keepe company with the other of the same stamp; he going away remediesly chafing at his rebuke. The next was *Polycetes*, greatly esteemed in *Arcadia*, for deedes he had done in armes: and much spoken of for the honourable loue he had long borne to *Gynecia*; which *Basilius* himselfe was content, not onely to suffer, but to be delighted with; he carried it in so honourable and open plaineneſſe, setting to his loue no other marke, then to doe her faithfull seruice. But neyther her faire picture, nor his faire running, could warrant him from ouerthrow, and her from becomming as then the last of *Artesias* victories: a thing *Gynecias* vertues would little haue reckoned at another time, nor then, if *Zelmane* had not seene it. But her champion went away asmuch discomforted, as discomfited. Then *Telamon* for *Polexena*, and *Eurilion* for *Elpine*, and *Leon* for *Zoana*; all braue Knights, all faire Ladies, with their going downe, lifred vp the balance of his praise for actiuitie, and hers for faireneſſe.

Vpon whose losse as the beholders were talking, there comes into the place where they ranne, a shepheard stripling (for his height made him more then a boy, & his face would not allow him a man) brown of complexion (whether by nature or by the Sunnes familiarity) but very louely withall; for the rest so perfectly proportioned, that Nature shewed she doth not like men, who slubber vp matters of meane account. And well might his proportion be iudged; for he had nothing vpon him but a paire of slops, and vpon his bodie a Goate-skinne, which he cast ouer his shoulder, doing all things with so pretie a grace, that it seemed ignorance could not make him do amisse, because he had a heart to do well, holding in his right hand a long staffe: and so comming with a looke full of amiable fierceneſſe, as in whom choler could not take away the sweetneſſe, he came towards the King, and making a reuerence (which in him was comely because it was kindly.) My liege Lord, said he, I pray you heare a few words; for my heart will breake if I say not my mind to you. I see here the picture of *Vrania*, which (I cannot tell how, nor why) these men when they fall down, they say, it is not so fair as yonder gay woman. But pray God, I may neuer see my old mother aliue, if I thinke she be any more match to *Vrania*, then a Goat is to a fine Lamb; or then the Dogge that keepes our flock at home, is like your white Grey-hound, that pulled downe the Stagge last day.

And therefore I pray you let me be dresst as they be; & my heart giues me, I shall tumble him on the earth: for indeed he might as well say, that a Couslip is as white as a Lillie: or els I care not, let him come with his great staffe, and I with this in my hand, and you shall see what I can do to him.' *Basilius* saw it was the fine shepheard *Lalus*, whom once he had afore him in Pastorall sports, and had greatly delighted in his wit full of pretie simplicity, and therefore laughing at his earnestneſſe, bee bad him be content, since he saw the pictures of so great Queenes, were faine to follow their champions fortune. But *Lalus* (euen weeping ripe) went among the rest, longing to see some body that would reuenge *Vranias* wrong, and praying heartily for euery body that ran against *Phalantus*, then beginning to feele pouerty, that he could not set himselfe to that tryall. But by and by, euen when the Sunne (like a noble hart) began to shew his greatest countenance in his lowest estate, there came in a Knight, called *Phebilus*, a Gentleman of that country, for whom hatefull

fortune had borowed the dart of loue, to make him miſerable by the ſight of *Philoclea*. For he had euen from her infancy lov'd her, & was ſtriken by her before ſhe was able to know what quiuer of arrows her eies caried; but he loued & deſpaired; & the more he deſpaired, the more he lov'd: he ſaw his own vnworthines, & therby made her excellency haue more terrible aſpect vpon him: he was ſo ſecret therin, as not daring to be open, that to no creature he euer ſpake of it, but his heart made ſuch ſilent complaints within it ſelfe, that while all his ſenſes were attentiue thereto, cunning Iudges might perceiue his mind: ſo that he was known to loue though he denied, or rather was the better known, becauſe he denied it. His armour & his attire was of a Sea colour, his *Impreſa*, the fiſh called *Sepia*, which being in the net, caſts a black ink about it ſelfe, that in the darkneſſe thereof it may ſcape: his word was, *Not ſo. Philocleas* picture with almoſt an idolatrous magnificence was borne in by him. But ſtraight iealouſie was a harbinger for diſdaine in *Zelmanes* heart, when ſhe ſaw any (but her ſelfe) ſhould be auowed a champion for *Philoclea*: in ſo much that ſhee wiſht his ſhame, till ſhe ſaw him ſhamed: for at the ſecond courſe hee was ſtriken quite from out of the ſaddle, ſo full of griefe, & rage withal, that he would fain with the ſword haue reuenged it: but that being contrary to the order ſet down, *Baſilius* wold not ſuffer; ſo that wiſhing himſelf in the bottom of the earth, he went his way, leauing *Zelmane* no leſſe angry with his loſſe, then ſhe would haue beene with his victory. For if ſhe thought before a riuals praiſe would haue angred her, her Ladies diſgrace did make her much more forget what ſhe then thought, while that paſsion raigned ſo much the more, as ſhe ſaw a pretty bluſh in *Philocheas* cheekes bewray a modeſt diſcontentment. But the night commanded truce for thoſe ſports, and *Phalantus* (though intreated) would not leaue *Arteſia*, who in no caſe would come into the houſe, hauing (as it were) ſuckt of *Cecropias* breath a mortall miſlike againſt *Baſilius*.

But the night meaſured by the ſhort ell of ſleepe, was ſoone paſt ouer, and the next morning had giuen the watchfull ſtarres leaue to take their reſt, when a trumpet ſummoned *Baſilius* to play his Iudges part: which he did, taking his wife and daughters with him; *Zelmane* hauing lockt her dore, ſo as they would not trouble her for that time: for already there was a Knight in the field, ready to proue *Helen* of *Corinth* had receiued great iniury, both by the erring iudgement of the chalenger, and the vnlucky weakeneſſe of her former defender. The new Knight was quickly known to be *Clitophon* (*Kalanders* ſonne of *Baſilius* his ſiſter) by his armour, which all guilt, was ſo well handled, that it ſhewed like a glittering ſand and grauell, interlaced with ſiluer riuers: his deuiſe hee had put in the picture of *Helen* which hee defended: It was the *Ermion* with a ſpeech that ſignified, *Rather dead then ſpotted*. But in that armour ſince he had parted from *Helen* (who would no longer his company, finding him to enter into tearmes of affection) hee had performed ſo honourable actions (ſtill ſeeking for his two friends by the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*) that though his face were couered, his being was diſcouered, which yet *Baſilius* (which had brought him vp in his Court) would not ſeeme to doe; but glad to ſee triall of him, of whom he had heard very well, he commanded the Trumpets to ſound; to which the two braue Knights obeying, they performed their courſes, breaking their ſix ſtaues, with ſo good, both skill in the hitting, and grace in the maner, that it bred ſom difficulty in the iudgement. But *Baſilius* in the end gaue ſentence againſt *Clitophon*, becauſe *Phalantus* had broken more ſtaues vpon the head, and that once *Clitophon* had receiued ſuch a blow, that he had

loſt

loſt the raines of his horſe, with his head well nie touching the croper of the horſe. But *Clitophon* was ſo angry with the iudgement (wherein he thought he had receiued wrong) that he omitted his duetie to his Prince, and vncle, and ſo dainly went his way ſtill in the queſt of them, whom as then he had left by ſeeking: and ſo yeelded the field to the next commer.

Who comming in about two houres after, was no leſſe marked then all the reſt before, becauſe he had nothing worth the marking. For he had neither picture, nor deuice, his armor of as old a faſhion (beſides the ruſtie poorenesſe) that it might better ſeeme a monument of his grandfathers courage: about his middle he had in ſteede of baſes, a long cloak of ſilke, which as vnhandſomely as it needes muſt, became the wearer: ſo that all that lookt on, meaſured his length on the earth all a-die, ſith he had to meet one who had beene victorious of ſo many gallants. But he went on towards the ſhield, and with a ſober grace ſtrake it; but as he let his ſword fall vpon it, another Knight, all in blacke came ruſtling in, who ſtrake the ſhield almoſt as ſoone as he, and ſo ſtrongly, that he brake the ſhield in two: the ill appointed Knight (for ſo the beholders called him) angry with that, (as he accounted) inſolent iniurie to himſelfe, hit him ſuch a ſound blow, that they that looked on ſaid, it well became a rude arme. The other anſwered him againe in the ſame caſe, ſo that Launces were put to ſilence, the ſwords were ſo buſie.

But *Phalantus* angry of this defacing his ſhield, came vpon the black knight, and with the pommell of his ſword ſet fire to his eyes, which preſently was reuenged, not onely by the Black, but the ill apparelled Knight, who diſdained another ſhould enter into his quarrell; ſo as, who euer ſaw a matachin daunce to imitate fighting, this was a fight that did imitate the matachin: for they being but three that fought, euery one had two aduerſaries, ſtriking him, who ſtrooke the third, and reuenging perhaps that of him, which he had receiued of the other. But *Baſilius* riſing himſelfe came to part them, the ſticklers authoritie ſcarſly able to perſwade cholerike hearers; and part them he did.

But before he could determine, comes in a fourth, halting on foote, who complained to *Baſilius*, demaunding iuſtice on the blacke Knight, for hauing by force taken away the picture of *Pamela* from him, which in little forme he ware in a Tablet, and couered with ſilke had faſtened it to his Helmet, purpoſing for want of a bigger, to paragon the little one with *Arteſias* length, not doubting but euen in that little quantitie, the excellencie of that would ſhine thorow the weakeneſſe of the other: as the ſmalleſt ſtarre doth thorow the whole Element of fire. And by the way he had met with this black Knight, who had (as he ſaid) robbed him of it. The iniurie ſeemed grieuous, but when it came fully to be examined, it was found, that the halting Knight meeting the other, asking the cauſe of his going thitherward, and finding it was to defend *Pamelas* diuine beautie againſt *Arteſias*, with a proud iollitie commaunded him to leaue the quarrell onely for him, who was onely worthy to enter into it. But the black Knight obeying no ſuch commandements, they fell to ſuch a bickering, that he gat a halting, and loſt his picture. This vnderſtood by *Baſilius*, he told him he was now fitter to looke to his own body, then an others picture: and ſo (vncomforted therein) ſent him away to learne of *Aeſculapius*, that he was not fit for *Venus*. But then the queſtion ariſing, who ſhould be the former againſt *Phalantus*, of the blacke, or the ill apparelled Knight, (who now had gotten the reputation of ſome ſturdie lout, he had ſo well defended himſelfe;) of the one ſide, was alleaged the hauing a picture, which the other wanted: of the other ſide,

the first striking the shield; but the conclusion was, that the ill apparrelled Knight should haue the precedence, if he deliuered the figure of his mistresse to *Phalantus*, who asking him for it, Certainly, said he, her liuelieſt picture, (if you could see it) is in my hart, and the best comparison I could make of her, is of the Sunne and of all the other heauenly beauties. But because perhaps all eyes cannot taste the diuinitie of her beauty, & would rather be dazeled, then raught by the light, if it be not clowded by some meaner thing; know ye thē, that I defend that same Lady, whose image *Phebilus* so feebly lost yesternight, and instreede of another (if you ouercome mee) you shall haue me your slaue to carie that image in your mistresse triumph. *Phalantus* easilie agreed to the bargaine, which already he made his owne.

But when it came to the triall, the ill apparelled Knight choosing out the greateſt staues in all the store, at the first course gaue his head such a remembrance, that he lost almost his remembrance, he himselfe receiuing the incounter of *Phalantus* without any extraordinarie motion. And at the second gaue him such a counterbuffe, that because *Phalantus* was so perfect a horseman, as not to be driuen from the saddle, the saddle with broken girthes was driuen from the horse: *Phalantus* remaining angry and amazed, because now being come almost to the last of his promised enterprise, that disgrace befell him, which he had neuer before knowne.

But the victorie beeing by the Iudges giuen, and the trumpets witnessed to the ill apparelled Knight, *Phalantus* disgrace was ingrieued in lieu of comfort of *Artesia*, who telling him she neuer lookt for other, bad him seek some other mistresse. He excusing himselfe, and turning ouer the fault to Fortune: Then let that be your ill Fortune too, said she, that you haue lost me.

Nay truely Madam, said *Phalantus*, it shall not be so: for I think the losse of such a Mistresse will proue a great gaine: and so concluded; to the sport of *Basilius*, to see young folks loue, that came in maskt with so great pomp, go out with so little constancie. But *Phalantus* first professing great seruice to *Basilius* for his curteous intermitting his solitarie course for his sake, would yet conduct *Artesia* to the castle of *Ceropia*, whither she desired to go: vowing in himselfe, that neither hart, nor mouth-loue, should euer any more intangle him: & with that resolution he left the company. Whence all being dismissed (among whom the black knight went away repining at his luck, that had kept him frō winning the honor, as he knew he should haue done, to the picture of *Pamela*) the ill apparelled knight (who was only desired to stay, because *Basilius* meant to shew him to *Zelmane*) puld off his Helmet, & then was known himselfe to be *Zelmane*: who that morning (as she told) while the others were busie, had stolne out to the Princes stable, which was a mile off frō the lodge, had gotten a horse (they knowing it was *Basilius* pleasure she should be obeyed) and borrowing that homely armour for want of a better, had come vpon the spurre to redeeme *Philocleas* picture, which she said, she could not beare, (beeing one of that little wildernes-company) should be in captiuity, if the cunning she had learned in her countrey of the noble *Amazons*, could withstand it: & vnder that pretext faine she would haue giuen a secret pasport to her affection. But this act painted at one instant redneſſe in *Philocleas* face, & palenes in *Gynecias*, but brought forth no other countenances but of admiration, no speeches but of commendations: all these few (besides loue) thinking they honoured themselues, in honouring so accomplished a person as *Zelmane*: whom daily they sought with some other sports to delight, for which purpose *Basilius* had in a house not farre off, seruaunts, who though they came not vncalled, yet at call were ready.

And

And ſo many dayes were ſpent, & many wayes vſed, while *Zelmane* was like one that ſtood in a tree, waiting a good occaſion to ſhoot, & *Gynecia* a blancher, which kept the deareſt Deer from her. But the day being come, on which according to an appointed courſe, the ſheepheards were to aſſemble, and make their paſtorall ſports afore *Baſilius*: *Zelmane* (fearing, leſt many eyes, and comming diuers wayes, might hap to ſpie *Muſidorus*) went out to warne him thereof.

But before ſhe could come to the arbor, ſhe ſaw walking from her-ward, a man in ſheepheardiſh apparell, who being in the ſight of the Lodge, it might ſeeme he was allowed there. A long cloake he had on, but that caſt vnder his right arme, wherein he held a ſheephooke, ſo finely wrought, that it gaue a brauery to pouertie; and his rayments, though they were meane, yet receiued they handſomnes by the grace of the wearer; though he himſelfe went but a kinde of languiſhing pace, with his eyes ſometimes caſt vp to heauen, as though his fancies ſtraue to mount higher; ſometimes throwne downe to the ground, as if the earth could not beare the burthen of his ſorrowes; at length, with a lamentable tune, he ſung theſe few verſes.

Come Sheepheards weeds, become your maſters minde:
Yeeld outward ſhew, what inward change he tryes:
Nor be abaſht, ſince ſuch a gueſt you finde,
Whoſe ſtrongeſt hope in your weake comfort lyes.

Come Sheepheards weeds, attend my wofull cryes:
Diſuſe your ſelues from ſweet Menalcas *vaine:*
For other be thoſe tunes which ſorrow tyes,
From thoſe cleere notes which freely may reioyce.
Then poure out plaint, and in one word ſay this:
Helpleſſe his plaint, who ſpeiles himſelfe of bliſſe.

And hauing ended, he ſtrake himſelfe on the breaſt; ſaying, O miſerable wretch, whither doe thy deſtinies guide thee? The voyce made *Zelmane* haſten her pace to ouertake him: which hauing done, ſhe plainly perceiued that it was her deare friend *Muſidorus*. Whereat maruelling not a little, ſhee demaunded of him, whether the goddeſſe of thoſe woods had ſuch a power to transforme euery body, or whether, as in all enterpriſes elſe he had done, he meant thus to match her in this new alteration. Alas (ſaid *Muſidorus*) what ſhall I ſay, who am loth to ſay, & yet faine would haue ſaid? I finde in deed, that all is but lip-wiſedome, which wants experience. I now (wo is me) do try what loue can do. O *Zelmane*, who will reſiſt it, muſt eyther haue no wit, or put out his eyes: can any man reſiſt his creation? certainly by loue we are made, and to loue we are made. Beaſts only cannot diſcerne beauty, and let them be in the roll of Beaſts that doe not honor it. The perfect friendſhip *Zelmane* bare him, and the great pitie ſhe (by good triall) had of ſuch caſes, could not keepe her from ſmiling at him, remembring how vehemently he had cried out againſt the folly of louers. And therefore a little to puniſh him, Why how now deare couſin (ſaid ſhe) you that were laſt day ſo high in the pulpit againſt louers, are you now become ſo mean an auditor? Remember that loue is a paſsion; & that a worthy mans reaſon muſt euer haue the maſterhood. I recant, I recant, cryed *Muſidorus*, and withall falling downe proſtrate, O thou celeſtiall, or infernall ſpirit of Loue, or whatother heauenly or helliſh title thou liſt to haue (for effects of both I finde in my ſelfe)

haue compasion of me, & let thy glory be as great in pardoning them that be submitted to thee, as in conquering those that were rebellious. No, no, said *Zelmane*, I see you well enough: you make but an enterlude of my mishaps, & do but counterfeit thus, to make me see the deformity of my passions: but take heed that this jest do not one day turne to earnest. Now I beseech thee (said *Musidorus*, taking her fast by the hand) euen for the truth of our friendship, of wch (if I be not altogether an vnhappy man) thou hast som remembrance, and by those secret flames which (I know) haue likewise nearly touched thee, make no jest of that, which hath so earnestly pierced me thorow, nor let that be light to thee, wch is to me so burdenous, that I am not able to beare it. *Musidorus* both in words and behauiour, did so liuely deliuer out his inward griefe, that *Zelmane* found indeed, he was thoroughly wounded: but there rose a new iealousie in her mind, lest it might be with *Philoclea*, by whom, as *Zelmane* thought, in right all hearts and eyes should be inherited. And therefore desirous to be cleered of that doubt, *Musidorus* shortly (as in hast and full of passionate perplexednesse) thus recounted his case vnto her.

The day, said he, I parted from you, I being in mind to returne to a towne, from whence I came hither, my horse being before tired, would scarce beare me a mile hence: where being benighted, the light of a candle (I saw a good way off) guided me to a young shepheards house, by name *Menalcas*, who seeing me to be a straying stranger, with the right honest hospitality which seems to be harbored in the *Arcadian* breasts, & thogh not with curious costlines, yet with cleanly sufficiency, entertained me: & hauing by talke with him, found the maner of the country, somthing more in particular, then I had by *Kalanders* report, I agreed to soiourne with him in secret, which he faithfully promised to obserue. And so hither to your arbor diuers times repaired: & here by your means had the sight (O that it had neuer bin so, nay, O that it might euer be so) of the goddesse, who in a definite compasse can set forth infinite beauty. All this while *Zelmane* was racked with iealousie. But he went on, for, said he, I lying close, and in truth thinking of you, and saying thus to my selfe, O sweet *Pyrocles*, how art thou bewitched? where is thy vertue? where is the vse of thy reason? how much am I inferior to thee in the state of the mind? and yet know I, that all the heauens cannot bring me to such thraldō. Scarcely, I think, I had spoken this word, when the Ladies came forth; at which sight, I think the very words returned backe againe to strike my soule: at least, an vnmeasurable sting I felt in my selfe, that I had spoken such words. At which sight? said *Zelmane*, not able to bear him any longer. O (said *Musidorus*) I know your suspiciō: No, no, banish all such fear, it was, it is, and must be *Pamela*. Then all is safe (said *Zelmane*) proceed, deare *Musidorus*. I will not, said he, impute it to my late solitary life (wch yet is prone to affections) nor to the much thinking of you (thogh that cald the consideration of loue into my mind, which before I euer neglected) nor to the exaltation of *Venus*, nor reuenge of *Cupid*; but euen to her, who is the Planet, nay, the Goddesse, against which, the only shield must be my Sepulcher. When I first saw her, I was presently striken, & I (like a foolish childe, that when any thing hits him, will strike himselfe againe vpon it) would needs looke againe, as though I would perswade mine eyes, that they were deceiued. But alas, well haue I found, that loue to a yeelding heart is a King: but to a resisting is a tyrant. The more with arguments I shaked the stake, which he had planted in the ground of my heart, the deeper still it sanke into it. But what mean I to speake of the causes of my loue, which is as impossible to describe, as to measure the backside of heauen? Let this word suffice, I loue.

And

And that you may know I do ſo, it was I that came in blacke armour to defend her picture, where I was both preuented, and beaten by you. And ſo, I that waited here to doe you ſeruice, haue now my ſelfe moſt need of ſuccor. But whereupon got you your ſelfe this apparel, ſaid *Zelmane*? I had forgotten to tell you, ſaid *Muſidorus*, though that were one principall matter of my ſpeech, ſo much am I now maſter of my owne mind. But thus it happened: being returned to *Menalcas* houſe, full of tormenting deſire, after a while fainting vnder the weight, my courage ſtird vp my wit to ſeeke for ſome relieſe, before I yeelded to periſh. At laſt this came into my head, that very euening, that I had to no purpoſe laſt vſed my horſe and armour. I tolde *Menalcas*, that I was a *Theſſalian* Gentleman, who by miſchance hauing kill'd a great fauorite of the Prince of that country, was purſued ſo cruelly, that in no place, but eyther by fauour, or corruption, they would obtain my deſtruction; and that therfore I was determined (till the fury of my perſecutors might be aſſwaged) to diſguiſe my ſelfe among the ſhepheards of *Arcadia*, and (if it were poſsible) to be one of them that were allowed the Princes preſence; becauſe if the worſt ſhould fall, that I were diſcouered, yet hauing gotten the acquaintance of the Prince, it might happen to moue his heart to protect me. *Menalcas* (being of an honeſt diſpoſition) pitied my caſe, which my face through my inward torment made credible; and ſo (I giuing him largely for it) let me haue his rayment, inſtructing me in all the particularities, touching himſelfe, or my ſelfe, which I deſired to know: yet not truſting ſo much to his conſtancie, as that I would lay my life, and life of my life, vpon it, I hired him to go into *Theſſalia* to a friend of mine, and to deliuer him a letter from me; coniuring him to bring me as ſpeedie an anſwere as he could, becauſe it imported me greatly to know, whether certaine of my friends did yet poſſeſſe any fauour, whoſe interceſsions I might vſe for my reſtitution. He willingly tooke my letter, which being well ſealed, indeede contained other matter. For I wrote to my truſty ſeruant *Calodoulus* (whom you know) that aſſoone as he had deliuered the letter, he ſhould keepe him priſoner in his houſe, not ſuffering him to haue conference with any body, till he knew my further pleaſure: in all other reſpects that he ſhould vſe him as my brother. And thus is *Menalcas* gone, and I here a poore ſhepheard; more proude of this eſtate, then of any kingdom: ſo manifeſt it is, that the higheſt point outward things can bring one vnto, is the contentment of the mind: with which, no eſtate; without which, all eſtates be miſerable. Now haue I choſen this day, becauſe (as *Menalcas* tolde me) the other ſheepheards are called to make their ſports, and hope that you will with your credite, finde meanes to get me allowed among them. You need not doubt (anſwered *Zelmane*) but that I will be your good miſtreſſe: marrie the beſt way of dealing muſt be by *Dametas*, who ſince his blunt braine hath perceiued ſome fauour the Prince doth beare vnto me (as without doubt the moſt ſeruile flatterie is lodged moſt eaſily in the groſſeſt capacity, for their ordinary conceipt draweth a yeelding to their greaters, and then haue they not wit to diſcerne the right degrees of duty) is much more ſeruiceable vnto me, then I can finde any cauſe to wiſh him. And therefore deſpaire not to winne him: for euery preſent occaſion will catch his ſenſes, and his ſenſes are maſters of his ſilly minde; onely reuerence him, and reward him, and with that bridle and ſaddle you ſhall well ride him. O heauen and earth (ſaid *Muſidorus*) to what a paſſe are our mindes brought, that from the right line of vertue, are wryed to theſe crooked ſhifts? But O Loue, it is thou that doſt it: thou changeſt name vpon name; thou diſguiſeſt our bodies, and diſfigureſt our mindes.

But

But indeed thou haſt reaſon, for though the wayes be foule, the iourneyes end is moſt faire and honourable.

No more ſweet *Muſidorus* (ſaid *Zelmane*) of theſe Philoſophies, for here comes the very perſon of *Dametas*. And ſo he did indeed, with a ſword by his ſide, a Forreſt bill on his necke, and a chopping-knife vnder his girdle: in which well prouided ſort he had euer gone ſince the feare *Zelmane* had put him in. But he no ſooner ſaw her, but with head and armes he laid his reuerence afore her, enough to haue made any man forſweare all curteſie. And then in *Baſilius* name he did inuite her to walk downe to the place, where that day they were to haue the paſtorals.

But when he ſpied *Muſidorus* to be none of the ſhepheards allowed in that place, he would faine haue perſwaded himſelfe to vtter ſome anger, but that he durſt not; yet muttering & champing, as though his cud troubled him, he gaue occaſion to *Muſidorus* to come neare him, and feine this tale of his owne life: That he was a younger brother of the ſheepheard *Menalcas*, by name *Dorus*, ſent by his father in his tender age to *Athens*, there to learne ſome cunning more then ordinarie, that he might be the better liked of the Prince: and that after his fathers death, his brother *Menalcas* (lately gone thither to fetch him home) was alſo deceaſed: where (vpon his death) he had charged him to ſeeke the ſeruice of *Dametas*, and to be wholly & euer guided by him, as one in whoſe iudgement & integrity the Prince had ſingular confidence. For token whereof, he gaue to *Dametas* a good ſum of gold in ready coine, wch *Menalcas* had bequeathed vnto him, vpon condition he ſhold receiue this poor *Dorus* into his ſeruice, that his mind and maners might grow the better by his daily example. *Dametas*, that of all maner of ſtile could beſt conceiue of golden eloquẽce, being withall tickled by *Muſidorus* praiſes, had his brain ſo turned, that he became ſlaue to that, which he that ſued to be his ſeruant offered to giue him: yet for countenance ſake, he ſeemed very ſqueamiſh, in reſpect of the charge he had of the Princeſſe *Pamela*. But ſuch was the ſecret operation of the gold, helped with the perſwaſion of the Amazon *Zelmane* (who ſaid it was pitie ſo handſom a young man ſhould be any where elſe then with ſo good a maſter) that in the end he agreed (if that day he behaued himſelfe ſo to the liking of *Baſilius*, as he might be contented) that then he would receiue him into his ſeruice.

And thus went they to the Lodge, where they found *Gynecia* and her daughters ready to go to the field, to delight themſelues there a while, vntill the ſheepheards coming: whither alſo taking *Zelmane* with them, as they went, *Dametas* told them of *Dorus*, and deſired he might be accepted there that day in ſtead of his brother *Menalcas*. As for *Baſilius*, he ſtayed behinde to bring the ſhepheards, with whom he meant to conferre, to breed the better *Zelmanes* liking (which he onely regarded) while the other beautifull band came to the faire field, appointed for the ſheepheardiſh paſtimes. It was indeed a place of delight; for through the middeſt of it there ran a ſweet brooke, with did both hold the eye open with her azure ſtreames, & yet ſeeke to cloſe the eye with the purling noiſe it made vpon the pibble ſtones it ranne ouer: the field it ſelfe being ſet in ſom places with Roſes, & in all the reſt conſtantly preſerûing a flouriſhing green: the Roſes added ſuch a ruddy ſhew vnto it, as though the field were baſhfull at his owne beauty: about it (as if it had beene to incloſe a Theatre) grew ſuch ſorts of trees, as eyther excellency of fruit, ſtatelines of growth, continuall greenenes, or Poeticall fancies, haue made at any time famous. In moſt part of which there had bin framed by arte ſuch pleaſant arbors, that (one anſwering another) they became a gallerie aloft from tree to tree almoſt round about, which

which below gaue a perfect shadow, a pleasant refuge then from the cholerick looke of *Phœbus*.

In this place while *Gynecia* walked hard by them, carying many vnquiet contentions about her, the Ladies sate them downe, inquiring diuerse questions of the shepheard *Dorus*; who (keeping his eye still vpon *Pamela*) answered with such a trembling voice, and abashed countenance, and oftentimes so far from the matter, that it was some sport for the young Ladies, thinking it want of education, which made him so discountenanced with vnwonted presence. But *Zelmane* that saw in him the glasse of her owne miserie, taking the hand of *Philoclea*, and with burning kisses setting it close to her lips (as if it should stand there like a hand in the margine of a booke, to note some saying worthy to be marked) began to speak these words. O Loue, sith thou art so changeable in mens estates, how art thou so constant in their torments? when sodenly there came out of a wood a monstrous Lyon, with a shee Beare not farre from him, of little lesse fiercenesse, which (as they ghest) hauing been hunted in forrests farre off, were by chaunce come thither, where before such beasts had neuer bene seene. Then care, not feare; or feare, not for themselues, altered something the countenances of the two Louers, but so, as any man might perceiue, was rather an assembling of powers, then dismaiednesse of courage. *Philoclea* no sooner espied the Lyon, but that obeying the commandement of feare, she leapt vp, and ran to the Lodge-ward, as fast as her delicate legges could carie her, while *Dorus* drew *Pamela* behind a tree, where she stood quaking like the Partridge, on which the Hauke is euen ready to seaze. But the Lion (seeing *Philoclea* run away) bent his race to her-ward, and was ready to seaze himselfe on the pray; when *Zelmane* (to whom danger then was a cause of dreadlesnesse, all the composition of her elements beeing nothing but fierie) with swiftnesse of desire crost him, and with force of affection strake him such a blowe vpon his chine, that shee opened all his bodie: where-with the valiant beast turning vpon her with open iawes, shee gaue him such a thrust through his breast, that all the Lyon could do, was with his paw to teare off the mantle & sleeue of *Zelmane*, with a little scratch, rather then a wound; his death-blow hauing taken away the effect of his force: but therewithall hee fell downe, and gaue *Zelmane* leasure to take off his head, to cary it for a present to her Lady *Philoclea*: who all this while (not knowing what was done behind her) kept on her course, like *Arethusa* when she ran from *Alpheus*; her light apparel being caried vp with the wind, that much of those beauties, she would at another time haue willingly hidden, was presented to the sight of twise wounded *Zelmane*. Which made *Zelmane* not follow her ouer hastilie, least shee should too soone depriue her selfe of that pleasure: but carying the Lyons head in her hand, did not fully ouertake her, till they came to the presence of *Basilius*. Neither were they long there, but that *Gynecia* came thither also; who had been in such a traunce of musing, that *Zelmane* was fighting with the Lyon, before she knew of any Lyons comming: but then affection resisting, and the soone ending of the fight preuenting all extremitie of feare, shee marked *Zelmanes* fighting: and when the Lyons head was off, as *Zelmane* ran after *Philoclea*, so she could not find in her heart but run after *Zelmane*: so that it was a new sight, Fortune had prepared to those woods, to see these great personages thus run one after the other: each caried forward with an inward violence: *Philoclea* with such feare, that she thought she was still in the Lyons mouth: *Zelmane* with an eager and impatient delight; *Gynecia* with wings of loue, flying she neither knew, nor cared to know whither. But now, being all come before *Basilius*,

amazed

amazed with this sight, and feare hauing such possession in the faire *Philoclea*, that her bloud durst not yet to come to her face, to take away the name of paleneſſe frō her most pure whitenesse, *Zelmane* kneeled downe, and presented the Lyons head vnto her: Only Lady, said she, here see you the punishment of that vnnaturall beast, which contrary to his own kind, would haue wronged Princes bloud, guided with such traiterous eyes, as durst rebell against your beautie. Happy am I, & my beauty both (answered the sweete *Philoclea* then blushing, for Feare had bequeathed his roome to his kinsman Bashfulnes) that you excellent *Amazon*, were here to teach him good maners. And euen thanks to that beautie, answered *Zelmane*, which can giue an edge to the bluntest swords. There *Philoclea* told her father how it had happened: but as she had turned her eyes in her tale to *Zelmane*, she perceiued som bloud vpon *Zelmanes* shoulder, so that starting with the louely grace of pitie, shee shewed it to her father and mother: who, as the nurse sometimes with ouer-much kissing may forget to giue the babe sucke, so had they with too much delighting in beholding and praising *Zelmane*, left off to marke whether she needed succour. But then they ran both vnto her, like a father & mother to an onely child, and (though *Zelmane* assured them it was nothing) would needs see it, *Gynecia* hauing skil in Chirurgerie, an arte in those dayes much esteemed, because it serued to vertuous courage, which euen Ladies would (euer with the contempt of cowards) seeme to cherish. But looking vpon it (which gaue more inward bleeding wounds to *Zelmane*, for she might sometimes feele *Philocleas* touch, whiles she helped her mother) shee found it was indeed of no importance: yet applied she a precious baulme vnto it, of power to heale a greater griefe.

But euen then, and not before, they remembred *Pamela*, and therefore *Zelmane* (thinking of her friend *Dorus*) was returning back to be satisfied; when they might all see *Pamela* comming betweene *Dorus* and *Dametas*, hauing in her hand the paw of a Beare, which the shepheard *Dorus* had newly presented vnto her, desiring her to accept it, as of such a beast, which though she deserued death for her presumption, yet was her wit to be esteemed, since she could make so sweet a choice. *Dametas* for his part came piping and dauncing, the merriest man in a parish: but when hee came so neare as he might be heard of *Basilius*, he would needes breake through his cares with this ioyfull song of their good successe:

Now thanked be the great God Pan,
Which thus preserues my loued life:
Thanked be I that keepe a man,
Who ended hath this bloudie strife:
For if my man must praises haue,
What then must I that keepe the knaue?

For as the Moone the eye doth please,
With gentle beames not hurting sight:
Yet hath sir Sunne the greatest praise,
because from him doth come her light:
So if my man must praises haue,
what then must I that keepe the knaue?

Being all now come together, and all desirous to know each others aduentures, *Pamelas* noble heart would needs gratefully make knowne the valiant meane of her

safetie

safety, which (directing her speech to her mother) she did in this maner. As soon, said she, as ye were al run away, & that I hoped to be in safety, there came out of the same woods a horrible fowle Beare, which (fearing belike to deale, while the Lió was present, as soone as he was gone) came furiously towards the place where I was, & this yong shepheard left alone by me; I truly (not guilty of any wisedō, which since they lay to my charge, because they say, it is the best refuge against that beast, but euen pure fear bringing forth the effect of wisdom) fel down flat on my face, needing not counterfait being dead, for indeed I was little better. But this yong shepheard with a wonderful courage, hauing no other weapō but that knife you see standing before the place where I lay, so behaued himself, that the first sight I had (when I thought my selfe already neare *Charons* ferrie) was the shepheard shewing me his bloudie knife in token of victorie. I pray you (said *Zelmane*, speaking to *Dorus*, whose valour she was carefull to haue manifested) in what sort, so il weaponed, could you atchieue this enterprise? Noble Lady, said *Dorus*, the maner of these beasts fighting with any man, is to stand vpon their hinder feet; and so this did, and being ready to giue me a shrewd embracement, I thinke the God *Pan* (euer careful of the chief blessings of *Arcadia*) guided my hand so iust to the heart of the beast, that neither shee could once touch me, nor (which is the onely matter in this worthy remembrance) breed any danger to the Princesse. For my part, I am rather (with all subiected humblenesse) to thanke her excellencies, since the duty thereunto gaue me heart to saue my selfe, then to receiue thanks for a deed, which was her onely inspiring. And this *Dorus* spake, keeping affection as much as he could backe from comming into his eyes and gestures. But *Zelmane* (that had the same character in her heart) could easilie discipher it, and therefore to keepe him the longer in speech, desired to vnderstand the conclusion of the matter; and how the honest *Dametas* was escaped. Nay said *Pamela*, none shall take that office from my selfe, being so much bound to him as I am, for my education. And with that word, scorne borrowing the countenance of mirth, somewhat she smiled, and thus spake on: When (said she) *Dorus* made mee assuredly perceiue, that all cause of feare was passed (the truth is) I was ashamed to find my selfe alone with this shepheard; and therefore looking about me, if I could see any body; at length we both perceiued the gentle *Dametas*, lying with his head and breast as far as he could thrust himselfe into a bush, drawing vp his legs as close vnto him as he could: for, like a man of a very kind nature, soone to take pitty of himselfe, he was full resolued not to see his owne death. And when this shepheard pushed him, bidding him to be of good cheere; it vvas a great while ere wee could perswade him, that *Dorus* was not the Beare: so that he was fain to pull him out by the heeles, and shew him the beast, as dead as he could wish it: which you may beleeue me, was a very ioyfull sight vnto him. But then he forgate all curtesie, for hee fell vpon the beast, giuing it many a manfull wound: swearing by much, it vvas not well such beasts should be suffered in a common wealth. And then my gouernor, as ful of ioy, as before of feare, came dauncing and singing before vs as euen novv you saw him. Wel well (said *Basilius*) I haue not chosen *Dametas* for his fighting, nor for his discoursing, but for his plainnesse & honesty, & therin I know he wil not deceiue me. But then he told *Pamela* (not so much because she should know it, as because he wold tel it) the wonderful act *Zelmane* had performed, which *Gynecia* likewise spake of, both in such extremitie of praising, as was easie to be seene, the construction of their speech might best be made by the Grammer rules of affection. *Basilius* told with what a gallant grace shee ranne with the Lyons head in her hand, like another

Pallas

Pallas with the ſpoiles of *Gorgon*. *Gynecia* ſware, ſhe ſaw the very face of the young *Hercules* killing the *Nemean* Lion, and all vvith a grateful aſſent confirmed the ſame praiſes: only poore *Dorus* (though of equall deſert, yet not proceeding of equall eſtate) ſhould haue bin left forgotten, had not *Zelmane* againe with great admiration begun to ſpeake of him; asking, whether it were the faſhion or no, in *Arcadia*, that ſhepheards ſhould performe ſuch valorous enterpriſes.

This *Baſilius* (hauing the quicke ſence of a louer) tooke, as though his Miſtreſſe had giuen him a ſecret reprehenſion, that he had not ſhewed more gratefulneſſe to *Dorus*; and therefore (as nimbly as hee could) enquired of his eſtate, adding promiſe of great rewards: among the reſt, offering to him, if he vvould exerciſe his courage in ſouldierie, hee vvould commit ſome charge vnto him vnder his Lieutenant *Philanax*. But *Dorus* (whoſe ambition climed by another ſtaire) hauing firſt anſwered touching his eſtate, that he vvas brother to the ſhepherd *Menalcas*; who among other, was wont to reſort to the Princes preſence, and excuſed his going to ſouldierie, by the vnaptneſſe he found in himſelfe that way; he told *Baſilius*, that his brother in his laſt teſtament had willed him to ſerue *Dametas*; and therefore (for due obedience therunto) he would think his ſeruice greatly rewarded, if he might obtain by that meane to liue in the ſight of his Prince, and yet practiſe his owne choſen vocation. *Baſilius* (liking vvel his goodly ſhape and handſome manner) charged *Dametas* to receiue him like a ſonne into his houſe; ſaying, that his valour, and *Dametas* truth vvould be good bulwarkes againſt ſuch miſchiefes, as (he ſticked not to ſay) vvere threatned to his daughter *Pamela*.

Dametas, no whit out of countenance vvith all that had bene ſaid (becauſe he had no vvorſe to fal into then his owne) accepted *Dorus*: and withall telling *Baſilius*, that ſome of the ſhepheards vvere come; demanded in vvhat place hee vvould ſee their ſports: who firſt, curious to knovv whether it were not more requiſite for *Zelmanes* hurt to reſt, then ſit vp at thoſe paſtimes; and ſhee (that felt no wound but one) earneſtly deſired to haue the Paſtorals. *Baſilius* commanded it ſhould be at the gate of the Lodge: where the throne of the Prince being (according to the ancient maner) he made *Zelmane* ſit betweene him and his vvife therein, who thought her ſelfe betweene drowning and burning: and the two young Ladies of either ſide the throne, and ſo prepared their eyes and eares to be delighted by the ſhepheards.

But before all of them vvere aſſembled to begin their ſports, there came a fellow vvho being out of breath (or ſeeming ſo to be for haſte) vvith humble haſtineſs told *Baſilius*, that his Miſtreſſe, the Ladie *Cecropia*, had ſent him to excuſe the miſchance of her beaſts raunging in that dangerous ſort, being happened by the follie of the keeper; who thinking himſelfe able to rule them, had carried them abroad, & ſo was deceiued: whom yet (if *Baſilius* would puniſh for it) ſhe was ready to deliuer. *Baſilius* made no other anſwere, but that his Miſtreſſe if ſhe had any more ſuch beaſts, ſhould cauſe them to be killed: & then he told his wife and *Zelmane* of it, becauſe they ſhould not fear thoſe woods, as though they harboured ſuch beaſts, where the like had neuer beene ſeen. But *Gynecia* tooke a further conceit of it, miſtruſting greatly *Cecropia*, becauſe ſhe had heard much of the diueliſh wickedneſſe of her heart, and that particularlie ſhe did her beſt to bring vp her ſonne *Amphialus* (being brothers ſon to *Baſilius*) to aſpire to the Crowne, as next heire male after *Baſilius*; and therfore ſavv no reaſon, but that ſhe might coniecture, it proceeded rather of ſome miſchieuous practiſe, then of misfortune. Yet did ſhe only vtter her doubt to her daughters, thinking, ſince the worſt was paſt, ſhe would attend a further occaſion, leaſt ouer much

haſt

haſt might ſeeme to proceede of the ordinarie miſlike betweene ſiſters in law, onlie they maruelled that *Baſilius* looked no further into it, who (good man) thought ſo much of his late conceiued common wealth, that all other matters were but digreſsions vnto him. But the ſhepheards were readie, and with well handling themſelues, called their ſenſes to attend their paſtimes.

The firſt Eclogues.

Baſilius, becauſe *Zelmane* ſo would haue it, vſed the artificiall day of torches, to lighten the ſports their inuentions could miniſter: and becauſe many of the ſhepheards were but newly come, he did in a gentle manner chaſtiſe their negligence, with making them (for that night) the torch-bearers; and the others, he willed with all fredome of ſpeech and behauiour to keepe their accuſtomed method: which while they prepared to do, *Dametas*, who much diſdained (ſince his late authoritie) all his old companions, brought his ſeruant *Dorus* in good acquaintance and allowance of them, and himſelfe ſtood like a directer ouer them, with nodding, gaping, winking, or ſtamping, ſhewing how hee did like or miſlike thoſe thinges he did not vnderſtand. The firſt ſports the ſhepheards ſhewed, were ful of ſuch leaps and gambols, as being accorded to the pipe (which they bare in their mouthes, euen as they daunced) made a right picture of their chiefe God *Pan*, and his companions the *Satyres*. Then would they caſt away their pipes, and holding hand in hand, daunce as it were in a braule, by the only cadence of their voyces, which they would vſe in ſinging ſome ſhort coplets, whereto the one halfe beginning, the other halfe ſhould anſwer as the one halfe, ſaying:

We loue, and haue our loues rewarded.

The others would anſwer.

We loue, and are no whit regarded.

The firſt againe.

We find moſt ſweet affection ſnare.

With like tune it ſhould be as in a quire ſent backe againe.

That ſweet, but ſowre deſpaire full care.

A third time likewiſe thus:

Who can deſpaire, whom hope doth beare?

The anſwere.

And who can hope that feeles deſpaire?

Then all ioyning their voyces, and dauncing a faſter meaſure, they would conclude with ſome ſuch words:

As without breath no pipe doth moue,
No muſicke kindly without loue.

Hauing thus varied both their ſongs and daunces into diuers ſorts of inuentions; their laſt ſport was, one of them to prouoke another to a more large expreſſing of his paſsions: which *Thyrſis* (accounted one of the beſt ſingers amongſt them) hauing marked in *Dorus* dauncing, no leſſe good grace and handſome behauiour, then extreame tokens of a troubled mind; began firſt with his pipe, and then with his voice, thus to chalenge *Dorus*, and was by him anſwered in the vnderwritten ſort.

Thirſis and Dorus.

Thyrſis. *Come* Dorus, *come, let ſongs thy ſorrowes ſignifie,*
And if for want of vſe thy mind aſhamed is,
That verie ſhame with loues high title dignifie.
No ſtile is held for baſe, where loue well named is:
Each eare ſucks vp the words a true-loue ſcattereth,
And plaine ſpeech oft, than quaint phraſe better framed is.

Dorus. *Nightingales ſeldome ſing, the Pie ſtill chattereth,*
The wood cries moſt, before it throughly kindled be,
Deadlie wounds inward bleed, each ſlight ſore mattereth.
Hardlie they heard, which by good hunters ſingled be:
Shallow brookes murmure moſt, deepe ſilent ſlide away,
Nor true-loue loues, his loues with others mingled be.

Thyrſis. *If thou wilt not be ſeene, thy face go hide away,*
Be none of vs, or els maintaine our faſhion:
Who frownes at others feaſts, doth better bide away,
But if thou haſt a loue, in that loues paſſion,
I challenge thee by ſhew of her perfection,
Which of vs two deſerueth moſt compaſſion.

Dorus. *Thy challenge great, but greater my protection:*
Sing then, and ſee (for now thou haſt inflamed me)
Thy health too meane a match for my infection.
No though the heau'ns for high attempts haue blamed me,
Yet high is my attempt. O Muſe *hiſtorifie*
Her praiſe, whoſe praiſe to learne your skill hath framed me.

Thyrſis. Muſe *hold your peace: but thou my God* Pan *glorifie*
My Kalas *gifts, who with all good gifts filled,*
Thy pipe, ô Pan, *ſhall help, though I ſing ſorilie:*
A heape of ſweetes ſhe is, where nothing ſpilled is;
Who though ſhe be no Bee, yet full of honey is:
A lillie field, with plough of Roſe which tilled is.
Mild as a Lamb, more daintie then a Conie is:
Her eyes my eyeſight is, her conuerſation
More glad to me, then to a miſer money is.
What coy account ſhe makes of eſtimation?
How nice to touch? how all her ſpeeches peiſed be?
A Nymph thus turn'd, but mended in tranſlation.

Dorus. *Such* Kala *is: but ah my fancies raiſed be*
In one, whoſe name to name were high preſumption,
Since vertues all, to make her title, pleaſed be.
O happie Gods, which by inward aſſumption

Enioy

Enioy her ſoule, in bodies faire poſſeſſion,
And keepe it ioyn'd, fearing your ſeates conſumption.
How oft with raine of teares skies make confeſſion,
Their dwellers rapt with ſight of her perfection,
From heau'nly throne to her heau'n vſe digreſſion?
Of beſt things then what worlds ſhall yeeld confection
To liken her? decke yours wiſh your compariſon:
She is her ſelfe of beſt things the collection.

Thyrſis. *How oft my dolefull Sire cride to me, tarie ſonne,*
When firſt he ſpied my loue? how oft he ſaid to me,
Thou art no ſouldier fit for Cupids *garriſon?*
My ſonne, keepe this, that my long toyle hath layd to me:
Loue well thine owne: me think, wools whiteneſſe paſſeth all:
I neuer found long loue ſuch wealth hath paid to me.
This wind he ſpent: but when my Kala *glaſſeth all*
My ſight in her faire limmes, I then aſſure my ſelfe,
Not rotten ſheepe, but high crownes ſhe ſurpaſſeth all.
Can I be poore, that her gold haire procure my ſelfe?
Want I white wooll, whoſe eyes her white skin garniſhed?
Till I get her, ſhall I to keepe inure my ſelfe?

Dorus. *How oft, when Reaſon ſaw, Loue of her harniſed*
With armour of my heart, he cried, ô vanitie
So ſet a pearle in ſteele ſo meanelie varniſhed?
Looke to thy ſelfe, reach not beyond humanitie.
Her mind, beames, ſtate, farre from thy weake wings baniſhed:
And loue which louer hurts is inhumanitie:
Thus Reaſon ſaid: but ſhe came, Reaſon vaniſhed;
Her eyes ſo maiſtering me, that ſuch obiection
Seem'd but to ſpoile the food of thoughts long famiſhed,
Her peerleſſe height my mind to high erection
Drawes vp; and if hope failing end lifes pleaſure,
Of fairer death how can I make election?

Thyrſis. *Once my well waiting eyes eſpied my treaſure,*
With ſleeues turn'd vp, looſe haire, and breſt enlarged,
Her fathers corne (mouing her faire limmes) meaſure.
O cried I, of ſo meane worke be diſcharged:
Meaſure my caſe how by thy beauties filling
With ſeed of woes my heart brim full is charged.
Thy father bids thee ſaue, and chides for ſpilling.
Saue then my ſoule, ſpill not my thoughts well heaped,
No louely praiſe was euer got by killing.
Theſe bold words ſhe did beare, this fruit I reaped,
That ſhe whoſe looke alone might make me bleſſed,
Did ſmile on me, and then away ſhe leaped.

Dorus. *Once, O ſweet once, I ſaw with dread oppreſſed*
Her whome I dread: ſo that with proſtrate lying
Her length the earth in Loues chiefe clothing dreſſed.
I ſaw that riches fall, and fell a crying;
Let not dead earth enioy ſo deare a couer,
But decke therewith my ſoule for your ſake dying:
Lay all your feare vpon your fearefull Louer:
Shine eyes on me that both our liues be guarded;
So I your ſight, you ſhall your ſelues recouer.
I cried, and was with open rayes rewarded:
But ſtraight they fled, ſummond by cruell honour,
Honour, the cauſe deſert is not regarded.

Thyrſis. *This Maide, thus made for ioyes, ô* Pan *bemone her,*
That without loue ſhe ſpends her yeares of loue:
So faire a field, would well become an owner.
And if enchauntment can a hard hart moue,
Teach me what circle may acquaint her ſprite,
Affections charmes in my behalfe to proue.
The circle is my (round about her) ſight,
The power I will inuoke dwells in her eyes:
My charmes ſhould be, ſhe haunt me day and night.

Dorus. *Farre other caſe, ô Muſe, my ſorow tries,*
Bent to ſuch one in whom my ſelfe muſt ſay,
Nothing can mend one point that in her lies.
What circle then in ſo rare force beares ſway?
Whoſe ſpirit all ſpirites can foile, raiſe, damne or ſaue:
No charme holds her, but well poſſeſſe ſhe may,
Poſſeſſe ſhe doth, and makes my ſoule her ſlaue,
My eyes the bands, my thoughts the fatall knot.
No thrall like them that inward bondage haue.

Thyrſis. Kala *at length conclude my lingring lot:*
Diſdaine me not, although I be not faire.
Who is an heire of manie hundreth ſheepe,
Doth beauties keepe which neuer ſunne can burne,
Nor ſtormes do turne: fairneſſe ſerues oft to wealth.
Yet all my health I place in your good will.
Which if you will (ô do beſtow on me,
Such as you ſee, ſuch ſtill you ſhall me find,
Conſtant and kind, my ſheepe your food ſhall breed,
Their wooll your weed, I will you muſicke yeeld
In flowry field, and as the day begins
With twentie ginnes we will the ſmall birds take,
And paſtimes make, as nature things hath made.
But when in ſhade we meet of Myrtle bowes,
Then loue allowes our pleaſures to enrich,

The thought of which doth passe all worldly pelfe.
Ladie your selfe whom neither name I dare,
And titles are but spots to such a worth,
Heare plaints come forth from dungeon of my mind.
The noblest kind reiects not others woes.
I haue no shewes of wealth: my wealth is you,
My beauties hew your beames, my health your deeds;
My minde for weeds your vertues liuerie weares.
My food is teares, my tunes waymenting yeeld:
Despaire my field; the flowers spirits warres:
My day new cares; my ginnes my daily sight,
In which do light small birds of thoughts ore throwne:
My pastimes none, time passeth on my fall.
Nature made all but me, of dolours made:
I find no shade, but where my sunne doth burne:
No place to turne; without, within it fries:
Nor helpe by life or death, who liuing dies.

Thyrsis. But if my Kala thus my sute denies,
Which so much reason beares:
Let Crowes picke out mine eyes, which too much saw.
If she still hate loues law,
My earthy mould doth melt in watrie teares.

Dorus. My earthy mould doth melt in watrie teares,
And they againe resolue
To aire of sighes, sighes to the harts fire turne,
Which doth to ashes burne.
Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolue.

Thyrsis. Thus doth my life within it selfe dissolue,
That I grow like the beast,
Which beares the bit a weaker force doth guide,
Yet patient must abide.
Such weight it hath, which once is full possest.

Dorus. Such weight it hath which once is full possest,
That I become a vision,
Which hath in others head his onely being,
And liues in fancie seeing.
O wretched state of man in selfe diuision!

Thyrsis. O wretched state of man in selfe diuision!
O well thou sayest! a feeling declaration
Thy tongue hath made of Cupids deepe incision.
But now hoarse voyce, doth faile this occupation,
And others long to tell their loues condition.
Of singing thou hast got the reputation.

Dorus. *Of ſinging thou haſt got the reputation,*
Good Thyrſis mine, I yeeld to thy abilitie;
My heart doth ſeeke another eſtimation.
But ah my Muſe, I would thou hadſt facilitie
To worke thy goddeſſe ſo by thy inuention,
On me to caſt thoſe eyes where ſhine Nobilitie:
Seene and vnknowne; heard, but without attention.

Dorus did ſo well in anſwering *Thyrſis*, that euery one deſired to heare him ſing ſomething alone. Seeing therfore a Lute lying vnder the Princeſſe *Pamelas* feet, glad to haue ſuch an errand to approch her, he came, but came with a diſmayed grace, all his bloud ſtirred betwixt fear and deſire: and playing vpon it with ſuch ſweetneſſe, as euery bodie wondred to ſee ſuch skill in a ſhepheard, he ſang vnto it with a ſorrowing voyce theſe Elegiake verſes:

Dorus. *--Fortune, Nature, Loue, long haue contended about me,*
Which ſhould moſt miſeries caſt on a worme that I am.
--Fortune thus gan ſay; miſery and misfortune is all one,
And of misfortune, fortune hath onely the gift.
--With ſtrong foes on land, on ſea with contrary tempeſts,
Still do I croſſe this wretch, what ſo he taketh in hand.
--Tuſh, tuſh, ſaid Nature this is all but a trifle, a mans ſelfe
Giues haps or miſhaps, eu'n as he ordereth his heart.
--But ſo his humor I frame, in a mould of choler aduſted,
That the delights of life ſhall be to him dolorous.
--Loue ſmiled and thus ſaid; Want ioyn'd to deſire is vnhappie:
But if he nought do deſire, what can Heraclitus *aile?*
--None but I workes by deſire: by deſire haue I kindled in his ſoule
Infernall agonies vnto a beauty diuine:
--Where thou poore Nature left'ſt all thy due glorie, to Fortune
Her vertue is ſoueraigne, Fortune a vaſſall of hers.
--Nature abaſht went backe: Fortune bluſht: yet ſhe replide thus:
And eu'n in that loue ſhall I reſerue him a ſpite.
--Thus thus, alas! wofull by Nature, vnhappy by Fortune,
But moſt wretched I am, now Loue awakes my deſire.

Dorus when he had ſung this, hauing had all the while a free beholding of the fair *Pamela* (who could well haue ſpared ſuch honor, & defended the aſſault he gaue vnto her face with bringing a faire ſtaine of ſhamefaſtneſſe vnto it) let fall his armes, & remained ſo faſtened in his thoughts, as if *Pamela* had grafted him there to grow in continuall imagination. But *Zelmane* eſpying it, and fearing he ſhould too much forget himſelfe, ſhe came to him, and tooke out of his hand the Lute, and laying faſt hold of *Philocleas* face with her eyes, ſhe ſung theſe Saphikes, ſpeaking as it were to her owne hope.

If mine eyes can ſpeake to do heartie errand,
Or mine eyes language ſhe do hap to iudge of,
So that eyes meſſage be of her receiued,
Hope we do liue yet.

But if eyes faile then, when I most do need them,
Or if eyes language be not vnto her knowne,
So that eyes message do returne reiected,
Hope we do both die.
Yet dying, and dead, do we sing her honour;
So become our tombes monuments of her praise;
So becomes our losse the triumph of her gaine;
Hers be the glorie.
If the spheares senseless do yet hold a musique,
If the Swans sweet voyce be not heard, but at death,
If the mute timber when it hath the life lost,
Yeeldeth a Lutes tune:
Are then humane mindes priuiledg'd so meanly,
As that hatefull death can abridge them of powre
With the vowe of truth to record to all worlds
That we be her spoiles?
Thus not ending, ends the due praise of her praise:
Fleshly vaile consumes; but a soule hath his life,
Which is held in loue; loue it is, that hath iayn'd
Life to this our soule.
But if eyes can speake to do hearty errand,
Or mine eyes language she doth hap to iudge of,
So that eyes message be of her receiued,
Hope we do liue yet.

Great was the pleasure of *Basilius*, and greater would haue beene *Gynecias*, but that she found too well it was intended to her daughter. As for *Philoclea* shee was sweetly rauished withall. When *Dorus* desiring in a secret maner so to speak of their cases, as perchance the parties intended might take some light of it, making lowe reuerence to *Zelmane*, began this prouoking song in hexameter verse vnto her. Whereunto she soone finding whither his wordes were directed (in like tune and verse) answered as followeth:

Dorus. Zelmane.

Dorus. *Lady reserued by the heau'ns to do pastors companie honor,*
Ioyning your sweet voyce to the rurall muse of a desert,
Here you fully do finde this strange operation of loue,
How to the woods loue runnes as well as rides to the Palace,
Neither he beares reuerence to a Prince nor pittie to begger,
But (like a point in midst of a circle) is still of a neerenesse,
All to a lesson he draw's, neyther hills nor caues can auoyd him.

Zelmane. *Worthy sheepheard by my song to my selfe all fauor is hapned,*
That to the sacred Muse my annoyes somwhat be reuealed,
Sacred Muse, who in one containes what nine do in all them.
But O happy be you, which safe from firy reflection
Of Phœbus *violence in shade of sweet* Cyparissus,

Or pleaſant myrtell, may teach th' vnfortunate Eccho
In theſe woods to reſound the renewmed name of a goddeſſe.
Happy be you that may to the ſaint, your onely Idea,
(Although ſimply attyrde) your manly affection vtter.
Happy be thoſe miſhapps which iuſtly proportion holding,
Giue right ſound to the eares, and enter a right to the iudgement;
But wretched be the ſoules, which vaild in a contrary ſubiect:
How much more wee do loue, ſo the leſſe our loues be beleeued.
What skill ſalueth a ſore of a wrong infirmitie iudged?
What can iuſtice auaile, to a man that tells not his owne caſe?
You though feares do abaſh, in you ſtill poſsible hopes be:
Nature againſt we do ſeeme to rebell, ſeeme fooles in a vaine ſute.
But ſo vnheard, condemn'd, kept thence we do ſeeke to abide in,
Selfe-loſt in wandring, baniſhed that place we do come from,
What meane is there, alas, we can hope oure loſſe to recouer?
What place is there left, we may hope our woes to recomfort?
Vnto the heau'ns? our wings be too ſhort: earth thinks vs a burden.
Aire we do ſtill with ſighes encreaſe: to the fire? we do want none.
And yet his outward heate our teares would quench, but an inward
Fire no liquor can coole: Neptunes *realme would not auaile vs.*
Happy ſhepheard, with thanks to the Gods, ſtill thinke to be thankfull,
That to thy aduancement their wiſedomes haue thee abaſed.

Dorus. *Vnto the Gods with a thankfull heart all thankes I do render,*
That to my aduauncement their wiſedomes haue me abaſed.
But yet, alas! O but yet alas! our haps be but hard haps,
Which muſt frame contempt to the fitteſt purchaſe of honour.
Well may a Paſtor plaine, but alas his plaints be not eſteem'd:
Silly ſhepheards poore pipe, when his harſh ſound teſtifies anguiſh,
Into the faire looker on, paſtime, not paſſion, enters.
And too the woods or brookes, who do make ſuch dreerie recitall,
What be the pangs they beare, and whence thoſe pangs be deriued,
Pleaſ'd to receiue that name by rebounding anſwere of Eccho,
May hope thereby to eaſe their inward horrible anguiſh,
When trees daunce to the pipe, and ſwift ſtreames ſtay by the muſike,
Or when an Eccho *begins vnmon'd to ſing them a loue ſong;*
Say then, what vantage do we get by the trade of a Paſtor?
(Since no eſtates be ſo baſe, but loue vouchſafeth his arrow,
Since no refuge doth ſerue from wounds we do carry about vs,
Since outward pleaſures be but halting helps to decayd ſoules)
Saue that dayly we may diſcerne what fire we do burne in.
Farre more happy be you, whoſe greatneſſe gets a free acceſſe;
Whoſe faire bodily gifts are fram'd moſt louelie to each eye.
Vertue you haue, & vertue you haue left proofe to the whole world.
And vertue is grateſull, with beautie and richneſſe adorned:
Neither doubt you a whit, time will your paſſion vtter.
Hardly remaines fire hid where skill is bent to the hiding,
But in a minde that would his flames ſhould not be repreſſed,

Nature

Nature worketh enough with a ſmall help for the reuealing
Giue therefore to the Muſe great praiſe in whoſe verie likeneſſe
You do approch to the fruit your only deſires be to gather.

Zelmane. *Firſt ſhall fertill grounds not yeeld increaſe of a good ſeed:*
Firſt the riuers ſhall ceaſe to repay their ſtudds to the Ocean *:*
Firſt may a truſtie Greyhound transforme himſelfe to a Tigre:
Firſt ſhall vertue be vice, and beautie counted a blemiſh,
Ere that I leaue with ſong of praiſe her praiſe to ſolemnize,
Her praiſe, whence to the world all praiſe hath his only beginning:
But yet well I do finde each man moſt wiſe in his owne caſe.
None can ſpeake of a wound with skill, if he haue not a wound felt.
Great to thee my ſtate ſeemes, thy ſtate is bleſt by my iudgement:
And yet neyther of vs great or bleſt deemeth his own ſelfe.
For yet (weigh this alas!) great is not great to the greater.
What iudge you doth a hillocke ſhew, by the lofty Olympus *?*
Such my minute greatneſſe doth ſeeme, compar'de to the greateſt.
When Cedars to the ground fall downe by the waight of an emmot,
Or when a rich rubies iuſt price be the worth of a walnut,
Or to the Sunne *for wonders ſeeme ſmall ſparkes of a candle:*
Then by my high Cedar, rich Ruby, *and only ſhining* Sunne,
Vertue, richeſſe, beauties of mine ſhall great be reputed.
Oh no, worthie ſhepheard, worth can neuer enter a little,
Where proofes iuſtlie do teach, thus matcht, ſuch worth to be nought worth;
Let not a puppet abuſe thy ſprite, Kings Crownes do not help them
From the cruell headache, nor ſhooes of gold do the gowt heale:
And precious couches full oft are ſhak't with a feauer.
If then a bodily euill in a bodily gloze be not hidden,
Shall ſuch morning deawes be an eaſe to the heat of a loues fire?

Dorus. *O glittring miſeries of man, if this be the fortune*
Of thoſe fortune lulls; ſo ſmall reſt reſts in a kingdome:
What maruaile tho a Prince transforme himſelfe to a Paſtor?
Come from marble bowres manie times the gay harbor of anguiſh,
Vnto a ſilly caban, though weake, yet ſtronger againſt woes:
Now by thy words I begin, moſt famous Ladie, to gather
Comfort into my ſoule: I do finde, I do find what a bleſſing
Is chaunced to my life, that from ſuch muddie abundance
Of carking agonies (to ſtates which ſtill be adherent)
Deſtinie keeps me aloofe for if all this ſtate to thy vertue
Ioyn'd, by thy beautie adorn'd be no meanes theſe griefes to aboliſh:
If neyther by that helpe, thou canſt clime vp to thy fancie,
Nor yet fancie ſo dreſt do receiue more plauſible hearing:
Then do I thinke indeed, that better it is to be priuate
In ſorrowes torments, then, tied to the pomps of a pallace,
Nurſe inward maladies, which haue not ſcope to be breath'd out:
But perforce diſgeſt all bitter ioyces of horror
In ſilence, from a mans owne ſelfe with company robbed.

Better

Better yet do I liue, that though by my thoughts I be plunged
Into my liues bondage, yet may disburden a paſsion
(Oppreſt with ruinous conceits) by the helpe of an outcrye:
Not limited to a whiſpering note, the Lament of a Courtier.
But ſometimes to the woods, ſometimes to the heau'n do decyphire
With bold clamor vnheard, vnmarkt, what I ſeeke what I ſuffer:
And when I meete theſe trees, in the earths faire liuery clothed,
Eaſe I do feele (ſuch eaſe as falls to one wholly diſeaſed)
For that I finde in them parte of my ſtate repreſented.
Lawrell *ſhew's what I ſeeke, by the Mirre is ſhow'd how I ſeeke it,*
Oliue paints me the peace that I muſt aſpire to by conqueſt:
Mirtel *makes my requeſt, my requeſt is crown'd with a willowe?*
Cyprus *promiſeth helpe, but a help where comes no recomfort:*
Sweete Iuniper ſaith this, though I burne, yet I burne in a ſweet fire.
Ewe *doth make me thinke what kind of bowe the boy holdeth*
Which ſhootes ſtrongly without any noyſe, and deadly without ſmart.
Firre trees great and greene fixt on a hye hill but a barrein,
Lyke to my noble thoughts, ſtill new, well plac'd, to me fruteleſſe.
Figge that yeeldes moſt pleaſant fruite, his ſhadow is hurtfull.
Thus be her giftes moſt ſweete, thus more danger to be neere her.
Now in a palme when I marke, how he doth riſe vnder a burden,
And may I not (ſay I then) get vp though griefs be ſo weightie?
Pine is a maſt to a ſhippe, to my ſhippe ſhall hope for a maſt ſerue,
Pine is hye, hope is as hye, ſharp leau'd, ſharp yet be my hopes buddes.
Elme embraſte by a vine, embracing fancy: euiueth:
Popler changeth his hew from a riſing ſunne to a ſetting:
Thus to my ſunne do I yeeld, ſuch lookes her beames do aforde me.
Olde aged oke cutt downe, of new worke ſerues to the building:
So my deſires by my feare, cutt downe, be the frames of her honour.
Aſhe makes ſpeares which ſhields do reſiſt, her force no repulſe takes.
Palmes do reioyce to be ioynd by the match of a male to a female,
And ſhall ſenſiue things be ſo ſenceleſſe as to reſiſt ſence?
Thus be my thoughts diſperſt, thus thinking nurſeth a thinking,
Thus both trees and each thing elſe, be the bookes of a fancy.
But to the Cedar Queene of woods, when I lift my beteard eyes,
Then do I ſhape to my ſelfe that forme which raign's ſo within me,
And think there ſhe do dwell and heare what plaints I do vtter:
When that noble toppe doth nodde, I beleeue ſhe ſalutes me;
When by the winde it maketh a noyſe, I do thinke ſhe doth anſwer.
Then kneeling to the ground, oft thus do I ſpeake to that Image:
Onely Iuell, O only Iuell, which only deſerueſt,
That mens harts be thy ſeate, and endleſſe fame be thy ſeruant,
O deſcend for awhile, from this great height to behould me.
But nought els do behold (elſe is nought worth the beholding)
Saue what a worke, by thy ſelfe is wrought: and ſince I am altred
Thus by thy worke, diſdaine not that which is by thy ſelfe done.
In meane caues oft treaſure abides, to an hoſtrie a king comes.
And ſo behind foule clowds full oft faire ſtarres do lie hidden.

Zelmane. *Hardy ſhepheard, ſuch as thy merits, ſuch may be her inſight*
Iuſtly to graunt thee reward, ſuch enuie I beare to thy fortune.
But to my ſelfe what wiſh can I make for a ſalue to my ſorrowes,
Whom both nature ſeems to debarre from meanes to be helped,
And if a meane were found fortune th' whole courſe of it hinders.
Thus plagu'd how can I frame to my ſore any hope of amendment?
Whence may I ſhew to my minde any light of poſſible eſcape?
Bound and bound by ſo noble bands, as loth to be vnbound,
Iaylor I am to my ſelfe, priſon and priſoner to mine own ſelfe.
Yet be my hopes thus plaſt, here fixt liues all my recomfort,
That that deare Dyamond, *where wiſdome holdeth a ſure ſeate,*
Whoſe force had ſuch force ſo to transforme, nay to reforme me,
Will at length perceiue theſe flames by her beames to be kindled,
And will pitty the wound feſtred ſo ſtrangely within me.
O be it ſo, graunt ſuch an euent, ô Gods, that euent giue.
And for a ſure ſacrifice I do daily oblation offer
Of mine owne hart, where thoughts be the temple, ſight is an aultar:
But ceaſſe worthie ſhepheard, now ceaſe we to wearie the hearers
With moneſull melodies. for enough our griefes be reueiled,
If by the parties meant our meanings rightly be marked,
And ſorrowes do require ſome reſpit vnto the ſences.

What exclaming praiſes *Baſilius* gaue to this Eclogue anie man may gheſſe, that knowes loue is better then a paire of ſpectacles to make euerie thing ſeeme greater which is ſeene through it: and then is neuer tongue tied where fit commendation (whereof mankind is ſo likerous) is offered vnto it. But before anie other came in to ſupplie the place, *Zelmane* hauing heard ſome of the ſhepheards by chaunce name *Strephon* and *Klaius*, ſuppoſing thereby they had bene preſent, was deſirous both to heare them for the fame of their friendly loue, and to know them, for their kindneſſe towards her beſt loued friend. Much grieued was *Baſilius*, that any deſire of his miſtreſſe ſhould be vnſatisfied, and therefore to repreſent them vnto her (aſwell as in their abſence it might be) he commanded one *Lamon*, who had at large ſet downe their countrey paſtimes & firſt loue to *Urania*, to ſing the whole diſcourſe, which he did in this manner.

A Shepheards tale no height of ſtile deſires,
To raiſe in words what in effect is lowe:
A plaining ſong plaine ſinging voice requires,
For warbling notes from inward bearing flowe.
I then, whoſe burd'ned breaſt but thus aſpires
Of ſhepheards two the ſe:ly care to ſhew,
Need not the ſtately Muſes help inuoke
For creeping rimes, which often ſighings ſhake.
But you, ô you, that thinke not teares too deare,
To ſpend for harms, although they touch you not:
And deigne to deeme your neighbors miſchiefe neare,
Although they be of meaner parents got:
You I inuite with eaſie eares to heare

The

The poore-clad truth of loues wrong-ordred lot.
Who may be glad, be glad you be not such:
Who share in woe, weygh others haue as much.
There was (ô seldome blessed word of was!)
A paire of friends, or rather one cald two,
Traind in the life which on short bitten grasse
In shine or storme must set the clowted shoe:
He, that the other in some yeares did passe,
And in those gifts that yeares distribute doe,
Was Klaius *cald, (ah* Klaius, *wofull wight!)*
The later borne, yet too soone Strephon *hight.*
Epeirus *high, was honest* Klaius *nest,*
To Strephon Æoles *land first breathing lent:*
But East and West were ioin'd by frendships hest.
As Strephons *eare and heart to* Klaius *bent:*
So Klaius *soule did in his* Strephon *rest.*
Still both their flockes flocking togither went,
As if they would of owners humour be,
And eke their pipes did well, as frends agree.
Klaius *for skil of herbs and shepheards art,*
Among the wisest was accounted wise;
Yet not so wise, as of vnstained hart:
Strephon *was yong, yet markt with humble eies*
How elder rul'd their flocks, and cur'd their smart,
So that the graue did not his words despise.
Both free of minde, both did clear-dealing loue,
And both had skill in verse their voice to moue.
Their chearfull minds, till peis'ned was their cheare,
The honest sports of earthy lodging proue;
Now for a clod-like Hare in form they peere,
Now bolt and cudgill Squirrels leape do moue.
Now the ambitious Larke with mirror-cleare
They catch, while he (foole!) to himself makes loue:
And now at keeles they trie a harmles chaunce,
And now their curre they teach to fetch and daunce.
When merrie May first earlie calls the morne,
With merrie maids a Maying they do go:
Then do they pull from sharp and ni gard thorne
The plentious sweets (can sweets so sharply grow?)
Then some greene gownes are by the lasses worne
In chastest plaies, till home they walke arowe,
While daunce about the May-pole is begun,
When, if neede were, they could at quintain run.
While thus they ran a low, but leuel'd race,
While thus they liu'd, this was indeede a life)
With nature pleas'd, content with present case,
Free of proud feares, braue beggery, smiling strife,
Of clime-fall Court, the enuy-hatching place:

While

While those restlesse desires in great men rise
To visite so low folkes did much disdaine,
This while, though poore, they in themselues did raigne.
One day (ô day, that shin'd to make them darke!)
While they did ward sun beames with shadie bay,
And Klaius taking for his yongling carke,
(Lest greedie eies to them might challenge lay)
Busy with oker did their shoulders marke,
(His marke a Piller was deuoid of stay,
As bragging that free of all passions mone,
Well might he others beare, but leane to none.)
Strephon with leauie twigs of Laurell tree
A garland made on temples for to weare,
For he then chosen was the dignitie
Of village Lord that whitsontide to beare:
And full, poore foole of boyish brauerie,
With triumphs shewes would shew he nought did feare.
But fore-accounting oft makes builders misse,
They found, they felt, they had no lease of blisse.
For ere that either had his purpose done,
Behold (beholding well it doth deserue)
They saw a maid who thitherward did runne,
To catch her sparrow which from her did swerue,
As shee a black-silke Cappe on him begunne
To sett, for foile of his milke-white to serue.
She chirping ran, he peeping flew away,
Till hard by them both he and shee did stay.
Well for to see they kept themselues vnseene,
And saw this faireſt maid of fairer minde,
By fortune meane, in Nature borne a Queene,
How well apaid shee was her bird to finde:
How tenderly her tender hands betweene
In iuory cage shee did the micher binde:
How rosie moist'ned lips about his beake
Mouing, shee seem'd at once to kisse and speak.
Chastned but thus, and thus his lesson tought
The happie wretch she put into her breast,
Which to their eies the bowls of Venus brought,
For they seem'd made euen of skie metall best,
And that the bias of her bloud was wrought.
Betwixt them two the peeper tooke his nest,
Where snugging well he well appear'd content,
So to haue done amisse, so to be shent.
This done, but done with captiue-killing grace,
Each motion seeming shott from beauties bowe,
With length laid downe she deckt the lonely place.
Proud grew the grasse that vnder her did growe,

The trees ſpred out their armes to ſhade hir face,
But ſhe on elbow lean'd with ſigh's did ſhow
No graſſe, no trees, nor yet her ſparow might
To long perplexed mind breed long delight.
She troubled was (alas that it mought be!)
With tedious brawlings of her parents deare,
Who would haue her in will and word agree
To wed Antaxius their neighbor neare.
A heardman rich of much account was he,
In whome no ill did raigne, nor good appeare.
In ſome ſuch one ſhe lik'd not his deſire,
Faine would be free, but dreadeth parents ire.
Kindly, ſweet ſoule, ſhe did vnkindneſſe take
That bagged baggage of a miſers mudd,
Should price of her, as in a market, make.
But golde can gild a rotten piece of wood,
To yeeld ſhe found her noble hart did ake:
To ſtriue ſhe fear'd how it with vertue ſtood.
This doubting clouds ore-caſting heau'nly braine,
At length in rowes of Kiſſe-cheeks teares they raine.
Cupid the wagg, that lately conquer'd had
Wiſe Counſellours, ſtout Captaines, puiſſant Kings,
And ti'd them faſt to leade his triumph bad,
Glutted with them now plaies with meaneſt things.
So oft in feaſts with coſtly changes clad
To crammed mawes a ſpratt new Stomake brings.
So Lords with ſport of Stagg & Hearon full
Sometimes we ſee ſmall birds from neſts do pull.
So now for pray theſe ſhepheards two he tooke,
Whoſe metall ſtiff he knew he could not bend
With hear-ſay pictures, or a window looke,
With one good dawnce, or letter finely pend,
That were in Court a well proportion'd hooke,
Where piercing witts do quickly apprehend:
Their ſences rude, plaine obiects only moue,
And ſo muſt ſee great cauſe before they loue.
Therfore Loue arm'd in her now takes the field,
Making her beames his brauery and might:
Her hands which pierc'd the ſoules ſeau'n-double ſhield,
Were now his darts leauing his wonted fight.
Braue creſt to him her ſcorn-gold haire did yeeld,
His compleat harneis was her pureſt white.
But fearing leſt all white might ſeeme too good,
In cheeks and lipps the Tyran threatens bloud.
Beſides this force, within her eies he kept
A fire, to burne the priſoners he gaines,
Whoſe boiling heate encreaſed as ſhe wept:

For eu'n in forge cold water fire maintaines.
Thus proud and fierce vnto the hearts he ſtept
Of them poore ſoules: and cutting Reaſons raines,
Made them his owne before they had it wiſt.
But if they had, could ſhephookes this reſiſt?
Klaius ſtreight felt, and groned at the blowe,
And call'd, now wounded, purpoſe to his aide:
Strephon, fond boy, delighted did not knowe,
That it was Loue that ſhin'de in ſhining maid:
But lickrous, Poiſon'd, faine to her would goe,
If him new-learned manners had not ſtaid.
For then Vrania homeward did ariſe,
Leauing in paine their wel fed hungry eies.
She went, they ſtaid; or rightly for to ſay,
She ſtaid in them, they went in thought with hyr:
Klaius indeede would faine haue puld away
This mote from out his eye, this inward burre,
And now, proud Rebell gan for to gainſay
The leſſon which but late he learn'd too furre:
Meaning with abſence to refreſh the thought
To which her preſence ſuch a feauer brought.
Strephon did leap with ioy and iolitie,
Thinking it iuſt more therein to delight,
Then in good Dog, faire field, or ſhading tree.
So haue I ſeene trim bookes in veluet dight
With golden leaues, and painted baberie
Of ſcely boies pleaſe vnacquainted ſight:
But when the rod began to play his part,
Faine would, but could not fly from golden ſmart.
He quickly learn'd Vrania was her name,
And ſtraight for failing, grau'd it in his heart:
He knew her haunt, and haunted in the ſame,
And taught his ſheepe her ſheepe in food to thwart.
Which ſoone as it did bate full queſtion frame,
He might on knees confeſſe his faultie part,
And yeeld himſelfe vnto her puniſhment,
While nought but game, the ſelfe-hurt wanton ment.
Nay euen vnto her home he oft would go,
Where bold and harmleſſe many play he tries,
Her parents liking well it ſhould be ſo,
For ſimple goodneſſe ſhined in his eyes.
There did he make her laugh in ſpite of woe,
So as good thoughts of him in all ariſe,
While into none doubt of his loue did ſinke,
For not himſelfe to be in loue did thinke.
But glad Deſire, his late emboſom'd gueſt,
Yet but a babe, with milke of Sight he nurſt:

Deſire the more he ſuckt, more ſought the breſt,
Like dropſie folke ſtill drinke to be athirſt.
Till one faire eau'n an hour ere Sun did reſt,
Who then in Lions caue did enter firſt,
By neighbors prai'd ſhe went abroad there by,
At Barly brake her ſweete ſwift foote to trie.
Neuer the earth on his round ſhoulders bare
A maid train'd vp from high or low degree,
That in her doings better could compare
Mirth with reſpect, few words with curteſie,
A careleſſe comlineſſe with comely care.
Self-gard with mildeneſſe, Sport with maieſtie:
Which made her yeeld to deck this ſhepheards hand,
And ſtill, beleeue me, Strephon was at hand.
A-field they go, where manie lookers be,
And thou ſeek-ſorrow Klaius them among:
Indeed thou ſaid'ſt it was thy friend to ſee
Strephon, whoſe abſence ſeem'd vnto thee long,
While moſt with her he leſſe did keepe with thee.
No, no, it was in ſpite of wiſdomes ſong
Which abſence wiſht: loue plai'd a victors part:
The heau'n-loue lodeſtone drew thy iron hart.
Then couples three be ſtreight allotted there,
They of both ends the middle two do flie,
The two that in mid place, Hell called were,
Muſt ſtriue with waiting foot, and watching eye
To catch of them, and them to hell to beare,
That they, aſwell as they, Hell may ſupplie:
Like ſome which ſeeke to ſalue their blotted name
With others blott, till all do taſt of ſhame.
There may you ſee, ſoone as the middle two
Do coupled towards either couple make,
They falſe and fearefull do their hands vndoe,
Brother his brother, frend doth frend forſake,
Heeding himſelfe, cares not how fellow do,
But of a ſtranger mutuall help doth take:
As periur'd cowards in aduerſitie
With ſight of feare from frends to fremb'd do flie.
Theſe ſports ſhepheards deuiz'd ſuch faults to ſhow.
Geron, though ould yet gameſome, kept one end
With Coſma, for whoſe loue Pas paſt in wo.
Faire Nous with Pas the lott to hell did ſend:
Pas thought it hell, while he was Coſma fro.
At other end Vran did Strephon lend
Her happy-making hand, of whome one looke
From Nous and Coſma all their beautie tooke.
The play began: Pas durſt not Coſma chace,

But did intend next bout with her to meete.
So he with Nous to Geron turn'd their race,
With whom to ioyne fast ran Vranias sweete:
But light-legd Pas had got the middle space.
Geron straue hard, but aged were his feet,
And therefore finding force now faint to be,
He thought gray haires afforded subtilitie.
And so when Pas hand reached him to take,
The fox on knees and elbowes tumbled downe;
Pas could not stay, but ouer him did rake,
And crown'd the earth with his first touching crowne:
His heels grow'n prowd did seem at heav'n to shake.
But Nous that slipt from Pas, did catch the clowne.
So laughing all, yet Pas to ease some dell
Geron with Vran were condemn'd to hell.
Cosma this while to Strephon safely came,
And all to second barly-brake are bent:
The two in hell did toward Cosma frame,
Who should to Pas, but they would her preuent.
Pas mad with fall, and madder with the shame,
Most mad with beames which he thought Cosma sent,
With such mad haste he did to Cosma goe,
That to her breast he gaue a noysome blowe.
She quick, and proud, and who did Pas despise,
Vp with her fist, and took him on the face,
Another time, quoth she, become more wise.
Thus Pas did kisse her hand with little grace,
And each way luckles, yet in humble guise
Did hold her fast for feare of more disgrace,
While Strephon might with preaty Nous haue met,
But all this while another course he set.
For as Vrania after Cosma ran,
He rauished with sight how gracefully
She mou'd her lims, and drew the aged man,
Left Nous to coast the loued beautie nie:
Nous cry'd, and chafd, but he no other can.
Till Vran seeing Pas to Cosma flie,
And Strephon single, turned after him.
Strephon so chas'd did seem in milke to swimme.
He ran, but ran with eye are shoulder cast,
More marking her, then how himselfe did goe.
Like Numid Lions by the hunters chas'd,
Though they do flie, yet backwardly do glowe
With proud aspect, disdaining greater hast,
What rage in them, that loue in him did show.
But God giues them instinct the man to shun,
And he by law of Barly-brake must run.

But as his heate with running did augment,
Much more his sight encreast his hote desire:
So is in her the best of Nature spent,
The aire her sweet race mou'd doth blowe the fire.
Her feet be purseuants from Cupid sent,
With whose fine stepps all loues and ioyes conspire.
The hidden beauties seem'd in vvait to lie,
To downe proud hearts that vvould not willing die.
Thus, fast he fled from her he follow'd sore,
Still shunning Nous to lengthen pleasing race,
Till that he spied old Geron could no more,
Then did he slacke his loue-enstructed pace.
So that Vran, vvhose arme old Geron bore,
Laid hold on him vvith most lay-holding grace.
So caught, him seem'd he caught of ioyes the bell,
And thought it heau'n so to be drawn to hell.
To hell he goes, and Nous with him must dwell.
Nous sware it was no right; for his default
Who vvould be caught, that she should go to hell:
But so she must. And now the third assault
Of Barly-brake among the six befell.
Pas Cosma matcht, yet angry vvith his fault,
The other end Geron vvith Vran gard.
I thinke you thinke Strephon bent thitherward.
Nous counseld Strephon Geron to pursue,
For he vvas old, and easly would be cought:
But he drew her as loue his fancie drew,
And so to take the gemme Vrania sought.
While Geron old came safe to Colma true,
Though him to meete at all she sturred nought.
For Pas, vvhether it vvere for feare, or loue,
Mou'd not himselfe, nor suffred her to moue.
So they three did together idly stay,
While deare Vran, vvhose course was Pas to meet,
(He staying thus) vvas faine abroad to stray
With larger round, to shun the following feet.
Strephon, vvhose eyes on her back-parts did play,
With loue drawne on, so fast vvith pace vnmeet
Drew dainty Nous, that she not able so
To runne, brake from his hands, and let him goe.
He single thus, hop'd soon vvith her to be,
Who nothing earthly, but of fire and aire,
Though with soft leggs, did runne as fast as he.
He thrise reacht, thrise deceiv'd, vvhen her to beare
He hopes, with dainty turns she doth him flee.
So on the down's vve see, neere Helis faire,
A hast'ned Hare from greedy Grayhound goe,

And

And past all hope his chaps to frustrate so.
But this strange race more strange conceits did yeeld:
Who victor seem'd, was to his ruine brought:
Who seem'd orethrowne was mistresse of the field:
She fled, and tooke; he followed, and was caught.
So haue I heard to pierce pursuing shield,
By Parents train'd the Tartars wilde are taught,
With shafts shot out from their back-turned bowe.
But ah! her darts did farre more deepely go.
As Venus *bird, the white, swift, louely Doue,*
(O happy Doue that art compar'd to her!)
Doth on her wings her vtmost swiftnesse proue,
Finding the gripe of Falcon fierce not furre:
So did Vran: *the narre, the swifter moue,*
(Yet beauty still as fast as she did sturre)
Till with long race deare she was breathlesse brought,
And then the Phœnix *feared to be caught.*
Among the rest that there did take delight
To see the sports of double-shining day,
And did the tribute of their wondring sight
To Natures heire, the faire Vrania *pay,*
I tolde you Klaius *was the hapless wight,*
Who earnest found what they accounted play.
He did not there do homage of his eyes,
But on his eyes his heart did sacrifice.
With gazing looks, short sighes, vnsettled feet
He stood, but turn'd, as Girosol, *to Sun:*
His fancies still did her in halfe-way meet,
His soule did flie as she was seen to run.
In summe, proud Boreas *neuer ruled Fleet*
(Who Neptunes *web on daungers distaffe spun)*
With greater power, then she did make them wend
Each way, as she that ages praise, did bend.
Till spying well she welnigh weary was,
And surely taught by his loue-open eye,
His eye, that ev'n did marke her troden grasse,
That she would faine the catch of Strephon *flie,*
Giuing his reason passport for to passe
Whither it would, so it would let him die.
He that before stund her, to shun such harmes,
Now runnes, and takes her in his clipping armes.
For with pretence from Strephon *her to guard,*
He met her full, but full of warefulnesse,
With inbow'd bosome well for her prepar'd,
When Strephon *cursing his owne backwardnesse,*
Came to her backe, and so with double ward
Impriſon her, who both them did possesse

As heart-bound slaues: and happy then embrace
Vertues proofe, fortunes victor, beauties place.
Her race did not her beauties beames augment,
For they were euer in the best degree,
But yet a setting-forth it some way lent,
As Rubies lustre when they rubbed be.
The daintie deaw on face and body went
As on sweet flowers, when Morning drops we see.
Her breath then short, seem'd loth from home to passe,
Which more it moued, the more sweet it vvas.
Happy, O happy! if they so might bide,
To see her eyes, with how true humblenesse,
They looked down to triumph ouer pride:
With hovv sweet sawes she blam'd their sawcinesse,
To feele the panting heart, vvhich through her side
Did beat their hands, vvhich durst so neare to presse,
To see, to feele, to heare, to taste, to knovv
More then, besides her, all the earth could show.
But neuer did Medeas golden vveed
On Creons child his poyson sooner throw,
Then those delights through all their sinewes breed
A creeping serpent like of mortall vvoe.
Till she brake from their armes (although indeed
Going from them, from them she could not go)
And fare-welling the flock, did homeward vvend,
And so that euen the Barly-brake did end.
It ended, but the others vvoe began,
Began at least to be conceiv'd as vvoe.
For then wise Klaius found no absence can
Helpe him, vvho can no more her sight forgo.
He found mans vertue is but part of man,
And part must follow vvhere vvhole man doth go.
He found that Reasons selfe now reasons found
To fasten knots, vvhich fancie first had bound.
So doth he yeeld, so takes he on his yoke,
Not knowing vvho did draw vvith him therein;
Strephon, poore youth, because he saw no smoke,
Did not conceiue vvhat fire he had vvithin:
But after this to greater rage it broke,
Till of his life it did full conquest win;
First killing mirth, then banishing all rest,
Filling his eyes vvith teares, vvith sighes his breast.
Then sports grew paines, all talking tedious:
On thoughts he feeds, his looks their figure change,
The day seems long, but night is odious,
No sleeps, but dreames, no dreames, but visions strange,
Till finding still his euill encreasing thus,

One

One day he with his flocke abroad did raunge:
And comming where he hop'd to be alone,
Thus on a hillocke set, he made his mone.
Alas! what weights are these that loade my heart!
I am as dull as Winter-sterued sheep,
Tir'd as a iade in ouerloden cart,
Yet thoughts do flie, though I can scarcely creepe.
All, visions seeme, at euerie bush I start:
Drowsie am I, and yet can rarelie sleepe.
Sure I bewitched am, it is euen that,
Late neare a crosse I met an vgly Cat.
For, but by charmes, how fall these things on me,
That from those eyes where heau'nly apples bene,
Those eyes, which nothing like themselues can see,
Of faire Vrania, fairer then a greene,
Proudly bedect in Aprils liuerie,
A shot vnheard gaue me a wound vnseene?
He was inuisible that hurt me so,
And none inuisible, but spirits, can goe.
When I see her, my sinewes shake for feare,
And yet, deare soule, I know she hurteth none:
Amid my flocke with woe my voice I teare,
And, but bewitch'd, who to his flocke would mone?
Her chery lips, milke hands, and golden haire
I still do see though I be still alone.
Now make me thinke that there is not a fiend,
Who hid in Angels shape my life would end.
The sports wherein I wonted to do well,
Come she, and sweet the aire with open breast,
Then so I faile, when most I would excell,
That at me so amaz'd my fellowes iest:
Sometimes to her newes of my selfe to tell
I go about, but then is all my best
Wry words, and stam'ring, or else doltish dombe,
Say then, can this but of enchantment come?
Nay each thing is bewitcht to know my case:
The Nightingales for woe their songs refraine:
In riuer as I look'd my pining face,
As pin'd a face as mine I saw againe.
The curteous mountaines grieu'd at my disgrace
Their snowie haire teare off in melting paine.
And now the dropping trees do weepe for me,
And now faire euenings blush my shame to see.
But you my pipe, whilome my chiefe delight,
Till straunge delight, delight to nothing ware,
And you my flocke, rare of my carefull sight,
While I was I, and so had cause to care,

And

And thou my dogge, whoſe truth and valiant might
Made wolues (not inward wolues) my Ewes to ſpare,
Go you not from your maiſter in his woe,
Let it ſuffice that he himſelfe forgoe.
For though like waxe this magicke makes me waſte,
Or like a Lambe whoſe damme away is fet,
(Stolne from her young by theeues vnchooſing-haſte)
He trebble beas for help, but none can get:
Though thus, and worſe, though now I am at laſt,
Of all the games that here ere now I met,
Do you remember ſtill you once were mine,
Till mine eyes had their curſe from bleſſed eyne.
Be you with me while I vnheard do crie,
While I do ſcore my loſſes on the wind,
While I in heart my will write ere I die.
In which by will, my will and wits I bind,
Still to be hers, about her ay to flie,
As this ſame ſprite about my fancies blind
Doth dailie haunt: but ſo, that mine become
As much more louing, as leſſe cumberſome.
Alas! a cloud hath ouercaſt mine eyes:
And yet I ſee her ſhine amid the cloud.
Alas! of ghoſts I heare the gaſtlie cries:
Yet there, me ſeemes, I heare her ſinging loud.
This ſong ſhe ſings in moſt commanding wiſe:
Come ſhepheards boy, let now thy hart be bow'd,
To make it ſelfe to my leaſt looke a ſlaue:
Leaue ſleepe, leaue all, I will no piecing haue.
I will, I will, alas, alas, I will:
Wilt thou haue more? more haue, if more I be,
Away ragg'd rammes, care I what murraine kill?
Out ſhreaking pipe, made of ſome witched tree:
Go bawling curre, thy hungrie maw go fill
On yon foule flocke belonging not to me.
With that his dog he henc'd, his flockes he curſt,
With that (yet kiſſed firſt) his pipe he burſt.
This ſaid, this done, he roſe, euen tir'd with reſt,
With heart as carefull, as with careleſſe grace,
With ſhrinking legges, but with a ſwelling breaſt,
With eyes which threatned they would drowne his face,
Fearing the worſt, not knowing what were beſt,
And giuing to his ſight a wandring race,
He ſaw behind a buſh where Klaius ſate:
His well knowne friend, but yet his vnknowne mate,
Klaius the wretch, who latelie yeelden was
To beare the bonds which time nor wit could breake,
(With bluſhing ſoule at ſight of iudgements glaſſe,

While

While guiltie thoughts accus'd his reason weake)
This morne alone to lonely walke did passe,
Within himselfe of her deare selfe to speake,
Till Strephons *plaining voice him nearer drew,*
Where by his words his selfe-like case he knew.
For hearing him so oft with words of wo
Vrania *name, whose force he knew so well,*
He quicklie knew what witchcraft gaue the blow,
Which made his Strephon *thinke himselfe in hell.*
Which when he did in perfect image show
To his owne wit, thought vpon thought did swell,
Breeding huge stormes within his inward part,
Which thus breath'd out with earthquake of his heart.

As *Lamon* would haue proceeded, *Basilius* knowing, by the wasting of the torches, that the night also was farre wasted, and withall remembring *Zelmanes* hurt, asked her, whether she thought it not better to reserue the complaint of *Klaius* till another day. Which she, perceiuing the song had alreadie worne out much time, and not knowing when *Lamon* would end, being euen now stepping ouer to a new matter, though much delighted with what was spoken, willinglie agreed vnto. And so of all sides they went to recommend themselues to the elder brother of death.

The end of the first Booke.



THE SECOND BOOKE OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

IN theſe paſtorall paſtimes a great number of dayes were ſent to follow their flying predeceſſours, while the cup of poyſon (which was deeplie taſted of this noble companie) had left no ſinew of theirs without mortally ſearching into it; yet neuer manifeſting his venimous worke, till once, that the night (parting away angrie, that ſhe could diſtill no more ſleepe into the eyes of Louers) had no ſoonergiuen place to the breaking out of the morning light, & the Sunne beſtowed his beames vpon the toppes of the mountains, but that the wofull *Gynecia* (to whom reſt was no eaſe) had left her lothed lodging, & gotten her ſelfe into the ſolitarie places thoſe deſerts were full of, going vp and downe with ſuch vnquiet motions, as a grieued and hopeleſſe minde is wont to bring forth. There appeared vnto the eyes of her iudgement the euils ſhee was like to runne into, with vglie infamie waiting vpon them: ſhee felt the terrours of her owne conſcience: ſhe was guiltie of a long exerciſed vertue, which made this vice the fuller of deformitie. The vttermoſt of the good ſhe could aſpire vnto, was a mortall wound to her vexed ſpirits: and laſtlie, no ſmall part of her euils was, that ſhee was wiſe to ſee her euils. In ſo much that hauing a great while throwne her countenance ghaſtlie about her (as if ſhe had called all the powers of the world to be witneſſe of her wretched eſtate) at length caſting vp her waterie eyes to heauen; O Sunne (ſaid ſhe) whoſe vnſpotted light directs the ſteps of mortall mankind, art thou not aſhamed to impart the clearneſſe of thy preſence to ſuch a duſt-creeping worme as I am? O you heauens (which continuallie keepe the courſe allotted vnto you) can none of your influences preuaile ſo much vpon the miſerable *Gynecia*, as to make her preſerue a courſe ſo long imbraced by her? O deſerts, deſerts, how fit a gueſt am I for you, ſince my heart can people you with wild rauenous beaſts, which in you are wanting? O Vertue, where doeſt thou hide thy ſelfe? What hideous thing is this which doth eclipſe thee? Or is it true that thou wert neuer but a vaine name, and no eſſentiall thing, which haſt thus left thy profeſſed ſeruant, when ſhe had moſt need of thy louely preſence? O imperfect proportion of reaſon, which can too much foreſee, and too little preuent! Alas, alas (ſaid ſhe) if there were but one hope for all my paines, or but one excuſe for

for all my faultineſſe. But wretch that I am, my torment is beyond all ſuccour, and my euill deſeruing doth exceed my euill fortune. For nothing elſe did my husband take this ſtrange reſolution to liue ſo ſolitarilie: for nothing elſe haue the winds deliuered this ſtraunge gueſt to my countrie: for nothing elſe haue the deſtinies reſerued my life to this time, but that onely I (moſt wretched I) ſhould become a plague to my ſelfe, and a ſhame to womankind. Yet if my deſire (how vniuſt ſoeuer it be) might take effect, though a thouſand deaths followed it, and euery death were followed with a thouſand ſhames; yet ſhould not my ſepulcher receiue me without ſome contentment. But alas, though ſure I am, that *Zelmane* is ſuch as can anſwere my loue; yet as ſure I am that this diſguiſing muſt needs come for ſome foretaken conceit: and then, wretched *Gynecia*, where canſt thou find any ſmall ground plot for hope to dwel vpon? No, no, it is *Philoclea* his hart is ſet vpon, it is my daughter I haue borne to ſupplant me: but if it be ſo, the life I haue giuen thee (vngratefull *Philoclea*) I will ſooner with theſe hands bereaue thee of, then my birth ſhall glorie ſhe hath bereaued me of my deſires: In ſhame there is no comfort, but to be beyond all bounds of ſhame.

Hauing ſpoken thus, ſhe began to make a pitious warre with her faire haire, when ſhe might heare (not farre from her) an extreamely dolefull voyce, but ſo ſuppreſſed with a kind of whiſpering note, that ſhe could not conceiue the words diſtinctly. But (as a lamentable tune is the ſweereſt muſicke to a wofull mind) ſhe drew thitherwards, in hope to find ſome companion of her miſerie: and as ſhee paced on, ſhe was ſtopped with a number of trees, ſo thicklie placed together, that ſhe was afraid ſhe ſhould (with roſhing through) ſtop the ſpeech of the lamentable partie, which ſhe was ſo deſirous to vnderſtand: and therefore ſetting her downe as ſoftlie as ſhe could (for ſhe was now in diſtance to heare) ſhe might firſt perceiue a Lute excellently well plaid vpon, and then the ſame dolefull voyce accompanying it with theſe verſes.

In vaine, mine eyes, you labour to amend
With flowing teares your fault of haſtie ſight:
Since to my hart her ſhape you ſo did ſend,
That her I ſee, though you did loſe your light.

In vaine, my heart, now you with ſight are burn'd,
With ſighes you ſeeke to coole your hot deſire:
Since ſighes (into mine inward furnace turn'd)
For bellowes ſerue to kindle more the fire.

Reaſon, in vaine (now you haue loſt my heart)
My head you ſeeke, as to your ſtrongeſt fort:
Since there mine eyes haue plaid ſo falſe a part,
That to your ſtrength your foes haue ſure reſort.
Then ſince in vaine I find were all my ſtrife,
To this ſtraunge death I vainlie yeeld my life.

The ending of the ſong ſerued but for a beginning of new plaints, as if the mind (oppreſſed with too heauie a burthen of cares) was faine to diſcharge it ſelfe of all ſides, and as it were, paint out the hideouſneſſe of the paine in all ſorts of colours. For the wofull perſon (as if the lute had euil ioyned with the voice) threw it to the ground

with such like words: Alas, poore Lute, how much art thou deceiu'd, to thinke that in my miseries thou couldst ease my woes, as in my carelesse times thou was wont to please my fancies? The time is changed, my Lute, the time is changed; and no more did my ioyfull mind then receiue euerie thing to a ioyfull consideration, thē my carefull mind now makes each thing tast like the bitter iuyce of care. The euil is inward, my Lute, the euill is inward; which all thou doest, doth serue but to make me think more freely of. And alas, what is thē thy harmony, but the sweet meats of sorow? the discord of my thoughts, my Lute, doth ill agree to the concord of thy strings; therefore be not ashamed to leaue thy maister, since he is not afraid to forsake himselfe.

And thus much spoke (in steed of conclusion) was closed vp with so heartie a groning, that *Gynecia* could not refraine to shew her selfe, thinking such griefs could serue fitly for nothing but her owne fortune. But as she came into the little Arbour of this sorowfull mulicke, her eyes met with the eyes of *Zelmane*, which was the partie that thus had indited her selfe of miserie: so that either of them remained confused with a sodain astonishment; *Zelmane* fearing, least she had heard some part of those cōplaints, which she had risen vp that morning early of purpose, to breath out in secret to her selfe. But *Gynecia* a great while stood stil, with a kind of dul amasement looking stedfastlie vpon her: at length returning to some vse of her self, she began to aske *Zelmane*, what cause caried her so earlie abroad? But as if the opening of her mouth to *Zelmane*, had opened some great floud-gate of sorow (whereof her heart could not abide the violent issue) she sanke to the ground, with her hands ouer her face, crying vehemently, *Zelmane* help me, ô *Zelmane* haue pitie on me. *Zelmane* ran to her, maruelling what sodain sickneſſe had thus possessed her: and beginning to aske her the cause of her paine, and offering her seruice to be imployed by her, *Gynecia* opening her eyes wildly vpon her, pricked with the flames of loue, and the tormentes of her owne conscience; O *Zelmane*, *Zelmane*, said she, dost thou offer me physick, which art my only poyson? or wilt thou do me seruice, which hast already brought me into eternall slaueric? *Zelmane* then knowing wel at what marke she shot, yet loth to enter into it: Most excellent Lady (said she) you were best retire your selfe into your lodging, that you the better may passe this sodaine fit. Retire my selfe? (sayd *Gynecia*) If I had retyred my selfe into my selfe, when thou to me (vnfortunate gueſt) camest to draw me from my selfe, blessed had I bene, and no need had I had of this counsell. But now alas, I am forced to flie to thee for succour, whom I accuse of all my hurt; & make thee iudge of my cause, who art the only author of my mischief. *Zelmane* the more astonished, the more she vnderstood her; Madam (said she) wherof do you accuse me, that I will not cleare my selfe? Or wherein may I steed you, that you may not command me? Alas, answered *Gynecia*, what shall I say more? Take pitie of me, ô *Zelmane*, but not as *Zelmane*, and disguise not with me in words, as I know thou doest in apparell.

Zelmane was much troubled with that word, finding her selfe brought to this straight. But as she was thinking what to answer her; they might see old *Basilius* passe hard by them, without euer seeing them: complaining likewise of loue very freshly; and ending his complaint with this song, Loue hauing renewed both his inuention, and voyce.

Let not old age disgrace my high desire,
O heauenly soule, in humaine shape conteind:
Old wood inflam'd, doth yeeld the braueſt fire,
When yonger doth in smoke his vertue spend.

Ne let white haires, which on my face do grow,
Seeme to your eyes of a disgracefull hue:
Since whitenesse doth present the sweetest show,
Which makes all eyes do homage vnto you.

Old age is wise, and full of constant truth;
Old age well stayed, from ranging humor liues:
Old age hath knowne what euer was in youth:
Old age orecome, the greater honour giues,
And to old age since you your selfe aspire,
Let not old age disgrace my high desire.

Which being done, he looked verie curiouslie vpon himselfe, somtimes fetching a little skip, as if he had said his strength had not yet forsaken him. But *Zelmane* hauing in this time gotten some leasure to thinke for an answere; looking vpon *Gynecia*, as if she thought she did her some wrong: Madam (said she) I am not acquainted with those words of disguising, neither is it the profession of an *Amazon*, neither are you a partie with whom it is to be vsed: if my seruice may please you, imploy it, so long as you do me no wrong in misiudging of me. Alas *Zelmane* (said *Gynecia*) I perceiue you know full little how piercing the eyes are of a true louer: there is no one beame of those thoughts you haue planted in me, but is able to discerne a greater cloud then you do go in. Seeke not to conceale your selfe further from me, nor force not the pasion of loue into violent extremities. Now was *Zelmane* brought to an exigent, when the king turning his eyes that way through the trees, perceiued his wife and mistresse together, so that framing the most louely countenance he could, he came straight way towards them; and at the first word (thanking his wife for hauing entertained *Zelmane*) desired her she would now returne into the Lodge, because he had certaine matters of estate to impart to the Lady *Zelmane*. The Queene (being nothing troubled with iealousie in that point) obeyed the kings commandement; full of raging agonies, and determinatly bent, that as she would seeke all louing means to winne *Zelmane*, so she would stirre vp terrible tragedies, rather then faile of her intent. And so went she from them to the Lodge-ward, with such a battell in her thoughts, and so deadly an ouerthrowe giuen to her best resolutions, that euen her body (where the field was fought) was oppressed withall: making a languishing sicknesse waite vpon the triumph of pasion; which the more it preuailed in her, the more it made her iealousie watchfull, both ouer her daughter, and *Zelmane*, hauing euer one of them entrusted to her owne eyes.

But as soone as *Basilius* was rid of his wiues presence, falling downe on his knees, O Ladie (said he) which hast onely had the power to stirre vp againe those flames which had so long laine dead in me; see in me the power of your beautie, which can make old age come to aske counsell of youth; and a Prince vnconquered to become a slaue to a stranger: and when you see that power of yours, loue that at least in me, since it is yours, although of me you see nothing to be loued. Worthie Prince (answered *Zelmane*, taking him vp from his kneeling) both your maner, and your speech are so straunge vnto me, as I know not how to answer it better then with silence. If silence please you (said the king) it shall neuer displease me, since my heart is wholly pledged to obey you: otherwise, if you would vouchsafe mine eares such happinesse as to heare you, they shall conuey your words to such a mind, which is

with the humbleſt degree of reuerence to receiue them. I diſdaine not to ſpeake to you (mightie Prince ſaid *Zelmane*) but I diſdaine to ſpeake to anie matter which may bring my honour into queſtion: and therewith with a braue counterfeited ſcorne ſhe departed from the king; leauing him not ſo ſorie for his ſhort anſwer, as proud in himſelfe that he had broken the matter. And thus did the king (feeding his mind with thoſe thoughts) paſſe great time in writing verſes, and making more of himſelfe, then he was wont to do: that with a litle helpe, he would haue growne into a pretie kind of dotage.

But *Zelmane* being rid of this louing, but little-loued companie, Alas (ſaid ſhe) poore *Pyrocles*, was there euer one, but I, that had receiued wrong, and could blame no bodie? that hauing more then I deſire, am ſtill in want of that I would? Trulie Loue, I muſt needs ſay thus much on thy behalfe; thou haſt imployed my loue there, where all loue is deſerued: and for recompence haſt ſent me more loue then euer I deſired. But what wilt thou do *Pyrocles*? which way canſt thou find to rid thee of thy intricate troubles? To her whom I would be knowne to, I liue in darkneſſe: and to her am reuealed, from whom I would be moſt ſecret. What ſhift ſhall I find againſt the diligent loue of *Baſilius*? what ſhield againſt the violent paſſions of *Gynecia*? And if that bee done, yet how am I the nearer to quench the fire that conſumes me? Well, well, ſweet *Philoclea*, my whole confidence muſt be builded in thy diuine ſpirit, which cannot be ignorant of the cruell wound I haue receiued by you.

But as ſicke folkes when they are alone, thinke companie would relieue them, and yet hauing companie do find it noiſome; changing willingly outward obiects, when indeed the euill is inward: ſo poore *Zelmane* was no more wearie of *Baſilius*, then ſhe was of her ſelfe, when *Baſilius* was gon: and euer the more, the more ſhe turned her eies to become her owne iudges. Tired wherewith, ſhe longed to meet her friend *Dorus*; that vpon the ſhoulders of friendſhip ſhe might lay the burthen of ſorrow, and therefore went toward the other lodge; where among certaine Beeches ſhe found *Dorus*, apparelled in flanen, with a Goats skin caſt vpon him, and a garland of Laurell mixt with Cypreſſe leaues on his head, waiting on his maiſter *Dametas*, who at that time was teaching him how with his ſheephook to catch a wãton Lambe, and how with the ſame to caſt a little clod at anie one that ſtrayed out of companie. And while *Dorus* was practiſing, one might ſee *Dametas* holding his hand vnder his girdle behind him, nodding from the waſte vpwards, and ſwearing he neuer knew man go more aukewardlie to worke: and that they might talke of booke-learning what they would: but for his part, hee neuer ſaw more vnfeatie fellowes then great clearks were.

But *Zelmanes* comming ſaued *Dorus* from further chiding. And ſo ſhe beginning to ſpeake with him of the number of his maiſters ſheep, and which prouince of *Arcadia* bare the fineſt wooll, drewe him on to follow her in ſuch countrie diſcourſes, til (being out of *Dametas* hearing) with ſuch vehemencie of paſſion, as though her heart would clime into her mouth, to take her tongues office, ſhe declared vnto him, vpon what briers the roſes of her affections grew: how time ſtill ſeemed to forget her, beſtowing no one houre of comfort vpon her; ſhe remaining ſtil in one plight of ill fortune, ſauing ſo much worſe, as continuance of euill doth in it ſelfe increaſe euill. Alas my *Dorus* (ſaid ſhe) thou ſeeſt how long and languiſhingly the weeks are paſt ouer ſince our laſt talking. And yet I am the ſame, miſerable I, that I was: onelie ſtronger in longing, & weaker in hoping. Then fell ſhe to ſo pitifull a declaration of the

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insupportableneſſe of her deſires, that *Dorus* eares (not able to ſhew what wounds that diſcourſe gaue vnto them) procured his eyes with teares to giue teſtimonie, how much they ſuffered for her ſuffering: till paſsion (a moſt cumberſome gueſt to it ſelfe) made *Zelmane* (the ſooner to ſhake it off) earneſtly intreat *Dorus*, that he alſo (with like freedome of diſcourſe) would beſtow a Mappe of his litle world vpon her, that ſhe might ſee, whether it were troubled with ſuch vnhabitable climes of cold deſpaires, and hot rages as hers was. And ſo walking vnder a few palme trees, (which being louing in their owne nature, ſeemed to giue their ſhadow the willinglier, becauſe they held diſcourſe of loue.) *Dorus* thus entred to the deſcription of his fortune: Alas, ſaid he, deare couſin, that it hath pleaſed the high powers to throwe vs to ſuch an eſtate, as the onlie entercourſe of our true friendſhip, muſt bee a bartring of miſeries: for my part, I muſt confeſſe indeed, that from a huge darkneſſe of ſorowes, I am crept (I cannot ſay to a lightſomneſſe, but) to a certaine dawning, or rather peeping out of ſome poſsibilitie of comfort: but wo is me, ſo farre from the marke of my deſires, that I rather think it ſuch a light, as comes through a ſmall hole to a dungeon, that the miſerable caitife may the better remember the light, of which he is depriued; or like a ſcholler, who is only come to that degree of knowledge, to find himſelfe vtterly ignorant: but thus ſtands it with me: After that by your meanes I was exalted to ſerue in yonder bleſſed lodge, for a while I had in the fornace of my agonies, this refreſhing; that (becauſe of the ſeruice I had done in killing of the Beare) it pleaſed the Princeſſe (in whom indeed ſtatelineſſe ſhines through curteſie) to let fall ſome gracious looke vpon me: ſometimes to ſee my exercíſes, ſometimes to heare my ſongs. For my part, my heart would not ſuffer me to omit anie occaſion, whereby I might make the incomparable *Pamela*, ſee how much extraordinarie deuotion I bare to her ſeruice: and withall ſtraue to appeare more worthie in her ſight; that ſmall deſert ioyned to ſo great affection, might preuaile ſomething in the wiſeſt Ladie. But too well (alas) I found, that a ſhepheards ſeruice was but conſidered of, as from a ſhepheard, and the acceptation limited to no further proportion, then of a good ſeruant. And when my countenance had once giuen notice that there lay affection vnder it, I ſaw ſtraight, Maieſtie (ſitting in the throne of Beautie) drawe forth ſuch a ſword of iuſt diſdaine, that I remained as a man thunder-ſtriken, not daring, no not able to behold that power. Nowe to make my eſtate knowne, ſeemed againe impoſsible, by reaſon of the ſuſpicious neſſe of *Dametas*, *Miſo*, & my young miſtreſſe *Mopſa*: for *Dametas* (according to the conſtitution of a dull head) thinkes no better way to ſhewe himſelfe wiſe, then by ſuſpecting euerie thing in his way: which ſuſpicion *Miſo* (for the hoggiſh ſhrewdneſſe of her braine) and *Mopſa* (for a verie vnlikely enuie ſhe hath ſtumbled vpon againſt the Princeſſes vnſpeakeable beautie) were verie glad to execute: ſo that I (finding my ſeruice by this meanes lightlie regarded, my affection deſpiſed, and my ſelfe vnknowne) remained no fuller of deſire, then voyd of counſell how to come to my deſire; which (alas) if theſe trees could ſpeake, they might well witneſſe: for, manie times haue I ſtood here, bewayling my ſelfe vnto them: manie times haue I, leaning to yonder Palme, admired the bleſſednes ſe of it, that it could beare loue without ſence of paine: manie times, when my maiſters cattell came hither to chew their cud in this freſh place, I might ſee the young Bull teſtifie his loue: but how? with proud lookes and ioyfulneſſe. O wretched mankind (ſaid I then to my ſelfe) in whom wit (which ſhould be the gouernour of his welfare) becomes the traitor to his bleſſednes ſe: theſe beaſts like children to nature, inherit her bleſſings quietly; we, like baſtards, are laid abroad

euen as foundlings to be trained vp by griefe and ſorow. Their minds grudge not at their bodies comfort, nor their ſences are letted from enioying their obiects: we haue the impediments of honour, and the torments of conſcience. Truly in ſuch cogitations haue I ſometimes ſo long ſtood, that me thought my feet began to grow into the ground, with ſuch a darkneſſe and heauineſſe of mind, that I might eaſilie haue bene perſwaded to haue reſigned ouer my verie eſſence. But loue (which one time layeth burdens, another time giueth wings) when I was at the loweſt of my downward thoughts, pulled vp my heart to remember, that nothing is atchieued before it be throughlie attempted, and that lying ſtill doth neuer go forward; and that therfore it was time, now or neuer, to ſharpen my inuention, to pierce through the hardneſſe of this enterpriſe; neuer ceaſing to aſſemble all my conceits, one after another, how to mainiſeſt both my mind & eſtate, till at laſt I lighted and reſolued on this way, which yet perchaunce you will thinke was a way rather to hide it. I began to counterfeit the extreameſt loue towards *Mopſa* that might be; and as for the loue, ſo liuelie it was indeed within me, (although to another ſubiect) that litle I needed to counterfeit anie notable demonſtrations of it, and ſo making a contrarietie the place of my memorie, in her foulneſſe I beheld *Pamelas* faireneſſe, ſtill looking on *Mopſa*, but thinking on *Pamela*; as if I ſaw my Sun ſhine in a pudled water: I cried out of nothing but *Mopſa*; to *Mopſa* my attendance was directed; to *Mopſa* the beſt fruites I could gather were brought; to *Mopſa* it ſeemed ſtil that mine eye conueyed my tongue: ſo that *Mopſa* was my ſaying; *Mopſa* was my ſinging; *Mopſa* (that is onlie ſutable in laying a foule complexion vpon a filthy fauour, ſetting forth both in ſluttiſhneſſe) ſhe was the lode-ſtarre of my life; ſhe the bleſſing of mine eyes, ſhe the ouerthrowe of my deſires, and yet the recompence of my ouerthrow; ſhe the ſweetneſſe of my heart, euen ſweetning the death, which her ſweetneſſe drew vpon me. In ſumme, whatſoeuer I thought of *Pamela*, that I ſaid of *Mopſa*; whereby as I gat my maiſters good wil, who before ſpited me, fearing leaſt I ſhold win the Princeſſe fauour from him, ſo did the ſame make the Princeſſe the better content to allow me her preſence: whether indeed it were, that a certaine ſparke of noble indignation did riſe in her, not to ſuffer ſuch a baggage to winne away any thing of hers, how meanly ſoeuer ſhe reputed of it; or rather (as I thinke) my words being ſo paſſionate, and ſhooting ſo quite contrarie from the marks of *Mopſas* worthineſſe, ſhee perceiued well enough whither they were directed; and therefore being ſo masked, ſhe was contented as a ſport of wit to attend them: whereupon one day determining to find ſome meanes to tell (as of a third perſon) the tale of mine owne loue and eſtate, finding *Mopſa* (like a Cuckoe by a Nightinghale) alone with *Pamela*, I came in vnto them, and with a face (I am ſure) full of clowdie fancies, tooke a harpe and ſung this ſong.

Since ſo mine eyes are ſubiect to your ſight,
That in your ſight they fixed haue my braine:
Since ſo my heart is filled with that light,
That onlie light doth all my life maintaine.

Since in ſweete you all goods ſo richlie raigne,
That where you are no wiſhed good can want:
Since ſo your liuing image liues in me,
That in my ſelfe your ſelfe true loue doth plant:

How

How can you him vnworthie their decree,
In whose chiefe part your worths implanted be?

The song being ended, which I had often broken off in the middest with grieuous sighes, which ouertooke euery verse I sang, I let fall my harpe from mee: and casting mine eye sometime vpon *Mopsa*; but setling my sight principally vpon *Pamela*, And is it the onely fortune most beautifull *Mopsa*, said I, of wretched *Dorus*, that fortune must be the measure of his mind? Am I onely he, that because I am in miserie, more miserie must be laid vpon me? must that which should be cause of compassion, become an argument of crueltie against me? Alas excellent *Mopsa*, consider, that a vertuous Prince requires the life of his meanest subiect, and the heauenly Sunne disdaines not to giue light to the smallest worme. O *Mopsa*, *Mopsa*, if my hart could be as manifest to you, as it is vncomfortable to me, I doubt not the height of my thoughts should well counteruaile the lownesse of my qualitie. Who hath not heard of the greatnesse of your estate? who seeth not, that your estate is much excelled with that sweet vniting of all beauties, which remaineth and dwelleth with you? who knowes not, that all these are but ornaments of that diuine sparke within you, which being descended from heauen, could not els-where picke out so sweete a mansion? But if you will know what is the band that ought to knit all these excellencies together, it is a kind mercifulnesse to such a one, as is in his soule denoted to those perfections. *Mopsa* (who alreadie had had a certaine smackring towards me) stood all this while with her hand sometimes before her face, but most commonly with a certaine speciall grace of her owne, wagging her lips, and grinning in steede of smiling: but all the words I could get of her, was, wrying her waste, and thrusting out her chinne, In faith you iest with me: you are a merrie man indeede. But the euer-pleasing *Pamela* (that well found the Comedie would be marred, if she did not help *Mopsa* to her part) was content to vrge a little further of me. Master *Dorus* (said the faire *Pamela*) me thinks you blame your fortune verie wrongfully, since the fault is not in Fortune, but in you, that cannot frame your selfe to your fortune: and as wrongfully do require *Mopsa* to so great a disparagement as to her Fathers seruant; since she is not worthie to be loued, that hath not some feeling of her owne worthines. I staied a good while after her words, in hope she would haue continued her speech (so great a delight I receiued in hearing her) but seeing her say no further, (with a quaking all ouer my bodie) I thus answered her: Ladie, most worthy of all dutie, how falls it out that you in whō all vertue shines, will take the patronage of fortune, the only rebellious handmaid against vertue? Especially, since before your eyes, you haue a pittifull spectacle of her wickednesse, a forlorne creature, which must remaine not such as I am, but such as she makes me, since she must be the ballance of worthinesse or disparagement. Yet alas, if the condemned man (euen at his death) haue leaue to speake, let my mortall wound purchase thus much consideration, since the perfections are such in the partie I loue, as the feeling of them cannot come into any vnnoble hart; shall that hart, which doth not onely feele them, but hath all the working of his life placed in them, shall that hart I saie, lifted vp to such a height, be counted base? O let not an excellent spirit do it selfe such wrong, as to thinke, where it is placed, imbraced and loued, there can be any vnworthinesse; since the weakest mist is not easilier driuen away by the Sunne, then that is chased away with so high thoughts. I will not denie (answered the gracious *Pamela*) but that the loue you beare to *Mopsa*,

hath

hath brought you to the conſideration of her vertues, and that conſideration may haue made you the more vertuous, and ſo the more worthie: But euen that then (you muſt confeſſe) you haue receiued of her, and ſo are rather gratefully to thank her, then to preſſe any further till you bring ſomething of your owne, whereby to claime it. And truly *Dorus*, I muſt in *Mopſaes* behalfe ſay thus much to you, that if her beauties haue ſo ouertaken you, it becomes a true Loue to haue your heart more ſet vpon her good then your owne, and to beare a tenderer reſpect to her honour, then your ſatisfaction. Now by my hallidame, Madame (ſaid *Mopſa*, throwing great number of ſheeps eyes vpon me) you haue euen touched mine owne minde to the quick, forſooth. I (finding that the policie that I had vſed, had at leaſtwiſe produced thus much happineſſe vnto me, as that I might euen in my Ladies preſence, diſcouer the ſore which had deeply feſtered within me, and that ſhee could better conceiue my reaſons applied to *Mopſa*, then ſhe would haue vouchſafed them, whileſt her ſelfe was a partie) thought good to purſue on my good beginning, vſing this fit occaſion of *Pamelas* wit, and *Mopſaes* ignorance. Therefore with an humble piercing eye, looking vpon *Pamela*, as if I had rather bene condemned by her mouth, then highly exalted by the other, turning my ſelfe to *Mopſa*, but keeping mine eye where it was: Faire *Mopſa* (ſaid I) well do I find by the wiſe knitting together of your anſwere, that any diſputation I can vſe is aſmuch too weake, as I vnworthy. I find my loue ſhalbe proued no loue, without I leaue to loue, being too vnfit a veſſell in whom ſo high thoughts ſhould be engraued. Yet ſince the Loue I beare you, hath ſo ioyned it ſelfe to the beſt part of my life, as the one can not depart, but that the other will follow; before I ſeeke to obey you in making my laſt paſſage, let me know which is my vnworthineſſe, either of mind, eſtate, or both? *Mopſa* was about to ſay, in neither; for her heart I thinke rumbled with ouermuch kindneſſe, when *Pamela* with a more fauourable countenance then before) finding how apt I was to fall into deſpaire) told me I might therein haue aunſwered my ſelfe; for beſides that it was graunted me, that the inward feeling of *Mopſaes* perfections had greatly beautified my minde, there was none could denie, but that my minde and bodie deſerued great allowance. But *Dorus* (ſaid ſhe) you muſt be ſo farre maiſter of your loue as to conſider, that ſince the iudgement of the world ſtands vpon matter of fortune, and that the ſexe of womankind of all other is moſt bound to haue regardfull eye to mens iudgements, it is not for vs to play the Philoſophers, in ſeeking out your hidden vertues: ſince that, which in a wiſe Prince would be counted wiſedome, in vs will be taken for a light-grounded affection: ſo is not one thing, one, done by diuers perſons. There is no man in a burning feuer feeles ſo great contentment in cold water greedily receiued (which as ſoone as the drinke ceaſeth, the rage reneweth) as poore I found my ſoule refreſhed with her ſweetly pronounced words; and newly, and more violently againe enflamed, aſſoone as ſhe had cloſed vp her delightfull ſpeech with no leſſe well graced ſilence. But remembring in my ſelfe, that aſwell the Souldier dieth which ſtandeth ſtill, as he that giues the braueſt onſet: and ſeeing that to the making vp of my fortune, there wanted nothing ſomuch as the making knowne of mine eſtate, with a face well witneſſing how deeply my ſoule was poſſeſſed, and with the moſt ſubmiſſiue behauiour, that a thralled heart could expreſſe, euen as my words had bene too thicke for my mouth, at length ſpake to this purpoſe: Alas, moſt worthie Princeſſe, and do not then your owne ſweet words ſufficiently teſtifie, that there was neuer man could haue a iuſter action againſt filthie fortune, then I, ſince all other things being

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granted me, her blindneſſe is my only let? O heauenly God, I would either ſhe had ſuch eyes as were able to diſcerne my deſerts, or I were blind not to ſee the dayly cauſe of my misfortune. But yet (ſaid I) moſt honoured Ladie, if my miſerable ſpeeches haue not alreadie cloied you, and that the verie preſence of ſuch a wretch become not hatefull in your eyes: let me reply thus much further againſt my mortall ſentence, by telling you a ſtorie, which happened in this ſame countrie long ſince (for woes make the ſhorteſt time ſeeme long) whereby you ſhall ſee that my eſtate is not ſo contemptible, but that a Prince hath bene content to take the like vpon him, and by that onely hath aſpired to enioy a mightie Princeſſe. *Pamela* graciouſly hearkened, and I told my tale in this ſort.

In the countrie of *Theſſalia*, (alas, why name I that accurſed countrie, which brings forth nothing, but matters for tragedies? but name it I muſt) in *Theſſalia* (I ſay) there was (wel may I ſay, there was) a Prince (no, no prince, whome bondage wholly poſſeſſed; but yet accounted a Prince) and named *Muſidorus*. O *Muſidorus*, *Muſidorus*; but to what ſerue exclamations, where there are no eares to receiue the ſound? This *Muſidorus* being yet in the tendreſt age, his worthy father paied to nature (with a violent death) her laſt duties, leauing his child to the faith of friends, and the proofe of time: death gaue him not ſuch pangs as the foreſightfull care he had of his ſilly ſucceſſour. And yet if in his foreſight he could haue ſeene ſo much, happie was that good prince in his timely departure, which barred him from the knowledge of his ſonnes miſeries, which his knowledge could neither haue preuented, nor releeued. The young *Muſidorus* (being thus, as for the firſt pledge of the deſtinies good will, depriued of his principall ſtay) was yet for ſome yeares after (as if the ſtarres would breath themſelues for a greater miſchiefe) lulled vp in as much good luck, as the heedfull loue of his doleful mother, and the floriſhing eſtate of his countrie could breed vnto him.

But when the time now came, that miſery ſeemed to be ripe for him, becauſe he had age to knowe miſery, I thinke there was a conſpiracy in all heauenly and earthly things, to frame fit occaſions to leade him vnto it. His people (to whom al forrain matters in foretime were odious) began to wiſh in their beloued Prince, experience by trauaile: his deare mother (whoſe eyes were held open, only with the ioy of looking vpon him) did now diſpenſe with the comfort of her widowheed life, deſiring the ſame her ſubiects did, for the increaſe of her ſonnes worthineſſe.

And hereto did *Muſidorus* owne vertue (ſee how vertue can bee a miniſter to miſchiefe) ſufficiently prouoke him: for indeed thus much I muſt ſay for him, although the likeneſſe of our miſhaps make me preſume to patterne my ſelfe vnto him, that well-doing was at that time his ſcope, from which no faint pleaſure could with-hold him. But the preſent occaſion which did knit all this together, was his vncle the king of *Macedon*; who hauing lately before gotten ſuch victories, as were beyond expectation, did at this time ſend both for the Prince his ſonne (brought vp together, to auoid the warres, with *Muſidorus*) and for *Muſidorus* himſelfe, that his ioy might be the more ful, hauing ſuch partakers of it. But alas, to what a ſea of miſeries my plainfull toung doth lead me! and thus out of breath, rather with that I thought, then that I ſaid, I ſtayed my ſpeech, til *Pamela* ſhewing by countenance that ſuch was her pleaſure, I thus continued it: Theſe two yong Princes to ſatisfie the king, tooke their way by ſea, towards *Thrace*, whither they would needs go with a Nauie to ſuccor him: he being at that time before *Bizantium* with a mighty Army beſieging it; where at that time his court was. But when the conſpired heauens had

gotten

gotten this Subiect of their wrath vpon ſo fit a place as the ſea was, they ſtreight began to breath out in boiſtrous winds ſome part of their malice againſt him; ſo that with the loſſe of all his Nauie, he only with the Prince his coſin, were caſt a land, far off from the place whither their deſires would haue guided them. O cruel winds in your vnconſiderate rages, why either began you this furie, or why did you not end it in his end? But your crueltie was ſuch, as you would ſpare his life for many deathfull torments. To tell you what pitifull miſhaps fell to the young Prince of *Macedon* his coſin, I ſhould too much fill your eares with ſtrange horrors; neither will I ſtaie vpon thoſe laborſome aduentures, nor loth ſom miſaduentures, to which, and through which his fortune and courage conducted him; My ſpeech haſteneth it ſelfe to come to the ful point of *Muſidorus* infortunes. For as we find the moſt peſtilent diſeaſes do gather into themſelues all the infirmities with which the body before was annoyed; ſo did his laſt miſerie embrace in the extremitie of it ſelfe all his former miſchiefes.

Arcadia, *Arcadia* was the place prepared to be the ſtage of his endleſſe ouerthrow. *Arcadia* was, (alas wel might I ſay it is) the charmed circle, where all his ſpirits for euer ſhould be enchanted. For here (and no where els) did his infected eyes make his mind know, what power heauenly beautie hath to throw it downe to helliſh agonies. Here, here did he ſee the *Arcadian* Kings eldeſt daughter, in whom he forthwith placed ſo all his hopes of ioy and ioyfull parts of his heart, that he left in himſelf nothing, but a maze of longing, and a dungeon of ſorow. But alas, what can ſaying make them belieue, whom ſeeing cannot perſwade? Thoſe paines muſt be felt before they can be vnderſtood; no outward vtterance can command a conceipt. Such was as then the ſtate of the king, as it was no time by direct meanes to ſeeke her. And ſuch was the ſtate of his captiued will, as he could delay no time of ſeeking her.

In this intangled caſe, he clothed himſelfe in a ſhepheards weede, that vnder the baſeneſſe of that forme, he might at leaſt haue free acceſſe to feed his eyes with that which ſhould at length eate vp his heart. In which doing, thus much without doubt he hath manifeſted, that this eſtate is not alwaies to be reiected, ſince vnder that vaile there may be hidden things to be eſteemed. And if he might with taking on a ſhepheards looke caſt vp his eyes to the faireſt Princeſſe, Nature in that time created; the like, nay the ſame deſire of mine need no more to be diſdained, or held for diſgracefull. But now alas mine eyes waxe dimme, my toung beginnes to falter, and my hart to want force to helpe, either with the feeling remembrance I haue, in what heape of miſeries the caitife Prince lay at this time buried. Pardon therefore moſt excellent Princeſſe, if I cut off the courſe of my dolorus tale; ſince if I be vnderſtood, I haue ſaid enough for the defence of my baſeneſſe; and for that which after might befal to that patterne of ill fortune, (the matters are too monſtrous for my capacitie) his hatefull deſtinies muſt beſt declare their owne workmanſhip.

Thus hauing deliuered my tale in this perplexed manner, to the end the Princeſſe might iudge that he meant himſelfe, who ſpake ſo feelingly; her aunſwer was both ſtrange, and in ſome reſpect comfortable. For would you thinke it? ſhee hath heard heretofore of vs both, by meanes of the valiant Prince *Plangus*, and particularly of our caſting away: which ſhe (following mine owne ſtile) thus delicately brought forh: You haue told (ſaid ſhe) *Dorus*, a pretie tale; but you are much deceiued in the latter end of it. For the Prince *Muſidorus* with his coſin *Pyrocles* did both periſh vpon the coaſt of *Laconia*; as a noble gentleman called *Plangus* (who was well acquainted with the hiſtorie) did aſſure my father. O how that ſpeach of hers did powre ioyes in my hart? ô bleſſed name (thought I) of mine, ſince thou haſt

haſt bene in that toung, and paſſed through thoſe lips, though I can neuer hope to approch them. As for *Pyrocles* (ſaid I) I will not denie it, but that he is periſhed: (which I ſaid, leaſt ſooner ſuſpicion might ariſe of your being here, then your ſelfe would haue it) and yet affirmed no lye vnto her, ſince I onely ſaid, I would not deny it. But for *Muſidorus* (ſaid I) I perceiue indeed you haue either heard or read the ſtory of that vnhappy Prince; for this was the verie obiection, which that peerleſſe Princeſſe did make vnto him, when he ſought to appeare ſuch as he was before her wiſdome: and thus as I haue read it faire written in the certaintie of my knowledge he might anſwer her, that indeed the ſhip wherin he came, by a treaſon was periſhed, and therefore that *Plangus* might eaſily be deceiued: but that he himſelfe was caſt vpon the coaſt of *Laconia*, were he was taken vp by a couple of ſhepheards, who liued in thoſe dayes famous; for that both louing one faire maide, they yet remained conſtant friends; one of whoſe ſongs not long ſince was ſung before you by the ſhepheard *Lamon*, and brought by them to a noble-mans houſe neere *Mantinea*, whoſe ſonne had a little before bene taken priſoner, & by the helpe of this Prince, *Muſidorus* (though naming himſelfe by another name) was deliuered. Now theſe circumlocutious I did vſe, becauſe of the one ſide I knew the Princeſſe would know well the parties I meant; and of the other, if I ſhould haue named *Strephon*, *Claius*, *Kalander*, and *Clitophon*, perhappes it would haue rubd ſome coniecture into the heauie head of Miſtreſſe *Mopſa*.

And therefore (ſaid I) moſt diuine Lady, he iuſtly was thus to argue againſt ſuch ſuſpicions, that the Princeſſe might eaſily by thoſe parties be ſatisfied, that vpon that wrack ſuch a one was taken vp, and therefore that *Plangus* might well erre, who knew not of anies taking vp: againe that hee that was ſo preſerued brought good tokens to be one of the two chiefe of that wracked companie: which two ſince *Plangus* knew to be *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, hee muſt needes bee one of them, although (as I ſaide) vpon a foretaken vow, he was otherwiſe at that time called. Beſides, the Princeſſe muſt needes iudge, that no leſſe then a Prince durſt vndertake ſuch an enterpriſe, which (though he might get the fauour of the Princeſſe) he could neuer defend with leſſe then a Princes power, againſt the force of *Arcadia*. Laſtly, for a certaine demonſtration, he preſumed to ſhew vnto the Princeſſe a marke he had on his face, as I might (ſaid I) ſhew this of my neck to the rare *Mopſa*: and withall, ſhewed my necke to them both, where (as you know) there is a redde ſpot bearing figure (as they tell me) of a Lyons pawe, that thee may aſcertaine her ſelfe, that I am *Menalcas* brother. And ſo did he, beſeeching her to ſend ſome one ſhe might truſt, into *Theſſalia*, ſecretly to bee aduertiſed, whether the age, the complexion, and particularly that notable ſigne, did not fully agree with their Prince *Muſidorus*. Do you not know further (ſaid ſhe, with a ſetled countenance, not accuſing any kind of inward motion) of that ſtorie? Alas no, (ſaid I) for euen here the Hiſtoriographer ſtopped, ſaying, The reſt belonged to Aſtrologie. And therewith, thinking her ſilent imaginations began to worke vpon ſomwhat; to mollifie them (as the nature of Muſick is to do) and withall, to ſhew what kinde of ſhepheard I was, I tooke vp my Harpe, and ſang theſe few verſes:

My ſheepe are thoughts, which I both guide and ſerue:
Their paſture is faire hilles of fruitleſſe loue:
On barren ſweetes they feeding ſterue:
I waile their lott, but will not other proue.

My

My sheepehooke is wanne hope, which all vpholds:
My weeder, Desire cut out in endlesse folds.
What woolly my sheepe shall beare, whiles thus they liue,
In you it is, you must the iudgement giue.

And then, partly to bring *Mopsa* againe to the matter (least she should too much take heed to our discourses) but principally if it were possible to gather some comfort out of her answers, I kneeled downe to the Princesse, and humblie besought her to moue *Mopsa* in my behalfe, that she would vnarme her noble hart of that steely resistance against the sweet blowes of Loue: that since all her parts were decked with some particular ornament; her face with beautie, her head with wisdome, her eyes with maiestie, her countenance with gracefulnesse, her lips with louelinesse, her tongue with victorie; that shee would make her hart the throne of pittie, being the most excellent raymennt of the most excellent parr.

Pamela without shew either of fauour or disdaine, either of heeding or neglecting what I had said, turned her speech to *Mopsa*, and with such a voice and action, as might shew shee spake of a matter which little did concerne her, Take heede to your selfe (said shee) *Mopsa*, for your shepheard can speake well: but truly, if he doe fully proue himselfe such as he saith, I meane, the honest shepheard *Menalcha* his brother and heire, I know no reason why you should thinke scorne of him. *Mopsa* though (in my conscience) shee were euen then farre spent towards me, yet shee answered her, that for all my queint speaches, she would keepe her honestie close inough: And that as for the way of matrimony, shee would step neuer a foote further, till my Master her father had spoken the whole word himselfe, no shee would not. But euer and anon turning her muzzell toward me, shee threwe such a prospect vpon me, as might well haue giuen a surfet to any weake louers stomacke. But Lord what a foole am I, to mingle that driuels speaches among my noble thoughts? but because shee was an Actor in this Tragedie, to giue you a full knowledge, and to leaue nothing (that I can remember) vnrepeated.

Now the Princesse being about to withdraw her selfe from vs, I tooke a Iewell made in the figure of a Crab-fish, which, because it lookes one way and goes another, I thought it did fitly patterne out my looking to *Mopsa*, but bending to *Pamela*: The word about it was, *By force, not choice*; and still kneeling, besought the Princesse that she would vouchsafe to giue it *Mopsa*, and with the blessednes of her hand to make acceptable vnto her that toye which I had found, following of late an acquaintaunce of mine at the plowe. For (said I) as the earth was turned vp, the plow-share lighted vpon a great stone: wee puld that vp, and so found both that and some other prety things, which we had diuided betwixt vs.

Mopsa was benummed with ioy when the Princesse gaue it her: but in the Princesse I could find no apprehension of what I either said or did, but with a calme careles nesse letting each thing slide, iustly as we doo by their speeches (who neither in matter nor person doo any way belong vnto vs) which kinde of cold temper, mixt with that lightning of her naturall maiestie, is of all others most terrible vnto me: for yet if I found she contemned mee, I would desperatly labour both in fortune and vertue to ouercome it; if she only mistrusted me, I were in heauen; for quickly I would bring sufficient assurance: lastly, if shee hated me, yet I should know what passion to deale with; and either with infiniteneesse of desert I would take away the fewell from that fire; or if nothing would serue, then I would giue her

her my hart-bloud to quench it. But this cruell quietnes, neither retiring to miſlike nor proceeding to fauour; gracious, but gracious ſtill after one maner; all her curteſies hauing this engrauen in thē, that what is done, is for vertues ſake, not for the parties (euer keeping her courſe like the Sun, who neither for our prayſes, nor curſes, will ſpur or ſtop his horſes.) This, I ſay, heauenlineſs of hers (for howſoeuer my miſery is I cannot but ſo entitle it) is ſo impoſsible to reach vnto, that I almoſt begin to ſubmit my ſelfe to the tyranny of deſpaire, not knowing any way of perſwaſion, where wiſdome ſeemes to be vnſenſible. I haue appeared to her eyes, like my ſelfe, by a deuiſe I vſed with my maiſter, perſwading him that we two might put on certaine rich apparell I had prouided, and ſo practiſe ſomething on horſebacke before *Pamela*, telling him, it was apparell I had gotten for playing well the part of a king in a Tragedy at *Athens*: my horſe indeed was it I had left at *Menalcas* houſe, & *Dametas* got one by friendſhip out of the Princes ſtable. But howſoeuer I ſhew, I am no baſe body, all I do is but to beare a rocke and get ſome.

But as *Dorus* was about to tell further, *Dametas* (who came whiſtling, and counting vpon his fingers, how many loade of hay his ſeuenteene fatte oxen eat vp in a yeare) deſired *Zelmane* frō the king that ſhe wold come into the lodge, where they ſtayed for her. Alas (ſaid *Dorus*, taking his leaue) the ſum is this, that you may well finde you haue beaten your ſorrow againſt ſuch a wall, which with the force of rebound may wel make your ſorow ſtronger. But *Zelmane* turning her ſpeech to *Dametas*, I ſhall growe, ſaid ſhee, skilfull in country matters, if I haue often conference with your ſeruant. In ſooth (anſwered *Dametas* with a graceleſſe ſcorne) the Lad may proue well enough, if hee ouer-ſoone thinke not too well of himſelfe, and wil beare away that hee heareth of his elders. And therewith as they walked to the other lodge, to make *Zelmane* find ſhe might haue ſpent her time better with him, he began with a wilde Methode to runne ouer all the art of husbandry: eſpecially imploying his tongue about well dunging of a field: while poore *Zelmane* yeelded her eares to thoſe tedious ſtrokes, not warding them ſo much as with any one anſwere, till they came to *Baſilius*, and *Gynecia*, who attended for her in a coach to cary her abroad to ſee ſome ſports prepared for her. *Baſilius*, and *Gynecia* ſitting in the one end, placed her at the other, with her left ſide to *Philoclea*. *Zelmane* was mooued in her mind, to haue kiſſed their feet for the fauour of ſo bleſſed a ſeat: for the narrowneſſe of the coach made them ioyne from the foote to the ſhoulders very cloſe together; the truer touch whereof though it were barred by their enuious apparell, yet as a perfect Magnes, though but in an iuorie box, will through the box ſend forth his imbracing vertue to a beloued needle; ſo this imparadiſed neighborhood made *Zelmanes* ſoule cleaue vnto her, both thorow the iuory caſe of her body, and the apparell which did ouer-cloude it.

All the bloud of *Zelmanes* body ſtirring in her, as wine wil do when ſuger is haſtily put into it, ſeeking to ſuck the ſweetnes of the beloued gueſt; her hart, like a lion new impriſoned, ſeeing him that reſtraines his liberty, before the grate; not panting, but ſtriuing violently (if it had beene poſsible) to haue leapt into the lappe of *Philoclea*. But *Dametas*, euen then proceeding from beeing maiſter of a cart, to bee doctor of a coach, not a little proude in himſelfe, that his whippe at that time guided the rule of *Arcadia*, draue the coach (the couer whereof was made with ſuch ioynts, that as they might (to auoide the weather) pull it vp cloſe when they liſted, ſo when they would they might put each ende downe, and remaine as diſcouered and open ſighted as on horſebacke) till vpon the ſide of the forreſt they had

both greyhounds, ſpaniels, and hounds: whereof the firſt might ſeeme the Lords, the ſecond the Gentlemen, and the laſt the yeomen of dogges; a caſt of Merlins there was beſides, which flying of a gallant height ouer certaine buſhes, would beate the birds (that roſe) downe vnto the buſhes, as Falcons will doe wild-foule ouer a riuer. But the ſport which for that day *Baſilius* would principallie ſhew to *Zelmane*, was the mountie at a Hearne, which getting vp on his wagling wings with paine, till he was come to ſome height (as though the aire next to the earth were not fit for his great body to flie thorough) was now growne to diminiſh the ſight of himſelfe, and to giue example to great perſons, that the higher they be, the leſſe they ſhould ſhew: when a Ierfaulcon was caſt off after her, who ſtreight ſpying where the pray was, fixing her eye with deſire, and guiding her wing by her eye, vſed no more ſtrength then induſtry. For as a good builder to a high tower will not make his ſtayre vpright, but winding almoſt the full compaſſe about, that the ſteepeneſſe bee the more vnienſible: ſo ſhee, ſeeing the towring of her purſued chaſe, went circling, and compaſsing about, riſing ſo with the leſſe ſence of riſing; and yet finding that way ſcantly ſerue the greedineſſe of her haſt, as an ambitious body will go far out of the direct way, to win to a point of height which hee deſires; ſo would ſhe (as it were) turne taile to the Heron, and flie quite out another way, but all was to returne in a higher pitch; which once gotten, ſhe would either beate with cruell aſſaults the Heron, who now was driuen to the beſt defence of force, ſince flight would not ſerue; or elſe claſping with him, come downe together, to be pated by the ouer-partiall beholders.

Diuerſe of which flights *Baſilius* ſhewing to *Zelmane*, thus was the richeſſe of the time ſpent, and the day deceaſed before it was thought of, till night like a degenerating ſucceſſour made his departure the better remembred. And therefore (ſo conſtrained) they willed *Dametas* to driue homeward, who (half ſleeping, halfe muſing about the mending of a wine preſſe) guided the horſes ſo ill, that the wheele comming ouer a great ſtub of a tree, it ouerturned the coach. Which though it fell violently vpon the ſide where *Zelmane* and *Gynecia* ſate, yet for *Zelmanes* part, ſhee would haue been glad of the fall, which made her beare the ſweet burthen of *Philoclea*, but that ſhe feared ſhe might receiue ſome hurt. But indeede neither ſhe did, nor any of the reſt, by reaſon they kept their armes and legs within the coach, ſauing *Gynecia*, who with the onely bruze of the fall, had her ſhoulder put out of ioynt; which though by one of the Faulkeners cunning, it was ſet well againe, yet vvith much paine was ſhe brought to the lodge; and paine (fetching his ordinary companion, a feuer with him) draue her to entertaine them both in her bed.

But neither was the feuer of ſuch impatient heate, as the inward plague-ſore of her affection, nor the paine halfe ſo noyſome, as the iealouſie ſhe conceiued of her daughter *Philoclea*, leaſt this time of her ſickneſſe might giue apt occaſion to *Zelmane*, whom ſhe miſdoubted. Therfore ſhe called *Philoclea* to her, and though it were late in the night, commanded her in her eare to go to the other lodge, & ſend *Miſo* to her, with whom ſhe would ſpeake, and ſhe lie with her ſiſter *Pamela*. The meane while *Gynecia* kept *Zelmane* with her, becauſe ſhe would be ſure, ſhee ſhould be out of the lodge, before ſhe licenſed *Zelmane*. *Philoclea* not skild in any thing better then obedience, vvent quietly downe; and the Moone then full (not thinking ſcorne to be a torch-bearer to ſuch beauty) guided her ſteppes, whoſe motions beare a mind which bare in it ſelfe farre more ſtirring motions. And alas (ſweete *Philoclea*) how hath my pen till now forgot thy paſsions, ſince to thy memory principally all this

long

long matter is intended? pardon the slackenesse to come to those woes, which hauing caused in others, thou didst feele in thy selfe.

The sweet minded *Philoclea* was in their degree of well doing, to whom the not knowing of euill serueth for a ground of vertue, and hold their inward powers in better forme with an vnspotted simplicitie, then many, who rather cunningly seeke to know what goodnesse is, then willingly take into themselues the following of it. But as that sweete and simple breath of heauenly goodnesse, is the easier to be altered, because it hath not passed through the worldly wickednesse, nor feelingly found the euill, that euill caries with it; so now the Lady *Philoclea* (whose eyes and senses had receiued nothing, but according as the naturall course of each thing required; whose tender youth had obediently liued vnder her parents behests, without staming out of her owne will the fore-chosing of any thing) when now shee came to appoint, wherein her iudgement was to be practised, in knowing faultines by his first tokens, she was like a yong Faune, who comming in the wind of the hunters, doth not know whether it be a thing or no to bee eschewed; whereof at this time she began to get a costly experience. For after that *Zelmane* had a while liued in the lodge with her, and that her only being a noble stranger had bred a kinde of heedfull attention; her comming to that louely place (where she had no body but her parents) a willingnes of conuersation; her wit & behauiour; a liking and silent admiration; at length the excellency of her naturall gifts, ioyned with the extreame shewes she made of most deuout honouring *Philoclea* (carying thus in one person, the only two bands of good will, louelinesse and louingnesse) brought forth in her heart a yeelding to a most friendly affection; which when it had gotten so full possession of the keyes of her mind, that it would receiue no message from her senses, without that affection were the interpreter; then streight grew an exceeding delight stil to be with her, with an vnmeasurable liking of all that *Zelmane* did: matters being so turned in her, that where at first liking her manners did breede good-will, now good-will became the chiefe cause of liking her manners: so that within a while *Zelmane* was not prized for her demeanure, but the demeanure was prized because it was *Zelmanes*. Then followed that most natural effect of conforming ones selfe to that, which she did like, and not onely wishing to be her selfe such an other in all things, but to ground an imitation vpon so much an esteemed authoritie: so that the next degree was to marke all *Zelmanes* doings, speeches, and fashions, and to take them into her selfe, as a patterne of worthy proceeding. Which when once it was enacted, not onely by the comminaltie of Passions, but agreed vnto by her most noble Thoughts, and that Reason it selfe (not yet experienced in the issues of such matters) had granted his royall assent; then Friendship (a diligent officer) tooke care to see the statute throughly obserued. Then grew on that not onely shee did imitate the soberneſse of her countenance, the gracefulneſse of her speech, but euen their particular gestures: so that as *Zelmane* did often eye her, she would often eie *Zelmane*; and as *Zelmanes* eyes would deliuer a submissiue, but vehement desire in their looke, she, though as yet she had not the desire in her, yet should her eyes answere in like piercing kindnesse of a looke. *Zelmane* as much as *Gynecias* iealousie would suffer, desired to be neare *Philoclea*; *Philoclea*, as much as *Gynecias* iealousie would suffer, desired to be neare *Zelmane*. If *Zelmane* tooke her hand, and softly strained it, she also (thinking the knots of friendship ought to be mutuall) would (with a sweete fastneſse) shew she was loth to part from it. And if *Zelmane* sighed, she would sigh also; when *Zelmane* was sad, she deemed it wisdome,

and therefore ſhe would be ſad too. *Zelmanes* languiſhing countenance with croſt armes, and ſometimes caſt-vp eyes, ſhee thought to haue an excellent grace: and therefore ſhee alſo willingly put on the ſame countenance: till at the laſt (poore ſoule, ere ſhee were aware) ſhe accepted not onely the badge, but the ſeruice; not only the ſigne, but the paſsion ſignified. For whether it were, that her wit in continuance did finde, that *Zelmanes* friendſhip was full of impatient deſire, hauing more then ordinary limits, & therfore ſhe was content to ſecond *Zelmane*, though her ſelfe knew not the limits; or that in truth, true loue (well conſidered) hath an infectiue power; at laſt ſhe fell in acquaintance with loues harbinger, vviſhing: Friſt ſhe would vviſh, that they two might liue all their liues together, like two of *Dianas* Nymphs. But that wiſh, ſhe thought not ſufficient, becauſe ſhe knew, there would be more Nymphs beſides them, who alſo would haue their part in *Zelmane*. Then would ſhe wiſh, that ſhe were her ſiſter, that ſuch a naturall band might make her more ſpeciall to her. But againſt that, ſhe conſidered, that though being her ſiſter, if ſhe happened to be married, ſhe ſhould be robbed of her. Then growne bolder, ſhe would wiſh either her ſelfe, or *Zelmane* a man, that there might ſucceede a bleſſed mariage betwixt them. But when that wiſh had once diſplaied his enſigne in her minde, then followed whole ſquadrons of longings, that ſo it might be, with a maine battell of miſlikings, and repinings againſt their creation, that ſo it was not. Then dreames by night began to bring more vnto her, then ſhe durſt vviſh by day, where out Waking did make her know her ſelfe the better by the image of thoſe fancies. But as ſome diſeaſes when they are eaſie to be cured, they are hard to bee knowne, but when they grow eaſie to be knowne, they are almoſt impoſsible to bee cured: ſo the ſweete *Philoclea*, while ſhe might preuent it, ſhe did not feele it; now ſhe felt it, when it was paſt preuenting: like a riuer, no rampires being built againſt it, till alreadie it haue ouerflowed. For now indeede loue puld of his maske, and ſhewed his face vnto her, and told her plainly, that ſhe was his priſoner. Then needed ſhe no more paint her face with paſsions; for paſsions ſhone thorough her face; then her roſie colour was often encreaſed with extraordinarie bluſhing: and ſo another time, perfect whiteneſſe deſcended to a degree of paleneſſe; now hot, then cold, deſiring ſhe knew not what, nor how, if ſhe knew what. Then her minde (though too late) by the ſmart was brought to thinke of the diſeaſe, and her owne proofe taught her to knowe her mothers minde; which (as no error giues ſo ſtrong aſſault, as that which comes armed in the authoritie of a parent) ſo greatly fortified her deſires, to ſee, that her mother had the like deſires. And the more iealous her mother was, the more ſhe thought the Iewell precious, which was with ſo many lockes garded. But that preuailing ſo farre, as to keepe the two louers from priuate conference, then began ſhe to feele the ſweetneſſe of a louers ſolitarineſſe, when freely with words and geſtures, as if *Zelmane* were preſent, ſhe might giue paſſage to her thoughts, and ſo as it were, vtter out ſome ſmoke of thoſe flames, wherewith elſe ſhe was not onely burned, but ſmothered. As this night, that going from the one lodgeen the other by her mothers commandement, with dolefull geſtures and vncertaine paces, ſhe did willingly accept the times offer, to be a while alone: ſo that going a little aſide into the wood; where many times before ſhe had delighted to walke, her eyes were ſaluted with a tuft of trees, ſo cloſe ſet together, as with the ſhade the moone gaue through it, it might breede a feareſull kinde of deuotion to looke vppon it. But true thoughts of loue baniſhed all vaine fancie of ſuperſtition. Full well ſhe did both remember and like the places

for

for there had she often with their shade beguiled *Phœbus* of looking vpon her: There had she enioyed her selfe often, while she was mistresse of her selfe, and had no other thoughts, but such as might arise out of quiet senses.

But the principall cause that inuited her remembrance, vvas a goodly white marble stone, that should seeme had beene dedicated in ancient time to the *Syluan* gods: which she finding there a few dayes before *Zelmanes* comming, had written these words vpon it, as a testimony of her mind, against the suspicion her captiuitie made her thinke she liued in. The writing was this.

YOu liuing powers enclosd in stately shrine
Of growing trees: you rurall Gods that wield
Your scepters here, if to your eares diuine
A voice may come, which troubled soule doth yeeld:
This vow receiue, this vow O Gods maintaine;
My virgin life no spotted thought shall staine.

Thou purest stone; whose pureneſse doth present
My purest mind; whose temper hard doth show
My tempred hart; by thee my promise sent
Vnto my selfe let after-liuers know.
No fancy mine, nor others wrong suspect
Make me, O vertuous shame, thy lawes neglect.

O Chastity, the Chiefe of heauenly lights,
Which makst vs most immortall shape to weare,
Hold thou my heart, establish thou my sprights:
To onely thee my constant course I beare,
Till spotlesse soule vnto thy bosome flie.
Such life to leade, such death I vow to die.

But now that her memory serued as an accuser of her change, and that her own hand-writing was there, to beare testimony against her fall; shee went in among those few trees, so closed in the tops together, as they might seeme a little chappell: and there might she by the helpe of the Moone-light perceiue the goodly stone, which serued as an altar in that woodie deuotion. But neither the light was enough to reade the words, and the inke was already foreworne, and in many places blotted: which as shee perceiued, Alas (said she) faire marble, which neuer receiuedst spot but by my writing, well do these blots become a blotted writer. But pardon her which did not dissemble then, although she haue changed since. Enioy, enioy the glory of thy nature, which can so constantly beare the markes of my inconstancie. And herewith hiding her eyes with her soft hand, there came into her head certaine verses, which if she had had present commoditie, she would haue adioyned as a retractation to the other. They were to this effect.

MY words, in hope to blaze a stedfast mind,
This marble chose, as of like temper knowne:
But loe, my words defaste, my fancies blind,
Blots to the stone, shames to my selfe I find:

And witneſſe am, how ill agree in one,
A womans hand with conſtant marble ſtone.

My words full weake, the marble full of might;
My words in ſtore, the marble all alone;
My words blacke inke, the marble kindly white;
My words vnſeene, the marble ſtill in ſight,
May witneſſe beare, how ill agree in one,
A womans hand, with conſtant marble ſtone.

But ſeeing ſhe could not ſee meanes to ioyne as then this recantation to the former vowe (laying all her faire length vnder one of the trees) for a while ſhee did nothing but turne vp and downe, as if ſhe had hoped to turne away the fancie that maiſtred her, and hid her face, as if ſhee could haue hidden her ſelfe from her owne fancies. At length with a whiſpring note to her ſelfe; O mee vnfortunate vvretch (ſaid ſhee) what poyſonous heates bee theſe, vvhich thus torment me? How hath the ſight of this ſtrange gueſt inuaded my ſoule? Alas, what entrance found this deſire, or what ſtrength had it thus to conquer me? Then, a cloud paſsing between her ſight and the Moone, O *Diana* (ſaid ſhee) I would either the cloud that now hides the light of my vertue, would as eaſily paſſe away, as you will quickly ouercome this let; or elſe that you were for euer thus darkened, to ſerue for an excuſe of my outragious folly. Then looking to the ſtars, [illegible] perfitly as then beautified the cleare skie: My parents (ſaid ſhe) ha[illegible] that in theſe faire heauenly bodies, there are great hidden deities, vv[illegible]eir working in the ebbing and flowing of our eſtates. If it be ſo, then (O you ſtars) iudge rightly of mee, and if I haue with vvicked intent made my ſelfe a pray to fancy, or if by any idle luſts I framed my heart fit for ſuch an impreſſion, then let this plague daily encreaſe in me, till my name be made odious to womankinde. But if extreame and vnreſiſtable violence haue oppreſſed me, who wil euer do any of you ſacrifice (O you ſtars) if you do not ſuccour me. No, no, you vvill not help me. No, no, you cannot help me: Sinne muſt be the mother, and ſhame the daughter of my affection. And yet are theſe but childiſh obiections (ſimple *Philoclea*) it is the impoſsibility that doth torment mee: for, vnlawfull deſires are puniſhed after the effect of enioying; but vnpoſsible deſires are puniſhed in the deſire it ſelfe. O then, O tenne times vnhappy that I am, ſince where in all other hope kindleth loue; in me deſpaire ſhould be the bellowes of my affection: and of all deſpaires the moſt miſerable, vvhich is drawn from impoſsibility. The moſt couetous man longs not to get riches out of a ground which neuer can beare any thing; Why? becauſe it is impoſsible. The moſt ambitious wight vexeth not his wits to clime into heauen; Why? becauſe it is impoſsible. Alas then, O Loue, why doſt thou in thy beautiful ſampler ſet ſuch a worke for my deſire to take out, which is as much impoſsible? And yet alas, why do I thus condemne my fortune, before I heare what ſhee can ſay for her ſelfe? What do I, ſilly wench, know what Loue hath prepared for mee? Do I not ſee my mother, as well, at leaſt as furiouſly as my ſelf, loue *Zelmane*? And ſhould I be wiſer then my mother? Either ſhe ſees a poſsibilitie in that which I thinke impoſsible, or elſe impoſsible loues needs not misbecome mee. And doe I not ſee *Zelmane* (vvho doth not thinke a thought which is not firſt wayed by wiſedome and vertue) doth not ſhe vouchſafe to loue me with like ardour? I ſee it, her eyes depoſe it to be true;

What

What then? and if she can loue poore me, shall I thinke scorne to loue such a woman as *Zelmane*? Away then all vaine examinations of why and how. Thou loueſt me, excellent *Zelmane*, and I loue thee: and with that, embracing the very ground whereon she lay, she said to her selfe (for euen to her selfe she was ashamed to speake it out in words) ô my *Zelmane*, gouerne and direct me: for I am wholly giuen ouer vnto thee.

In this depth of muzes, and diuerse sorts of discourses, would she rauingly haue remained, but that *Dametas* and *Miso* (who were round about to seeke her, vnderstanding she was to come to their lodge that night) came hard by her; *Dametas* saying, that he would not deale in other bodies matters; but for his part, he did not like, that maides should once stir out of their fathers houses, but if it were to milke a cow, or saue a chicken from a kites foot, or some such other matter of importance. And *Miso* swearing that if it were her daughter *Mopsa*, she would giue her a lesson for walking so late, that should make her keep within doores for one fortnight. But their iangling made *Philoclea* rise, and pretending as though she had done it but to sport with them, went with thē (after she had willed *Miso* to wait vpon her mother) to the lodge; where (being now accustomed by her parents discipline, as well as her sister, to serue herselfe) she went alone vp to *Pamelas* chamber: where meaning to delight her eyes, and ioy her thoughts with the sweete conuersation of her beloued sister, she found her (though it were in the time that the wings of night doth blow sleepe most willingly into mortall creatures) sitting in a chaire, lying backeward, with her head almost ouer the backe of it, and looking vpon a waxe-candle which burnt before her; in one hand holding a letter, in the other her hand-kerchiefe, which had lately drunke vp the teares of her eyes, leauing in steed of them, crimsen circles, like red flakes in the element, when the weather is hotteſt. Which *Philoclea* finding (for her eyes had learned to know the badges of sorrow) she earnestly intreated to know the cause thereof, that either she might comfort, or accompanie her dolefull humor. But *Pamela*, rather seeming sorie that she had perceiued so much, thē willing to open any further, O my *Pamela* (said *Philoclea*) who are to me a sister in nature, a mother in counsel, a Princesse by the law of our countrey, and which name (me think) of all other is the deareſt, a friend by my choice and your fauour, what meanes this banishing me from your counsels? Doe you loue your sorrow so well, as to grudge me parte of it? Or do you thinke I shall not loue a sad *Pamela*, so well as a ioyfull? or be my eares vnworthie, or my tongue suspected? What is it (my sister) that you should conceale from your sister, yea and seruant *Philoclea*? These words wan no further of *Pamela*, but that telling her they might talke better as they lay together, they impouerished their clothes to enrich their bed, which for that night might well scorne the shrine of *Venus*: and there cherishing one another with deare, though chaste embracements, with sweet, though cold kisses; it might seeme that loue was come to play him there without dart; or that wearie of his owne fires, he was there to refresh himself between their sweete-breathing lippes. But *Philoclea* earnestly againe intreated *Pamela* to open her griefes; who (drawing the curtaine, that the candle might not complaine of her blushing) was ready to speake: but the breath almost formed into words, was againe stopt by her, and turned into sighes. But at last, I pray you (said shee) sweete *Philoclea*, let vs talke of some other thing: and tell me whether you did euer see any thing so amended as our Pastorall sports bee, since that *Doras* came hither? O loue, how farre thou seeſt with blind eyes? *Philoclea* had straight found her,

and

and therfore to draw out more, Indeed (sayd she) I haue often wondred to my selfe how such excellencies could be in so meane a person; but belike fortune was afraide to lay her treasures, where they should be stained with so many perfections: onely I marualle how he can frame himselfe to hide so rare gifts vnder such a blocke as *Dametas*. Ah (sayd *Pamela*) if you knew the cause: but no more do I neither; and to say the trueth: but Lord, how are we falne to talke of this fellow? and yet indeede if you were sometimes with me to marke him, while *Dametas* readeth his rusticke lecture vnto him (how to feede his beastes before noone, where to shade them in the extream heate, how to make the manger handsome for his oxen, when to vse the goade, and when the voice: giuing him rules of a heardman, though he pretend to make him a shepheard) to see all the while with what a grace (which seemes to set a crowne vpon his base estate) he can descend to those poore matters, certainly you would: but to what serues this? no doubt we were better sleepe then talke of these idle matters. Ah my *Pamela* (said *Philoclea*) I haue caught you, the constancy of your wit was not wont to bring foorth such disiointed speeches: you loue, dissemble no further. It is true (said *Pamela*) now you haue it; and with lesse adoe should, if my hart could haue thought those words sutable for my mouth. But indeed (my *Philoclea*) take heede: for I thinke vertue it selfe is no armour of proofe against affection. Therefore learne by my example. Alas thought *Philoclea* to her selfe, your sheares come to late to clip the birds wings that already is flowne away. But then *Pamela* being once set in the streame of her loue, went away amaine withall, telling her how his noble qualities had drawne her liking towardes him; but yet euer waying his meanesse, and so held continually in due limits; till seeking many meanes to speake with her, and euer kept from it (as well because she shund it, seeing and disdaining his mind, as because of her iealous iaylours) he had at length vsed the finest policie that might be in counterfaiting loue to *Mopsa*, and saying to *Mopsa* whatsoeuer he would haue her knowe: and in how passionate manner he had told his owne tale in a third person, making poore *Mopsa* beleeue, that it was a matter fallen out many ages before. And in the end, because you shall know my teares come not, neither of repentance nor misery, who thinke you, is my *Dorus* fallen out to be? euen the Prince *Musidorus*, famous ouer all *Asia*, for his heroicall enterprises, of whom you remember how much good the straunger *Plangus* told my father; he not being drowned (as *Plangus* thought) though his cosin *Pyrocles* indeede perished. Ah my sister, if you had heard his words, or seene his gestures, when he made me know what, and to whom his loue was, you would haue matched in your selfe (those two rarely matched together) pitie and delight. Tell me deare sister (for the Gods are my witnesses I desire to do vertuously) can I without the detestable staine of vngratefulnes abstaine from louing him, who (farre exceeding the beautifulnesse of his shape with the beautifulnesse of his mind, and the greatnesse of his estate with the greatnesse of his actes) is content so to abase himselfe, as to become *Dametas* seruant for my sake? you will say, But how know I him to be *Musidorus*, since the hand-maid of wisdome is slow of beliefe? That consideration did not want in me: for the nature of desire it selfe is no easier to receiue beliefe, then it is hard to ground beliefe. For as desire is glad to embrace the first shew of comfort, so is desire desirous of perfect assurance: and that haue I had of him, not onely by necessary arguments to any of common sence, but by sufficient demonstrations. Lastly, he would haue me send to *Thessalia*: but truly I am not as now in mind to do my honourable loue so much wrong, as so farre to suspect him:

yet

yet poore ſoule knowes he no other, but that I do both ſuſpect, neglect, yea and deteſt him. For euery day he finds one way or other to ſet forth himſelfe vnto me, but all are rewarded with like coldneſſe of acceptation.

A few dayes ſince, he and *Dametas* had furniſhed themſelues very richly to run at the ring before me. O how mad a ſight it was to ſee *Dametas*, like rich Tiſſew furd with lambe-skins? But ô how well it did with *Dorus*, to ſee with what a grace hee preſented himſelfe before me on horſebacke, making maieſtie wait vpon humbleneſſe? how at the firſt, ſtāding ſtill with his eyes bent vpon me, as though his motions were chained to my looke, he ſo ſtaid till I cauſed *Mopſa* bid him do ſomething vpon his horſe: which no ſooner ſaid, but (with a kinde rather of quicke geſture, then ſhew of violence) you might ſee him come towards me, beating the ground in ſo due time, as no dancer can obſerue better meaſure. If you remember the ſhip we ſaw once, when the ſea went hie vpon the coaſt of *Argos*; ſo went the beaſt. But he (as if Centaurlike he had been one peece with the horſe) was no more moued then one is with the going of his owne legges: & in effect ſo did he command him, as his owne limmes: for though he had both ſpurres and wand, they ſeemed rather markes of ſoueraignty, then inſtruments of puniſhment; his hand and legge (with moſt pleaſing grace) commanding without threatning, & rather remembring then chaſtiſing: at leaſt, if ſometimes he did, it was ſo ſtolne, as neither our eyes could diſcerne it, nor the horſe with any change did complaine of it: he euer going ſo iuſt with the horſe, either forth right, or turning, that it ſeemed as hee borrowed the horſes body, ſo he lent the horſe his mind: in the turning one might perceiue the bridle-hand ſomething gently ſtirre, but indeede ſo gently, as it did rather diſtill vertue, then vſe violence: himſelfe (which me thinkes is ſtrange) ſhewing at one inſtant both ſteadineſſe and nimbleneſſe; ſomtimes making him turne cloſe to the ground, like a cat, when ſcratchingly ſhe wheeles about after a mouſe: ſometimes with a little more riſing before, now like a Rauen leaping from ridge to ridge, then like one of *Dametas* kiddes bound ouer the hillockes: & all ſo done, as neither the luſtie kinde ſhewed any roughneſſe, nor the eaſier any idleneſſe: but ſtill like a well obeyed maiſter, whoſe becke is enough for a diſcipline, euer concluding each thing he did with his face to me-wards, as if thence came not onely the beginning, but ending of his motions. The ſport was to ſee *Dametas*, how he was toſt from the ſaddle to the mane of the horſe, and thence to the ground, giuing his gay apparell almoſt as foule an outſide, as it had an inſide. But as before hee had euer ſaid, he wanted but horſe and apparell to be as braue a courtier as the beſt: ſo now bruſed with proofe, he proclamed it a folly for a man of wiſdome, to put himſelfe vnder the tuition of a beaſt; ſo as *Dorus* was faine alone to take the Ring. Wherein truely at leaſt my womaniſh eyes could not diſcerne, but that taking his ſtaffe from his thigh, the deſcending it a little downe, the getting of it vp into the reſt, the letting of the point fall, and taking the Ring, was all but one motion: at leaſt (if they were diuerſe motions) they did ſo ſtealinglie ſlippe one into another, as the latter parte was euer in hand, before the eye could diſcerne the former was ended. Indeed *Dametas* found fault that he ſhewed no more ſtrength in ſhaking of his ſtaffe: but to my conceite the fine cleanneſſe of bearing it was exceeding delightfull.

But how delightfull ſoeuer it was, my delight might well be in my ſoule, but it neuer went to looke out of the window to do him any comfort. But how much more I found reaſon to like him, the more I ſet all the ſtrength of mind to ſuppreſſe

it,or at leaſt to conceale it. Indeede I muſt confeſſe, that as ſome Phyſitions haue told me, that whē one is cold outwardly, he is not inwardly; ſo truely the cold aſhes laid vpon my fire, did not take the nature of fire from it. Full often hath my breaſt ſwollen with keeping my ſighes impriſoned; full often haue the teares I draue back from mine eyes, turned backe to drown my hart. But alas what did that help poore *Dorus*? whoſe eyes (being his diligent intelligencers) could carry vnto him no other newes, but diſcōfortable. I think no day paſt, but by ſome one inuention he would appeare vnto me to teſtifie his loue. One time he daunced the Matachine daunce in armour (ô with what a gracefull dexterity!) I think to make me ſee, that he had bin brought vp in ſuch exerciſes: an other time he perſwaded his maiſter (to make my time ſeeme ſhorter) in maner of a Dialogue, to play *Priamus* while he playd *Paris*. Think (ſweet *Philoclea*) what a *Priamus* we had: but truely, my *Paris* was a *Paris*, & more then a *Paris*: who while in a ſauage apparell, with naked necke, armes, & legs, he made loue to *Oenone*, you might well ſee by his chaunged countenance, and true teares, that he felt the part he playd. Tell me (ſweete *Philoclea*) did you euer ſee ſuch a ſhepheard? tell mee, did you euer heare of ſuch a Prince? And then tell mee if a ſmall or vnworthy aſſault haue conquered mee. Truely I would hate my life, if I thought vanity led mee. But ſince my parents deale ſo cruelly with mee, it is time for me to truſt ſomething to my owne iudgement. Yet hitherto haue my lookes beene as I told you, which continuing after many of theſe his fruitleſſe trials, haue wrought ſuch change in him, as I tell you true (with that worde ſhee layd her hand vpon her quaking ſide) I do not a little feare him. See what a letter this is (then drew ſhe the curtaine, & took the letter from vnder the pillow) which to day (with an afflicted humbleneſſe) he deliuered me, pretending before *Mopſa*, that I ſhould reade it vnto her, to mollifie (forſooth) her iron ſtomacke; with that ſhe read the letter containing thus much.

MOſt bleſſed paper, which ſhall kiſſe that hand, whereto all bleſſednes is in nature a ſeruant, do not yet diſdain to cary with thee the woful words of a miſer now deſpairing: neither bee afraide to appeare before her, bearing the baſe title of the ſender. For no ſooner ſhall that diuine hand touch thee, but that thy baſeneſſe ſhall bee turned to moſt high preferment. Therefore mourne boldly my inke; for while ſhe lookes vpon you, your blackneſſe will ſhine: cry out boldly my lamentation; for while ſhe reades you, your cries wil be muſick. Say then (ô happie meſſenger of a moſt vnhappie meſſage) that the too ſoone borne, and too late dying creature, which dares not ſpeake, no not looke, no not ſcarcely thinke (as from his miſerable ſelfe, vnto her heauenly highneſſe) onely preſumes to deſire thee (in the time that her eyes and voice do exalt thee) to ſay, and in this manner to ſay, not from him, ô no, that were not fitte, but of him, thus much vnto her ſacred iudgement: O you, the onely honour to women, to men the onely admiration, you that being armed by loue, defie him that armed you, in this high eſtate wherein you haue placed mee, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing me to your preſence; and let me remember him, who (ſince he is yours, how meane ſo euer he be) it is reaſon you haue an accoūt of him. The wretch (yet your wretch) though with languiſhing ſteppes runnes faſt to his graue, and will you ſuffer a temple (how poorly built ſoeuer, but yet a temple of your deitie) to be raſed? But he dieth: it is moſt true, he dieth; and he in whom you liue, to obey you, dieth. Whereof though he plaine, he doth not complaine: for it is a harme, but no wrong, which he

he hath receiued. Hee dies, becauſe in wofull language all his ſenſes tell him, that ſuch is your pleaſure: for ſince you will not that he liue, alas, alas, what followeth, what followeth of the moſt ruined *Dorus*, but his end? End then, euill deſtinied *Dorus*, end; and end thou woful letter, end; for it ſufficeth her wiſdom to know, that her heauenly will ſhall be accompliſhed.

O my *Philoclea*, is he a perſon to write theſe words? and are theſe words lightly to be regarded? but if you had ſeen, when with trembling hand he had deliuered it, how he went away, as if he had beene but the coffin that carried himſelfe to his ſepulcher. Two times (I muſt confeſſe) I was about to take curteſie into mine eyes; but both times the former reſolution ſtopt the entrie of it: ſo that hee departed without obtaining any further kindneſſe. But hee was no ſooner out of the dore, but that I looked to the dore kindly; and truely the feare of him euer ſince hath put mee into ſuch perplexity, as now you found me. Ah my *Pamela* (ſaid *Philoclea*) leaue ſorrow. The riuer of your teares will ſoone looſe his fountaine; it is in your hand as well to ſtitch vp his life againe, as it was before to rent it. And ſo (though with ſelfe-grieued mind) ſhe comforted her ſiſter, till ſleepe came to bath himſelfe in *Pamelaes* faire weeping eyes.

Which when *Philoclea* found, wringing her hands, O me (ſaid ſhe) indeede the onely ſubiect of the deſtinies diſpleaſure, whoſe greateſt fortunateneſſe is more vnfortunate, then my ſiſters greateſt vnfortunateneſſe. Alas ſhe weepes becauſe ſhee would be no ſooner happy; I weepe, becauſe I can neuer be happie: her teares flow from pitty; mine from being too far lower then the reach of pitty. Yet do I not enuy thee, deare *Pamela*, I do not enuy thee, onely I could wiſh that being my ſiſter in nature, I were not ſo farre off a kin in fortune.

But the darkneſſe of ſorrow ouer-ſhadowing her mind, as the night did her eyes, they were both content to hide themſelues vnder the wings of ſleepe, till the next morning had almoſt loſt his name, before the two ſweete ſleeping ſiſters awaked from dreames, which flattered them with more comfort, then their waking could, or would conſent vnto. For then they were called vp by *Miſo*; who hauing been with *Gynecia*, had receiued commandement to be continually with her daughters, and particularly not to let *Zelmane*, and *Philoclea* haue any priuate conference, but that ſhe ſhould be preſent to heare what paſſed. *Miſo* hauing now her authoritie increaſed, came with skowling eyes to deliuer a ſlauering good morrow to the two Ladies, telling them, it was a ſhame for them to marre their complexions, yea and conditions too, with long lying a bed: and that when ſhe was of their age, ſhe trowed, ſhee would haue made a hand-kerchiefe by that time a day. The two ſweete Princeſſes with a ſmiling ſilence anſwered her entertainement, and obeying her direction, couered their dainty beauties with the glad clothes. But as ſoone as *Pamela* was ready (and ſooner ſhe was then her ſiſter) the agony of *Dorus* giuing a fit to her ſelfe, which the words of his letter (liuely imprinted in her mind) ſtill remembred her of, ſhe called to *Mopſa*, and willed her to fetch *Dorus* to ſpeake with her: becauſe (ſhe ſaid) ſhee would take further iudgement of him, before ſhee would moue *Dametas* to graunt her in mariage vnto him. *Mopſa* (as glad as of ſweet-meate to goe of ſuch an arrant) quickly returned with *Dorus* to *Pamela*, who entended both by ſpeaking with him to giue ſome comfort to his paſſionate heart, and withall to heare ſome part of his life paſt; which although fame had already deliuered vnto her, yet ſhee deſired in more particular certainties to haue it from ſo beloued an hiſtorian. Yet the ſweetneſſe of vertues diſpoſition, iealous, euen ouer

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it selfe, suffered her not to enter abruptlie into questions of *Musidorus* (whom shee was halfe ashamed she did loue so well, and more then halfe sory she could loue no better) but thought best first to make her talke arise of *Pyrocles*, and his vertuous father: which thus she did.

Dorus, said she, you told me the last day, that *Plangus* was deceiued in that he affirmed the Prince *Musidorus* was drowned: but withall, you confessed his cosin *Pyrocles* perished; of whom certainly in that age there was a great losse, since (as I haue heard) he was a young Prince, of whom all men expected as much, as mans power could bring forth, and yet vertue promised for him, their expectation should not be deceiued. Most excellent Lady, said *Dorus*, no expectation in others, nor hope in himselfe could aspire to a higher mark, then to be thought worthy to be praised by your iudgement, and made worthy to be praised by your mouth. But most sure it is, that as his fame could by no meanes get so sweet & noble an aire to flie in, as in your breath, so could not you (leauing your selfe aside) finde in the world a fitter subiect of commendation; as noble, as a long succession of royall ancestors, famous, and famous for victories could make him: of shape most louely, and yet of mind more louely; valiant, curteous, wise, what should I say more? sweet *Pyrocles*, excellent *Pyrocles*, what can my words but wrong thy perfections, which I wold to God in some small measure thou hadst bequeathed to him that euer must haue thy vertues in admiration; that masked at least in them, I might haue found some more gracious acceptation? With that he imprisoned his looke for a while vpon *Mopsa*, who therevpon fell into a very wide smiling. Truly, said *Pamela*, *Dorus* I like well your mind, that can raise it selfe out of so base a fortune, as yours is, to thinke of the imitating so excellent a Prince, as *Pyrocles* was. Who shootes at the midday Sun, though he be sure he shall neuer hit the mark; yet as sure he is, he shal shoote higher, then who aimes but at a bush. But I pray you *Dorus*, sayd shee, tell me (since I perceiue you are wel acquainted with that story) what Prince was that *Euarchus*, father to *Pyrocles* of whom so much fame goes, for his rightly royall vertues, or by what waies he got that opinion. And then so descend to the causes of his sending first away from him, and then to him for that excellent sonne of his, with the discourse of his life and losse: and therein you may (if you list) say somthing of that same *Musidorus* his cosin, because they going together, the story of *Pyrocles* (which I only desire) may be the better vnderstood.

Incomparable Lady (sayd he) your commandement doth not only giue me the will, but the power to obey you, such influence hath your excellency. And, first for that famous king *Euarchus*, he was (at this time you speake of) king of *Macedon*, a kingdom, which in elder time had such a soueraintie ouer all the prouinces of *Greece*, that euen the particular kings therein did acknowledge (with more or lesse degrees of homage) some kind of fealty thereunto: as among the rest, euen this now most noble (and by you ennobled) kingdome of *Arcadia*. But he, when he came to his crown, finding by his latter ancestors either negligence, or misfortune, that in some ages many of those duties had beene intermitted, would neuer stirre vp old titles (how apparant so euer) wherby the publike peace (with the losse of many not guiltie soules) should be broken; but contenting himselfe to guide that shippe, wherein the heauens had placed him, shewed no lesse magnanimitie in daungerlesse despising, then others in daungerous affecting the multiplying of kingdomes: for the earth hath since born enow bleeding witnesses, that it was not want of true courage. Who as he was most wise to see what was best, and most iust in the perfourming what

what he saw, & temperate in abstaining from any thing any way contrarie: so think I, no thought can imagine a greater heart to see and contemne danger, where danger would offer to make any wrongfull threatning vpon him. A Prince, that indeed especially measured his greatnesse by his goodnesse: & if for any thing he loued greatnesse, it was, because therein hee might exercise his goodnesse. A Prince of a goodly aspect, and the more goodly by a graue maiestie, wherewith his minde did decke his outward graces; strong of body, and so much the stronger, as he by a well disciplined exercise taught it both to doe & suffer. Of age so as he was about fifty yeeres when his Nephew *Musidorus* tooke on such shepheardish apparell for the loue of the worlds paragon, as I now weare.

This King left Orphan both of father & mother, (whose father and grandfather likewise had died yong) hee found his estate, when he came to the age (which allowed his authority) so disioynted euen in the noblest & strongest lims of gouernment, that the name of a King was growne euen odious to the people, his authoritie hauing bin abused by those great Lords, and little kings: who in those betweene times of raigning (by vniust fauouring those that were partially theirs, and oppressing them that would defend their libertie against them) had brought in (by a more felt then seen maner of proceeding) the worst kind of *Oligarchie*; that is, when men are gouerned in deede by a few, and yet are not taught to know what those few be, to whom they should obey.

For they hauing the power of kings, but not the nature of kings, vsed the authoritie as men do their farmes, of which they see within a yeare they shall go out: making the Kings sword strike whom they hated, the Kings purse reward whom they loued: and (which is worst of all) making the Royall countenance serue to vndermine the royal soueraintie. For the Subiects could taste no sweeter fruits of hauing a king, then grieuous taxation to serue vaine purposes; Lawes made rather to finde faultes, then to preuent faults: the Court of a Prince rather deemed as a priuiledged place of vnbridled licentiousnesse, then as the abiding of him, who as a father should giue a fatherly example vnto his people. Hence grew a very dissolution of all estates, while the great men (by the nature of ambition neuer satisfied) grew factious among themselues: and the vnderlings, glad in deede to be vnderlings to them they hated least, to preserue them from such they hated most. Men of vertue suppressed, least they shining should discouer the others filthinesse; and at length vertue it selfe almost forgotten, when it had no hopefull end whereunto to be directed; old men long nusled in corruption, scorning them that would seeke reformation; yong men very fault-finding, but verie faultie: and so to newfangleneſse both of manners, apparell, and each thing els, by the custome of selfe-guiltie euill, glad to change though oft for worse; marchandise abused, and so townes decayed for want of iust and naturall libertie; offices, euen of iudging soules, solde; publike defences neglected; and in summe, (lest too long I trouble you) all awrie, & (which wried it to the most wrie course of all) witte abused, rather to faine reason why it should be amisse, then how it should be amended.

In this, and a much worse plight then it is fit to trouble your excellent eares withall, did the king *Euarchus* find his estate, when he took vpon him the regiment: which by reason of the long streame of abuse, hee was forced to stubbish by some euen extreame seuerity, not so much for the very faults themselues, (which hoth-hir sought to preuent then to punish) as for the faulty ones, who strong, euen in their faults, scorned his youth, and could not learne to digest, that the man which

they ſo long had vſed to maske their owne appetites, ſhould now be the reducer of them into order. But ſo ſoone as ſome few (but in deede notable) examples, had thundered a dutie into the ſubiects hearts, he ſoone ſhewed, no baſeneſſe of ſuſpicion, nor the baſeſt baſeneſſe of enuy, could any whit rule ſuch a Ruler. But then ſhined foorth in deede all loue among them, when an awfull feare, ingendred by iuſtice, did make that loue moſt louely: his firſt and principall care being to appeare vnto his people, ſuch as he would haue them be, and to be ſuch as he appeared; making his life the example of his lawes, and his lawes as it were, his axioms ariſing out of his deeds. So that within ſmall time, he wanne a ſingular loue in his people, and engraffed ſingular confidence. For how could they chooſe but loue him, whom they found ſo truely to loue them? He euen in reaſon diſdaining, that they that haue charge of beaſts, ſhould loue their charge, and care for them; and that he that was to gouerne the moſt excellent creature, ſhould not loue ſo noble a charge. And therefore, where moſt Princes (ſeduced by flatterie to build vpon falſe grounds of gouernment) make themſelues (as it were) another thing from the people; and ſo count it gaine what they get from them: and (as it were two counter-ballances, that their eſtate goes hieſt when the people goes loweſt) by a fallacie of argument thinking themſelues moſt Kings, when the ſubiect is moſt baſely ſubiected: He contrariwiſe, vertuouſly and wiſely acknowledging, that hee with his people made all but one politike body, whereof himſelfe was the head; euen ſo cared for them, as he would for his owne limmes: neuer reſtraining their liberty, without it ſtretched to licentiouſneſſe, nor pulling from them their goods, which they found were not imployed to the purchaſe of a greater good: but in all his actions ſhewing a delight in their welfare, brought that to paſſe, that while by force he took nothing, by their loue he had all. In ſumme (peereleſs Princeſs) I might as eaſily ſet down the whole Arte of gouernement, as to lay before your eyes the picture of his proceedings. But in ſuch ſort hee flouriſhed in the ſweete comfort of doing much good, when by an occaſion of leauing his country, he was forced to bring foorth his vertue of magnanimitie, as before he had done of iuſtice.

He had onely one ſiſter, a Lady (leſt I ſhould too eaſilie fall to partiall praiſes of her) of whom it may be iuſtly ſaid, that ſhe was no vnfit branch to the noble ſtocke whereof ſhe was come. Her he had giuen in mariage to *Dorilaus* Prince of *Theſſalia*, not ſo much to make a friendſhip, as to confirme the friendſhip betweene their poſteritie, which betweene them, by the likeneſſe of vertue, had beene long before made: for certainly, *Dorilaus*, could need no amplifiers mouth for the higheſt point of praiſe. Who hath not heard (ſaid *Pamela*) of the valiant, wiſe, and iuſt *Dorilaus*, whoſe vnripe death doth yet (ſo many yeares ſince) draw teares from vertuous eies? And in deed, my father is wont to ſpeake of nothing with greater admiration, then of the notable friendſhip (a rare thing in Princes, more rare betweene Princes) that ſo holily was obſerued to the laſt of thoſe two excellent men. But (ſaid ſhe) go on I pray you. *Dorilaus* (ſaid he) hauing maried his ſiſter, had his mariage in ſhort time bleſt (for ſo are folke wont to ſay, how vnhappie ſoeuer the children after grow) with a ſonne, vvhom they named *Muſidorus*: of whom I muſt needes firſt ſpeake before I come to *Pyrocles*; becauſe as he was borne firſt, ſo vpon his occaſion grewe (as I may ſay accidentally) the others birth. For ſcarcely was *Muſidorus* made partaker of this oft-blinding light, when there were found numbers of Southſayers, who affirmed ſtrange & incredible things ſhould be performed by that child; whether the heauens at that time lifted to play with ignorant mankind, or that flatterie

be so presumptuous, as euen at times to borrow the face of Diuinitie. But certainly, so did the boldnesse of their affirmation accompany the greatnesse of what they did affirm (euen descending to particularities, what kingdoms he should ouercom) that the king of *Phrygia* (who ouer-superstitiously thought himselfe touched in the matter) sought by force to destroy the infant, to preuent his after-expectations: because a skilfull man (hauing compared his natiuity with the child) so told him. Foolish man, either vainly fearing what was not to be feared, or not considering that if it were a worke of the superiour powers, the heauens at length are neuer children. But so he did, and by the aid of the Kings of *Lydia* and *Crete* (ioyning together their armies) inuaded *Thessalia*, and brought *Dorilaus* to some behind-hand of fortune; when his faithfull friend and brother *Euarchus* came so mightily to his succour, that with some enterchanging changes of fortune, they begat of a iust warre, the best child, peace. In which time *Euarchus* made a crosse mariage also with *Dorilaus* his sister, and shortly left her with child of the famous *Pyrocles*, driuen to returne to the defence of his owne countrie, which in his absence (helped with some of the ill contented nobility) the mighty King of *Thrace*, and his brother, King of *Pannonia*, had inuaded. The successe of those wars was too notable to be vnknowne to your eares, to which it seemes all worthy fame hath glory to come vnto. But there was *Dorilaus* (valiantly requiring his friends helpe) in a great battaile depriued of life, his obsequies being no more solemnized by the teares of his partakers, then the bloud of his enemies; with so piercing a sorrow to the constant heart of *Euarchus*, that the newes of his sonnes birth could lighten his countenance, with no shew of comfort, although all the comfort that might be in a child, truth it self in him forthwith deliuered. For what fortune onely southsayers foretold of *Musidorus*, that all men might see prognosticated in *Pyrocles*, both Heauens & Earth giuing tokens of the comming forth of an Heroicall vertue. The senate house of the planets was at no time so set, for the decreeing of perfection in a man, as at that time all folkes skilfull therein did acknowledge: only Ioue was threatned, and promised to him, and so to his cousin, as both the tempest and hauen of their best yeares. But as death may haue preuented *Pyrocles*, so vnworthinesse must be the death of *Musidorus*.

But the mother of *Pyrocles* (shortly after her child-birth) dying, was cause that *Euarchus* recommended the care of his onely sonne to his sister; doing it the rather because the warre continued in cruell heat, betwixt him and those euill neighbours of his. In which meane time those young Princes (the onely comforters of that vertuous widow) grewe on so, that *Pyrocles* taught admiration to the hardest conceits: *Musidorus* (perchaunce because among his subiects) exceedingly beloued: and by the good order of *Euarchus* (well performed by his sister) they were so brought vp, that all the sparkes of vertue, which nature had kindled in them, were so blowne to giue forth their vttermost heat, that iustly it may be affirmed, they enflamed the affections of all that knew them. For almost before they could perfectly speake, they began to receiue conceits not vnworthy of the best speakers: excellent deuises being vsed, to make euen their sports profitable: images of battailes, & fortifications being the deliuered to their memorie, which after, their stronger iudgements might dispence, the delight of tales being conuerted to the knowledge of all the stories of worthy Princes, both to moue them to do nobly, and teach them how to do nobly; the beauty of vertue still being set before their eyes, and that taught them with far more diligent care, then Grammaticall rules, their bodies exercised in all abilities, both of doing and suffering, and their minds acquainted by degrees with dangers,

and in ſumme, all bent to the making vp of princely minds: no ſeruile feare vſed towards them, nor any other violent reſtraint, but ſtill as to Princes: ſo that a habite of commanding was naturalized in them, and therfore the farther from Tyranny: Nature hauing done ſo much for them in nothing, as that it made them Lords of truth, whereon all the other goods were builded.

Among which nothing I ſo much delight to recount, as the memorable friendſhip that grew betwixt the two Princes, ſuch as made them more like then the likeneſſe of all other vertues, and made them more neere one to the other, then the neerenes of their bloud could aſpire vnto; which I thinke grew the faſter, and the faſter was tied betweene them, by reaſon that *Muſidorus* being elder by three or foure yeares, it was neither ſo great a difference in age as did take away the delight in ſocietie, and yet by the difference there was taken away the occaſion of childiſh contentions; till they had both paſt ouer the humour of ſuch contentions. For *Pyrocles* bare reuerence full of loue to *Muſidorus*, and *Muſidorus* had a delight full of loue in *Pyrocles*. *Muſidorus*, what he had learned either for body or minde, would teach it to *Pyrocles*; and *Pyrocles* was ſo glad to learne of none, as of *Muſidorus*: till *Pyrocles*, being come to ſixteene yeares of age, hee ſeemed ſo to ouerrun his age in growth, ſtrength, and all things following it, that not *Muſidorus*, no nor any man liuing (I think) could performe any action, either on horſe, or foote, more ſtrongly, or deliuer that ſtrength more nimbly, or become the deliuerie more gracefully, or imploy all more vertuouſly. Which may well ſeeme wonderfull: but wonders are no wonders in a wonderfull ſubiect.

At which time, vnderſtanding that the King *Euarchus*, after ſo many yeares warre, and the conqueſt of all *Pannonia*, and almoſt *Thrace*, had now brought the concluſion of all to the ſiege of *Bizantium* (to the raiſing of which ſiege great forces were made) they would needes fall to the practiſe of thoſe vertues, which they before learned. And therfore the mother of *Muſidorus* nobly yeelding ouer her owne affects to her childrens good (for a mother ſhee was in effect to them both) the rather that they might helpe her beloued brother, they brake off all delayes; which *Muſidorus* for his part thought already had deuoured too much of his good time, but that hee had once granted a boone (before he knew what it was) to his deere friend *Pyrocles*; that he would neuer ſeeke the aduentures of armes, vntill hee might go with him: which hauing faſt bound his heart (a true ſlaue to faith) he had bid a tedious delay of following his owne humour for his friends ſake, till now being both ſent for by *Euarchus*, and finding *Pyrocles* able euery way to go thorow with that kinde of life, he was as deſirous for his ſake, as for his owne, to enter into it. So therfore preparing a nauie, that they might go like themſelues, and not only bring the comfort of their preſence, but of their power to their deere parent *Euarchus*, they recommended themſelues to the Sea, leauing the ſhore of *Theſſalia* full of teares and vowes; and were receiued thereon with ſo ſmooth and ſmiling a face, as if *Neptune* had as then learned falſely to fawne on Princes. The winde was like a ſeruant, waiting behind them ſo iuſt, that they might fill the ſailes as they liſted; and the beſt ſaylers ſhewing themſelues leſſe couetous of his liberality, ſo tempered it, that they all kept together like a beautifull flocke, which ſo well could obey their maiſters pipe: without ſometimes, to delight the Princes eyes, ſome two or three of them would ſtriue, who could (either by the cunning of well ſpending the windes breath, or by the aduantageous building of their mouing houſes) leaue their fellowes behinde them in the honour of ſpeede: while the two Princes had leaſure

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to see the practise of that, which before they had learned by bookes: to consider the art of catching the winde prisoner, to no other end, but to runne away with it; to see how beautie, and vice can so well agree together, that of all the trinkets, wherewith they are attired, there is not one but serues to some necessarie purpose. And (ô Lord) to see the admirable power and noble effects of Loue, whereby the seeming insensible Loadstone, with a secret beautie (holding the spirit of iron in it) can draw that hardhearted thing vnto it, and (like a vertuous mistresse) not onely make it bow it selfe, but with it make it aspire to so high a Loue, as of the heauenly Poles; and thereby to bring forth the noblest deedes, that the children of the Earth can boast of. And so the Princes delighting their conceits with confirming their knowledge, seeing wherein the Sea-discipline differed from Land-seruice, they had for a day and almost a whole night, as pleasing entertainment, as the falsest heart could giue to him he meanes worst to.

But by that the next morning began a little to make a gilden shew of a good meaning, there arose euen with the Sunne, a vaile of darke cloudes before his face, which shortly (like inke powred into water) had blacked ouer all the face of heauen; preparing (as it were) a mournfull stage for a Tragedie to be played on. For forthwith the windes began to speake lowder, and as in a tumultuous kingdom, to think themselues fittest instruments of commandement; and blowing whole stormes of haile and raine vpon them, they were sooner in daunger, then they could almost bethinke themselues of change. For then the traiterous Sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted Nauie, vnder which (while the heauen fauoured them) it had layne so calmely, making mountaines of it selfe, ouer which the tossed and tottring ship should clime, to be streight carried downe againe to a pit of hellish darknesse; with such cruel blowes against the sides of the ship (that, which way so euer it went, was still in his malice) that there was left neither power to stay, nor way to escape. And shortly had it so disseuered the louing company, which the day before had tarried together, that most of them neuer met againe, but were swallowed vp in his neuer-satisfied mouth. Some in deede (as since was knowne) after long wandring returned into *Thessalia*; other recouered *Bizantium*, and serued *Euarchus* in his warre. But in the ship wherein the Princes were (now left as much alone as proud Lords be when fortune failes them) though they imployed all industry to saue themselues, yet what they did, was rather for duetie to nature, then hope to escape. So ougly a darknes (as if it would preuent the nights comming) vsurped the dayes right: which accompanied sometimes with thunders, alwayes with horrible noyses of the chafing windes) made the masters and pilots so astonished, that they knew not how to direct; and if they knew, they could scarcely (when they directed) hear their owne whistle. For the sea straue with the windes which should be lowder, and the shrouds of the ship with a ghastfull noise to them that were in it, witnessed, that their ruine was the wager of the others contention, and the heauen roaring out thunders the more amazed them, as hauing those powers for enemies. Certainly there is no daunger caries with it more horror, then that which growes in those floting kingdomes. For that dwelling place is vnnaturall to mankinde, and then the terriblenesse of the continual motion, the desolation of the far-being from comfort, the eye and the eare hauing ougly images euer before it, doth still vexe the mind, euen when it is best armed against it. But thus the day past (if that might be called a day) while the cunningest mariners were so conquered by the storme, as they thought it best with striken sailes to yeeld to be gouerned by it: the valiantest

feeling inward diſmayednes, and yet the fearfulleſt aſhamed fully to ſhew it, ſeeing that the Princes (who were to part from the greateſt fortunes,) did in their countenances accuſe no point of feare, but encouraging them to doe what might be done (putting their hands to euery moſt painfull office) taught them at one inſtant to promiſe themſelues the beſt, and yet to deſpiſe the worſt. But ſo were they carried by the tyrannie of the winde, and the treaſon of the Sea, all that night, which the elder it was, the more wayward it ſhewed it ſelfe towards them: till the next morning (knowne to be a morning better by the houre-glaſſe, then by the day cleerenesſe) hauing runne fortune ſo blindly, as it ſelfe euer was painted, leſt the concluſion ſhould not aunſwere to the reſt of the play, they were driuen vpon a rocke: which hidden with thoſe outrageous waues, did, as it were, cloſely diſſemble his cruell minde, till with an vnbeleeued violence (but to them that haue tried it) the ſhip ranne vpon it; and ſeeming willinger to periſh then to haue her courſe ſtayed, redoubled her blowes, till ſhee had broken her ſelfe in peeces; and as it were tearing out her owne bowels to feede the ſeas greedineſſe, left nothing within it, but deſpaire of ſafetie, and expectation of a lothſome end. There was to be ſeene the diuerſe maner of minds in diſtreſſe: ſome ſate vpon the top of the poupe weeping and wailing, till the ſea ſwallowed them; ſome one more able to abide death, then feare of death, cut his owne throate to preuent drowning; ſome prayed, and there wanted not of them which curſed, as if the heauens could not be more angrie then they were. But a monſtrous crie begotten of many roaring voices, was able to infect with feare a minde that had not preuented it with the power of reaſon.

But the Princes vſing the paſſions of fearing euill, and deſiring to eſcape, onely to ſerue the rule of vertue, not to abandon ones ſelf, lept to a rib of the ſhip, which broken from his fellowes, floted with more likelihood to do ſeruice, then any other limme of that ruinous bodie; vpon which there had gotten alreadie two brethren, well knowne ſeruants of theirs; and ſtraight they foure were caried out of ſight, in that huge riſing of the ſea, from the reſt of the ſhip. But the peece they were on ſinking by little and little vnder them, not able to ſupport the weight of ſo manie, the brethren (the elder whereof was *Leucippus*, the younger *Neſſus*) ſhewed themſelues right faithfull and gratefull ſeruants vnto them; gratefull (I ſaie) for this cauſe: Thoſe two gentlemen had beene taken priſoners in the great warre the king of *Phrygia* made vpon *Theſſalia*, in the time of *Muſidorus* his infancie; and hauing beene ſold into another countrie (though peace fell after betweene theſe Realmes) could not be deliuered, becauſe of their valour knowne, but for a farre greater ſumme, then either all their friends were able, or the Dowager willing to make, in reſpect of the great expences her ſelfe and people had beene put to in thoſe warres; and ſo had they remained in priſon about thirteene yeares, when the two young Princes (hearing ſpeeches of their good deſerts) found meanes both by ſelling all the Iewels they had of great price, and by giuing vnder their hands great eſtates when they ſhould come to be Kings (which promiſes their vertue promiſed for them ſhould be kept) to get ſo much treaſure as redeemed them from captiuitie. This remembred, and kindly remembred by theſe two brothers, perchance helped by a naturall duetie to their Princes blood, they willingly left holde of the boord, committing themſelues to the ſeas rage, and euen when they meant to die, themſelues praying for the Princes liues. It is true, that neither the paine nor daunger, ſo moued the Princes hearts as the tenderneſſe of that louing part, farre

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from glory, hauing ſo few lookers on; farre from hope of reward, ſince themſelues were ſure to periſh.

But now of all the royall Nauie they lately had, they had left but one little peece of one ſhip, whereon they kept themſelues in all truth, hauing interchanged their cares, while either cared for other, each comforting and counſelling how to labour for the better, and to abide the worſe. But ſo fell it out, that as they were caried by the tide (which there ſeconded by the ſtorme ran exceeding ſwiftly) *Muſidorus* ſeeing (as he thought) *Pyrocles* not well vpon the boord, as he would with his right hand haue helped him on better, he had no ſooner vnfaſtened his holde, but that a waue forcibly ſpoiled his weaker hand of hold, & ſo for a time parted thoſe friends, each crying to the other; but the noyſe of the ſea drowned their farewell. But *Pyrocles* (then careleſſe of death, if it had come by any meanes, but his owne) was ſhortly brought out of the ſeas furie to the Lands comfort, when (in my conſcience I know) that comfort was but bitter vnto him: and bitter indeed it fell out euen in it ſelfe to be vnto him.

For being caſt on land much bruſed and beaten both with the ſeas hard farewell, and the ſhores rude welcome; and euen almoſt deadly tyred with the length of his vncomfortable labour, as he was walking vp to diſcouer ſome bodie, to whom he might go for reliefe, there came ſtraight running vnto him certaine, who (as it was after knowne) by appoyntment watched (with manie others) in diuerſe places along the coaſt: who laid hands of him, and without either queſtioning with him, or ſhewing will to heare him, (like men fearefull to appeare curious) or which was worſe, hauing no regard to the hard plight he was in (being ſo wet and weake) they caried him ſome miles thence, to a houſe of a principall officer of that countrie. Who with no more ciuilitie (though with much more buſineſſe then thoſe vnderfellowes had ſhewed) began in captious manner to put interrogatories vnto him. To which (he vnuſed to ſuch intertainment) did ſhortly and plainely anſwere, what he was, and how he came thither. But that no ſooner knowne, with numbers of armed men to guard him (for miſchiefe, not from miſchiefe) he was ſent to the kings Court, which as then was not aboue a dayes iorney off, with letters from that officer, containing his owne ſeruiceable diligence in diſcouering ſo great a perſonage, adding withall more then was true of his coniectures, becauſe he would endeare his owne ſeruice.

This countrie whereon he fell was Phrygia, and it was to the king thereof to whom he was ſent, a Prince of a melancholie conſtitution both of body and mind; wickedly ſad, euer muſing of horrible matters; ſuſpecting, or rather condemning all men of euill, becauſe his mind had no eye to eſpie goodneſſe: and therefore accuſing *Sycophants* of all men did beſt ſort to his nature; but therefore not ſeeming *Sycophants*, becauſe of no euill they ſaid, they could bring any new or doubtfull thing vnto him, but ſuch as already he had beene apt to determine; ſo as they came but as proofes of his wiſdome: fearefull and neuer ſecure, while the feare he had figured in his mind had any poſſibility of euent. A tode-like retirednеſſe, and cloſeneſſe of mind; nature teaching the odiouſneſſe of poyſon, and the daunger of odiouſneſſe. Yet while youth laſted in him, the exerciſes of that age, and his humour (not yet fully diſcouerd) made him ſomething the more frequentable, and leſſe daungerous. But after that yeares began to come on with ſome, though more ſeldome ſhewes of a bloudy nature, and that the prophecie of *Muſidorus* deſtinie came to his eares (deliuered vnto him, and receiued of him with the hardeſt

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interpretation, as though his ſubiects did delight in the hearing thereof.) Then gaue he himſelfe indeed to the full current of his diſpoſition, eſpecially after the warre of Theſſalia, wherein (though in trueth wrongly) he deemed, his vnſucceſſe proceeded of their vnwillingneſſe to haue him proſper: and then thinking himſelfe contemned (knowing no countermine againſt contempt, but terrour) began to let nothing paſſe which might beare the colour of a fault, without ſharp puniſhment; and when he wanted faults, excellencie grew a faulte; and it was ſufficient to make one guiltie, that he had power to be guiltie. And as there is no humour, to which impudent pouertie cannot make it ſelfe ſeruiceable: ſo were there enow of thoſe of deſperate ambition, who would build their houſes vpon others ruines, which after ſhould fall by like practiſes. So as ſeruitude came mainly vpon that poore people, whoſe deedes were not onely puniſhed, but words corrected, and euen thoughts by ſome mean or other puld out of them: while ſuſpicion bred the mind of cruelty, and the effects of crueltie ſtirred a new cauſe of ſuſpicion. And in this plight (full of watchfull fearfulneſſe) did the ſtorme deliuer ſweet *Pyrocles* to the ſtormy minde of that Tyrant, all men that did ſuch wrong to ſo rare a ſtranger (whoſe countenance deſerued both pitie and admiration) condemning themſelues as much in their hearts, as they did brag in their faces.

But when this bloudy king knew what he was, & in what order he and his coſin *Muſidorus* (ſo much of him feared) were come out of *Theſſalia*, aſſuredly thinking (becauſe euer thinking the worſt) that thoſe forces were prouided againſt him; glad of the periſhing (as he thought) of *Muſidorus*, determined in publike ſort to put *Pyrocles* to death. For hauing quite loſt the way of nobleneſſe, he ſtraue to clime to the height of terribleneſſe; and thinking to make all men adread, to make ſuch one an enemie, who would not ſpare, nor feare to kill ſo great a Prince; and laſtly hauing nothing in him why to make him his friend, he thought he would take him away from being his enemie. The day was appointed, and all things appointed, for that cruell blow, in ſo ſolemne an order, as if they would ſet forth tyranny in moſt gorgeous decking. The Princely youth, of inuincible valour, yet ſo vniuſtlie ſubiected to ſuch outragious wrong, carying himſelfe in all his demeanour ſo conſtantly abiding extremitie, that one might ſee it was the cutting away of the greateſt hope of the world, and deſtroying vertue in his ſweeteſt growth.

But ſo it fell out, that his death was preuented by a rare example of friendſhip in *Muſidorus*: who being almoſt drowned, had been taken vp by a Fiſherman belonging to the kingdome of *Bithynia*; & being there, & vnderſtanding the full diſcourſe (as Fame was very prodigall of ſo notable an accident) in what caſe *Pyrocles* was; learning withall, that his hate was farre more to him then to *Pyrocles*, he found meanes to acquaint himſelfe with a Nobleman of that Countrie, to whom largely diſcouering what he was, he found him a moſt fit inſtrument to effectuate his deſire. For this Nobleman had been one, who in many warres had ſerued *Euarchus*, & had bin ſo mind-ſtriken by the beutie of vertue in that noble king, that (though not borne his ſubiect) he euer profeſt himſelfe his ſeruant. His deſire therfore to him was, to keep *Muſidorus* in a ſtrong Caſtle of his, & then to make the king of *Phrygia* vnderſtand that if he would deliuer *Pyrocles*, *Muſidorus* would willingly put himſelfe into his hands; knowing wel, that how thirſtie ſoeuer he was of *Pyrocles* bloud, he would rather drinke that of *Muſidorus*.

The Nobleman was loth to preſerue one by the loſſe of another: but time vrging reſolution; the importunitie of *Muſidorus* (who ſhewed a minde not to ouer-

ouerliue *Pyrocles*) with the affection he bare to *Euarchus*, ſo preuailed, that he caried this ſtrange offer of *Muſidorus*, which by that tyrant was greedily accepted.

And ſo vpon ſecuritie of both ſides, they were enterchanged. Where I may not omit the worke of frendſhip in *Pyrocles*, who both in ſpeech & countenance to *Muſidorus*, well ſhewed, that he thought himſelfe iniured, and not relieued by him: aſking him, what he had euer ſeene in him, why he could not beare the extremities of mortall accidents as well as any man? and why he ſhould enuy him the glory of ſuffering death for his friends cauſe, and (as it were) rob him of his owne poſſeſsion? But in this notable contention (where the conqueſt muſt be the conquerers deſtruction, & ſafety the puniſhment of the conquerour) *Muſidorus* preuailed: becauſe he was a more welcome pray to the vniuſt king; and as chearefully going towards, as *Pyrocles* went frowardly fromward his death, he was deliuered to the king, who could not be enough ſure of him, without he fed his owne eyes vpon one, whome he had begun to feare, aſſoone as the other began to be.

Yet becauſe hee would in one act, both make oſtentation of his owne felicitie (into whoſe hands his moſt feared enemie was fallen) and withall cut off ſuch hopes from his ſuſpected ſubiects (when they ſhould knowe certainly hee was dead) with much more skilfull cruelty, and horrible ſolemnitie hee cauſed each thing to be prepared for his triumph of tyrannie. And ſo the day being come, he was led forth by many armed men (who often had been the fortifiers of wickednes) to the place of execution: where comming with a mind comforted in that he had done ſuch ſeruice to *Pyrocles*, this ſtrange encounter he had.

The excelling *Pyrocles* was no ſooner deliuered by the kings ſeruants to a place of libertie, then he bent his wit and courage (and what would not they bring to paſſe?) how either to deliuer *Muſidorus*, or to periſh with him. And (finding hee could get in that countrie no forces ſufficient by force to reſcue him) to bring himſelfe to die with him, (little hoping of better euent) he put himſelfe in poore rayment, and by the helpe of ſome few crownes he tooke of that noble-man (who full of ſorrow, though not knowing the ſecret of his intent, ſuffered him to go in ſuch order from him) he (euen he, borne to the greateſt expectation, and of the greateſt bloud that any Prince might be) ſubmitted himſelfe to be ſeruant to the executioner that ſhould put to death *Muſidorus*: a farre notabler proofe of his friendſhip, conſidering the height of his mind, then any death could be. That bad officer not ſuſpecting him, being arayed fit for ſuch an eſtate, and hauing his beautie hidden by many foule ſpots he artificially put vpon his face, gaue him leaue not onely to weare a ſword himſelfe, but to beare his ſword prepared for the iuſtified murther. And ſo *Pyrocles* taking his time, when *Muſidorus* was vpon the ſcaffold (ſeparated ſomewhat from the reſt, as allowed to ſay ſomething) he ſtept vnto him, and putting the ſword into his hand not bound (a point of ciuilitie the officers vſed towards him, becauſe they doubted no ſuch enterpriſe) *Muſidorus*, ſayd he, die noblie. In trueth, neuer man betweene ioy before knowledge what to be glad of, and feare after conſidering his caſe, had ſuch a confuſion of thoughts, as I had, when I ſaw *Pyrocles*, ſo neare me. But with that *Dorus* bluſhed, and *Pamela* ſmiled: and *Dorus* the more bluſhed at her ſmiling, and ſhee the more ſmiled at his bluſhing; becauſe he had (with the remembrance of that plight he was in) forgotten in ſpeaking of himſelfe to vſe the third perſon. But *Muſidorus* turned againe her thoughts from his cheekes to his tongue in this ſorte: But, ſaide hee, when they were with ſwordes in hands, not turning backes one to the other (for there they knew was no

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place of defence) but making it a preſeruation in not hoping to be preſerued, and now acknowledging themſelues ſubiect to death, meaning only to do honour to their princely birth, they flew amongſt them all (for all were enemies) and had quickly either with flight or death, left none vpon the ſcaffold to annoy them. Wherein *Pyrocles* (the excellent *Pyrocles*) did ſuch wonders beyond beleefe, as was able to leade *Muſidorus* to courage, though he had been borne a coward. But indeed iuſt rage and deſperat vertue did ſuch effects, that the popular ſort of the beholders began to be almoſt ſuperſticiouſly amazed, as at effects beyond mortall power. But the king with angry threatnings from out a window (where hee was not aſhamed the world ſhould behold him a beholder) commanded his guard and the reſt of his ſouldiers to haſten their death. But many of them loſt their bodies to looſe their ſoules, when the Princes grew almoſt ſo wearie, as they were ready to be conquered with conquering.

But as they were ſtill fighting with weake armes and ſtrong hearts, it happened, that one of the ſouldiers (comaunded to go vp after his fellowes againſt the Princes) hauing receiued a light hurt, more wounded in his heart, went backe with as much diligence, as he came vp with modeſtie: which another of his fellowes ſeeing, to picke a thanke of the king, ſtrake him vpon the face, reuiling him, that ſo accompanied, he would run away from ſo few. But he (as many times it fals out) only valiant, when he was angrie, in reuenge thruſt him through: which with his death was ſtraight reuenged by a brother of his: and that againe requited by a fellow of the others. There began to be a great tumult amongſt the ſouldiers; which ſeene, and not vnderſtood by the people (vſed to feares, but not vſed to be bold in them) ſome began to crie treaſon; and that voice ſtraight multiplying it ſelfe, the king (ô the cowardiſe of a guiltie conſcience) before any man ſet vpon him, fled away. Wherewith a bruit (either by art of ſome well meaning men, or by ſuch chaunce as ſuch things often fall out by) ran from one to the other, that the king was ſlaine; where with certaine young men of the braueſt minds, cried with a loud voyce, Liberty; and encouraging the other Citizens to follow them, ſet vpon the guard and ſouldiers, as chiefe inſtruments of tyranny: and quickly ayded by the Princes they had left none of them aliue, nor any other in the citie, who they thought had in any ſort ſet his hand to the worke of their ſeruitude, and (God knowes) by the blindneſſe of rage, killing many guiltleſſe perſons, either for affinitie to the tyrant, or enmitie to the tyrant-killers. But ſome of the wiſer (ſeeing that a popular licence is indeed the many-headed tyrannie) preuailed with the reſt to make *Muſidorus* their chiefe: chooſing one of them (becauſe Princes) to defend them, & him becauſe elder and moſt hated of the Tyrant, and by him to be ruled: whom forthwith they lifted vp. Fortune (I thinke) ſmiling at her worke therein, that a ſcaffold of execution ſhould grow a ſcaffold of coronation.

But by and by there came newes of more certaine trueth, that the king was not dead, but fled to a ſtrong caſtle of his, neare hand, where he was gathering forces in all ſpeed poſſible to ſuppreſſe this mutiny. But now they had runne themſelues too farre out of breath, to go backe againe the ſame career; and too well they knew the ſharpeneſſe of his memorie to forget ſuch an iniury; therefore learning vertue of neceſſitie, they continued reſolute to obey *Muſidorus*. Who ſeeing what forces were in the citie, with them iſſued againſt the tyrant, while they were in this heate; before practiſes might be vſed to diſſeuer them: and with them met the king, who likewiſe hoping little to preuaile by time, knowing and finding his peoples hate,

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met him with little delay in the field: where himselfe was slaine by *Musidorus*, after he had seene his only sonne (a Prince of great courage and beauty, but fostered vp in bloud by his naughty father) slaine by the hand of *Pyrocles*. This victorie obtained with great, and truly not vndeserued honour to the two Princes, the whole estates of the countrie with one consent, gaue the crowne and all other marks of soueraignty to *Musidorus*; desiring nothing more then to liue vnder such a gouernment as they promised themselues of him.

But he thinking it a greater greatnesse to giue a kingdome, then get a kingdome, vnderstanding that there was left of the bloud royall, & next to the succession, an aged Gentleman of approued goodnes (who had gotten nothing by his cousins power but danger from him, & odiousnes for him) hauing past his time in modest secrecy, & as much from intermedling in matters of gouernment, as the greatnesse of his bloud would suffer him, did (after hauing receiued the full power to his owne hands) resigne all to the Nobleman; but with such conditions, and cautions of the conditions, as might assure the people (with as much assurance as worldly matters beare) that not only that Gouernour, of whom indeed they looked for al good, but the nature of the gouernment, should be no way apt to decline to tyranny.

This doing set forth no lesse his magnificence, then the other act did his magnanimitie; so that greatly praised of all, and iustly beloued of the new king, who in all both words and behauiour protested himselfe their Tenant, and Liegeman, they were drawne thence to reuenge those two seruants of theirs, of whose memorable faith, I told you (most excellent Princesse) in willingly giuing themselues to be drowned for their sakes; but drowned indeed they were not, but gate with painfull swimming vpon a rocke: from whence (after being come as neare famishing, as before drowning) the weather breaking vp, they were brought to the main land of *Bithinia*; the same countrie vpon which *Musidorus* also was fallen, but not in so luckie a place.

For they were brought to the king of that countrey, a Tyrant also, not through suspicion, greedinesse, or reuengefulnesse, as he of *Phrygia*, but (as I may terme it) of a wanton cruelty: inconstant in his choise of friends, or rather neuer hauing a friend but a play fellow; of whom when he was weary, he could not otherwise rid himself then by killing them; giuing sometimes prodigally, not because he loued them to whom he gaue, but because he lusted to giue: punishing, not so much for hate or anger, as because he felt not the smart of punishment: delighted to be flattered, at first for those vertues which were not in him, at length making his vices vertues worthy the flattering: with like iudgement glorying, when hee had hapned so do a thing well, as when he had performed some notable mischiefe.

He chaunced at that time (for indeed long time none lasted with him) to haue next in vse about him, a man of the most enuious disposition, that (I thinke) euer infected the aire with his breath; whose eyes could not looke right vpon any happie man, nor eares beare the burthen of any bodies praise: contrary to the natures of al other plagues, plagued with others well being; making happinesse the ground of his vnhappinesse, & good newes the argument of his sorow: in sum, a man whose fauour no man could winne, but by being miserable. And so, because these two faithfull seruants of theirs came in miserable sort to that Court, he was apt enough at first to fauour them; and the king vnderstanding of their aduenture, (wherein they had shewed so constant a faith vnto their Lords) sodainly falles to take a pride in making much of them, extolling them with infinite praises, and praising him-

himſelfe in his hart, in that he praiſed them. And by and by were they made great Courtiers, and in the way of minions, when aduauncement (the moſt mortall offence to enuie) ſtirred vp their former friend, to ouerthrow his own work in them; taking occaſion vpon the knowledge (newly come to the Court) of the late death of the king of Phrygia deſtroyed by their two Lords, who hauing been a neare kinſman to this Prince of *Pontus*, by this enuious Counſelour, partly with ſuſpicion of practiſe, partly with glory of (in part) reuenging his couſins death, the king was ſodainly turned (and euery turne with him was a downe-fall) to locke them vp in priſon, as ſeruants to his enemies, whom before he had neuer knowne, nor (till that time one of his owne ſubiects had intertained and dealt for them) did euer take heed of. But now earneſt in euery preſent humor, and making himſelfe braue in his liking, he was content to giue them iuſt cauſe of offence, when they had power to make iuſt reuenge. Yet did the Princes ſend vnto him before they entred into warre, deſiring their ſeruants libertie. But he ſwelling in their humbleneſſe, (like a bubble blowne vp with a ſmall breath, broken with a great) forgetting, or neuer knowing humanitie, cauſed their heads to be ſtriken off, by the aduice of his enuious Counſellour (who now hated them ſo much the more as he foreſawe their happineſſe in hauing ſuch, and ſo fortunate maiſters) and ſent them with vnroyall reproches to *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles*, as if they had done traiterouſly, and not heroically in killing his tyrannicall couſin.

But that iniury went beyond all degree of reconcilment; ſo that they making forces in *Phrygia* (a kingdom wholly at their commandement, by the loue of the people, and gratefulneſſe of the king) they entred his countrie; and wholly conquering it (with ſuch deeds as at leaſt Fame ſaid were excellent) tooke the king; & by *Muſidorus* comandement (*Pyrocles* heart more enclining to pitie) he was ſlaine vpon the tombe of their two true ſeruants; which they cauſed to be made for them with royall expences, and notable workmanſhip to preſerue their dead liues. For his wicked ſeruant he ſhould haue felt the like, or worſe, but that his heart brake euen to death with the beholding the honour done to their dead carkaſſes. There might *Pyrocles* quietly haue enioyed that Crowne, by all the deſire of that people, moſt of whom had reuolted vnto him: but he finding a ſiſter of the late kings (a faire & well eſteemed Lady) looking for nothing more, then to be oppreſſed with her brothers ruines, gaue her in mariage to the Nobleman his fathers old friend, & endowed them with the Crowne of that kingdome. And not content with thoſe publike actions, of princely, and (as it were) gouerning vertue, they did (in that kingdome and ſome other neer about) diuerſe acts of particular trials, more famous, becauſe more perilous. For in that time thoſe regions were full both of cruell monſters, and monſtrous men: all which in ſhort time by priuate combats they deliuered the countries of.

Among the reſt, two brothers of huge both greatneſſe and force, therefore commonly called Giants, who kept themſelues in a caſtle ſeated vpon the top of a rock, impregnable, becauſe there was no comming vnto it but by one narrow path, where one mans force was able to keepe downe an army. Theſe brothers had a while ſerued the king of *Pontus*, and in all his affaires (eſpeciallie of warre, whereunto they were only apt) they had ſhewed, as vnconquered courage, ſo a rude faithfulneſſe: being men indeed by nature apter to the faults of rage, then of deceit; not greatly ambitious, more then to be well and vprightly dealt with; rather impatient of iniury, then delighted with more then ordinarie curteſies; and in iniuries

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more ſenſible of ſmart or loſſe, then of reproch or diſgrace. Theſe men beeing of this nature (and certainly iewels to a wiſe man; conſidering what indeed wonders they were able to performe) yet were diſcarded by that worthy Prince; after manie notable deſerts, as not worthy the holding. Which was the more euident to them; becauſe it ſodainly fell from an exceſſe of fauour, which (many examples hauing taught them) neuer ſtopt his race till it came to an headlong ouerthrowe: they full of rage, retired themſelues vnto this caſtle: where thinking nothing iuſter then reuenge, nor more noble then the effects of anger, that (according to the nature) full of inward brauerie and fierceneſſe, ſcarcely in the glaſſe of reaſon, thinking it ſelfe faire but when it is terrible, they immediatly gaue themſelues to make all the countrie about them (ſubiect to that king) to ſmart for their Lords follie; not caring how innocent they were, but rather thinking the more innocent they were, the more it teſtified their ſpight, which they deſired to manifeſt. And with vſe of euill, growing more and more euill, they tooke delight in ſlaughter, & pleaſed themſelues in making others wrack the effect of their power: ſo that where in the time that they obeyed a maiſter, their anger was a ſeruiceable power of the mind to do publique good; ſo now vnbrideled, and blind iudge of it ſelfe, it made wickednesſe violent, and prailed it ſelfe in excellencie of miſchiefe; almoſt to the ruine of the country, not greatly regarded by their careleſſe and loueleſſe king. Till now theſe Princes finding them ſo fleſhed in crueltie, as not to be reclaimed, ſecretly vndertooke the matter alone: for accompanied they would not haue ſuffered them to haue mounted; and ſo thoſe great fellowes ſcornefully receiuing them, as fooliſh birds fallen into their net, it pleaſed the eternall iuſtice to make them ſuffer death by their hands: and ſo they were manifoldly acknowledged the ſauers of that countrey.

It were the part of a verie idle Orator to ſet forth the nũbers of well deuiſed honors done vnto them: but as high honor is not onely gotten & borne by paine and danger, but muſt be nurſt by the like, or elſe vaniſheth as ſoone as it appeares to the world: ſo the naturall hunger thereof (which was in *Pyrocles*) ſuffered him not to account a reſting ſeat of that, which either riſeth or falleth; but ſtill to make one occaſion beget another; wherby his doings might ſend his praiſe to others mouthes to rebound againe true contentment to his ſpirit. And therfore hauing well eſtabliſhed thoſe kingdoms vnder good Gouernours, and rid them by their valure of ſuch Giants and monſters, as before time armies were not able to ſubdue, they determined in vnknowne order to ſee more of the world, and to imploy thoſe gifts eſteemed rare in them, to the good of mankind; and therefore would themſelues (vnderſtanding that the King *Euarchus* was paſſed all the cumber of his warres) goe priuately to ſeeke exerciſes of their vertue, thinking it not ſo worthy to be brought to heroicall effects by fortune, or neceſsity, (like *Vlyſſes* and *Aeneas*) as by ones own choice and working. And ſo went they away from verie vnwilling people to leaue them, making time haſte it ſelfe to be a circumſtance of their honor, and one place witneſſe to another of the truth of their doings. For ſcarcely were they out of the confines of *Pontus*, but that as they rid alone armed, (for alone the went, one ſeruing the other) they met an adventure; which though not ſo notable for any great effect they performed, yet worthy to be remembred for the vnuſed examples therin, as well of true naturall goodneſſe, as of wretched vngratefulneſſe.

It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the ſeaſon being (as in the depth of Winter) very cold, and as then ſodainely growne to ſo extreame and foule a ſtorme, that

neuer any winter (I think) brought forth a fowler child: ſo that the Princes were e-uen compelled by the haile, that the pride of the wind blew into their faces, to ſeek ſom ſhrowding place which a certain hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their ſhield againſt the tempeſts fury. And ſo ſtaying there, till the violence there-of was paſſed, they heard the ſpeech of a couple, who not perceyuing them, being hid within that rude canapie, held a ſtrange and pitifull diſputation, which made them ſtep out, yet in ſuch ſort as they might ſee vnſeene. There they perceyued an aged man, and a young, ſcarcely come to the age of a man, both poorely arrayed, extreamely weather-beaten; the old man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet through all thoſe miſeries, in both there ſeemed to appeare a kinde of noble-neſſe, not ſutable to that affliction. But the firſt wordes they heard, were theſe of the olde man. Well *Leonatus* (ſaid he) ſince I cannot perſwade thee to leade me to that which ſhould end my griefe, and my trouble, let me now intreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miſerie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miſerie: feare not the danger of my blinde ſteps, I cannot fall worſe then I am: and doe not I pray thee, doe not obſtinately continue to infect thee with my wretchedneſſe: but flie, flie from this region only worthy of me. Deare father (anſwered he) do not take away from me the only remnant of my happineſſe: while I haue power to do you ſeruice, I am not wholly miſerable. Ah my ſonne (ſaid he, and with that he groned, as if ſorrow ſtraue to breake his heart) how euill fits it me to haue ſuch a ſonne, and how much doth thy kindneſſe vpbraid my wickedneſſe? Theſe dolefull ſpeeches, and ſome others to like purpoſe (well ſhewing they had not beene borne to the fortune they were in) moued the Princes to go out vnto them, and aske the younger what they were? Sirs (anſwered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certaine noble kinde of pitiouſneſſe) I ſee well you are ſtrangers, that know not our miſerie, ſo well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we muſt be miſerable. Indeede our ſtate is ſuch, as though nothing is ſo needfull vnto vs as pitie, yet nothing is more dangerous vnto vs, then to make our ſelues ſo knowne as may ſtirre pitie: but your preſence promiſeth that cruelty ſhall not ouer-runne hate: and if it did, in truth our ſtate is ſunke below the degree of feare.

This old man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull Prince of this country of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted vngratefulneſſe of a ſonne of his, depriued, not onely of his Kingdom (whereof no forraine forces were euer able to ſpoile him) but of his ſight, the riches which Nature grants to the pooreſt creatures. Whereby, and by o-ther his vnnaturall dealings, he hath beene driuen to ſuch griefe, as euen now hee would haue had me to haue led him to the top of this rocke, thence to caſt himſelfe headlong to death: and ſo would haue made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his deſtruction. But noble Gentlemen, ſaid he, if eyther of you haue a father, and feele what dutifull affection is engrafted in a ſonnes heart, let me intreat you to conuey this afflicted Prince to ſome place of reſt and ſecurity: amongſt your worthy acts it ſhal be none of the leaſt, that a King of ſuch might and fame, and ſo vniuſtly oppreſſed, is in any ſort by you relieued.

But before they could make him anſwere, his father beganne to ſpeake. Ah my ſonne, ſaid he, how euill an Hiſtorian are you, that leaue out the chiefe knot of all the diſcourſe? my wickedneſſe, my wickedneſſe: and if thou doeſt it to ſpare my eares (the only ſenſe now left me proper for knowledge) aſſure thy ſelfe thou doſt miſtake me: and I take witneſſe of that Sunne which you ſee (with that he caſt vp his

his blind eyes, as if he would hunt for light) and wish my selfe in worse case then I do wish my selfe, which is as euill as may be, if I speake vntruly, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore knowe you Gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wish that it may not proue some ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with such a miser as I am) that whatsoeuer my son (ô God, that truth binds me to reproch him with the name of my son) hath said is true. But besides those truths, this also is true, that hauing had in lawfull mariage, of a mother fit to beare royall children, this sonne (such a one as partly you see, and better shall know by my short declaration) and so enioyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growne to iustifie their expectations (so as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortalitie, to leaue another ones-selfe after me) I was caried by a bastard sonne of mine (if at least I be bound to beleeue the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother) first to mislike, then to hate, lastlie to destroy, or to do my best to destroy this sonne (I thinke you thinke) vndeseruing destruction. What wayes she vsed to bring mee to it, if I should tell you, I should tediously trouble you with as much poisonous hypocrisie, desperate fraud, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling enuie, as in any liuing person could be harboured: but I list it not; no remembrance of naughtinesse delights me but mine owne; and me thinks, the accusing his traps might in some maner excuse my fault, which certainlie I lothe to do. But the conclusion is, that I gaue order to some seruants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as my selfe, to leade him out into a forrest, and there to kill him.

But those theeues (better natured to my sonne then my selfe) spared his life, letting him go to learne to liue poorely: which he did, giuing himselfe to be a priuate souldior in a countrey here by: but as he was ready to be greatly aduanced for some noble peeces of seruice which he did, he heard newes of me: who (drunke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnnaturall sonne of mine) suffered my selfe so to be gouerned by him, that all fauours and punishments passed by him, all offices, and places of importance distributed to his fauorites; so that ere I vvas aware, I had left my self nothing but the name of a King: which he shortly wearie of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignity, which was laid vpon me) threw me out of my seat, and put out my eyes; and then (proud in his tyranny) let me go, neither imprisoning, nor killing mee; but rather delighting to make me feele my miserie; miserie indeed, if euer there were any; full of wretchednesse, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltinesse. And as he came to the crowne by so vniust means, as vniustly he kept it, by force of straunger souldiers in *Cittadels*, the neasts of tyrannie, and murderers of liberties; disarming all his owne countrimen, that no man durst shew himself a wel-willer of mine: to say the truth (I think) few of them being so (considering my cruell follie to my good sonne, and foolish kindnesse to my vnkind bastard:) but if there were any who felt a pitie of so great a fal, and had yet any sparkes of vnstaine duty left in them towards me; yet durst they not shew it, scarcelie vvith giuing me almes at their doores; which yet was the only sustenance of my distressed life, no body daring to shew so much charitie, as to lend mee a hand to guide my darke steps: till this sonne of mine (God knowes, worthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abhominable vvrongs, not recking daunger, and neglecting the present good way hee vvas in of doing himselfe good, came hither to do this kind office you see him performe towards mee, to my vnspeakeable griefe; not only because his kindnesse is a glasse euen to my

blind eyes of my naughtineſſe, but that aboue all griefes, it grieues mee he ſhould deſperately aduenture the loſſe of his vvell-deſeruing life for mine, that yet owe more to Fortune for my deſerts, as if hee would carry mudde in a cheſt of Cryſtal: for vvell I know, he that now raigneth, how much ſo euer (and with good reaſon) he deſpiſeth me, of all men deſpiſed; yet he will not let ſlip any aduantage to make away him, whoſe iuſt title (ennobled by courage & goodnes) may one day ſhake the ſeat of a neuer ſecure tyrannie. And for this cauſe I craued of him to lead me to the top of this rocke, indeed I muſt confeſſe, vvith meaning to free him from ſo ſerpentine a companion as I am. But he finding vvhat I purpoſed, onely therein ſince hee vvas borne, ſhewed himſelfe diſobedient vnto me. And now Gentlemen, you haue the true ſtory, which I pray you publiſh to the world, that my miſchieuous proceedings may be the glory of his filiall pietie, the only reward now left for ſo great a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my ſonne denies me: for neuer was there more pity in ſauing any, then in ending me, both becauſe therin my agonie ſhall end, & ſo you ſhall preſerue this excellent young man, who elſe wilfully followes his owne ruine.

The matter in it ſelf lamentable, lamentablie expreſſed by the old Prince (which needed not take to himſelfe the geſtures of pitie, ſince his face could not put off the markes therof) greatly moued the two Princes to compaſsiõ, which could not ſtay in ſuch hearts as theirs without ſeeking remedy. But by and by the occaſion was preſented: for *Plexirtus* (ſo was the baſtard called) came thither with forty horſe, onelie of purpoſe to murder this brother, of whoſe comming he had ſoone aduertiſement, and thought no eyes of ſufficient credite in ſuch a matter, but his owne, and therefore came himſelfe to be actor, and ſpectator. And as ſoone as hee came, not regarding the weake (as he thought) gard of but two men, commanded ſome of his followers to ſet their hands to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young Prince (though not otherwiſe armed but with a ſword) how falſly ſoeuer he was dealt with by others, vvould not betray himſelfe; but brauely drawing it out, made the death of the firſt that aſſayled him, warne his fellowes to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* vvere quickly become parties (ſo iuſt a defence deſeruing as much as old friendſhip) and ſo did behaue them among that companie (more iniurious then valiant) that many of them loſt their liues for their vvicked maſter.

Yet perhaps had the number of them at laſt preuailed, if the king of *Pontus* (latelie by them made ſo) had not come vnlooked for to their ſuccour. Who (hauing had a dreame which had fixt his imagination vehemently vpon ſome great danger, preſently to follow thoſe two Princes, whom he moſt dearely loued) was come in all haſte, following as well as hee could their tracke with a hundred horſes in that country, which he thought (conſidering who then raigned) a fit place enough to make the ſtage of any Tragedie.

But then the match had been ſo ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and vvorſe gotten honour ſhould haue tumbled together to deſtruction; had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, vvith forty or fifty in their ſuite, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. Theſe two were brothers, of the nobleſt houſe of that countrie, brought vp from their infancy with *Plexirtus*, men of ſuch proweſſe, as not to knowe feare in themſelues, and yet to teach it in others that ſhould deale with them: for they had often made their liues triumph ouer moſt terrible dangers; neuer diſmayed, and euer fortunate; and truely no more ſetled in valure, then diſpoſed to goodneſſe and

iuſtice

iuſtice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could haue learned to make friendſhip a child, & not the father of Vertue. But bringing vp (rather then choice) hauing firſt knit their mindes vnto him (indeede crafty enough, either to hide his faults, or neuer to ſhew them, but when they might pay home) they willingly held out the courſe, rather to ſatisfie him, then all the world; and rather to be good friends, then good men: ſo as though they did not like the euill he did, yet they liked him that did the euill; and though not counſellours of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they hauing heard of this ſodaine going out with ſo ſmal a company, in a country ful of euil-wiſhing minds toward him (though they knew not the cauſe) followed him; til they found him in ſuch caſe, as they were to venture their liues, or elſe he to loſe his: which they did with ſuch force of mind and bodie, that truely I may iuſtly ſay, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* had neuer till then found any, that could make them ſo well repeat their hardeſt leſſon in the feates of armes. And briefly ſo they did, that if they ouercame not; yet were they not ouercome, but caried away that vngratefull maſter of theirs to a place of ſecurity, howſoeuer the Princes laboured to the contrary. But this matter being thus far begun, it became not the conſtancie of the Princes ſo to leaue it; but in all haſt making forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrigia*, they had in few daies left him but onely that one ſtrong place vvhere he was. For feare hauing been the only knot that had faſtened his people vnto him, that once vntied by a greater force, they all ſcattered from him, like ſo many birds, whoſe cage had been broken.

In which ſeaſon the blind king (hauing in the chiefe citie of his realme ſet the crown vpon his ſonne *Leonatus* head) with many tears (both of ioy and ſorrow) letting forth to the whole people, his owne fault and his ſons vertue, after he had kiſt him, and forc'd his ſonne to accept honour of him (as of his new-become ſubiect) euen in a moment died, as it ſhould ſeeme, his heart broken with vnkindneſſe and affliction, ſtretched ſo far beyond his limits with this aceeſs of comfort, as it was able no longer to keep ſafe his vital ſpirits. But the new king (hauing no leſs louingly performed all duties to him dead, then aliue) purſued on the ſiege of his vnnaturall brother, aſmuch for the reuenge of his father, as for the eſtabliſhing of his owne quiet. In which ſiege truly I cannot but acknowledge the proweſſe of thoſe two brothers, then whom the Princes neuer found in all their trauell, two of greater abilitie to performe, nor of abler skill for conduct.

But *Plexirtus* finding that if nothing elſe, famine would at laſt bring him to deſtruction, thought better by humbleneſſe to creepe, where by pride hee could not march. For certainely ſo had nature formed him, and the exerciſe of craft conformed him to all turningneſſe of ſleights, that though no man had leſſe goodneſſe in his ſoule then hee, no man could better find the places vvhence arguments might grow of goodneſſe to another; though no man felt leſſe pitie, no man could rel better how to ſtirre pitie; no man more impudent to deny, vvhere proofes were not manifeſt; no man more ready to confeſs with a repenting maner of aggrauating his owne euill; where deniall would but make the fault fowler. Now he tooke this way, that hauing gotten a paſport for one (that pretended hee would put *Plexirtus* aliue into his hands) to ſpeake with the king his brother, hee himſelfe (though much againſt the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wiſhed to die in braue defence) with a rope about his necke, bare footed, came to offer himſelfe to the diſcretion of *Leonatus*. Where what ſubmiſsion he vſed, hovv cunningly in making greater the fault, he made the faultineſſe the leſſe, how artificially he could ſet out the torments

of his owne conſcience, with the burdenſome cumber hee had found of his ambitious deſires, how finely ſeeming to deſire nothing but death, as aſhamed to liue, he begg'd life in the refuſing it, I am not cunning enough to bee able to expreſſe: but ſo fell out of it, that though at firſt ſight *Leonatus* ſaw him with no other eye, then as the murderer of his father; and anger already began to paint reuenge in many colours, ere long he had not only gotten pitie, but pardon; and if not an excuſe of the fault paſt, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poore villaines (chiefe miniſters of his wickednesſe, now betrayed by the authour therof,) were deliuered to many cruell ſorts of death; he ſo handling it, that it rather ſeemed, he had more come into the defence of an vnremediable miſchiefe already committed, then that they had done it at firſt by his conſent.

In ſuch ſort the Princes left theſe reconciled brothers (*Plexirtus* in all his behauiour carrying him in farre lower degree of ſeruice, then the euer-noble nature of *Leonatus* would ſuffer him) & taking likewiſe their leaues of their good friend the king of *Pontus* (who returned to enioy their benefite, both of his wife and kingdome) they priuately went thence, hauing onely with them the two valiant brothers, who would needes accompany them through diuerſe places; they foure dooing acts more dangerous, though leſſe famous, becauſe they were but priuate chiualries: till hearing of the faire & vertuous Queene *Erona* of Lycia, beſieged by the puiſſant king of Armenia, they bent themſelues to her ſuccour, both becauſe the weaker (& weaker as being a Lady) and partly becauſe they heard the king of Armenia had in his companie three of the moſt famous men liuing, for matters of armes, that were knowne to be in the world. Whereof one was the Prince *Plangus* (whoſe name was ſweetned by your breath, peereleſs Lady, when the laſt day it pleaſed you to mention him vnto me:) the other two were two great Princes (though holding of him) *Barzanes* and *Euardus*, men of Giant-like both hugeneſs & force: in vvhich two eſpecially, the truſt the king had of victory was repoſed. And of them, thoſe brothers *Tydeus* and *Telenor* (ſufficient Iudges in warlike matters) ſpake ſo high commendations, that the two Princes had euen a youthfull longing to haue ſome triall of their vertue. And therefore as ſoone as they were entred into Lycia, they ioyned themſelues with them that faithfully ſerued the poore Queene, at that time beſieged: and ere long animated in ſuch ſort their almoſt ouerthrowne harts, that they went by force to relieue the towne, though they were depriued of a great part of their ſtrength by the parting of the two brothers, who were ſent for in all haſt to returne to their old friend and maiſter *Plexirtus*: who (willingly hood-winking themſelues from ſeeing his faults, and binding themſelues to beleeue what hee ſaid) often abuſed the vertue of courage to defend his foule vice of iniuſtice. But now they were ſent for, to aduaunce a conqueſt he was about; while *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus* purſued the deliuerie of the Queene *Erona*.

I haue heard, ſaid *Pamela*, that part of the ſtory of *Plangus*, whē he paſſed through this country: therefore you may (if you liſt) paſſe ouer that warre of *Eronas* quarrell, leaſt if you ſpeake too much of warre matters, you ſhould wake *Mopſa*, which might happely breed a great broile. He looked, & ſaw that *Mopſa* indeed ſate ſwallowing of ſleepe with open mouth, making ſuch a noyſe withall, as no body could lay the ſtealing of a nap to her charge. Whereupon, willing to vſe that occaſion, I kneeled down, & with humble-heartednes & harty earneſtnes printed in my graces, Alas, ſaid I, diuine Lady, who haue wrought ſuch miracles in mee, as to make a prince (none of the baſeſt) to think al principalities baſe, in reſpect of the ſheephook, which

which may hold him vp in your ſight; vouchſafe now at laſt to hear in direct words my humble ſute, while this dragon ſleepes, that keepes the golden fruite. If in my deſire I wiſh, or in my hopes aſpire, or in my imagination faine to my ſelf any thing which may be the leaſt ſpot to that heauenly vertue, which ſhines in all your doo-ings; I pray the eternall powers, that the words I ſpeake may be deadly poyſons, while they are in my mouth, & that al my hopes, all my deſires, all my imaginations may onely work their own confuſion. But if loue, loue of you, loue of your vertues, ſeek only that fauour of you, which becommeth that gratefulneſſe, which cannot misbecome your excellencie, ô doe not. Hee would haue ſaid further, but *Pamela* calling aloud *Mopſa*, ſhe ſuddainly ſtart vp, ſtaggering; and rubbing her eyes, ranne firſt out of the doore, and then back to them, before ſhe knew how ſhe went out, or why ſhe came in again: till at length, beeing fully come to her little ſelfe, ſhee asked *Pamela*, why ſhe had called her. For nothing, ſaid *Pamela*, but that yee might heare ſome tales of your ſeruaunts telling: and therefore now, ſaid ſhe *Dorus*, go on.

But as I (who found no ſo good ſacrifice, as obedience) was returning to the ſtory of my ſelfe, *Philoclea* came in, and by and by after her, *Miſo*; ſo as for that time they were faine to let *Dorus* depart. But *Pamela* (delighted euen to preſerue in her memory, the words of ſo well a beloued ſpeaker) repeated the whole ſubſtance to her ſiſter, till their ſober dinner beeing come and gone, to recreat themſelues ſome-thing, (euen tyred with the noyſomnes of *Miſos* conuerſation) they determined to goe (while the heat of the day laſted) to bathe themſelues (ſuch being the manner of the *Arcadian* Nymphes often to doe) in the riuer of *Ladon*, and take with them a Lute, meaning to delight them vnder ſome ſhadow. But they could not ſtir, but that *Miſo* with her daughter *Mopſa* was after them: & as it lay in their way to paſſe by the other lodge, *Zelmane* out of her window eſpied them, and ſo ſtale downe after them: which ſhee might the better doe, becauſe that *Gynecia* was ſick, and *Baſilius* (that day being his birth-day) according to his maner, was buſie about his deuotions; and therfore ſhee went after, hoping to finde ſome time to ſpeake with *Philoclea*: but not a word could ſhee beginne, but that *Miſo* would be one of the audience: ſo that ſhee was driuen to recommend thinking, ſpeaking, and all, to her eyes, who diligently performed her truſt, til they came to the riuers ſide, which of all the riuers of *Greece* had the price for excellent pureneſſe and ſweetneſſe, in ſo much as the very bathing in it, was accounted exceeding healthfull. It ranne vpon ſo fine and delicate a ground, as one could not eaſily iudge, whether the Riuer did more waſh the grauell, or the grauell did purifie the Riuer; the Riuer not running forth right, but almoſt continually winding, as if the lower ſtreames would returne to their ſpring, or that the Riuer had a delight to play with it ſelfe. The bankes of eyther ſide ſeeming armes of the louing earth, that faine would embrace it; and the Riuer a wanton Nymph which ſtill would ſlip from it: either ſide of the banke beeing fringed with moſt beautifull trees, which reſiſted the ſunnes darts from ouer-much piercing the naturall coldneſſe of the Riuer. There was the But amongſt the reſt a goodly *Cypres*, who bowing her faire head ouer the water, it ſeemed ſhe looked into it, & dreſſed her green locks by that running riuer. There the Princeſſes determining to bathe thēſelues, thogh it was ſo priuiledged a place, vpō pain of death, as no bodie durſt preſume to come thither; yet for the more ſuretie, they looked round about, and could ſee nothing but a water ſpaniell, who came downe the riuer ſhewing that he hunted for a duck, & with a ſnuffling grace, diſdaining that his ſmelling

force

force could not as well preuaile thorow the water, as thorow the aire, & therefore wayting with his eye, to ſee whether he could eſpie the duckes getting vp againe: but then a little below them failing of his purpoſe, he got out of the riuer, & ſhaking off the water (as great men do their friends, now he had no further cauſe to vſe it) inweeded himſelfe ſo, as the Ladies loſt the further marking his ſportfulneſſe: & inuiting *Zelmane* alſo to waſh her ſelfe with them, & ſhe excuſing her ſelfe with hauing taken a late cold, they began by peece-meale to take awaie the eclipſing of their apparell.

Zelmane would haue put to her helping hand, but ſhe was taken with ſuch a quiuering, that ſhe thought it more wiſedome to leane her ſelfe to a tree and looke on, vvhile *Miſo* and *Mopſa* (like a couple of foreſwat melters) were getting the pure ſiluer of their bodies out of the vre of their garments. But as the rayments went off to receiue kiſſes of the ground, *Zelmane* enuied the happineſſe of all, but of the ſmocke was euen iealous: and vvhen that was taken away too, and that *Philoclea* remained (for her *Zelmane* only marked) like a *Diamond* taken from out the rocke, or rather like the Sun getting from vnder a cloud, and ſhewing his naked beames to the full view, then was the beauty too much for a patient ſight, the delight too ſtrong for a ſtaied conceipt: ſo that *Zelmane* could not chooſe but run, to touch, embrace and kiſſe her; But conſcience made her come to her ſelfe, and leaue *Philoclea*, who bluſhing, and withall ſmiling, making ſhamefaſtneſſe pleaſant, & pleaſure ſhamefaſt, tenderly moued her feet, vnwonted to feele the naked ground, till the touch of the cold water made a pretty kind of ſhrugging come ouer her body, like the twinkling of the faireſt among the fixed ſtars. But the riuer it ſelfe gaue way vnto her, ſo that ſhee was ſtreight breaſt high; which was the deepeſt that ther-about ſhe could be: & whē cold *Ladon* had once fully imbraced them, himſelfe was no more ſo cold to thoſe Ladies, but as if his cold complexion had bin heated with loue, ſo ſeem'd he to play about euery part he could touch.

Ah ſweete, now ſweeteſt *Ladon* (ſaid *Zelmane*) why doſt thou not ſtay thy courſe to haue more ful taſt of thy happines? But the reaſon is manifeſt, the vpper ſtreames make ſuch haſt to haue their part of embracing, that the neather (though lothlie) muſt needs giue place vnto them. O happy *Ladon*, within whom ſhe is, vpon vvhom her beauty fals, through whom her eye pierceth, O happy *Ladon*, which art now an vnperfect mirror of all perfection, canſt thou euer forget the bleſſednes of this impreſsion? if thou do, then let thy bed be turned from fine grauell, to weeds and mud; if thou do, let ſome vniuſt niggards make weres to ſpoile thy beauty; if thou do, let ſome greater riuer fall into thee, to take away the name of *Ladon*. Oh *Ladon*, happy *Ladō*, rather ſlide then run by her, leaſt thou ſhouldeſt make her legs ſlip from her; & then, O happy *Ladon*, who would then call thee, but the moſt curſed *Ladon*? But as the Ladies plaid then in the water, ſomtimes ſtriking it with their hands, the water (making lines in his face) ſeemed to ſmile at ſuch bearing, & with twenty bubbles, not to be content to haue the picture of their face in large vpon him, but he would in each of thoſe bubbles ſet forth the miniature of them.

But *Zelmane*, whoſe ſight was gaine-ſaid by nothing but the tranſparent vaile of *Ladon* (like a chamber where a great fire is kept, though the fire be at one ſtay, yet with the continuance continually hath his heate encreaſed) had the coales of her affection ſo kindled with wonder, and blowne with delight, that now all her parts grudged, that her eyes ſhould doe more homage, then they, to the Princeſſe of them. In ſo much that taking vp the Lute, her wit began to bee with a diuine fury

inſpired,

inſpired; her voice would in ſo beloued an occaſion ſecond her wit, her hands accorded the Lutes muſicke to the voice; her panting heart danced to the muſicke; while I thinke her feete did beat the time, while her bodie was the roome where it ſhould be celebrated; her ſoule the Queene which ſhould be delighted. And ſo together went the vtterance and the inuention, that one might iudge, it was *Philoclea* beauty which did ſpeedily write it in her eies; or the ſence thereof, which did word by word endite it in her minde, whereto ſhe (but as an organ) did onely lend vtterance. The ſong was to this purpoſe.

WHat toung can her perfection tell,
In whoſe each part all pens may dwell?
Her haire fine threeds of fineſt gold
In curled knots mans thought to hold:
But that her fore-head ſayes in me
A whiter beautie you may ſee.
Whiter in deed; more white then ſnow,
Which on cold winters face doth grow.
That doth preſent thoſe euen browes,
Whoſe equall line their angles bowes,
Like to the Moone when after chaunge
Her horned head abroad doth raunge:
And arches be to heauenly lids,
Whoſe winke each bold attempt forbids.
For the black ſtarres thoſe ſpheares containe,
The matchleſſe paire, euen praiſe doth ſtaine.
No lampe, whoſe light by Art is got,
No Sunne which ſhines, and ſeeth not,
Can liken them without all peere,
Saue one as much as other cleere:
Which only thus vnhappy be,
Becauſe themſelues they cannot ſee.
Her cheekes with kindly claret ſpred,
Aurora-*like new out of bed,*
Or like the freſh Queene apples ſide,
Bluſhing at ſight of Phœbus *pride.*
Her noſe, her chinne pure iuorie weares:
No purer then the pretie eares.
So that therin appeares ſome blood,
Like wine and milke that mingled ſtood.
In whoſe Incirclets if ye gaze,
Your eyes may tread a Louers maze.
But with ſuch turnes the voice to ſtray, ſtay
No talke vntaught can find the way.
The tippe no iewell needs to weare:
The tippe is iewell of the eare.
But who thoſe ruddie lips can miſſe,
Which bleſſed ſtill themſelues do kiſſe?
Rubies, Cherries, and Roſes new,

In worth, in taste, in perfect hew:
Which neuer part, but that they shewe
Of precious pearle the double rewe,
The second sweetly-fenced ward,
Her heauenly-dewed tongue to gard,
Whence neuer word in vaine did flowe.
Faire vnder these doth stately grow,
The handle of this precious worke,
The neck, in which strange graces lurke.
Such be I thinke the sumptuous towers
Which skill doth make in Princes bowers.
So good a say inuites the eye,
A little downward to espie,
The liuelie clusters of her brests,
Of Venus *babe the wanton nests:*
Like pomels round of Marble cleere:
Where azurde veines well mixt appeere,
With deerest tops of prophyrie.
Betwixt these two a way doth lie,
A way more worthie beauties fame,
Then that which beares the Milkie *name.*
This leades into the ioyous field,
Which onely still doth Lillies yeeld:
But Lillies such whose natiue smell
The Indian odours doth excell.
Waste it is calde, for it doth waste
Mens liues, vntill it be imbraste.
There may one see, and yet not see
Her ribbes in white all armed bee.
More white then Neptunes *fomie face,*
When struggling rockes he would imbrace.
In those delights the wandring thought
Might of each side astray be brought,
But that her nauel doth vnite,
In curious circle, busie sight,
A daintie seale of virgin waxe,
Where nothing but impression lackes.
Her bellie their glad sight doth fill,
Iustly intitled Cupids *hill.*
A hill most fitte for such a master,
A spotlesse mine of Alablaster.
Like Alablaster faire and sleeke,
But soft and supple satten like.
In that sweete seate the boy doth sport:
Loath, I must leaue his chiefe resort.
For such a vse the world hath gotten,
The best things still must be forgotten.
Yet neuer shall my song omitte

Her

Her thighes, for Ouids song more fitte;
Which flanked with two sugred flankes,
Lift vp her stately swelling bankes;
That Albion cliues in whitenesse passe:
With hanches smooth as looking-glasse.
But bow all knees, now of her knees
My tongue doth tell what fancie sees.
The knots of ioy, the gemmes of loue,
Whose motion makes all graces moue.
Whose bought incau'd doth yeeld such sight,
Like cunning Painter shadowing white.
The gartring place with child-like signe,
Shewes easie print in metall fine.
But then againe the flesh doth rise
In her braue calues, like crystall skies.
Whose Atlas is a smallest small,
More white then whitest bone of all.
Thereout steales out that round cleane foote
This noble Cedars precious roote:
In shew and sent pale violets,
Whose step on earth all beautie sets.
But backe vnto her back, my Muse,
Where Ledas swanne his feathers mewes,
Along whose ridge such bones are met,
Like comfits round in marchpane set.
Her shoulders be like two white Doues,
Pearching within square royall roomes,
Which leaded are with siluer skinne,
Passing the hate-spot Ermelin.
And thence those armes derived are;
The Phœnix wings are not so rare
For faultlesse length, and stainlesse hue,
Ah wo is me, my woes renue.
Now course doth leade me to her hand,
Of my first loue the fatall hand.
Where whitenesse doth for euer sit:
Nature her selfe enameld it.
For there with strange compact doth lie
Warme snow, moist pearle, soft iuorie.
There fall those Saphir-coloured brookes,
Which conduit-like with curious crookes,
Sweet Ilands make in that sweet land.
As for the fingers of the hand,
The bloudy shafts of Cupids warre,
With amatists they headed are.
Thus hath each part his beauties part:
But how the Graces do impart
To all her limmes a speciall grace,

Becomming euery time and place.
Which doth euen beautie beautifie,
And moſt bewitch the wretched eye.
How all this is but a faire Inne
Of fairer gueſts, which dwell therein.
Of whoſe high praiſe, and praiſefull bliſſe.
Goodneſſe the penne, heauen paper is.
The inke immortall fame doth lend:
As I began, ſo muſt I end.
No tongue can her perfections tell,
In whoſe each part all tongues may dwell.

But as *Zelmane* was comming to the latter end of her ſong, ſhee might ſee the ſame water-ſpaniell which before had hunted, come & fetch away one of *Philoclea's* gloues; whoſe fine proportion, ſhewed well what a daintie gueſt was wont there to be lodged. It was a delight to *Zelmane*, to ſee that the dog was there-with delighted, and ſo let him goe a little way withall, who quicklie caried it out of ſight among certaine trees and buſhes, which were very cloſe together. But by and by hee came againe, and amongſt the raiments (*Miſo* and *Mopſa* being preparing ſheets againſt their comming out) the dog lighted vpon a little booke of four or fiue leaues of paper, and was bearing that away to. But then *Zelmane* (not knowing what importance it might be of) ran after the dog, who going ſtreight to thoſe buſhes, ſhe might ſee the dog deliuer it to a Gentleman who ſecretly lay there. But ſhee haſtily comming in, the Gentleman roſe vp, & with a curteous (though ſad) countenance preſented himſelfe vnto her. *Zelmanes* eyes ſtreight willed her mind to marke him: for ſhe thought, in her life ſhe had neuer ſeene a man of a more goodly preſence, in whom ſtrong making tooke not away delicacie, nor beautie fierceneſſe: beeing indeed ſuch a right manlike man, as Nature oftentimes erring, yet ſhewes ſhee would faine make. But when ſhe had a while (not without admiration) viewed him, ſhe deſired him to deliuer backe the gloue and paper, becauſe they were the Lady *Philoclea's*; telling him withall, that ſhe would not willingly let them know of his cloſe lying in that prohibited place, while they were bathing themſelues; becauſe ſhee knew they would be mortally offended withall. Faire Ladie, anſwered hee, the worſt of the complaint is already paſſed, ſince I feele of my fault in my ſelf the puniſhment. But for theſe things I aſſure you, it was my dogs wantō boldnes, not my preſumption. With that he gaue her back the paper. But for the gloue, ſaid he, ſince it is my Ladie *Philoclea's*, giue me leaue to keepe it, ſith my hart cannot perſwade it ſelfe to part from it. And I pray you tell the Lady (Lady indeede of all my deſires) that owes it, that I will direct my life to honour this gloue with ſeruing her. O villaine (cried out *Zelmane*, madded with finding an vnlooked-for Riuall, & that he would make her a meſſenger) diſpatch, ſaid ſhee, and deliuer it, or by the life of her that owes it, I wil make thy ſoule (thogh too baſe a price) pay for it. And with that drew out her ſword, which (*Amazon*-like) ſhe euer ware about her. The Gentleman retired himſelfe into an open place frō among the buſhes, & then drawing out his too, hee offred to deliuer it vnto her, ſaying withall, God forbid I ſhould vſe my ſword againſt you, ſith (if I be not deceiued) you are the ſame famous *Amazon*, that both defended my Ladies iuſt title of beautie againſt the valiant *Phalantus*, and ſaued her life in killing the Lion: therfore I am rather to kiſſe your hands, with acknowledge-

ing

ging my ſelfe bound to obey you. But this curteſie was worſe then a baſtonado to *Zelmane*: ſo that againe with ragefull eyes ſhe bad him defend him ſelfe, for no leſſe then his life ſhould anſwere it. A hard caſe (ſaid he) to teach my ſword that leſſon, which hath euer vſed to turne it ſelfe to a ſhield in a Ladies preſence. But *Zelmane* harkening to no more wordes, began with ſuch wittie furie to purſue him with blowes and thruſts, that Nature and Vertue commaunded the Gentleman to looke to his ſafetie. Yet ſtill courteſie, that ſeemed incorporate in his heart, would not be perſwaded by daunger to offer any offence, but only to ſtand vpon the beſt defenſiue gard he could; ſometimes going backe, being content in that reſpect to take on the figure of cowardiſe; ſomtime with ſtrong and well-met wardes, ſomtime cunning auoidings of his body, and ſometimes faining ſome blowes, which himſelf puld backe before they needed to be withſtood. And ſo with play did he a good while fight againſt the fight of *Zelmane*, who (more ſpited with that curteſie, that one that did nothing ſhould be able to reſiſt her) burned away with choler any morions, which might grow out of her own ſweet diſpoſition, determining to kill him if he fought no better; and ſo redoubling her blowes, draue the ſtranger to no other ſhift then to ward, and go backe; at that time ſeeming the image of innocencie againſt violence. But at length he found, that both in publike and priuate reſpects, who ſtands only vpon defence, ſtands vpon no defence: for *Zelmane* ſeeming to ſtrike at his head, and he going to ward it, withall ſtept back as he was accuſtomed: ſhe ſtopt her blow in the aire, and ſodainly turning the point, ranfull at his breaſt; ſo as he was driuen with the pommel of his ſword (hauing no other weapon of defence) to beat it down: but the thruſt was ſo ſtrong, that he could not ſo wholly beate it away, but that it met with his thigh, thorow which it ranne. But *Zelmane* retiring her ſworde, and ſeeing his bloud, victorious anger was conquered by the before-conquered pittie; and hartily ſorie, and euen aſhamed with her ſelfe ſhe was, conſidering how little he had done, who well ſhe found could haue done more. In ſo much that ſhe ſaid, truly I am ſorie for your hurt, but your ſelfe gaue the cauſe, both in refuſing to deliuer the gloue, and yet not fighting as I know you could haue done. But (ſaid ſhe) becauſe I perceiue you diſdayne to fight with a woman, it may be before a yeare come about, you ſhall meet with a neere kinſman of mine, *Pyrocles* Prince of Macedon, and I giue you my worde, he for me ſhall maintaine this quarell againſt you. I would (anſwered *Amphialus*) I had many more ſuch hurts to meete and know that worthy Prince, whoſe vertue I loue and admire, though my good deſtiny hath not bene to ſee his perſon.

But as they were ſo ſpeaking, the yong Ladies came, to whom *Mopſa* (curious in any thing, but her owne good behauiour) hauing followed and ſeene *Zelmane* fighting, had cried, what ſhe had ſeene, while they were drying themſelues, and the water (with ſome drops) ſeemed to weepe, that it ſhould part from ſuch bodies. But they carefull of *Zelmane* (aſſuring themſelues that any *Arcadian* would beare reuerence to them) *Pamela* with a noble mind, and *Philoclea* with a louing (haſtily hiding the beauties, whereof Nature was proude, and they aſhamed) they made quicke worke to come to ſaue *Zelmane*. But alreadie they found them in talke, and *Zelmane* carefull of his wound. But when they ſaw him, they knew it was their coſin germain, the famous *Amphialus*; whom yet with a ſweet-graced bitterneſſe they blamed for breaking their fathers commaundement, eſpecially while themſelues were in ſuch ſort retired. But he craued pardon, proteſting vnto them that he had only bene to ſeeke ſolitarie paces, by an extreme melancholy that had a good

while possest him, and guided to that place by his spaniel, where while the dog hunted in the riuer, he had withdrawne himselfe to pacifie with sleepe his ouerwatched eyes: till a dreame waked him, and made him see that whereof he had dreamed, and withall not obscurely signified, that he felt the smart of his owne doings. But *Philoclea* (that was euen iealous of her selfe for *Zelmane*) would needes haue her gloue, and not without so mightie a lowre as that face could yeeld. As for *Zelmane* when she knew it was *Amphialus*, Lord *Amphialus* (said she) I haue long desired to know you, heretofore I must confesse with more good will, but still with honoring your vertue, though I loue not your person: and at this time I pray you let vs take care of your wound, vpon condition you shall hereafter promise, that a more knightly combat shalbe performed betweene vs. *Amphialus* answered in honorable sort, but with such excusing himselfe, that more and more accused his loue to *Philoclea*, and prouoked more hate in *Zelmane*. But *Mopsa* had alreadie called certain shepheards not far off (who knew and well obserued their limits) to come & help to carrie away *Amphialus*, whose wound suffered him not without danger to straine it: and so he leauing himselfe with them, departed from them, faster bleeding in his hart, then at his wound: which bound vp by the sheetes, wherewith *Philoclea* had bene wrapped, made him thank the wound, and blesse the sword for that fauour.

He being gone, the Ladies (with mery anger talking, in what naked simplicitie their cousin had seene them) returned to the lodge-ward: yet thinking it too early (as long as they had any day) to breake off so pleasing a companie, with going to performe a cumbersom obedience, *Zelmane* inuited them to the little arbour, only reserued for her, which they willingly did: and there sitting, *Pamela* hauing a while made the lute in his language shew how glad it was to be touched by her fingers, *Zelmane* deliuered vp the paper, which *Amphialus* had at first yeelded vnto her: and seeing written vpon the backside of it, the complaint of *Plangus*, remembring what *Dorus* had told her, and desiring to know how much *Philoclea* knew of her estate, she tooke occasion in presenting of it, to aske whether it were any secret, or no. No truely (answered *Philoclea*) it is but euen an excercise of my fathers writing, vpon this occasion: He was one day (somewhile before your comming hither) walking abroad, hauing vs two with him, almost a mile hence; and crossing a hie way, which comes from the cittie of *Megalopolis*, he saw this Gentleman, whose name is there written, one of the proprest and best-graced men that euer I sawe, being of middle age and of a meane stature. Hee lay as then vnder a tree, while his seruants were getting fresh post-horses for him. It might seeme he was tired with the extreme trauaile he had taken, and yet not so tyred, that he forced to take any rest; so hasty he was vpon his iourney: and withall so sorowfull, that the verie face thereof was painted in his face; which with pitifull motions, euen groanes, teares and passionate talking to himselfe, moued my Father to fal in talke with him: who at first not knowing him, answered him in such a desperat phrase of griefe, that my Father afterward tooke a delight to set it downe in such forme as you see: which if you reade, what you doubt of, my sister and I are able to declare vnto you. *Zelmane* willingly opened the leaues, and red it being written Dialogue-wise in this manner.

Plangus. Basilius.

Plangus. *Alas how long this pilgrimage doth last?*
What greater ills haue now the heauens in store,
To couple comming harmes with sorowes past?

Long

Long since my voice is hoarce, and throte is sore,
With cries to skies, and curses to the ground,
But more I plaine, I feele my woes the more.
Ah where was first that cruell cunning found,
To frame of Earth a vessell of the minde,
Where it should be to selfe-destruction bound?
What needed so high sprites such mansions blind?
Or wrapt in flesh what do they here obtaine,
But glorious name of wretched humaine-kind?
Balles to the starres, and thralles to Fortunes raign;
Turnd from themselues, infected with their cage,
Where death is feard, and life is held with paine.
Like players plaist to fill a filthy stage,
Where change of thoughts one foole to other shewes,
And all but iests, saue only sorrowes rage,
The child feeles that; the man that feeling knowes,
With cries first borne, the presage of his life,
Where wit but serues, to haue true tast of woes.
A Shop of shame, a Booke where blots be rife,
This bodie is: this bodie so compos'd,
As in it selfe to norish mortall strife,
So diuers be the Elements dispos'd
In this weake worke, that it can neuer be
Made vniforme to any state repos'd.
Griefe only makes his wretched state to see
(Euen like a toppe which nought but whipping moues)
This man, this talking beast, this walking tree,
Griefe is the stone which finest iudgement proues:
For who grieues not hath but a blockish braine,
Since cause of griefe no cause from life remoues.

Basilius. *How long wilt thou with monefull musicke staine*
The cheerefull notes these pleasant places yeeld,
Where all good haps a perfect state maintaine?

Plangus. *Curst be good haps, and curst be they that build*
Their hopes on haps, and do not make despaire
For all these certaine blowes the surest shield.
Shall I that saw Eronaes *shining haire*
Torne with her hands, and those same hands of snow
With losse of purest blood themselues to teare?
Shall I that saw those brests, where beauties flow,
Swelling with sighes, made pale with mindes disease,
And saw those eyes (those Sunnes) such showres to show,
Shall I, whose eares her mournfull words did seaze,
Her words in syrup laid of sweetest breath,
Relent those thoughts which then did so displease?
No, no: Despaire my dayly lesson saith,

And ſaith, although I ſeeke my life to flie,
Plangus muſt liue to ſee Eronaes death,
Plangus muſt liue ſome helpe for her to trie
(Though in deſpaire) for loue ſo forceth me
Plangus doth liue, and ſhall Erona dye?
Erona dy? O heauen (if heauen there be)
Hath all thy whirling courſe ſo ſmall effect?
Serue all thy ſtarrie eyes this ſhame to ſee?
Let dolts in haſte ſome altars faire erect
To thoſe high powers, which idly ſit aboue,
And vertue do in greateſt need neglect.

Baſilius. *O man, take heed, how thou the Gods do moue*
To cauſe full wrath, which thou canſt not reſiſt.
Blaſphemous words the ſpeaker vaine do proue.
Alas while we are wrapt in foggie miſt
Of our ſelfe-loue (ſo paſſions do deceaue)
We thinke they hurt, when moſt they do aſſiſt.
To harme vs wormes ſhould that high Iuſtice leaue
His nature? nay, him ſelfe? for ſo it is.
What glorie from our loſſe can he receaue?
But ſtill our dazeled eyes their way do miſſe,
While that we do at his ſweete ſcourge repine,
The kindly way to beat vs on to bliſſe.
If ſhe muſt dye, then hath ſhe paſt the line
Of lothſome dayes, whoſe loſſe how canſt thou mone,
That dooſt ſo well their miſeries define?
But ſuch we are with inwarde tempeſt blowne
Of windes quite contrarie in waues of will:
We mone that loſt, which had we did bemone.

Plangus. *And ſhall ſhe dye? ſhall cruell fier ſpill*
Thoſe beames that ſet ſo many harts on fire?
Hath ſhe not force euen death with loue to kill?
Nay euen cold Death enflam'd with hot deſire
Her to enioy where ioy it ſelfe is thrall,
Will ſpoyle the earth of his moſt rich attire.
Thus Death becomes a riuall to vs all,
And hopes with foule embracements her to get,
In whoſe decay Vertues faire ſhrine muſt fall.
O Vertue weake, ſhall death his triumph ſet
Vpon thy ſpoiles, which neuer ſhould lye waſt?
Let Death firſt dy; be thou his worthy let.
By what eclipſe ſhall that Sunne be defaſte?
What mine hath erſt thrown down ſo faire a tower?
What ſacriledge hath ſuch a ſaint diſgra'ſt?
The world the garden is, ſhe is the flower
That ſweetnes all the place; ſhe is the gueſt

Of rareſt price, both heauen and earth her bower.
And ſhall (ô me) all this in aſhes reſt?
Alas, if you a Phœnix *new will haue*
Burnt by the Sunne, ſhe firſt muſt build her neſt.
But well you know, the gentle Sunne would ſaue
Such beames ſo like his owne, which might haue might
In him the thoughts of Phaetons *damme to graue.*
Therefore, alas, you vſe vile Vulcans *ſpight,*
Which nothing ſpares, to melt that virgin-waxe,
Which while it is, it is all Aſias *light.*
O Mars, *for what doth ſerue thy armed axe?*
To let that wit-old beaſt conſume in flames
Thy Venus *childe, whoſe beautie* Venus *lacks?*
O Venus *(if her praiſe no enuy frames,*
In thy high minde) get her thy husbands grace.
Sweete ſpeaking oft a curriſh heart reclaimes.
O eyes of mine, where once ſhe ſaw her face,
Her face which was more liuely in my hart;
O braine, where thought of her hath onely place;
O hand, which toucht her hand when we did part;
O lips, that kiſt that hand with my teares ſprent;
O toung, then dumbe, not daring tell my ſmart;
O ſoule whoſe loue in her is onely ſpent,
What ere you ſee, think, touch, kiſſe, ſpeake, or loue,
Let all for her, and vnto her be bent.

Baſilius. *Thy wailing words do much my ſpirits moue,*
They vttered are in ſuch a feeling faſhion,
That ſorrowes work againſt my will I proue.
Me-thinkes I am partaker of thy paſſion,
And in thy caſe do glaſſe mine owne debilitie:
Selfe-guiltie folke moſt prone to feele compaſsion.
Yet reaſon ſaith, Reaſon ſhould haue abilitie
To hold theſe worldly things in ſuch proportion,
As let them come or go with euen facilitie.
But our deſires tyrannicall extortion
doth force vs there to ſet our chiefe delightfulneſſe,
Where but a baiting place is all our portion.
But ſtill, although we faile of perfect rightfulnes,
ſeeke wee to tame theſe childiſh ſuperfluities:
Let vs not winke though voide of pureſt ſightfulnes.
For what can breed more peeuiſh incongruities,
Then man to yeeld to female lamentations?
Let vs ſome Grammar learne of more congruities.

Plangus. *If through mine eares pierce any conſolation,*
By wiſe diſcourſe, ſweet tunes, or Poets fiction;
If ought I ceaſe theſe hideous exclamations.

While that my ſoule, ſhe, ſhe liues in affliction;
Then let my life long time on earth maintained be,
To wreched me, the laſt worſt maledi&ction.
Can I, that knew her ſacred parts, reſtrained be
From any ioy? know fortunes vile diſplacing her,
In morall rules let raging woes contained be?
Can I forget, when they in priſon placing her,
With ſwelling heart in ſpite and due diſdainfulneſſe
She lay for dead, till I helpt with vnlacing her?
Can I forget from how much mourning painfulneſſe
With Diamond in window-glaſſe ſhe graued,
Erona *dye, and end this ougly painfulneſſe?*
Can I forget in how ſtrange phraſe ſhe craued
That quickly they would her burne, drowne, or ſmother,
As if by death ſhe only might be ſaued?
Then let me eke forget one hand from other:
Let me forget that Plangus *I am called:*
Let me forget I am ſonne to my mother:
But if my memory muſt thus be thralled
To that ſtrange ſtroke which conquer'd all my ſenſes,
Can thoughts ſtill thinking, ſo reſt vnappalled?

Baſilius. *Who ſtill doth ſeeke againſt him ſelfe offences,*
What pardon can auaile? or who imployes him
To hurt himſelfe, what ſhields can be defences?
Woe to poore man: ech outward thing annoyes him
In diuers kinds; yet as he were not filled,
He heapes in outward griefe, that moſt deſtroyes him.
Thus is our thought with paine for thiſtles tilled:
Thus be our nobleſt parts dryed vp with ſorrow:
Thus is our minde with too much minding ſpilled.
One day layes vp ſtuffe of griefe for the morrow:
And whoſe good haps do leaue him vnprouided,
Condoling cauſe of friendſhip he will borrow,
Betwixt the good and ſhade of good diuided,
We pittie deeme that which but weakenes is:
So are vve from our high creation ſlided.
But Plangus *leſt I may your ſickneſſe miſſe,*
Or rubbing, hurt the ſore, I here do end.
The aſſe did hurt when he did thinke to kiſſe.

When *Zelmane* had read it ouer, maruelling verie much of the ſpeech of *Eronas* death, and therefore deſirous to know further of it, but more deſirous to heare *Philoclea* ſpeake, Moſt excellent Ladie (ſaid ſhe) one may be little the wiſer for reading this Dialogue, ſince it neither ſets foorth what this *Plangus* is, nor what *Erona* is, nor what the cauſe ſhould be which threatens her with death, and him with ſorow: therefore I would humbly craue to vnderſtand the particular diſcourſe therof: becauſe (I muſt confeſſe) ſomething in my trauail I haue heard of this ſtrange matter, which

which I would be glad to find by ſo ſweet an authoritie confirmed. The truth is (anſwered *Philoclea*) that after he knew my father to be Prince of this countrey, while he hoped to preuaile ſomething with him in a great requeſt he made vnto him, he was content to open fullie the eſtate both of himſelfe, and of that Lady; which with my ſiſters help (ſaid ſhe) who remembers it better then I, I will declare vnto you: & firſt of *Erona* (being the chiefe ſubiect of this diſcourſe) this ſtorie (with more teares and exclamations then I liſt to ſpend about it) he recounted.

Of late there raigned a king in *Lydia*, who had for the bleſsing of his mariage, this onely daughter of his, *Erona*; a Princeſſe worthie for her beautie, as much praiſe, as beautie may be praiſe-worthy. This Princeſſe *Erona*, being nineteene yeares of age, ſeeing the countrey of *Lydia* ſo much deuoted to *Cupid*, as that in euerie place his naked pictures and images were ſuperſtitiouſlie adored (either moued thereunto by the eſteeming that could be no Godhead, which could breed wickednes, or the ſhamefaſt conſideration of ſuch nakednesſe) procured ſo much of her father, as vtterlie to pull downe, and deface all thoſe ſtatues and pictures. Which how terribly he puniſhed (for to that the Lydians impute it) quickly after appeared.

For ſhe had not liued a yeare longer, when ſhe was ſtricken with moſt obſtinate Loue, to a young man but of meane parentage, in her fathers court, named *Antiphilus*: ſo meane, as that he was but the ſonne of her Nurſe, and by that meanes (without other deſert) became knowne of her. Now ſo euill could ſhe conceale her fire, and ſo wilfullie perſeuered ſhe in it, that her father offering her the mariage of the great *Tiridates* king of Armenia (who deſired her more then the ioyes of heauen) ſhe for *Antiphilus* ſake refuſed it. Many waies her father ſought to withdraw her from it; ſometimes perſwaſions, ſometimes threatnings; once hiding *Antiphilus*, and giuing her to vnderſtand that he was fled the countrie: laſtly, making a ſolemne execution to be done of another, vnder the name of *Antiphilus*, whō he kept in priſon. But neither ſhe liked perſwaſions, nor feared threatnings, nor changed for abſence: & when ſhe thought him dead, ſhe ſought all means (as well by poyſon as knife) to ſend her ſoule, at leaſt, to be maried in the eternall Church with him. This ſo brake the tender fathers heart, that (leauing things as he found them) he ſhortly after died. Then forthwith *Erona* (being ſeized of the crowne, and arming her will with authoritie) ſought to aduance her affection to the holie title of matrimonie.

But before ſhe could accompliſh all the ſolemnities, ſhe was ouertaken with a warre the king *Tiridates* made vpon her, only for her perſon; towards whom (for her ruine) Loue had kindled his cruell heart; indeed cruell and tyrannous: (for being far too ſtrong in the field) he ſpared not man, woman, and child, but (as though there could be found no foile to ſet forth the extremitie of his loue, but extremitie of hatred) wrote, as it were, the ſonets of his Loue in the bloud, and tuned them in the cries of her ſubiects; although his faire ſiſter *Artaxia* (who would accompanie him in the armie) ſought all meanes to appeaſe his furie: till laſtlie, he beſieged *Erona* in her beſt citie, vowing to win her, or loſe his life. And now had he brought her to the point either of a wofull conſent, or a ruinous deniall, when there came thither (following the courſe which Vertue and Fortune led them) two excellent young Princes, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*; the one Prince of *Macedon*, the other of *Theſſalia*: two Princes, as *Plangus* ſaid (and he witneſſed his ſaying with ſighes and teares) the moſt accompliſhed both in bodie and mind, that the Sun euer look'd vpon. While *Philoclea* ſpake thoſe words; ô ſweet words (thought *Zelmane* to her ſelfe) which are not only a praiſe to me, but a praiſe to praiſe it ſelfe, which out of that mouth iſſueth.

Theſe

Theſe two Princes (ſaid *Philoclea*) aſwell to helpe the weaker (eſpeciallie being a Ladie) as to laue a Greeke people from being ruined by ſuch, whom we call and count barbarous, gathering together ſuch of the honeſteſt Lycians, as would venture their liues to ſuccour their Princeſſe: giuing order by a ſecret meſſage, they ſent into the citie, that they ſhould iſſue with all force at an appointed time; they ſet vpon *Tiridates* campe with ſo well guided a fierceneſſe, that being of both ſides aſſaulted, he was like to be ouerthrowne: but that this *Plangus* (being Generall of *Tiridates* horſmen) eſpecially ayded by the two mightie men *Euardes* and *Barzanes*, reſcued the footmen, euen almoſt defeated: but yet could not barre the Princes (with their ſuccours both of men and victuall) to enter the citie.

Which when *Tiridates* found would make the warre long, (which length ſeemed to him worſe then a languiſhing conſumption) he made a challenge of three Princes in his retinue, againſt thoſe two Princes and *Antiphilus*: and that thereupon the quarrell ſhould be decided, with compact, that neither ſide ſhould help his fellow: but of whoſe ſide the more ouercame, with him the victorie ſhould remaine. *Antiphilus* (though *Erona* chooſe rather to bide the brunt of warre, then venture him, yet) could not for ſhame refuſe the offer, eſpecially ſince the two ſtrangers that had no intereſt in it, did willingly accept it: beſides that, he ſaw it like enough, that the people (wearie of the miſeries of war) would rather giue him vp, if they ſaw him ſhrink, then for his ſake venture their ruine: conſidering that the challengers were of farre greater worthineſſe then himſelfe. So it was agreed vpon; and againſt *Pyrocles* was *Euardes* king of Bithinia; *Barzanes* of Hircania againſt *Muſidorus*, two men, that thought the world ſcarce able to reſiſt them: and againſt *Antiphilus* he placed this ſame *Plangus*, being his owne couſin germane, and ſonne to the king of *Iberia*. Now ſo it fell out, that *Muſidorus* ſlew *Barzanes*, and *Pyrocles Euardes*; which victory thoſe Princes eſteemed aboue all that euer they had: but of the other ſide *Plangus* tooke *Antiphilus* priſoner: vnder which colour (as if the matter had bene equall, though indeed it was not, the greater part being ouercome of his ſide) *Tiridates* continued his warre: and to bring *Erona* to a compelled yeelding, ſent her word that he would the third morow after, before the walles of the town ſtrike off *Antiphilus* head without his ſuite in that ſpace were granted; adding withall (becauſe he had heard of her deſperate affection) that if in the meane time ſhe did her ſelfe any hurt, what tortures could be deuiſed ſhould be laid vpon *Antiphilus*.

Then lo if *Cupid* be a God, or that the tyrannie of our owne thoughts ſeeme as a God vnto vs: but whatſoeuer it was, then it did ſet forth the miſerableneſſe of his effects: ſhe being drawne to two contraries by one cauſe (for the loue of him commaunded her to yeeld to no other: the loue of him commaunded her to preſerue his life: which knot might well be cut, but vntied it could not be. So that loue in her paſſions (like a right make-bate) whiſpered to both ſides arguments of quarrell. What, ſaid he (of the one ſide) doeſt thou loue *Antiphilus*, ô *Erona*? and ſhall *Tiridates* enioy thy bodie? With what eyes wilt thou looke vpon *Antiphilus*, when he ſhall know that another poſſeſſeth thee? But if thou wilt do it, canſt thou do it? canſt thou force thy heart? Thinke with thy ſelfe, if this man haue thee, thou ſhalt neuer haue more part of *Antiphilus* then if he were dead. But thus much more, that the affection ſhall be ſtill gnawing, and the remorſe ſtill preſent. Death perhaps will coole the rage of thy affection: where thus, thou ſhalt euer loue, and euer lacke. Thinke this beſide, if thou marie *Tiridates*, *Antiphilus* is ſo excellent a man, that long he cannot be from being in ſome high place maried; canſt thou ſuffer that too? If

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another kill him, he doth him the wrong: if thou abuse thy body, thou dooſt him the wrong. His death is a worke of nature, and either now, or at another time he ſhal die. But it ſhalbe thy worke, thy ſhamefull worke, which is in thy power to ſhun, to make him liue to ſee thy faith falſified, and his bed defiled. But when Loue had well kindled that party of her thoughts, then went he to the other ſide. What (ſayd he) O *Erona*, and is thy Loue of *Antiphilus* come to that point, as thou doſt now make it a queſtion, whether he ſhall die, or no? O excellent affection, which for too much loue, will ſee his head off. Marke well the reaſons of the other ſide, and thou ſhalt ſee, it is but loue of thy ſelfe which ſo diſputeth. Thou canſt not abide *Tiridates*: this is but loue of thy ſelfe: thou ſhalt bee aſhamed to looke vpon him afterwards; this is but feare of ſhame, and loue of thy ſelfe: thou ſhalt want him as much then; this is but loue of thy ſelfe: he ſhalbe married; if he be well, why ſhould that grieue thee, but for loue of thy ſelfe? No, no, pronounce theſe words if thou canſt, let *Antiphilus* die. Then the images of each ſide ſtood before her vnderſtanding; one time ſhee thought ſhe ſaw *Antiphilus* dying: another time ſhe thought *Antiphilus* ſaw her by *Tiridates* enioyed: twenty times calling for a ſeruant to carry meſſage of yeelding, but before he came the mind was altred. She bluſht when ſhe conſidered the effect of granting; ſhe was pale, when ſhee remembred the fruits of denying. For weeping, ſighing, wringing her hands, and tearing her haire, were indifferent of both ſides. Eaſily ſhe would haue agreed to haue broken all diſputations with her owne death, but that the feare of *Antiphilus* further torments ſtaied her. At length, euen the euening before the day appointed of his death, the determination of yeelding preuailed, eſpecially, growing vpon a meſſage of *Antiphilus*; who with all the coniuring termes he could deuiſe, beſought her to ſaue his life, vpon any conditions. But ſhe had no-ſooner ſent her meſſenger to *Tiridates*, but her mind changed, and ſhe went to the two yong Princes, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, & falling downe at their feete, deſired them to try ſome way for her deliuerance; ſhewing her ſelfe reſolued, not to ouer-liue *Antiphilus*, nor yet to yeeld to *Tiridates*.

They that knew not what ſhe had done in priuate, prepared that night accordingly: and as ſometimes it falls out, that what is inconſtancy, ſeemes cunning; ſo did this change indeed ſtand in as good ſteed as a witty diſſimulation. For it made the K. as reckles, as them diligent: ſo that in the dead time of the night, the Princes iſſued out of the towne; with whom ſhe would needes go, either to die her ſelfe, or reſkew *Antiphilus*, hauing no armor, or weapon, but affection. And I cannot tell you how, by what deuiſe (though *Plangus* at large deſcribed it) the concluſion was, the wonderfull valour of the two Princes ſo preuailed, that *Antiphilus* was ſuccoured, and the king ſlaine. *Plangus* was then the chiefe man left in the campe; and therefore ſeeing no other remedy, conueied in ſafety into her country *Artaxia*, now Queene of *Armenia*, who with true lamentations, made knowne to the world, that her new greatneſſe did no way comfort her in reſpect of her brothers loſſe, whom ſhe ſtudied al meanes poſſible to reuenge vpon euery one of the occaſioners, hauing (as ſhe thought) ouerthrowne her brother by a moſt abhominable treaſon. In ſomuch, that being at home ſhe proclaimed great rewards to any priuate man, and her ſelfe in mariage to any Prince, that would deſtroy *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*. But thus was *Antiphilus* redeemed, and (though againſt the conſent of all her nobility) married to *Erona*; in which caſe the two Greeke Princes (being called away by another aduenture) left them.

But now me thinkes as I haue read ſome Poets, who when they intend to tell

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ſome horrible matter, they bid men ſhun the hearing of it: ſo if I do not deſire you to ſtop your eares from me, yet may I well deſire a breathing time, before I am to tel the execrable treaſon of *Antiphilus*, that brought her to this miſerie; and withall wiſh you all, that from all mankind indeed you ſtop your eares. O moſt happy were we, if we did ſet our loues one vpon another. (And as ſhe ſpake that word, her cheeks in red letters writ more then her tongue did ſpeake.) And therefore ſince I haue named *Plangus*, I pray you ſiſter (ſaid ſhe) helpe me with the reſt, for I haue held the ſtage long enough; and if it pleaſe you to make his fortune knowne, as I haue done *Eronas*, I will after take heart againe to go on with his falſhood; and ſo betweene vs both, my Lady *Zelmane* ſhall vnderſtand both the cauſe and parties of this Lamentation. Nay, I beſhrow me then (ſaid *Miſo*) I will none of that, I promiſe you, as long as I haue the gouernement, I will firſt haue my tale, and then my Lady *Pamela*, my Lady *Zelmane*, & my daughter *Mopſa* (for *Mopſa* was then returned from *Amphialus*) may draw cuts, and the ſhorteſt cut ſpeake firſt. For I tell you, and this may be ſuffered, when you are maried, you will haue firſt and laſt word of your huſbands. The Ladies laughed to ſee with what an eager earneſtnes ſhe looked, hauing threatning not only in her ferret eyes; but while ſhe ſpake, her noſe ſeeming to threaten her chin, and her ſhaking lims one to threaten another. But there was no remedie, they muſt obey: and *Miſo* (ſitting on the ground with her knees vp, and her hands vpon her knees (tuning her voice with manie a quauering cough, thus diſcourſed vnto thē. I tel you true (ſaid ſhe) whatſoeuer you think of me, you will one day be as I am; and I ſimple though I ſit here, thought once my penie as good ſiluer, as ſome of you do; and if my father had not plaid the haſtie foole (it is no lie I tell you) I might haue had another gaines husband then *Dametas*. But let that paſſe, God amend him: and yet I ſpeake it not without good cauſe. You are full in your tittle tatlings of *Cupid*: here is *Cupid*, and there is *Cupid*. I will tell you now what a good olde woman told me, what an olde wiſe man told her, what a great learned clearke told him, and gaue it him in writing; and here I haue it in my prayer booke. I pray you (ſaid *Philoclea*) let vs ſee it and read it. No haſt but good (ſaid *Miſo*) you ſhal firſt know how I came by it. I was a yong girle of a ſeuen and twenty yeare old, and I could not go through the ſtreet of our village, but I might heare the young men talke: O the pretie little eyes of *Miſo*: ô the fine thin lips of *Miſo*: ô the goodly fat hands of *Miſo*; beſides, how well a certaine wrying I had of my necke became me. Then the one would winke with one eye, and the other caſt dayſies at me: I muſt confeſſe ſeeing ſo many amorous, it made me ſet vp my peacockes taile with the higheſt. Which when this good old woman perceiued (ô the good wold woman, well may the bones reſt of the good wold woman) ſhe cald me to her into her houſe. I remember full well it ſtood in the lane as you go to the Barbers ſhop, all the towne knew her, there was a great reſſe of her: ſhe called me to her, and taking firſt a ſop of wine to comfort her heart (it was of the ſame wine that comes out of *Candia*, which we pay ſo deare for now a dayes, and in that good world was verie good cheape) ſhe cald me to her; Minion ſaid ſhe (indeed I was a prety one in thoſe dayes, though I ſay it) I ſee a number of lads that loue you: Well (ſaid ſhe) I ſay no more; do you know what Loue is; With that ſhe brought me into a corner, where there was painted a foule fiend I trow: for he had a paire of hornes like a Bull, his feet clouen, as manie eyes vpon his bodie, as my gray mare hath dappels, and for all the world ſo placed. This monſter ſate like a hangman vpon a paire of gallowes, in his right hand he was painted holding a crown of Laurel, in his left hand a purſe of money, and out of his mouth

hung

hung a lace of two faire pictures, of a man and a woman, and such a countenance he shewed, as if he would perswade folkes by those allurements to come thither and be hanged. I, like a tender hearted wench skriked out for feare of the diuell. Well (said she) this same is euen Loue, therfore do what thou list with all those fellowes one after another; and it reckes not much what they do to thee, so it be in secret; but vpon my charge, neuer loue none of them. Why mother (said I) could such a thing come from the bellie of the faire *Venus*? for a few dayes before, our Priest (betweene him and me had told me the whole storie of *Venus*. Tush (said she) they are all deceiued: and therewith gaue me this booke, which she said, a great maker of ballads had giuen to an old Painter, who for a little pleasure, had bestowed both booke and picture of her. Reade there (said she) and thou shalt see that his mother was a cow, and the false *Argus* his father. And so she gaue me this booke, and there now you may reade it. With that the remembrance of the good old woman, made her make such a face to weepe, as if it were not sorow, it was the carkasse of sorow that appeared there. But while her teares came out, like raine falling vpon durtie furrowes, the latter end of her prayer booke was read among these Ladies, which contained this.

POore Painters oft with sillie Poets ioyne,
To fill the world with straunge but vaine conceits:
One brings the stuffe, the other stamps the coine,
Which breeds nought else but glosses of deceits.
Thus Painters Cupid *paint, thus Poets do*
A naked God, blind, young with arrowes two.
Is he a God, that euer flies the light?
Or naked he, disguis'd in all vntruth?
If he be blind, how hitteth he so right?
How is he young, that tam'd ould Phœbus *youth?*
But arrowes two, and tipt with gold or lead?
Some hurt, accuse a third with hornie head.
No, nothing so; an old false knaue he is,
By Argus *got on* Io, *then a Cow:*
What time for her Iuno *her* Ioue *did misse*
And charge of her to Argus *did allow.*
Mercurie kill'd his false sire for this act,
His damme a beast was pardon'd beastlie fact.
With fathers death, and mothers guiltie shame,
With Ioues *disdaine at such a riuals seed:*
The wretch compeld, a runnagate became,
And learn'd what ill a miser state doth breed:
To lie, to steale, to prie, and to accuse,
Naught in himselfe each other to abuse.
Yet beares he still his parents stately gifts,
A horned head, clouen feet, and thousand eyes,
Some gazing still, some winking wilie shifts,
With long large eares, where neuer rumor dies.
His horned head doth seeme the heauen to spight,
His clouen foot doth neuer tread aright.
Thus halfe a man, with man he dayly haunts,

Cloth'd

Cloth'd in the shape which soonest may deceiue:
Thus halfe a beast, each beastly vice he plants,
In those weake hearts that his aduice receiue.
He proules each place still in new colours deckt,
Sucking ones ill, another to infect.
To narrow breasts he comes all wrapt in gaine:
To swelling harts he shines in honours fire:
To open eyes all beauties he doth raine;
Creeping to each with flattering of desire.
But for that Loue is worst which rules the eyes,
Thereon his name, there his chiefe triumph lyes.
Millions of yeares this old driuell Cupid *liues;*
While still more wretch, more wicked he doth proue:
Till now at length that Ioue *him offite gines,*
(At Iunos *suite, who much did* Argus *loue)*
In this our world a hang-man for to be
Of all those fooles, that will haue all they see.

The Ladies made sport at the description and storie of *Cupid*. But *Zelmane* could scarce suffer those blasphemies (as she took them) to be read, but humbly besought *Pamela* she wold performe her sisters request of the other part of the storie. Noble Lady (answered she, beautifying her face with a sweet smiling, and the sweetnesse of her smiling with the beauty of her face) since I am borne a Princes daughter, let me not giue example of disobedience. My gouernesse will haue vs draw cuts, and therfore I pray you let vs do so: and so perhaps it will light vpon you to entertaine this companie with some storie of your owne; and it is reason our eares should be willinger to heare, as your tongue is abler to deliuer. I will thinke (answered *Zelmane*) excellent Princesse, my tongue of some value, if it can procure your tongue thus much to fauour me. But *Pamela* pleasantlie persisting to haue Fortune their iudge, they set hands, and *Mopsa* (though at the first for squeamishnesse going vp and downe with her head like a bote in a storme) put to her golden gols among them, and blind Fortune (that saw not the colour of them) gaue her the preheminence: and so being her time to speake (wiping her mouth, as there was good cause) she thus tumbled into her matter. In time past (said she) there was a king, the mightiest man in all his countrie, that had by his wife, the fairest daughter that did euer eat pap. Now this king did keepe a great house, that euerie body might come and take their meat freely. So one day, as his daughter was sitting in her window, playing vpon a harpe, as sweete as anie Rose; and combing her head with a combe all of precious stones, there came in a Knight into the Court, vpon a goodly horse, one haire of gold, and the other of siluer; *and so* the knight casting vp his eyes to the window, did fall into such loue with her, that hee grew not worth the bread he eate; till many a sorie day going ouer his head, with Dayly Diligence and Griesslie Grones, he wan her affection, so that they agreed to run away together. *And so in May when all true harts reioyce*, they stale out of the Castell, without staying so much as for their breakfast. Now forsooth, as they went togither, often al to kissing one another, the Knight told her, he was brought vp among the water-Nymphs, who had so bewitched him, that if he were euer askt his name, he must presently vanish away: and therfore charged her vpon his blessing, that she neuer aske him what he was, nor whither he would.

And

And ſo a great while ſhe kept his commandement; till once, paſsing through a cruell wildernesſe, as darke as pitch, her mouth ſo watred, that ſhe could not chuſe but aske him the queſtion. And then, he making the grieuouſeſt complaints that would haue melted a tree to haue heard them, vaniſht quite away: and ſhe lay downe, caſting forth as pitifull cries as any ſhrich-owle. But hauing lien ſo (wet by the raine, & burnt by the Sun) fiue dayes, and fiue nights, ſhee gat vp and went ouer many a high hill, and many a deepe riuer, till ſhe came to an Aunts houſe of hers, and came, and cried to her for help: and ſhe for pitty gaue her a Nut, and bad her neuer open her Nut, till ſhe was come to the extreameſt miſery that euer tongue could ſpeake of. And ſo ſhe went, and ſhe went, & neuer reſted the euening, where ſhe went in the morning; till ſhe came to a ſecond Aunt; and ſhe gaue her another Nut.

Now good *Mopſa* (ſaid the ſweet *Philoclea*) I pray thee at my requeſt keepe this tale, till my marriage day, and I promiſe thee that the beſt gowne I weare that day ſhall be thine. *Mopſa* was very glad of the bargaine, eſpecially that it ſhould grow a feſtiuall Tale: ſo that *Zelmane*, who deſired to find the vttermoſt what theſe Ladies vnderſtood touching her ſelf, and hauing vnderſtood the danger of *Erona* (of which before ſhe had neuer heard) purpoſing with her ſelf (as ſoon as this purſuit ſhe now was in, was brought to any effect) to ſuccour her, intreated againe, that ſhee might know as well the ſtory of *Plangus*, as of *Erona*. *Philoclea* referred it to her ſiſters perfecter remembrance: who with ſo ſweet a voice, and ſo winning a grace, as in themſelues were of moſt forcible eloquence to procure attention, in this manner to their earneſt requeſt ſoone condiſcended.

The father of this Prince *Plangus* as yet liues, and is king of *Iberia*: a man (if the iudgement of *Plangus* may be accepted) of no wicked nature, nor willingly doing euil, without himſelf miſtake the euil, ſeeing it diſguiſed vnder ſome form of goodneſſe. This Prince, being married at the firſt to a Princeſſe (who both from her anceſters, and in her ſelfe was worthy of him) by her had this ſon *Plangus*. Not long after whoſe birth, the Queen (as though ſhe had performed the meſſage for which ſhe was ſent into the world) returned again vnto her maker. The king (ſealing vp all thoughts of loue vnder the image of her memory) remained a widdower many yeers after; recompencing the griefe of that diſioyning from her, in conioyning in himſelfe both a fatherly and motherly care toward her only child *Plangus*. Who being growne to mans age, as our owne eyes may iudge, could not but fertilly requite his fathers fatherly education.

This Prince (while yet the errors in his nature were excuſed by the greenneſſe of his youth, which tooke all the fault vpon it ſelfe) loued a priuate mans wife of the principall City of that kingdome, if that may be called loue, which hee rather did take into himſelf willingly, then by which he was taken forcibly. It ſufficeth, that the young man perſwaded himſelf he loued her: ſhe being a woman beautifull enough, if it be poſsible, that the only outſide can iuſtly entitle a beautie. But finding ſuch a chaſe as only fled to be caught, the young Prince brought his affection with her to that point, which ought to ingraue remorſe in her hart, & to paint ſhame vpon her face. And ſo poſſeſt he his deſire without any interruption; he conſtantly fauouring her, and ſhe thinking, that the enameling of a Princes name, might hide the ſpots of a broken wedlocke. But as I haue ſeene one that was ſicke of a ſleeping diſeaſe, could not be made wake, but with pinching of him: ſo out of his ſinfull ſleepe his mind (vnworthy ſo to be loſt) was not to bee cald to it ſelfe, but by a ſharpe accident. It fell out, that his many-times leauing of the court (in vndue times) began to

be noted; and (as Princes eares be manifold) from one to another came vnto the king; who (carefull of his only ſonne) ſought, and found by his ſpies (the neceſſarie euill ſeruants to a king) what it was, whereby he was from his better delights ſo diuerted. Whereupon, the king (to giue his fault the greater blow) vſed ſuch meanes by diſguiſing himſelfe, that he found them (her husband being abſent) in her houſe together: which he did, to make them the more feelingly aſhamed of it. And that way he tooke, laying threatnings vpon her, and vpon him reproches. But the poore young Prince (deceiued with that young opinion, that if it be euer lawfull to lie, it is for ones Louer) employed all his wit to bring his father to a better opinion. And becauſe he might bend him from that (as he counted it) crooked conceit of her, he wreſted him, as much as he could poſsiblie, to the other ſide: not ſticking with prodigall proteſtations to ſet forth her chaſtitie; not denying his owne attempt, but thereby the more extolling her vertue. His Sophiſtrie preuailed, his father beleeued, and ſo beleeued, that ere long (though he were already ſtept into the winter of his age) he found himſelf warme in thoſe deſires, which were in his ſonne far more excuſable. To be ſhort, he gaue himſelfe ouer vnto it; and (becauſe he would auoid the odious compariſon of a young riuall) ſent away his ſonne with an armie, to the ſubduing of a Prouince lately rebelled againſt him, which he knew could not be a leſſe worke then of three or foure yeeres. Wherein he behaued him ſo worthily, as euen to this countrie the fame thereof came, long before his owne comming: while yet his father had a ſpeedier ſucceſſe, but in a farre vnnobler conqueſt. For while *Plangus* was away, the old man (growing onely in age and affection) followed his ſuit with all meanes of vnhoneſt ſeruants, large promiſes, and each thing elſe that might help to counteruaile his owne vnlouelineſſe.

And ſhee (whoſe husband about that time died) forgetting the abſent *Plangus*, or at leaſt not hoping of him to obtaine ſo aſpiring a purpoſe, left no arte vnuſed, which might keep the line from breaking, whereat the fiſh was already taken; not drawing him violently, but letting him play himſelfe vpon the hooke, which he had ſo greedily ſwallowed. For, accompanying her mourning garments with a doleful countenance, yet neither forgetting handſomneſſe in her mourning garments, nor ſweetneſſe in her dolefull countenance; her words were euer ſeaſoned with ſighes, and any fauour ſhe ſhewed, bathed in teares, that affection might ſee cauſe of pitie, & pitie might perſwade cauſe of affection. And being growne skilful in his humors, ſhe was no leſs skilful in applying his humours; neuer ſuffering his feare to fall to a deſpaire, nor his hope to haſten to an aſſurance: ſhee was content he ſhould thinke that ſhe loued him; & a certaine ſtolne looke ſhould ſometimes (as though it were againſt her wil) bewray it: But if therupon he grew bold, he ſtreight was encountred with a maske of vertue. And that which ſeemeth moſt impoſsible vnto me (for as neare as I can repeat it as *Plangus* told it) ſhe could not only ſigh when ſhe would, as all can do, & weep when ſhe would, as (they ſay) ſome can do; but being moſt impudent in her heart) ſhe could, when ſhe would, teach her cheeks bluſhing, and make ſhamefaſtneſſe the cloke of ſhameleſneſſe. In ſum, to leaue out many particularities which he recited, ſhe did not only vſe ſo the ſpurre, that his deſire ran on; but ſo the bit, that it ran on euen in ſuch a careere as ſhe would haue it; that within a while the king, ſeeing with no other eyes but ſuch as ſhe gaue him, and thinking on no other thoughts, but ſuch as ſhe taught him; hauing at firſt liberall meaſures of fauors, then ſhortned of them, when moſt his deſire was inflam'd; he ſaw no other way but mariage to ſatisfie his longing, & her mind (as he thought) louing, but chaſtly louing: ſo

that by the time *Plangus* returned from being notably victorious of the Rebels, he found his father, not only maried, but alreadie a father of a ſonne and a daughter by this womā. Which though *Plangus* (as he had euery way iuſt cauſe) was grieued at; yet did his grief neuer bring foorth either contemning of her, or repining at his father. But ſhe (who beſides was growne a mother, and a ſtepmother, did reade in his eyes her owne fault, and made his conſcience her guiltines) thought ſtil that his preſence caried her condemnation: ſo much the more, as that ſhe (vnchaſtly accepting his wonted fancies, found (for the reuerence of his fathers bed) a bitter refuſall; which breeding rather ſpite then ſhame in her, or if it were a ſhame, a ſhame not of the fault, but of the repulſe, ſhe did not only (as hating him) thirſt for a reuenge, but (as fearing harme from him) endeuored to do harme vnto him. Therefore did ſhe try the vttermoſt of her wicked wit, how to ouerthrow him in the foundatiō of his ſtrength, which was, in the fauour of his father: which becauſe ſhe ſaw ſtrong both in nature and deſert, it required the more cunning how to vndermine it. And therefore (ſhunning the ordinary trade of hireling ſycophants) ſhe made her praiſes of him, to be accuſations; & her aduancing him, to be his ruine. For firſt with words (neerer admiration then liking) ſhe would extoll his excellencies, the goodlineſſe of his ſhape, the power of his wit, the valiantneſſe of his courage, the fortunateneſſe of his ſucceſſes: ſo as the father might find in her a ſingular loue towards him; nay ſhe ſhunned not to kindle ſome fewe ſparks of iealouſie in him. Thus hauing gotten an opinion in his father, that ſhee was farre from meaning miſchiefe to the ſonne, then fell ſhe to praiſe him with no leſſe vehemēcy of affection, but with much more cunning of malice. For then ſhe ſets foorth the liberty of his mind, the high flying of his thoughts, the fitneſſe in him to beare rule, the ſingular loue the ſubiects bare him; that it was doubtful, whether his wit were greater in winning their fauours, or his courage in imploying their fauours: that he was not borne to liue a ſubiect-life, each action of his bearing in it Maieſtie, ſuch a kingly entertainement, ſuch a kingly magnificence, ſuch a kingly heart for enterpriſes: eſpecially remembring thoſe vertues, which in a ſucceſſor are no more honored by the ſubiects, then ſuſpected of the Princes. Then would ſhe by putting off obiections, bring in obiections to her husbāds head, already infected with ſuſpicion. Nay (would ſhe ſay) I dare take it vpon my death, that he is no ſuch ſonne, as many of like might haue bin, who loued greatneſſe ſo well, as to build their greatneſſe vpon their fathers ruine. Indeed Ambition, like Loue, can abide no lingring, and euer vrgeth on his owne ſucceſſes; hating nothing, but what may ſtop them. But the Gods forbid, we ſhould euer once dreame of any ſuch thing in him, who perhaps might be content, that you and the world ſhould know, what he cā do: but the more power he hath to hurt, the more admirable is his praiſe, that he will not hurt. Then euer remembring to ſtrengthen the ſuſpiciō of his eſtate with priuate iealouſie of her loue, doing him exceſſiue honor whē he was in preſence, & repeating his pretty ſpeeches & graces in his abſence; beſides, cauſing him to be imployd in all ſuch dangerous matters, as either he ſhold periſh in them, or if he preuailed, they ſhould increaſe his glory: which ſhee made a weapon to wound him, vntill ſhe found that ſuſpicion began already to ſpeake for it ſelfe, and that her husbands eares were growne hungrie of rumors, and his eyes prying into euery accident.

Then tooke ſhe help to her of a ſeruant neare about her husband, whō ſhe knew to be of a haſtie ambition, and ſuch a one, who wanting true ſufficiencie to raiſe him, would make a ladder of any miſchiefe. Him ſhe vſeth to deale more plainely

in alleaging causes of iealousie, making him know the fittest times when her husband already was stirred that way. And so they two, with diuerse wayes, nourished one humour, like Musitians, that singing diuerse parts, make one musicke. He sometime with fearfull countenance would desire the king to looke to himselfe; for that all the court and city were full of whisperings, and expectation of some sudden change vpon what ground himselfe knew not. Another time he would counsel the K. to make much of his son, and hold his fauour, for that it was too late now to keep him vnder. Now seeming to feare himselfe, because (he said) *Plangus* loued none of them that were great about his father. Lastly, breaking with him directly (making a sorrowfull countenance, & an humble gesture beare false witnes for his true meaning) that he found, not onely souldiery, but people wearie of his gouernment, and all their affection bent vpon *Plangus*. Both he and the Queen concurring in strange dreames, and each thing else, that in a mind (already perplexed) might breed astonishment: so that within a while, all *Plangus* actions began to be translated into the language of suspicion.

Which though *Plangus* found, yet could he not auoid, euen contraries being driuen to draw one yoke of argument: if he were magnificent, he spent much with an aspiring intent: if he spared, he heaped much with with an aspiring intẽt: if he spake curteously, he angled the peoples harts: if he were silent, he mused vpon some dangerous plot. In sum, if he could haue turned himselfe to as many formes as *Proteus*, euery forme should haue bin made hidious.

But so it fell out, that a meere trifle gaue them occasion of further proceeding. The king one morning, going to a vineyard that lay along the hill whereupon his castle stood, he saw a vine-labourer, that finding a bough broken, tooke a branch of the same bough for want of another thing, and tied it about the place broken. The King asking the fellow what he did, Marry (said he) I make the son bind the father. This word (finding the king already superstitious through suspicion) amazed him streight, as a presage of his owne fortune: so that, returning and breaking with his wife how much he misdoubted his estate, she made such gaine-saying answers as while they straue, straue to be ouercome. But euen while the doubts most boiled, she thus nourished them.

She vnder-hand dealt with the principall men of that country, that at the great Parliament (which was then to be held) they should in the name of all the estates perswade the king (being now stept deeply into old age) to make *Plangus*, his associate in gouernment with him; assuring them, that not onely she would ioyne with them, but that the father himselfe would take it kindly; charging them not to acquaint *Plangus* withall; for that perhaps it might be harmfull vnto him, if the king should find that he were a party. They (who thought they might do it, not only willingly, because they loued him; and truely, because such indeed was the mind of the people; but safely, because she who ruled the king was agreed thereto) accomplished her counsell: she indeed keeping promise of vehement perswading the same: which the more she and they did, the more she knew her husband would feare, and hate the cause of his feare. *Plangus* found this, and humbly protested against such desire or will to accept. But the more he protested, the more his father thought he dissembled, accounting his integrity to be but a cunning face of falshood: & therefore delaying the desire of his subiects, attended some fit occasion to lay hands vpon his son: which his wife brought thus to passe.

She caused that same minister of hers to go vnto *Plangus*, & (enabling his words

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with great shew of faith, and endearing them with desire of secrecie) to tell him, that he found his ruine conspired by his stepmother, with certain of the noble men of that countrey, the king himselfe giuing his consent, and that few dayes should passe before the putting it in practise: withall discouering the very truth indeede, with what cunning his stepmother had proceeded. This agreeing with *Plangus* his owne opinion, made him giue him the better credit: yet not so far, as to flie out of his countrey (according to the naughty fellowes perswasion) but to attend, and to see further. Whereupon the fellow (by the direction of his mistresse) told him one day, that the same night about one of the clocke, the king had appointed to haue his wife, and those noble men together, to deliberate of their manner of proceeding against *Plangus*: and therefore offered him, that if himselfe would agree, he would bring him into a place where he should heare all that passed; and so haue the more reason both to himselfe, and to the world, to seeke his safety. The poore *Plangus* (being subiect to that only disaduantage of honest hearts, credulity) was perswaded by him: and arming himselfe (because of his late going) was closely conueied into the place appointed. In the meane time, his stepmother, making all her gestures cunningly counterfait a miserable affliction, she lay almost groueling on the floore of her chamber, not suffering any body to comfort her: vntil they calling for her husband, and he held off with long enquiry, at length, she told him (euen almost crying out euery word) that she was weary of her life, since shee was brought to that plunge, either to conceale her husbands murther, or accuse her sonne, who had euer beene more deare, then a sonne vnto her. Then with many interruptions and exclamations she told him, that her sonne *Plangus* (soliciting her in the olde affection between them) had besought her to put to her helping hand to the death of the king; assuring her, that though all the lawes in the world were against it, he would marry her when he were king.

She had not fully said thus much, with many pitifull digressions, when in comes the same fellow, that brought *Plangus*: and running himselfe out of breath, fell at the kings feete, beseeching him to saue himselfe; for that there was a man with a sword drawne in the next roome. The king affrighted, went out, and called his gard, who entring the place, found indeed *Plangus* with his sword in his hand, but not naked, but standing suspiciously inough, to one already suspicious. The king (thinking hee had put vp his sworde because of the noise) neuer tooke leasure to heare his answere, but made him prisoner, meaning the next morning to put him to death in the market place.

But the day had no sooner opened the eies & eares of his friends & followers, but that there was a little army of them, who came, & by force deliuered him; although numbers on the other side (abused with the fine framing of their report) took armes for the king. But *Plangus*, though he might haue vsed the force of his friends, to reuenge his wrong, and get the crowne; yet the naturall loue of his father, and hate to make their suspicion seeme iust, caused him rather to choose a voluntarie exile, then to make his fathers death the purchase of his life: and therefore went he to *Tiridates*, whose mother was his fathers sister, liuing in his Court eleuen or twelue yeares, euer hoping by his intercession, and his owne desert, to recouer his fathers grace. At the end of which time, the warre of *Erona* happened, which my sister with the cause thereof discoursed vnto you.

But his father had so deeply engraued the suspicio in his hart, that he thought his flight rather to proceed of a feareful guiltines, then of an humble faithfulnes; & ther-

fore continued his hate, with such vehemency, that he did euen hate his Nephew *Tiridates*, and afterwards his neece *Artaxia*, because in their Court hee receiued countenance, leauing no meanes vnattempted of destroying his son; among other, employing that wicked seruant of his, who vndertooke to empoison him. But his cunning disguised him not so wel, but that the watchful seruants of *Plangus* did discouer him. Whereupon the wretch was taken, and (before his well deserued execution) by torture forced to confesse the particularities of this, which in generall I haue told you.

Which confession autentically set downe (though *Tiridates* with solemne Embassage sent it to the king) wrought no effect. For the king hauing put the reines of the gouernment into his wiues hand, neuer did so much as read it; but sent it streight by her to be considered. So as they rather heaped more hatred vpon *Plangus*, for the death of their seruant. And now finding, that his absence, & their reports had much diminished the wauering peoples affection towards *Plangus*, with aduancing fit persons for faction, and granting great immunities to the commons, they preuailed so farre, as to cause the sonne of the second wife, called *Palladius*, to be proclaimed successour, & *Plangus* quite excluded: so that *Plangus* was driuen to continue his seruing *Tiridates*, as he did in the war against *Erona*, and brought home *Artaxia*, as my sister told you; when *Erona* by the treason of *Antiphilus*, But at that word she stopped. For *Basilius* (not able longer to abide their absence) came suddenly among them, and with smiling countenance (telling *Zelmane* he was affraid she had stolen away his daughters) inuited them to follow the Sunnes counsell in going then to their lodging; for indeed the Sun was ready to set. They yeelded, *Zelmane* meaning some other time to vnderstand the story of *Antiphilus* treason, and *Eronas* daunger, whose cause she greatly tendred. But *Miso* had no sooner espied *Basilius*, but that as spitefully, as her rotten voyce could vtter it, she set forth the sawcinesse of *Amphialus*. But *Basilius* only attended what *Zelmanes* opinion was: who though she hated *Amphialus*, yet the nobility of her courage preuailed ouer it, & she desired he might be pardoned that youthful error; considering the reputation he had, to be one of the best knights in the world; so as hereafter he gouerned himself, as one remembring his fault. *Basilius* giuing the infinit tearmes of praises to *Zelmanes* both valour in conquering, and pittifulnesse in pardoning, commanded no more words to bee made of it, since such he thought was her pleasure.

So brought he them vp to visite his wife, where between her and him, the poore *Zelmane* receiued a tedious entertainement; oppressed with being loued, almost as much, as with louing. *Basilius* not so wise in couering his passion, could make his tongue go almost no other pase, but to runne into those immoderate praises, which the foolish Louer thinkes short of his Mistresse though they reach farre beyond the heauens. But *Gynecia* (whom womanlie modesty did more outwardly bridle) yet did oftentimes vse the aduantage of her sexe in kissing *Zelmane*, as she sate vpon her bed-side by her; which was but still more and more sweet incense, to cast vpon the fire wherein her heart was sacrificed: Once *Zelmane* could not stirre, but that, (as if they had beene poppets, whose motion stood onely vpon her pleasure) *Basilius* with seruiceable steppes, *Gynecia* with greedie eyes would follow her. *Basilius* mind *Gynecia* well knew, and could haue found in her hart to laugh at, if mirth could haue born any proportion with her fortune. But all *Gynecias* actions were interpreted by *Basilius*, as proceeding from iealousie of his amorousnesse. *Zelmane* betwixt both (like the poore child, whose father while he beates him, will make him beleeue it is

for

for loue; or like the ſicke man, to whom the Phyſition ſweares, the ill-taſting wallowiſh medicine he profers, is of a good taſte) their loue was hateſull, their curteſie troubleſome, their preſence cauſe of her abſence thence, where not onely her light, but her life conſiſted. Alas (thought ſhe to her ſelfe) Deare *Dorus*, what ods is there betweene thy deſtinie and mine? For thou haſt to do in thy purſuite but with ſhepherdiſh folkes, who trouble thee with a little enuious care, & affected diligence. But I (beſides that I haue now *Miſo* the worſt of thy diuels, let looſe vpon me) am waited on by Princes, and watched by the two wakefull eyes of Loue & Icalouſie. Alas incõparable *Philoclea*, thou euer ſeeſt me, but doſt neuer ſee me as I am: thou heareſt willingly all that I dare ſay, & I dare not ſay that which were moſt fit for thee to heare. Alas who euer but I was impriſoned in liberty, & baniſhed being ſtill preſent? To whom but me haue louers bin iaylours, and honor a captiuitie?

But the night comming on with her ſilent ſteps vpon them, they parted each frõ other (if at leaſt they could be parted, of whom euery one did liue in another) and went about to flatter ſleep with their beds, that diſdained to beſtow it ſelfe liberally vpon ſuch eyes which by their will would euer be looking: & in leaſt meaſure vpon *Gynecia*. Who (when *Baſilius* after long toſſing was gotten aſleep, and the cheerfull comfort of the lights remoued from her) kneeling vp in her bed, began with a ſoft voyce, & ſwolne hart, to renue the curſes of her birth; & then in a maner embracing her bed; Ah chaſteſt bed of mine (ſaid ſhe) which neuer heretofore couldſt accuſe me of one defiled thoght, how canſt thou now receiue this deſaſtred chãgeling? Happy, happy, be they only which be not: & thy bleſſednes only in this reſpect thou maieſt ſeele, that thou haſt no feeling. With that ſhe furiouſly tare off great part of her faire haire: Take here ô forgotten vertue (ſayd ſhe) this miſerable ſacrifice, while my ſoule was clothed with modeſty, that was a comely ornament: now why ſhould nature crowne that head, which is ſo wicked, as her only deſire is, ſhee cannot be enough wicked? More ſhe would haue ſaid, but that *Baſilius* (awaked with the noiſe) took her in his armes, & began to comfort her; the good-man thinking, it was al for ielous loue of him: which humor if ſhe would a little haue maintained, perchance it might haue weakned his new conceiued fancies. But he finding her anſwers wandring frõ the purpoſe, left her to her ſelfe (glad the next morning to take the aduantage of a ſleep, which a litle before day ouer-watched with ſorow, her teares had as it were ſealed vp in her eyes) to haue the more cõference with *Zelmane*: who baited on this faſhion by theſe two louers, & euer kept from any meane to declare her ſelf, found in her ſelfe a dayly increaſe of her violent deſires; like a riuer the more ſwelling, the more his current is ſtopped.

The chiefe recreation ſhe could find in her anguiſh, was ſometime to viſite that place, where firſt ſhe was ſo happy as to ſee the cauſe of her vnhap. There would ſhe kiſſe the ground, & thank the trees, bleſſe the ayre, & do dutifull reuerence to euery thing that ſhe thought did accompany her at their firſt meeting: then returne againe to her inward thoughts; ſometimes deſpaire darkning all her imaginations, ſometimes the actiue paſſion of loue cheering and cleering her inuention, how to vnbarre that comberſome hindrance of her two ill matched louers. But this morning *Baſilius* himſelfe gaue her good occaſion to go beyond thẽ. For hauing combd and trickt himſelfe more curiouſly, then any time forty winters before, comming where *Zelmane* was, he found her giuen ouer to her muſicall muſes, to the great pleaſure of the good old *Baſilius*, who retired himſelfe behind a tree, while ſhe with a moſt ſweet voyce did vtter theſe paſſionate verſes.

Loued

Loued I am, and yet complaine of Loue:
As louing not, accus'd in Loue I die.
When pittie moſt I craue, I cruell proue:
Still ſeeking Loue, Loue found as much I flie.
Burnt in my ſelfe, I muſe at others fire:
What I call wrong, I do the ſame, and more:
Bard of my will, I haue beyond deſire:
I waile for want, and yet am chokt with ſtore.
This is thy worke, thou God for euer blind:
Though thouſands old, a Boy entit'led ſtill.
Thus children do the ſilly birds they find,
With ſtroking hurt, and too much cramming kill.
Yet thus much Loue, ô Loue, I craue of thee:
Let me be lou'd, or els not loued be.

Baſilius made no great haſt from behind the tree, till he perceiued ſhe had fully ended her muſicke. But then loth to looſe the precious fruite of time, he preſented himſelfe vnto her, falling downe vpon both his knees: and holding vp his hands, as the old gouerneſſe of *Danae* is painted, when ſhe ſuddenly ſaw the golden ſhowre, O heauenly woman, or earthly Goddeſſe (ſaid he) let not my preſence be odious vnto you, nor my humble ſuit ſeeme of ſmall weight in your eares. Vouchſafe your eies to deſcend vpō this miſerable old man, whoſe life hath hitherto bin maintayned but to ſerue as an encreaſe of your beautifull triumphs. You only haue ouerthrown me, & in my bondage conſiſts my glory. Suffer not your own worke to be deſpiſed of you, but look vpō him with pitty, whoſe life ſerues for your praiſe. *Zelmane* (keeping a countenance aſcanſes, ſhe vnderſtood him not) told him, It became her euill to ſuffer ſuch exceſſiue reuerēce of him, but that it worſe became her to correct him, to whom ſhe owed duty: that the opinion ſhe had of his wiſdom was ſuch, as made her eſteeme greatly of his words; but that the words themſelues ſounded ſo, as ſhe could not imagine what they might intēd. Intend? ſaid *Baſilius* (proud that that was brought in queſtion) what may they intend, but a refreſhing of my ſoule, and a ſwaging of my heat, and enioying thoſe your excellencies, wherein my life is vpheld, & my death threatned? *Zelmane* lifting vp her face, as if ſhe had receiued a mortall iniury of him; And is this the deuotion your ceremonies haue bin bent vnto? ſaid ſhe: Is it the diſdaine of my eſtate, or the opinion of my lightneſſe, that haue emboldned ſuch baſe fancies towards me? Enioying quoth you? now little ioy com to them that yeeld to ſuch enioying. Poor *Baſilius* was ſo appalled, that his legges bowed vnder him; his eyes lookt as though he would gladly hide himſelfe; & his old bloud going to his hart, a generall ſhaking all ouer his body poſſeſſed him. At length with a wan mouth, he was about to giue a ſtammering anſwer, whē it came into *Zelmanes* head by this deuiſe to make her profit of his folly; & therfore with a relented countenāce, thus ſayd vnto him: Your words (mighty Prince) were vnfit either for me to heare, or you to ſpeake: but yet the large teſtimony I ſee of your affection makes me willing to ſuppreſſe a great number of errors. Only thus much I thinke good to ſay, that the ſame words in my Lady *Philocleas* mouth, as from one woman to another (ſo as there were no other body by) might haue had a better grace; and perchance haue found a gentler receipt.

Baſilius

Basilius (vvhose senses by desire were held open, and conceipt was by loue quickned) heard scarcely halfe her answere out, but that (as if speedy sight might saue his life) he turned away, and ranne with all the speede his body would suffer him, towards his daughter *Philoclea*: vvhom hee found at that time dutifully watching by her mother, and *Miso* curiously watching her, hauing left *Mopsa* to doe the like seruice to *Pamela*. *Basilius* forthwith calling *Philoclea* aside (with all the coniuring words which Desire could endite and Authoritie vtter) besought her shee would preserue his life, in whom her life was begun; shee would saue his gray haires from rebuke, and his aged minde from despaire; that if shee were not cloyed vvith his company, and that shee thought not the earth ouer-burthened with him, shee would coole his fierie griefe, which was to be done but by her breath. That in fine, whatsoeuer he was, he was nothing but what it pleased *Zelmane*; all the powers of his spirit depending of her: that if shee continued cruell, he could no more sustaine his life, then the earth remaine fruitfull in the Sunnes continuall absence. Hee concluded, shee should in one payment requite all his deserts: and that shee needed not disdaine any seruice (though neuer so meane) which was warranted by the sacred name of a father. *Philoclea* more glad then euer she had knowne her selfe, that shee might by this occasion, enioy the priuate conference of *Zelmane*, yet had so sweete a feeling of vertue in her mind, that shee would not suffer a vile colour to be cast ouer her faire thoughts, but with humble grace answered her father: That there needed neither promise nor perswasion to her, to make her doe her vttermost for her fathers seruice: that for *Zelmanes* fauour, shee vvould in all vertuous sort seeke it towards him: and that as shee would not pierce further into his meaning, then himselfe should declare, so would shee interpret all his doings to be accomplished in goodnesse: and therefore desired (if otherwise it were) that he would not impart it to her, who then should be forced to begin (by true obedience) a shew of disobedience: rather performing his generall commandement, which had euer beene, to embrace vertue, then any new particular, sprong out of passion, and contrary to the former. *Basilius* content to take that, since hee could haue no more (thinking it a great point, if by her meanes, he could get but a more free accesse vnto *Zelmane*) allowed her reasons, and tooke her proffer thankfully, desiring only a speedy returne of comfort. *Philoclea* was parting, & *Miso* streight behind her, like *Alecto* following *Proserpina*. But *Basilius* forced her to stay, though with much adoe, she being sharpset vpon the fulfilling of a shrewd office, in ouer-looking *Philoclea*: and so said to *Basilius*, that she did as she was commanded, and could not answer it to *Gynecia*, if shee were any whit from *Philoclea*: telling him true, that he did euill to take her charge from her. But *Basilius* (sweating he would put out her eyes, if she stird a foot to trouble his daughter) gaue her a stop for that while.

So away departed *Philoclea*, with a new field of fancies for her trauailing minde. For well she saw her father was growne her aduerse partie, & yet her fortune such, as she must fauour her Riuall: and the fortune of that fortune such, as neither that did hurt her, nor any contrary meane helpe her.

But she vvalkt but a little on, before she saw *Zelmane* lying vpon a banke, with her face so bent ouer *Ladon*, that (her teares falling into the vvater) one might haue thought, that she began melting to be metamorphosed to the vnder-running riuer. But by and by, vvith speech she made knowne, as well that she liued, as that she sorrowed. Faire streame (said she) that do your best in your clearenesse to represent vnto mee, my blubbered face, let the tribut offer of my teares vnto you,

procure

procure your stay a while with mee, that I may beginne yet at last, to find some thing that pities mee: and that all things of comfort and pleasure doe not flie away from me. But if the violence of your spring commaund you to haste away, to pay your duties to your great Prince, the Sea; yet carry with you these few words, and let the vttermost ends of the world know them. A loue more cleere then your selues, dedicated to a loue (I feare) more cold then your selues, with the cleerenes layes a night of sorrow vpon me; and with the coldnes enflames a world of fire within me. With that she tooke a willow sticke, and wrote in a sandie banke these few verses:

OVer these brookes trusting to ease mine eyes,
(Mine eyes euen great in labour vvith their teares)
I laide my face; my face vvherein there lies
Clusters of Cloudes, vvhich no Sunne euer cleares.
In watry glasse my vvatry eyes I see:
Sorrowes ill eas'd, vvhere sorrowes painted be.

My thoughts impriso'nd in my secret vvoes,
With flamie breath do issue oft in sound:
The sound to this strange aier no sooner goes,
But that it doth with Echoes *force rebound,*
And make me heare the plaints I would refraine:
Thus outward helps my inward griefe maintaine.

Now in this sand I vvould discharge my mind,
And cast from me part of my burdenous cares:
But in the sand my tales foretold I find,
And see therein how vvell the vvriter fares.
Since streame, aier, sand, mine eyes and eares conspire:
What hope to quench, where each thing blowes the fire?

And assoone as she had written them (a new swarme of thoughts stinging her mind) she was ready with her foote to giue the new-borne letters both death and burial. But *Philoclea* (whose delight of hearing and seeing was before a stay from interrupting her) gaue her selfe to be seene vnto her, with such a lightning beauty vpon *Zelmane*, that neither she could looke on, nor would looke off. At last *Philoclea* (hauing a little mused how to cut the threede euen, betweene her owne hopeless affection, and her fathers vnbridled hope) with eyes, cheekes, and lips (wherof each sang their part, to make vp the harmonie of bashfulnesse) began to say, My Father to whom I owe my selfe, and therfore; when *Zelmane* (making a womanish habite to be the Armour of her boldnesse, giuing vp her life to the lips of *Philoclea*, and taking it againe by the sweetnesse of those kisses) humbly besought her to keepe her speech for a while within the Paradise of her mind. For well shee knew her fathers errand, who should soone receiue a sufficient answere. But novv shee demaunded leaue not to loose this long sought-for commodity of time, to ease her heart thus farre, that if in her agonies her destinie was to be condemned by *Philocleas* mouth, at least *Philoclea* might know, whom she had condemned. *Philoclea* easily yeelded to graunt her owne desire: and so making the greene banke

the

the ſituation, and the riuer the proſpect of the moſt beautifull buildings of nature, *Zelmane* doubting how to begin, though her thoughts alreadie had run to the end, with a mind fearing the vnworthineſſe of euery word that ſhould be preſented to her eares, at length brought it forth in this maner.

Moſt beloued Ladie, the incomparable excellencies of your ſelfe (waited on by the greatneſſe of your eſtate) and the importance of the thing (whereon my life cõſiſteth) doth require both many ceremonies before the beginning, and many circumſtances in the vttering my ſpeach, both bold and fearfull. But the ſmall opportunity of enuious occaſion (by the malicious eye hateful Loue doth caſt vpon me) and the extreame bent of my affection (which will either breake out in words, or breake my heart) compell me, not onely to embrace the ſmalleſt time, but to paſſe by the reſpects due vnto you, in reſpect of your poore caitifes life, who is now, or neuer to be preſerued. I do therefore vow vnto you, hereafter neuer more to omit all dutifull forme: do you only now vouchſafe to heare the matter of a minde moſt perplexed. If euer the ſound of Loue haue come to your eares, or if euer you haue vnderſtood, what force it hath had to conquer the ſtrongeſt hearts, and change the moſt ſettled eſtates: receiue here an example of thoſe ſtrange Tragedies; one, that in himſelfe containeth the particularities of all thoſe misfortunes: and from hencefoorth beleeue that ſuch a thing may be, ſince you ſhall ſee it is. You ſhall ſee (I ſay) a liuing image, and a preſent ſtory of what Loue can doe when he is bent to ruine.

But alas, whither goeſt thou my tongue? or how doth my heart conſent to aduenture the reueiling his neereſt touching ſecret? But peace Feare, thou commeſt too late, when already the harme is taken. Therefore I ſay againe, ô onely Princeſſe, attend here a miſerable miracle of affection. Behold here before your eyes *Pyrocles*, Prince of *Macedon*, whom you onely haue brought to this game of Fortune, and vnuſed *Metamorphoſis*: whom you onely haue made neglect his countrie, forget his father, and laſtly, forſake to bee *Pyrocles*: the ſame *Pyrocles*, who (you heard) was betrayed by being put in a ſhippe, which being burned, *Pyrocles* was drowned. O moſt true preſage! for theſe traytors, my eyes, putting me into a ſhip of Deſire, which dayly burneth, thoſe eyes (I ſay) which betrayed me, will neuer leaue till they haue drowned me. But be not, be not (moſt excellent Ladie) you that nature hath made to bee the Load-ſtarre of comfort, bee not the Rocke of ſhipwracke: you whom vertue hath made the Princeſſe of felicitie, bee not the miniſter of ruine: you whom my choiſe hath made the Goddeſſe of my ſafetie, ô let not, let not, from you be powred vpon me deſtruction. Your faire face hath many tokens in it of amazement at my words: thinke then what his amazement is, from whence they come: ſince no words can carry with them the life of the inward feeling. I deſire that my deſire may be waied in the ballances of Honour, and let Vertue hold them. For if the higheſt Loue in no baſe perſon may aſpire to grace, then may I hope your beautie will not be without pitie. If otherwiſe you be (alas but let it not be ſo) reſolued, yet ſhall not my death be comfortleſſe, receiuing it by your ſentence.

The ioy which wrought into *Pigmalions* mind, while hee found his beloued image was ſofter, and warmer in his folded armes, till at length it accompliſhed his gladneſſe with a perfect womans ſhape (ſtil beautified with the former perfections) was euen ſuch, as by each degree of *Zelmanes* words creepingly entred into *Philoclea*: till her pleaſure was fully made vp with the manifeſting of his being; which

was

was such as in hope did ouercome Hope. Yet Doubt would faine haue playd his part in her mind, and cald in question, how shee should bee assured that *Zelmane* was *Pyrocles*. But Loue stright stood vp and deposed, that only could not come frō the mouth of *Zelmane*. Besides, a certaine sparke of honour, which rosein her well-disposed mind, made her feare to be alone with him, with whom alone she desired to be (with all the other contradictions growing in those minds, which neither absolutely clime the rocke of Vertue, nor freely sinke into the sea of Vanitie) but that sparke soone gaue place, or at least gaue no more light in her mind, then a candle doth in the Sunnes presence. But euen sicke with a surfet of ioy, and fearfull of she knew not what (as he that newly finds huge treasures, doubts whether he sleep or no; or like a fearful Deere, which then lookes most about, whē he comes to the best feede) with a shrogging kind of tremor through all her principall parts, shee gaue these affectionate words for answer. Alas, how painefull a thing it is to a diuided mind to make a well-ioyned answer? how hard it is to bring inward shame to outward confession? and what handsomnes trow you can be obserued in that speech, which is made one knowes not to whom? Shall I say ô *Zelmane*? Alas your words be against it. Shall I say Prince *Pyrocles*? wretch that I am, your shew is manifest against it. But this, this I may well say; If I had continued as I ought, *Philoclea*, you had either neuer been, or euer been *Zelmane*: you had either neuer attempted this change, set on with hope, or neuer discouered it, stopt with despaire. But I feare me, my behauiour ill gouerned, gaue you the first comfort: I feare me, my affection ill hid, hath giuen you this last assurance: I feare indeed, the weakenesse of my gouernment before, made you thinke such a maske would be gratefull vnto me: and my weaker gouernment since, makes you to pull of the visar. What shall I doo then? shall I seeke far-fetched inuentions? shall I labour to lay marble colours ouer my ruinous thoughts? or rather, though the pureneſſe of my virgin-mind be stained, let me keep the true simplicity of my word. True it is, alas too true it is, ô *Zelmane* (for so I loue to call thee, since in that name my loue first began, and in the shade of that name my loue shal best ly hidden) that euen while so thou wert (what eie bewitched me I know not) my passions were fitter to desire, then to be desired. Shall I say then, I am sorie, or that my loue must be turned to hate, since thou art turned to *Pyrocles*? how may that well bee? since when thou wert *Zelmane*, the despaire thou mightest not be thus, did most torment me. Thou hast then the victorie: vse it with vertue. Thy vertue wan me; with vertue preserue me. Doost thou loue me? keepe me then still worthie to be loued.

Then held she her tongue, and cast down a selfe-accusing looke, finding, that in her selfe she had (as it were) shot out of the bow of her affection, a more quicke opening of her mind, then she minded to haue done. But *Pyrocles* so caried vp with ioy, that he did not enuy the Gods felicitie, presented her with some iewels of right princely value, as some little tokens of his loue and quality: and withall shewed her letters from his father king *Euarchus*, vnto him, which euen in the Sea had amongest his iewels bin preserued. But little needed those proofes to one, who wold haue falne out with her self, rather then make any contrary coniectures to *Zelmanes* speeches; so that with such imbracements, as it seemed their soules desired to meet, and their harts to kisse, as their mouthes did, they passed the promise of mariage; which faine *Pyrocles* would haue sealed with the chiefe armes of his desire; but *Philoclea* commanded the contrary.

And then at *Philoclea's* intreatie, who was willing to purloine all occasions of remayning

remaining with *Zelmane*, she told her the story of her life, from the time of their departing from *Erona*, for the rest she had already vnderstood of her sister. For, said she, I haue vnderstood, how you first in the company of your noble cousin *Musidorus*, parted from *Thessalia*, and of diuerse aduentures, which with no more danger then glory you passed through, till your comming to the succour of the Queene *Erona*; and the end of that warre (you might perceiue by my selfe) I had vnderstood of the Prince *Plangus*. But what since was the course of your doings, vntill you came, after so many victories, to make a conquest of poore mee, that I knowe not, the fame therof hauing rather shewed it by peeces, then deliuered any ful forme of it. Therefore, deare *Pyrocles* (for what can my eares be so sweetly fed with, as to heare you of you) be liberall vnto me of those things, which haue made you indeede precious to the world, and now doubt not to tell of your perils: for since I haue you heere out of them, euen the remembrance of them is pleasant. *Pyrocles* easily perceiued shee was content with kindnesse, to put off occasion of further kindnesse; wherin Loue shewed himselfe a cowardly boy, that durst not attempt for feare of offending. But rather Loue proued himselfe valiant, that durst with the sword of reuerent dutie gainestand the force of so many enraged desires. But so it was, that though hee knew this discourse was to entertaine him from a more straight parley, yet he durst not but kisse his rod, & gladly make much of that entertainement which she allotted vnto him: & therefore with a desirous sigh chastening his breast for too much desiring; Sweet Princesse of my life, said hee, what Trophees, what Triumph, what Monuments, what Historics might euer make my fame yeeld so sweet a Musick to my eares, as that it pleaseth you to lend your minde to the knowledge of any thing touching *Pyrocles*, onely therefore of value, because he is your *Pyrocles*? And therefore grow I now so proud, as to thinke it worth the hearing, sith you vouchsafe to giue it the hearing. Therefore (onely height of my hope) vouchsafe to know, that after the death of *Tiridates*, and settling *Erona* in her gouernment, for settled we left her, howsoeuer since (as I perceiued by your speech the last day) the vngratefull treason of her ill-chosen husband ouerthrew her; a thing in truth neuer til this time by me either heard, or suspected: for who could thinke, without hauing such a mind as *Antiphilus*, that so great a beautie as *Eronas* (indeede excellent) could not haue held his affection? so great goodnesse could not haue bound gratefulnesse? and so high aduauncement could not haue satisfied his ambition? But therefore true it is, that wickednesse may well be compared to a bottomlesse pit, into which it is farre easier to keepe ones selfe from falling, then beeing fallen, to giue ones selfe any stay from falling infinitely. But for my cousin and me, vpon this cause wee parted from *Erona*.

Euardes (the braue and mightie Prince, whom it was my fortune to kill in the combat for *Erona*) had three Nephewes, sonnes to a sister of his; all three set among the formost rankes of Fame for great minds to attempt, and great force to performe vvhat they did attempt, especially the eldest, by name *Anaxius*, to whom all men would willingly haue yeelded the height of praise, but that his nature was such, as to bestow it vpon himselfe, before any could giue it. For of so vnsupportable a pride he was, that where his deedes might well stirre enuie, his demeanour did rather breed disdaine. And if it be true that the Gyants euer made war against heauen, he had been a fit ensigne-bearer for that company. For nothing seemed hard to him, though impossible; and nothing vniust, while his liking was his iustice. Now he in these wars had flatly refused his aid, because he could not brooke,

that the worthy Prince *Plangus* was by his chosen *Tiridates* preferred before him. For allowing no other weights, but the sword and speare in iudging of desert, how much he esteemed himselfe before *Plangus* in that, so much would he haue had his allowance in his seruice.

But now that he vnderstood that his vncle was slaine by me, I think rather scorne that any should kill his vncle, then any kindnesse (an vn-vsed gueſt to an arrogant soule) made him seek his reuenge; I must confesse in manner gallant enough. For he sent a chalenge vnto me to meet him at a place appointed, in the confines of the kingdome of *Lycia*, where he would proue vpon me, that I had by some treacherie ouercome his vncle, whō else many hundreds such as I, could not haue withstood. Youth and successe made me willing enough to accept anie such bargaine, especially, because I had heard that your cousin *Amphialus* (who for some years hath borne vniuersally the name of the best knight in the world) had diuerse times fought with him, and neuer beene able to maister him; but so had left him, that euery man thought *Anaxius* in that one vertue of curtesie farre short of him, in all other his match; *Anaxius* still deeming himselfe for his superiour. Therfore to him I would go, and I would needs go alone, because so I vnderstood for certaine, he was; and (I must confesse) desirous to do something without the company of the incomparable Prince *Musidorus*, because in my heart I acknowledge that I owed more to his presence, then to any thing in my selfe, whatsoeuer before I had done. For of him indeed (as of any worldly cause) I must grant, as receiued, what euer there is, or may be good in me. He taught me by word, and best by example, giuing me in him so liuely an image of vertue, as ignorance could not cast such mist ouer mine eyes, as not to see, and to loue it; and all with such deare friendship and care, as (ô heauen) how can my life euer requite vnto him? which made me indeed find in my selfe such a kind of depending vpon him, as without him I found a weakenesse, and a mistrustfulnesse of my selfe, as one strayed from his best strength, when at any time I mist him. Which humour perceiuing to ouer-rule me, I straue against it; not that I was vnwilling to depend vpon him in iudgement, but by weakenes I would not; which though it held me to him, made me vnw hy of him. Therfore I desired his leaue, and obtained it; such confidence he had me, preferring my reputation before his own tenderneſſe; and so priuately went fr m him, he determining (as after I knew) in secret maner, not to be farre from the place, where we appointed to meet, to preuent any foule play that might be offered vnto me. Full loth was *Erona* to let vs depart from her (as it were) forefeeling the harmes which after fell to her. But I (ridfully from those cumbers of kindnesse, and halfe a dayes iourney in my way toward *Anaxius*) met an aduenture, which (though in it selfe of smal importance) I wil tel you at large, because by the occasion thereof I was brought to as great cumber and danger, as lightly any might escape.

As I past through a Laund (each side whereof was so bordered both with high timber trees, and copses of farre more humble growth, that it might easily bring a solitary mind to looke for no other companions then the wild burgesses of the forest) I heard certaine cries, which comming by pawses to mine eares from within the wood of the right hand, made mee vvell assured by the greatnesse of the cry, it was the voice of a man, though it were a very vnmanlike voyce, so to cry. But making mine eares my guide; I left not many trees behind mee, before I saw at the bottome of one of them a gentleman, bound with many garters hand & foot, so as well he might tumble and tosse, but neither runne nor resist hee could. Vpon him

him (like so manie Eagles vpon an Oxe) were nine Gentlewomen; trulie such, as one might wel enough say, they were handsome. Each of them held bodkins in their hands, wherewith continually they pricked him, hauing bene before hand vparmed of anie defence from the the waste vpward, but onely of his shirt: so as the poore man wept and bled, cried and prayed, while they sported themselues in his paine, and delighted in his prayers as the arguments of their victorie.

I was moued to compassion, and so much the more that he straight cald to me for succour, desiring me at least to kill him, to deliuer him from those tormenters. But before my selfe could resolue, much lesse any other tell what I would resolue, there came in cholerike haste towards me about seuen or eight knights; the foremost of which willed me to get me away, and not to trouble the Ladies, while they were taking their due reuenge, but with so ouermaistering a manner of pride, as trulie my hart could not brooke it: and therefore (answering them, that how I would haue defended him from the Ladies I knew not, but from them I would) I began a combate first with him particularlie, and after his death with the others (that had lesse good maners) iointly. But such was the end of it, that I kept the field with the death of some, and flight of others. In so much as the women (afraid, what angrie victorie would bring forth) ran all away, sauing onely one; who was so flesht in malice, that neither during, nor after the fight, she gaue anie truce to her crueltie, but still vsed the little instrument of her great spight, to the well witnest paine of the impatient patient: & was now about to put out his eyes, which all this while were spared, because they should do him the discomfort of seeing who preuailed ouer him. When I came in, and after much adoe, brought her to some conference, (for sometime it was before she would hearken, more before she would speake; and most, before she would in her speech leaue off the sharpe remembrance of her bodkin) but at length when I puld off my head-peece, and humblie intreated her pardon, or knowledge why she was cruell, out of breath more with choler (which increased in his owne exercise) then with the paine she tooke, much to this purpose she gaue her griefe vnto my knowledge. Gentleman (said she) much it is against my will to forbeare any time the executing of my iust reuenge vpon this naughty creature, a man in nothing, but in deceiuing women. But because I see you are young, and like enough to haue the power (if you wold haue the mind) to do much more mischiefe then he, I am content vpon this bad subiect to reade a lecture to your vertue.

This man called *Pamphilus*, in birth I must confesse is noble (but what is that to him, if it shall be a staine to his dead ancestors to haue left such an off-spring?) in shape as you see, not vncomely (indeed the fit maske of his disguised falshood) in conuersation wittily pleasant, and pleasantly gamesome; his eyes full of mery simplicitie, his words of heartie companableness; and such a one whose head one would not thinke so stayed, as to thinke mischieuouslie: delighted in all such things, which by imparting the delight to others, makes the vser therof welcome; as, Musike, Dauncing, Hunting, Feasting, Riding, and such like. And to conclude, such a one, as who can keepe him at armes end, need neuer wish a better companion. But vnder these qualities lies such a poysonous Adder, as I will tell you. For by those gifts of Nature and Fortune (being in all places acceptable) he creepes, nay (to say truly) he flies so into the fauour of poore silly women, that I would be too much ashamed to confesse, if I had not reuenge in my hand, as well as shame in my cheeks. For his hart being whollie delighted in deceiuing vs, we could neuer be warned, but rather one bird caught, serued for a stale to bring in more. For the more he gat, the

more ſtill he ſhewed, that he (as it were) gaue away to his new miſtreſſe, when hee betrayed his promiſes to the former. The cunning of his flatterie, the readineſſe of his teares, the infiniteneſſe of his vowes, were but among the weakeſt threeds of his net. But the ſtirring our owne paſſions, and by the entrance of them, to make himſelfe Lord of our forces; there lay his Maiſters part of cunning, making vs now ielalous, now enuious, now proud of what we had, deſirous of more; now giuing one the triumph, to ſee him that was Prince of many, Subiect to her; now with an eſtranged looke, making her feare the loſſe of that minde, which indeed could neuer be had: neuer ceaſing humbleneſſe and diligence, till he had imbarked vs in ſome ſuch diſaduantage, as wee could not returne drie-ſhod; & then ſodainly a tyrant, but a craftie tyrant. For ſo would he vſe his imperiouſneſſe, that we had a delightfull feare & an awe, which made vs loth to loſe our hope. And, which is ſtrangeſt (when ſometimes with late repentance I thinke of it) I muſt confeſſe, euen in the greateſt tempeſt of my iudgement was I neuer driuen to thinke him excellent; and yet ſo could ſet my mind, both to get and keep him, as though therein had laine my felicitie: like them I haue ſeene play at the ball, grow extreamely earneſt, who ſhould haue the ball, and yet euerie one knew it was but a ball. But in end, the bitter ſauce of the ſport was, that we had either our hearts broken with ſorow, or our eſtates ſpoyled with being at his direction, or our honours for euer loſt, partly by our owne faults, but principally by his faultie vſing of our faultes. For neuer was there man that could with more ſcornefull eyes behould her, at whoſe feete he had lately laine, nor with a more vnmanlike brauerie vſe his tongue to her diſgrace, which lately had ſung ſonets of her praiſes: being ſo naturally inconſtant, as I maruell his ſoule findes not ſome way to kill his bodie, whereto it had bene ſo long vnited. For ſo hath he dealt with vs (vnhappy fooles) as wee could neuer tell, whether he made greater haſte after he once liked, to enioy, or after he once enioyed, to forſake. But making a glorie of his owne ſhame, it delighted him to be challenged of vnkindneſſe: it was a triumph vnto him to haue his mercie called for: and he thought the freſh colours of his beautie were painted in nothing ſo well, as in the ruines of his louers: yet ſo farre had we engaged our ſelues (vnfortunate ſoules) that we liſted not complaine, ſince our complaints could not but carie the greateſt accuſation to our ſelues. But euerie of vs (each for her ſelfe) laboured all meanes how to recouer him, while he rather dayly ſent vs companions of our deceit, then euer returned in any ſound and faithfull maner. Till at length he concluded all his wrongs with betrothing himſelfe to one (I muſt confeſſe) worthie to be liked, if any worthineſſe might excuſe ſo vnworthy a changeableneſſe; leauing vs nothing but remorſe for what was paſt, and deſpaire of what might follow. Then indeed the common iniurie made vs all ioyne in fellowſhip, who till that time had employed our endeuours one againſt the other. For we thought nothing was a more condemning of vs, then the iuſtifying of his loue to her by mariage: then Deſpaire made Feare valiant, and Reuenge gaue Shame countenance: whereupon, we (that you ſawe here) deuiſed how to get him among vs alone: which he (ſuſpecting no ſuch matter of thē whom he had by often abuſes, he thought, made tame to bee ſtill abuſed) eaſilie gaue vs opportunitie to do.

And a man may ſee, euen in this, how ſoone Rulers grow proud, and in their pride fooliſh: he came with ſuch an authority among vs, as if the Planets had done enough for vs, that by vs once he had bene delighted. And when we began in curteous maner, one after the other, to lay his vnkindneſſe vnto him, he ſeeing himſelfe con-

confronted by ſo many (like a reſolute Orator) went not to denial, but to iuſtifie his cruell falſhood, and al with ſuch ieſts and diſdainfull paſſages, that if the iniurie could not be made greater, yet were our conceits made the apter to apprehend it.

Among other of his anſwers (forſooth) I ſhall neuer forget, how he wold proue it was no inconſtancie to chaunge from one loue to another, but a great conſtancie; and contrarie, that which we call conſtancie, to be moſt changeable. For (ſaid he) I euer loued my delight, and delighted alwayes in what was louelie: and whereſoeuer I found occaſion to obtaine that, I conſtantly followed it. But theſe conſtant fooles you ſpeake of, though their Miſtreſſe grow by ſickneſſe foule, or by fortune miſerable, yet ſtill will loue her, and ſo commit the abſurdeſt inconſtancie that may be, in chaunging their loue from faireneſſe to foulneſſe, and from louelineſſe to his contrarie; like one not content to leaue a friend, but will ſtraight giue ouer himſelfe to his mortall enemie: where I (whome you call inconſtant) am euer conſtant; to Beautie, in others; and Delight in my ſelfe. And ſo in this iollie ſcoffing brauerie he went ouer vs all, ſaying he left one, becauſe ſhe was ouer-waywarde: another, becauſe ſhe was too ſoone wonne: a third, becauſe ſhe was not merie enough: a fourth, becauſe ſhe was ouer-gameſome: the fift, becauſe ſhe was growne with griefe ſubiect to ſickneſſe: the ſixt, becauſe ſhe was ſo fooliſh, as to be iealous of him: the ſeuenth, becauſe ſhe had refuſed to carie a letter for him to another that he loued: the eight, becauſe ſhe was not ſecret: the ninth, becauſe ſhe was not liberal: but to me, who am named *Dido*, and indeed haue met with a falſe *Aeneas*, to me, I ſay (ô the vngrateful villaine) he could find no other fault to obiect, but that (perdie) he met with manie fairer.

But when he had thus played the careleſſe Prince, we (hauing thoſe ſeruants of ours in readineſſe, whom you lately ſo manfully ouercame) laid hold of him; beginning at firſt but that trifling reuenge, in which you found vs buſie; but meaning afterwards to haue mangled him ſo, as ſhould haue loſt his credite for euer abuſing more. But as you haue made my fellowes flie away, ſo for my part the greatneſſe of his wrong ouer ſhadowes, in my iudgement the greatneſſe of any daunger. For was it not enough for him to haue deceiued me, and through the deceit abuſed me, and after the abuſe forſaken me, but that he muſt now, of all the companie, and before all the company, lay want of beauty to my charge? Many fairer? I trow euen in your iudgement, Sir, (if your eyes do not beguile me) not many fayrer; and I know) whoſoeuer ſayes the contrary (there are not many fayrer. And of whom ſhould I receiue this reproch, but of him who hath beſt cauſe to know there are not manie fayrer? And therefore howſoeuer my fellowes pardon his iniuries, for my part I will euer remember, and remember to reuenge this ſcorne of all ſcornes. With that ſhe to him afreſh; and ſurely would haue put out his eyes (who lay mute for ſhame, if hee did not ſometimes crie for feare) if I had not leapt from my horſe, and mingling force with intreaty, ſtayed her fury.

But while I was perſwading her to meekeneſſe, comes a number of his friends, to whome he forthwith cried, that they ſhould kill that woman, that had thus betrayed and diſgraced him. But then I was faine to forſake the enſigne, vnder which I had before ſerued, and to ſpend my vttermoſt force in the protecting of the Lady; which ſo well preuayled for her, that in end there was a faithfull peace promiſed of al ſides. And ſo I leauing her in a place of ſecurity (as ſhe thought) went on my iourney towards *Anaxius*, for whom I was faine to ſtay two dayes in the appointed place, he diſdaining to waite for me, till he was ſure I were there.

I did patiently abide his angrie pleasure, til about that space of time he came (indeed, according to promise) alone: and (that I may not say too little, because he is wont to say too much) like a man, whole courage was apt to clime ouer any daunger. And assoone as euer he came neare me, in fit distance for his purpose, hee with much furie, (but with furie skilfullie guided) ran vpon me; which I (in the best sort I could) resisted, hauing kept my selfe readie for him, because I had vnderstood that he obserued few complements in matter of armes, but such as a proud anger did indite vnto him. And so putting our horses into a full carreere, we hit each other vpon the head with our Launces: I thinke he felt my blow, for my part (I must confesse) I neuer receiued the like: but I thinke though my sences were astonished, my mind forced them to quicken themselues, because I had learned of him, how little fauour he is wont to shew in any matter of aduantage. And indeed he was turned, and comming vpon me with his sword drawne, both our staues hauing bene broken at that encounter: but I was so readie to answer him, that trulie I know not who gaue the first blow. But whosoeuer gaue the first, was quicklie seconded by the second. And indeed (excellentest Ladie) I must say true, for a time it was well fought betweene vs; he vndoubtedlie being of singular valour, (I would God it were not abased by his too much loftinesse) but as by the occasion of the combate, winning and losing ground, we chaunged places, his horse hapned to come vpon the point of the broken speare, which fallen to the ground, chaunced to stand vpward, so as it lighting vpon his heart the horse died. He driuen to dismount, threatned, if I did not the like, to do as much for my horse, as fortune had done for his. But whether for that, or because I would not be beholding to Fortune for any part of the victorie, I descended. So began our foot-fight in such sort that we were well entred to bloud of both sides, when there comes by that vnconstant *Pamphilus*, whom I had deliuered (easie to be knowne, for he was bare-faced) with a dozen armed men after him: but before him he had *Dido* (that Ladie, who had most sharpely punished him) riding vpon a palfrey, he following her with most vnmanlike crueltie, beating her with wands he had in his hand, she crying for sence of paine, or hope of succour: which was so pitifull a sight vnto me, that it moued me to require *Anaxius* to deferre our combate till another day, and now to performe the duties of knighthood in helping this distressed Lady. But he that disdaines to obey any thing but his passion (which he cals his mind) bad me leaue off that thought; but when hee had killed me, he would then (perhaps) go to her succour. But I well finding the fight would be long betweene vs (longing in my heart to deliuer the poore *Dido*) giuing him so great a blowe, as somwhat stayed him, (to terme it aright) I flatly ran away from him toward my horse, who trotting after the company, in mine armour, I was put to some paine, but that vse made me nimble vnto it. But as I followed my horse, *Anaxius* followed me; but his proud heart did so disdaine that exercise, that I had quickly ouer-runne him, and ouertaken my horse; being (I must confesse) ashamed to see a number of countrie folkes, who happened to passe thereby, who hallowed and howted after me as at the arranteſt coward that euer shewed his shoulders to his enemie. But when I had leapt on my horse (with such speedy agility, that they all cried; O see how feare giues him wings) I turned to *Anaxius* and aloud promised him to returne thither againe, as soon as I had relieued the iniuried Lady. But he raylingat me, with all the base words angrie contempt could endite; I said no more, but, *Anaxius*, assure thy self, I neither feare thy force, nor thy opinion. And so vsing no weapon of a knight as at that time but my spurres, I ranne in my knowledge after *Pamphilus*, but in all their conceits from *Anaxius*, which as

far

far as I could heare, I might well heare testified with such laughters and gaines, that I was some few times moued to turne backe againe.

But the Ladies miserie ouer-balanced my reputation: so that after her I went, and with six houres hard riding (through so wild places, as it was rather the cunning of my horse sometimes, then of my selfe, so rightly to hit the way) I ouergat them a little before night, neere to an old il-fauoured castle, the place where I perceiued they meant to performe their vnknightly errand. For there they began to strip her of her clothes; when I came in among them, and running through the first with a launce, the iustnesse of the cause so enabled me against the rest (false-harted in their owne wrong doing) that I had, in as short time almost as I had bene fighting with onely *Anaxius*, deliuered her from those iniurious wretches: most of whom carried newes to the other world, that amongst men secret wrongs are not alwaies left vnpunished. As for *Pampilus*, he hauing once seene, and (as it should seeme) remembred me, euen from the beginning, began to be in the rereward, and before they had left fighting, he was too far off to giue them thanks for their paines. But when I had deliuered to the Ladie a full libertie, both in effect, and in opinion, (for some time it was before she could assure her selfe shee was out of their hands, who had laid so vehement apprehension of death vpon her) shee then told me, how as she was returning toward her fathers, weakely accompanied (as too soone trusting to the falshood of reconcilement) *Pamphilus* had set vpon her, and killing those that were with her, carried her selfe by such force and with such manner as I had seene, to this place, where he meant in cruell and shamefull manner to kill her, in the sight of her owne Father; to whom he had alreadie sent word of it, that out of his castle window (for this castle, she said, was his) he might haue the prospect of his onely childes destruction: if my comming, whom (she said) he feared (as soone as he knew me by the armour) had not warranted her from that neere approching cruelties. I was glad I had done so good a deed for a Gentlewoman not vnhandsome, whome before I had in like sort helped. But the night beginning to perswade some retiring place, the Gentlewoman, euen out of countenance before she began her speach, much after this manner inuited me to lodge that night with her father.

Sir (said she) how much I owe you, can be but abased by words, since the life I haue, I hold it now the second time of you: and therefore neede not offer seruice vnto you, but onely to remember you, that I am your seruant: and I would, my being so, might any way yeeld any small contentment vnto you. Now onely I can but desire you to harbour your selfe this night in this castle; because the time requires it, and in truth this countrie is verie daungerous for murthering theeues, to trust a sleeping life among them. And yet I must confesse, that as the loue I beare you makes me thus inuite you, so the same loue makes me ashamed to bring you to a place, where you shall be so (not spoken by ceremony but by truth) miserably entertained. With that shee told me, that though shee spake of her father (whom she named *Chremes*) she would hide no truth from me, which was in summe, that as he was of all that region the man of greatest possessions and riches, so was he either by nature, or an euill receiued opinion, giuen to sparing, in so vnmeasurable sorte, that he did not onely barre himselfe from the delightfull, but almost from the necessarie vse thereof; scarcely allowing him selfe fitte sustenance of life, rather then he would spend of those goods for whose sake only he seemed to ioy in life. Which extreame dealing (descending from himselfe vpon her) had driuen her to put her selfe with a great Lady of that countrie, by which occasion she had stumbled

vpon

vpon ſuch miſchances, as were little for the honor either of her, or her familie. But ſo wiſe had he ſhewed himſelfe therein, as while he found his daughter maintained without his coſt, he was content to be deafe to any noiſe of infamie: which though it had wronged her much more then ſhe deſerued, yet ſhe could not denie, but ſhe was driuen thereby to receiue more then decent fauours. She concluded, that there at leaſt I ſhould be free from iniuries, and ſhould be aſſured to her-ward to abound as much in the true cauſes of welcomes, as I ſhould find want of the effects thereof.

I, who had acquainted my ſelfe to meaſure the delicacie of foode and reſt, by hunger and wearineſſe, at that time well ſtored of both, did not abide long entreatie; but went with her to the Caſtle: which I found of good ſtrength, hauing a great mote round about it; the worke of a noble Gentleman, of whole vnthriftie ſonne he had bought it. The bridge drawne vp, where we were faine to crie a good while before we could haue aunſwere, and to diſpute a good while before aunſwere would be brought to acceptance. At length a willingneſſe, rather then a ioy to receiue his daughter, whome he had lately ſeen ſo neere death, and an opinion brought into his head by courſe, becauſe he heard himſelfe called a Father; rather then any kindneſſe that he found in his owne heart, made him take vs in; for my part by that time growne ſo wearie of ſuch entertainment, that no regard of my ſelfe, but onely the importunitie of his daughter made me enter. Where I was met with this *Chremes*, a driueling old fellow, leane, ſhaking both of head and hands, alreadie halfe earth, and yet then moſt greedie of Earth: who ſcarcely would giue me thankes for what I had done; for feare I ſuppoſe, that thankfulneſſe might haue an introduction of reward. But with a hollow voice, giuing me a falſe welcome, I might perceiue in his eye to his daughter, that it was hard to ſay, whether the diſpleaſure of her companie did not ouer-way the pleaſure of her owne comming. But on he brought me, into ſo bare a houſe, that it was the picture of miſerable happineſſe, and rich beggerie (ſerued onely by a companie of ruſticall villaines, full of ſweat and duſt, not one of them other, then a labourer) in ſumme (as he counted it) profitable drudgerie: and all preparations both for foode and lodging ſuch, as would make one deteſt nigardneſſe, it is ſo fluttiſh a vice. His talke of nothing but of his pouertie, for feare belike leaſt I ſhould haue proued a yong borrower. In ſumme, ſuch a man, as any enimie could not wiſh him worſe then to be himſelfe. But there that night bid I the burthen of being a tedious gueſt to a loathſome hoſt: ouer-hearing him ſometimes bitterly warne his daughter of bringing ſuch coſtly mates vnder his roofe: which ſhee grieuing at, deſired much to know ny name, I thinke partly of kindneſſe, to remember who had done ſomething for her, and partly, becauſe ſhee aſſured her ſelfe I was ſuch a one as would make euen his miſer-mind contented with what he had done. And accordingly ſhee demaunded my name, and eſtate, with ſuch earneſtneſſe, that I whome Loue had not as then ſo robbed me of my ſelfe, as to be another then I am, tould her directly my name and condition: whereof ſhe was no more glad then her father, as I might wel perceiue by ſome ill fauoured chereſulneſſe, which then firſt began to wrinkle it ſelfe in his face.

But the cauſes of their ioyes were farre different; for as the ſhepheard and the butcher both may looke vpon one ſheepe with pleaſing conceits, but the ſhepheard with minde to profit himſelfe by preſeruing, the butcher vvith killing him: So ſhe reioyced to finde that mine ovvn benefits had made me to be her friend, vvho vvas a Prince of ſuch greatnes, and louingly reioyced: but his ioy grevv (as I to my danger after perceiued) by the occaſion of the Queene *Artaxias* ſetting my head

to

to sale, for hauing slaine her brother *Tiridates*; which being the summe of a hundreth thousand crownes (to whosoeuer brought me aliue into her hands) that old wretch, (who had ouer-liued all good nature) though he had lying idly by him much more then that, yet aboue all things louing money, for monies owne sake determined to betray me, so well deseruing of him, for to haue that which he was determined neuer to vse. And so knowing that the next morning I was resolued to go to the place where I had left *Anaxius*, he sent in all speed to a Captaine of a Garrison neere by; which though it belonged to the King of *Iberia*, (yet knowing the Captaines humor to delight so in riotous spending, as he cared not how he came by the meanes to maintaine it) doubted not that to be halfe with him in the gaine, he would play his quarters part in the treason. And therefore that night agreeing of the fittest places where they might surprise me the morning, the old catiffe was growne so ceremonious, as he would needs accompanie me some myles in my way; a sufficient token to me, if Nature had made me apt to suspect; since a churles curtesie rarely comes, but either for gaine, or falshood. But I suffered him to stumble into that point of good manner: to which purpose he came out with all his clownes, horst vpon such cart-iades, and so furnished, as in good faith I thought with my self, if that were thrift, I wisht none of my friends or subiects euer to thriue. As for his daughter (the gentle *Dido*) she would also (but in my conscience with a farre better minde) prolong the time of fare well, as long as he.

And so we went on together: he so old in wickednesse, that he could looke me in the face, and freely talke with me, whose life he had alreadie contracted for: till comming into the falling of a way which ledde vs into a place, of each-side whereof men might easily keepe themselues vndiscouered, I was encompassed sodainly by a great troupe of enemies both of horse and foote, who willed me to yeeld my selfe to the Queene *Artaxia*. But they could not haue vsed worse eloquence to haue perswaded my yeelding, then that; I knowing the little good will *Artaxia* bare me. And therefore making necessitie and iustice my best sword and shield, I vsed the other weapons I had as wel as I could; I am sure to the little ease of a good number, who trusting to their number more then to their valure, and valuing money higher then equitie, felt, that guiltlesnesse is not alwaies with ease oppressed. As for *Chremes*, he withdrew himselfe, so gilding his wicked conceits with his hope of gaine, that he was content to be a beholder how I should bee taken to make his prey.

But I was growne so wearie, that I supported my selfe more with anger then strength, when the most excellent *Musidorus* came to my succour; who hauing followed my trace as well as he could, after he found I had left the fight with *Anaxius*, came to the niggards Castle, where he found all burned and spoiled by the countrie people, who bare mortall hatred to that couetous man, and now tooke the time, when the castle was left almost without garde, to come in, and leaue monuments of their malice therein: which *Musidorus* not staying either to further, or impeache, came vpon the spurre after me (because with one voice many told him, that if I were in his company, it was for no good meant vnto me) and in this extremitie found me. But when I saw that cousin of mine, me thought my life was doubled, and where I before thought of a noble death, I now thought of a noble victorie. For who can feare that hath *Musidorus* by him? who, what he did there for me, how manie he killed, not straunger for the number then for the straunge blowes wherewith he sent them to a well deserued death, might well delight me to speake of, but I should so hold you too long in euerie particular. But in truth, there if euer,

and

and euer, if euer any man, did *Muſidorus* ſhew himſelfe ſecond to none in able valor.

Yet what the vnmeaſurable exceſſe of their number would haue done in the end I know not, but the triall thereof was cut off by the chaunceable comming thither of the King of *Iberia*, that ſame father of the worthie *Plangus*, whom it hath pleaſed you ſometimes to mention: who, not yeelding ouer to olde age his countrey delights, eſpecially of hauking) was at that time (following a Merline) brought to ſee this iniurie offred vnto vs: and hauing great numbers of Courtiers waiting vpon him, was ſtraight known by the ſouldiers that aſſaulted vs, to be their King, and ſo moſt of them withdrew themſelues.

He by his authoritie knowing of the Captaines owne conſtrained confeſſion, what was the motiue of this miſchieuous practiſe; miſliking much ſuch violence ſhould be offred in his countrie to men of our ranke, but chiefely diſdaining it ſhould be done in reſpect of his Niece, whom (I muſt confeſſe wrongfully) he hated, becauſe he interpreted that her brother and ſhe had maintained his ſonne *Plangus* againſt him, cauſed the Captaines head preſently to be ſtriken off, and the old bad *Chremes* to be hanged: though truly for my part, I earneſtly laboured for his life, becauſe I had eaten of his bread. But one thing was notable for a concluſion of his miſerable life, that neither the death of his daughter, who (alas poore Gentlewoman, was by chaunce ſlaine among his clownes, while ſhe ouerboldly for her weake ſex ſought to hold them from me) nor yet his owne ſhameful end was ſo much in his mouth as he was led to execution, as the loſſe of his goods, and burning of his houſe: which often, with more laughter then teares of the hearers, he made pittifull exclamations vpon.

This iuſtice thus done, and we deliuered, the King in deede in royall ſort inuited vs to his Court, not farre thence: in all points entertaining vs ſo, as truely I muſt euer acknowledge a behouldingnes vnto him: although the ſtreame of it fell out not to be ſo ſweet as the ſpring. For after ſome daies being there (curing our ſelues of ſuch wounds as we had receiued, while I, cauſing diligent ſearch to be made of *Anaxius*, could learne nothing, but that he was gone out of the countrie, boaſting in euery place how he had made me run away) we were brought to receiue the fauour of acquaintance with this Queene *Andromana*, whom the Princeſſe *Pamela* did in ſo liuely colours deſcribe the laſt day, as ſtill me thinks the figure thereof poſſeſſeth mine eyes, confirmed by the knowledge my ſelfe had.

And therefore I ſhall neede the leſſe to make you know what kind of woman ſhe was; but this onely, that firſt with the raines of affection, and after with the verie vſe of directing, ſhe had made her ſelfe ſo abſolute a maiſter of her husbands minde, that a while he would not, and after, he could not tell how to gouerne without being gouerned by her: but finding an eaſe in not vnderſtanding, let looſe his thoughts wholly to pleaſure, entruſting to her the entire conduct of all his royall affaires. A thing that may luckily fall out to him that hath the bleſſing, to match with ſome Heroicall minded Lady. But in him it was neither guided by wiſedome, nor followed by Fortune, but thereby was ſlipt inſenſibly into ſuch an eſtate, that he liued at her vndiſcreete diſcretion: all his ſubiects hauing by ſome yeares learned, ſo to hope for good, and feare of harme, onely from her, that it ſhould haue needed a ſtronger vertue then his, to haue vnwound ſo deepely an entred vice. So that either not ſtriuing (becauſe he was contented) or contented (becauſe he would not ſtriue) he ſcarcely knew what was done in his owne chamber, but as it pleaſed her Inſtruments to frame the relation.

Now

Now we being brought knowen vnto her (the time that we spent in curing some very dangerous wounds) after once we were acquainted (and acquainted we were sooner then our selues expected) she continually almost haunted vs, till (and it was not long a doing) we discouered a most violent bent of affection: & that so strangely, that we might well see, an euill minde in authoritie, doth not onely follow the sway of the desires already within it, but frames to it selfe new desires, not before thought of. For, with equall ardour she affected vs both: and so did her greatnesse disdaine shamefastnesse, that she was content to acknowledge it to both. For (hauing many times torne the vaile of modestie) it seemed, for a last delight, that she delighted in infamy: which often she had vsed to her husbands shame, filling all mens eares (but his) with his reproch; while he (hoodwinkt with kindnesse) least of all men knew who strake him. But her first degree was, by setting forth her beauties (truely in nature not to be misliked, but as much aduanced to the eye, as abased to the iudgement by art) thereby to bring vs (as willingly-caught fishes) to bite at her bait. And thereto had she that scutchion of her desires supported by certaine badly-diligent ministers, who often cloyed our eares with her praises, and would needs teach vs a way of felicitie by seeking her fauour. But when she found, that we were as deafe to them as dumb to her, then she listed no longer stay in the suburbs of her foolish desires, but directly entred vpon them; making her selfe an impudent suter, authorizing her selfe very much with making vs see that all fauour & power in that realme, so depended vpon her, as now (being in her hands) wee were either to keepe, or lose our liberty, at her discretion; which yet a while she so tempred, as that we might rather suspect, then she threaten. But when our wounds grew so, as that they gaue vs leaue to trauell, and that she found we were purposed to vse all meanes we could to depart thence, she (with more & more importunatenes) craued, which in all good maners was either of vs to be desired, or not granted. Truly (most faire and euery way excellent Lady) you would haue wondred to haue seene, how before vs she would confesse the contention in her own mind between that louely (indeed most louely) brownes of *Musidorus* his face, & this colour of mine, which shee (in the deceiuable stile of affection) would intitle beautifull: but her eyes wandred like a glutton at a feast, from the one to the other; & how her words would begin halfe of the sentence to *Musidorus*, & end the other halfe to *Pyrocles*: not ashamed, seeing the friendship between vs, to desire either of vs to be a mediator to the other; as if we should haue played one request at Tennis betweene vs: and often wishing that she might be the angle, where the lines of our friendshippe might meet; and be the knot which might tie our harts together. Which proceeding of hers I do the more largely set before you (most deare Lady) because by the foile thereof, you may see the nobleneſse of my desire to you, & the warrantablenes of your fauour to me.

At that *Philoclea* smiled, with a little nod. But, said *Pyrocles*, when she perceiued no hope by sute to preuaile, then (perswaded by the rage of affection, and encouraged by daring to doe any thing) shee found meanes to haue vs accused to the King, as though vvee vvent about some practise to ouerthrowe him in his owne state. VVhich because of the strange successes wee had had in the Kingdomes of *Phrygia*, *Pontus* and *Galatia*, seemed not vnlikely to him, who (but skimming any thing that came before him) was disciplined to leaue the through-handling of all to his gentle wife: who forthwith caused vs to be put in prison, hauing (while we slept) depriued vs of our armes: a prison, indeed iniurious, because a prison, but else well testifying affection, because in al respects as cõmodious as a prison might

might be: and indeede so placed, as shee might at all houres (not seene by many, though she cared not much how many had seene her) come vnto vs. Then fell she to sauce her desires with threatnings, so that we were in a great perplexitie, restrained to so vnworthie a bondage, & yet restrained by loue, which (I cannot tell how) in noble mindes, by a certaine dutie, claimes an answering. And how much that loue might moue vs, so much, and more that faultinesse of her minde removed vs; her beautie being ballanced by her shamelesnesse. But that which did (as it were) tie vs in a captiuitie, was, that to grant, had been wickedly iniurious to him, that had saued our liues: and to accuse a Lady that loued vs, of her loue vnto vs, we esteemed almost as dishonourable: and but by one of those waies we saw no likelyhood of going out of that place, where the words would be iniurious to your eares, which should expresse the manner of her suite: while yet many times earnestnes dyed her cheekes with the colour of shamefastnesse; and wanton languishing borrowed of her eyes the downe-cast looke of modestie. But we in the mean time farre from louing her, and often assuring her, that wee would not so recompence her husbands saving of our liues; to such a ridiculous degree of trusting her, shee had brought him, that she caused him send vs word, that vpon our liues, we should doe whatsoeuer she commaunded vs: good man, not knowing any other, but that all her pleasures were directed to the preseruation of his estate. But when that made vs rather pittie then obey his folly, then fell shee to seruile entreating vs, as though force could haue beene the schoole of Loue, or that an honest courage would not rather striue against, then yeeld to iniurie. All which yet could not make vs accuse her, though it made vs almost pine away for spight, to loose any of our time in so troublesome an idlenesse.

But while we were thus full of wearinesse of vvhat was past, and doubt of what was to follow, Loue (that I thinke in the course of my life hath a sport sometimes to poyson mee with roses, sometimes to heale mee with wormewood) brought foorth a remedie vnto vs: which though it helped mee out of that distresse, alas the conclusion was such, as I must euer while I liue, think it worse then a wrack, so to haue beene preserued. This King by his Queene had a sonne of tender age, but of great expectation, brought vp in the hope of themselues, and alreadie acceptation of the inconstant people, as successor of his fathers crowne: whereof he was as worthie, considering his parts, as vnworthy, in respect of the wrong was thereby done against the most noble *Plangus*: whose great deserts now either forgotten, or vngratefully remembred, all men set their sailes with the fauourable winde, which blew on the fortune of this young Prince, perchance not in their harts, but surely in their mouthes, now giuing *Plangus* (who some yeares before was their onelie champion) the poore comfort of calamitie, pittie. This youth therefore accounted Prince of that region, by name *Palladius*, did with vehement affection loue a yong Lady, brought vp in his fathers court, called *Zelmane*, daughter to that mischieuously vnhappy Prince *Plexirtus* (of whom already I haue, and sometimes must make, but neuer honourable, mention) left there by her father, because of the intricate changeablenes of his estate; he by the mother side beeing halfe brother to this Queene *Andromana*, and therefore the willinger committing her to her care. But as Loue (alas) doth not alwayes reflect it selfe, (so fell it out that this *Zelmane*, (though truely reason there was enough to loue *Palladius*) yet could not euer perswade her heart to yeeld thereunto: with that paine to *Palladius*, as they feele, that feele an vnloued loue. Yet louing indeed, and therefore constant, hee vsed

still

ſtill the interceſsion of diligence and faith, euer hoping, becauſe he would not put him ſelfe into that hell, to be hopeleſſe: vntill the time of our being come, and captiued there, brought foorth this ende, which truely deſerues of me a further degree of ſorrow then teares.

Such was there in my ill deſtinie, that this young ladie *Zelmane* (like ſome vnwiſely liberal, that more delight to giue preſents, then pay debts) ſhe choſe (alas for the pitie) rather to beſtowe her loue (ſo much vndeſerued, as not deſired) vpon me, then to recompence him, whoſe loue (beſides many other things) might ſeeme (euen in the court of Honour) iuſtly to claime it of her. But ſo it was: alas that ſo it was! whereby it came to paſſe (that as nothing doth more naturally ſollow his cauſe, then care to preſerue, and benefit doth follow vnfained affection) ſhe felt with me, what I felt of my captiuitie, and ſtreight laboured to redreſſe my paine; which was her paine: which ſhe could do by no better meanes, then by vſing the helpe therein of *Palladius*: who (true Louer) conſidering what and not why, in all her commaundements; and indeed ſhee concealing from him her affection (which ſhee intituled compaſsion) immediatly obeyed to imploy his vttermoſt credit to relieue vs: which though as great, as a beloued ſonne with a mother, faultie otherwiſe, but not hard-harted toward him, yet it could not preuaile to procure vs libertie. Wherefore he ſought to haue that by practiſe, which he could not by prayer. And ſo being allowed often to viſite vs (for indeed our reſtraints were more, or leſſe, according as the ague of her paſsion was either in the fit or intermiſsion) he vſed the opportunitie of a fit time thus to deliuer vs.

The time of the marying that Queene was euery yeare, by the extreame loue of her husband, & the ſeruiceable loue of the Courtiers, made notable by ſome publike honours, which did (as it were) proclaime to the world, how deare ſhe was to that people. Among other, none was either more gratefull to the beholders, or more noble in it ſelfe, then iuſts, both with ſword and launce, maintained for a ſeuen-night together: wherein, that Nation doth ſo excell, both for comelineſſe and ableneſſe, that from neighbor-countries they ordinarily come, ſome to ſtriue, ſome to learne, ſome to behold.

This day it happened that diuers famous Knights came thither frō the Court of *Helen*, Queene of *Corinth*; a Lady, whom ſame at that time was ſo deſirous to honor, that ſhe borowed all mens mouthes to ioyne with the ſound of her Trumpet. For as her beautie hath wonne the prize from al women, that ſtand in degree of compariſon (for as for the two ſiſters of *Arcadia*, they are far beyond all conceit of compariſon) ſo hath her gouernment bene ſuch as hath bene no leſſe beautifull to mens iudgements, then her beautie to the eye-ſight. For being brought by right of birth, a woman, a yong woman, a faire woman, to gouerne a people, in nature mutinouſly proud, & alwayes before ſo vſed to hard gouernours, as they knew not how to obey without the ſworde were drawne: Yet could ſhe for ſome yeares, ſo cary her ſelfe among them, that they found cauſe in the delicacie of her ſex, of admiration, not of contempt: and which was notable, euen in the time that many countries about her were full of wars (which for old grudges to *Corinth* were thought ſtil would conclude there) yet ſo handled ſhe the matter, that the threatens euer ſmarted in the threatners; ſhe vſing ſo ſtrange, and yet ſo well-ſucceeding a temper, that ſhe made her people by peace, warlike; her courtiers by ſports, learned; her Ladies by Loue, chaſt. For by continuall martiall exerciſes vvithout bloud, ſhe made them perfect in that bloudy art. Her ſports vvere ſuch as caried riches of Knovvledge vpō the ſtream

of Delight: and such the behauiour both of her selfe and her Ladies, as builded their chastitie not vpon waiwardnesse, but choice of worthinesse: So as it seemed, that court to haue bin the mariage place of Loue and Vertue, & that her selfe was a *Diana* apparelled in the garments of *Venus*. And this which Fame only deliuered vnto me, (for yet I haue neuer seene her) I am the willinger to speake of to you, who (I know) know her better, being your neere neighbour, because you may see by her example (in her self wise, & of others beloued) that neither folly is the cause of vehemēt loue, nor reproch the effect. For neuer (I think) was there any woman, that with more vnremouable determination gaue her selfe to the counsell of loue, after shee had once set before her mind the worthinesse of your cosin *Amphialus*; and yet is neither her wisdome doubted of, nor honor blemished. For (O God) what doth better become wisdome, then to discerne what is worthy the louing? what more agreable to goodnesse, then to loue it so discerned? and what to greatnesse of hart, then to be constant in it once loued? But at that time, that loue of hers was not so publikely known, as the death of *Philoxenus* and her search of *Amphialus* hath made it: but then seemed to haue such leasure to send thither diuerse choise knights of her court, because they might bring her, at least the knowledge, perchance the honor of that triūph. Wherin so they behaued themselues as for three daies they caried the prize; which being come from so far a place to disgrace her seruants, *Palladius* (who himselfe had neuer vsed armes) perswaded the Queene *Andromana* to be content (for the honor sake of her court) to suffer vs two to haue our horse and armour, that he with vs might vndertake the recouery of their lost honour: which she granted, taking our oth to go no further then her sonne, nor euer to abandon him. Which she did not more for saueing him, then keeping vs: and yet not satisfied with our oth, appointed a band of horsemen to haue eye, that we should not go beyond appointed limits. We were willing to gratifie the yong Prince, who (we saw) loued vs. And to the fourth day of that exercise, we came into the field: where (I remember) the manner was, that the forenoone they should run at tilt, one after the other: the afternoone in a broad field in maner of a battell, til either the strangers, or that countrie Knights wan the field.

The first that ran was a braue Knight, whose deuise was to come in, all chayned with a Nymph leading him: his *Impresa* was

Against him came forth an *Iberian*, whose manner of entring was, with Bagpipes in steed of trumpets; a shepheards boy before him for a Page, and by him a dozen apparelled like shepheards for the fashion, though rich in stuffe, who caried his Lances, which though strong to giue a launcely blow indeed, yet so were they coloured with hookes neere the mourne, that they pretily represented sheephooks. His owne furniture was dresst ouer with wooll, so enriched with Iewels artificially placed, that one would haue thought it a mariage betweene the lowest and the highest. His *Impresa* was a sheepe marked with pitch, with this woord, *Spotted to be knowne*. And because I may tell you out his conceipt (though that were not don, till the running for that time was ended) before the Ladies departed from the windowes, among whome there was one (they say) that was the *Star*, whereby his course was onely directed, the Shepherds attending vpon *PHILISIDES* went among them, and sang an eclogue; one of them answering another, while the other shepherds pulling out recorders (which possest the place of pipes) accorded their musike to the others voice. The Eclogue had great praise: I onely remember sixe verses, while hauing questioned one with the other, of their fellow-shepheards sodaine growing a man of armes, and the cause of his so doing, they thus said.

Me

ME thought ſome ſtaues he miſt: if ſo, not much amiſſe:
For where he moſt would hit, he euer yet did miſſe.
One ſaid he brake acroſſe; full well it ſo might be:
For neuer was there man more croſſely croſt then he.
But moſt cryed, O well broke: O foole full gaily bleſt:
Where failing is a ſhame, and breaking is his beſt.

Thus I haue digreſt, becauſe his manner liked me well: But when he began to run againſt *Lelius*, it had neere growne (though great loue had euer bene betwixt them) to a quarrell. For *Philiſides* breaking his ſtaues, with great commendation, *Lelius* (who was knowne to be ſecond to none in the perfection of that art) ranne euer ouer his head, but ſo finely to the skilfull eyes, that one might well ſee he ſhewed more knowledge in miſſing, then others did in hitting. For with ſo gallant a grace his ſtaffe came ſwimming cloſe ouer the creſt of the Helmet, as if he would repreſent the kiſſe, and not the ſtroke of *Mars*. But *Philiſides* was much moued with it, while he thought *Lelius* would ſhew a contempt of his youth: till *Lelius*, (who therefore would ſatisfie him, becauſe he was his friend) made him know, that to ſuch bondage he was for ſo many courſes tyed by her, whoſe diſgraces to him were graced by her excellencie, and whoſe iniuries he could neuer otherwiſe returne, then honors.

But ſo by *Lelius* willing-miſſing was the oddes of the *Iberian* ſide, and continued ſo in the next by the excellent running of a Knight, though foſtred ſo by the *Muſes*, as many times the very ruſticke people left both their delights and profits to harken to his ſongs, yet could he ſo well performe all armed ſports, as if he had neuer had any other pen, then a Launce in his hand. He came in like a wilde man; but, ſuch a wildeneſſe, as ſhewed his eye-ſight had tamed him, full of withered leaues, which though they fell not, ſtill threatned falling. His *Impreſa* was, a mill-horſe ſtill bound to goe in one circle; with this word, *Data fata ſequutus*. But after him the *Corinthian* knights abſolutely preuailed, eſpecially a great noble man of *Corinth*, whoſe deuice was to come without any deuice, all in white like a new Knight, as indeed he was; but ſo new, as his newnes ſhamed moſt of the others long exercile. Then another from whoſe tent I remember a birde was made flie, with ſuch art to carry a written ambaſſage among the Ladies, that one might ſay, If a liue bird, how ſo taught? if a dead bird, how ſo made? Then he, who hidden, man and horſe in a great figure liuely repreſenting the *Phœnix*: the fire tooke ſo artificially as it conſumed the bird, and left him to riſe as it were, out of the aſhes thereof. Againſt whom was the fine froſen Knight, froſen in deſpaire; but his armour ſo naturally repreſenting Ice, and all his furniture ſo liuely anſwering thereto, as yet did I neuer ſee any thing that pleaſed me better.

But the delight of thoſe pleaſing ſights, haue caried me too farre into an vnneceſſary diſcourſe. Let it then ſuffice (moſt excellent Lady) that you know the *Corinthians* that morning in the exercile (as they had done the daies before) had the better: *Palladius* neither ſuffring vs, nor himſelf to take in hand the partie til the after hoone; when we were to fight in troupes, not differing otherwiſe from earneſt, but that the ſharpneſſe of the weapons was taken away. But in the triall, *Palladius* (eſpecially led by *Muſidorus*, and ſomewhat aided by me) himſelfe truely behauing himſelfe nothing like a beginner, brought the honour to reſt it ſelfe that night on the *Iberian* ſides: and the next day, both morning, and after-noone being kept by

our partie. He (that saw the time fit for the deliuerie he intended) called vnto vs to follow him; which we both bound by oth, & willing by good-will, obeyed: and so the gard not daring to interrupt vs (he commaunding passage) we went after him vpon the spur to a little house in a forrest neere by: which he thought would be the fittest resting place, till we might go further from his mothers furie, whereat he was no lesse angrie, and ashamed, then desirous to obey *Zelmane*.

But his mother (as I learned since) vnderstanding by the gard her sonnes conueying vs away (forgetting her greatnesse, and resigning modestie to more quiet thoughts) flewe out from her place, and cried to be accompanied, for shee her selfe would follow vs. But what she did (being rather with vehemencie of passion, then conduct of reason) made her stumble while she ran, & by her owne confusion hinder her own desires. For so impatiently she commaunded, as a good while no body knew what she commaunded; so as we had gotten so farre the start, as to be already past the confines of her kingdome before she ouertooke vs: and ouertake vs she did in the kingdome of *Bythinia*, nor regarding shame, or danger of hauing entred into anothers dominions: but (hauing with her about a threescore horse-men) streight commaunded to take vs aliue, and not to regard her sonnes threatning therein: which they attempted to do, first by speach, and then by force. But neither liking their eloquence, nor fearing their might, we esteemed few swords in a iust defence, able to resist many vniust assaulters. And so *Musidorus* incredible valour (beating downe all lets) made both me, and *Palladius*, so good way, that we had little to do to ouercome weake wrong.

And now had we the victorie in effect without bloud, when *Palladius* (heated with the fight, and angrie with his mothers fault) so pursued our assaylers, that one of them (who as I heard since had before our comming bene a speciall minion of *Andromana*, & hated vs for hauing dispossest him of her heart) taking him to be one of vs, with a traiterous blow slewe his young Prince: who falling downe before our eyes, whome he specially had deliuered, iudge (sweetest Lady) whether anger might not be called iustice in such a case: once, so it wrought in vs, that many of his subiects bodies we left there dead, to wait on him more faithfully to the other world.

All this while disdaine, strengthened by the furie of a furious loue, made *Andromana* stay to the last of the combat: and when she saw vs light down, to see what help we might do to the helplesse *Palladius*, she came running madly vnto vs, then no lesse threatning, when she had no more power to hurt. But when she perceiued it was her onely sonne that lay hurt, and that his hurt was so deadly, as that already his life had lost the vse of the reasonable, and almost sensible part; then onely did misfortune lay his owne ouglinesse vpon her fault, and make her see what she had done, and to what she was come, especially, finding in vs rather detestation then pittie, (considering the losse of that young Prince) and resolution presently to departe, which still she laboured to stay. But depriued of all comfort, with eyes full of death, she ranne to her sonnes dagger, and before we were aware of it (who else would haue stayed it) strake her selfe a mortall wound. But then her loue, though not her person, awaked pittie in vs, and I went to her, while *Musidorus* laboured about *Palladius*. But the wound was past the cure of a better surgeon then my selfe, so as I could but receiue some fewe of her dying words, which were cursings of her ill set affection, and wishing vnto me many crosses and mischances in my loue, when soeuer I should loue, wherein I feare, and onely feare that her praier is from aboue granted. But the noise of this fight, and issue thereof being blazed by the country

people to some noble men thereabouts, they came thither, and finding the wrong offered vs, let vs go on our iourney, we hauing recõmended those royall bodies vnto them to be conueied to the King of *Iberia*. With that *Philoclea*, seeing the teares stand in his eyes with remẽbrance of *Palladius*, but much more of that which thervpon grew, she would needes drink a kisse from those eyes, and he sucke another from her lips; wherat she blushed, and yet kissed him againe to hide her blushing: which had almost brought *Pyrocles* into another discourse, but that she with so sweete a rigor forbad him, that he durst not rebell, though he found it a great warre to keepe that peace, but was faine to goe on in his storie: for so she absolutely bad him, and he durst not know how to disobey.

So (said he) parting from that place before the Sunne had much abased himselfe of his greatest height, we sawe sitting vpon the drie landes (which yeelded at that time a verie hotte reflection) a faire Gentlewoman, whose gesture accused her of much sorow, and euery way shewed she cared not what paine she put her body to, since the better parte (her minde) was laide vnder so much agonie: and so was she dulled withal, that we could come so neare, as to heare her speeches, and yet she not perceiue the hearers of her lamentation. But wel we might vnderstand her at times say, Thou dost kill me with thy vnkinde falshood: and, it greeues me not to die, but it greeues me that thou art the murtherer: neither doth mine own paine so much vexe me, as thy errour. For God knowes, it would not trouble me to be slain for thee, but much it torments me to be slaine by thee. Thou art vntrue, *Pamphilus*, thou art vntrue, and woe is me therefore. How oft didst thou sweare vnto me, that the Sunne should loose his light, and the rockes runne vp and downe like little kiddes, before thou wouldest falsifie thy faith to me? Sunne therefore put out thy shining, and rockes runne madde for sorow, for *Pamphilus* is false. But alas the sun keepes his light, though thy faith be darkened, the rockes stand still, though thou change like a wethercocke. O foole that I am, that thought I could graspe water, and binde the winde. I might well haue known thee by others, but I would not: and rather wished to learne poison by drinking it my selfe, while my soue helped thy words to deceiue me. Well, yet I would thou hadst made a better choise when thou didst forsake thy vnfortunate *Leucippe*. But it is no matter. *Baccha* (thy new mistres) wil reuenge my wrongs. But do not *Baccha*, let *Pamphilus* liue happy though I dye.

And much more to such like phrase she spake, but that I (who had occasion to know some thing of that *Pamphilus*) stept to comfort her: and though I could not doo that, yet I got thus much knowledge of her, that this being the same *Leucippe*, to whome the vnconstant *Pamphilus* had betrothed himselfe, which had moued the other Ladies to such indignation as I tolde you; neither her worthinesse (which in trueth was great) nor his owne suffering for her (which is wont to endeare affection) could fetter his fickleneſſe, but that before his mariage-daye appointed, he had taken to wife that *Baccha*, of whome she complained; one, that in diuers places I had heard before blazed, as the most impudently vnchaste woman of all *Asia*; and withall, of such an imperiousnesse therein, that she would not sticke to employ them whome she made vnhappie with her fauour, to draw more companions of their follie: in the multitude of whome she did no lesse glorie, then a Captaine would doo, of being followed by braue Souldiers: waiwardly proud; and therefore bold, because extremely faultie: and yet hauing no good thing to redeeme both these, and other vnlouely parts, but a little beautie, disgraced with wandering eyes and vnwaied speeches; yet had *Pamphilus* (for her) left *Leucippe*, and withal, left

his faith: *Leucippe*, of whom one looke (in a cleere iudgement) would haue bin more acceptable, then all her kindneſſes ſo prodigallie beſtowed. For my ſelfe, the remembrance of his cruell handling *Dido*, ioyned to this, ſtirred me to ſeeke ſome reuenge vpon him, but that I thought, it ſhould be a gaine to him to loſe his life, being ſo matched: and therefore (leauing him to be puniſhed by his owne election) we conueyed *Leucippe* to a houſe thereby, dedicated to *Veſtall* Nunnes, where ſhee reſolued to ſpend all her yeares (which her youth promiſed ſhould be many) in bewailing the wrong, and yet praying for the wrong doer.

But the next morning, we (hauing ſtriuen with the Sunnes earlineſſe) were ſcarcely beyond the proſpect of the high turrets of that building, when there ouertooke vs a young Gentleman, for ſo he ſeemed to vs, but indeede (ſweete Ladie) it was the faire *Zelmane*, *Plexirtus* daughter; whom vnconſulting affection (vnfortunately borne to me-wards) had made borowe ſo much of her naturall modeſtie, as to leaue her more-decent rayments, and taking occaſion of *Andromanas* tumultuous purſuing vs, had apparelled her ſelfe like a page, with a pitifull crueltie cutting off her golden haire, leauing nothing, but the ſhort curles, to couer that noble head, but that ſhe ware vpon it a faire head-peece, a ſhield at her backe, and a launce in her hand, els diſarmed. Her apparell of white, wrought vpon with broken knots, her horſe, faire and luſtie, which ſhe rid ſo, as might ſhew a fearefull boldnes, daring to doo that, which ſhe knew that ſhe knew not how to doo: and the ſweeteneſſe of her countenance did giue ſuch a grace to what ſhe did, that it did make handſome the vnhandſomneſſe, and make the eye force the minde to beleeue, that there was a praiſe in that vnskilfulneſſe. But ſhe ſtraight approached me, and with fewe words (which borrowed the helpe of her countenance to make themſelues vnderſtood) ſhe deſired me to accept her into my ſeruice: telling me ſhe was a noblemans ſonne of *Iberia*, her name *Daiphantus*, who hauing ſeen what I had done in that court, had ſtolne from her father, to follow me. I enquired the particularities of the maner of *Andromanas* following me, which by her I vnderſtood, ſhe hiding nothing (but her ſexe) from me. And ſtill me thought I had ſeene that face, but the great alteration of her fortune, made her far diſtant from my memorie: but liking verie well the yong Gentleman, (ſuch I tooke her to be) admitted this *Daiphantus* about me, who well ſhewed there is no ſeruice like his, that ſerues becauſe he loues. For though born of Princes bloud, brought vp with tendereſt education, vnapt to ſeruice (becauſe a woman) and full of thoughts (becauſe in a ſtrange eſtate,) yet Loue enioyned ſuch diligence, that no apprentice, no, no bondſlaue could euer be by feare more readie at all commaundements, then that yong Princeſſe was. How often (alas) did her eyes ſay vnto me, that they loued? and yet, (I not looking for ſuch a matter) had not my conceipt open to vnderſtand them: how often would ſhe come creeping to me, betweene gladneſſe to be neare me, & feare to offend me? Truly I remember, that then I marualled to ſee her receiue my commandements with ſighes, and yet do them with cheerefulneſſe: ſometimes anſwering me in ſuch riddles, as I then thought a childiſh inexperience: but ſince returning to my remembrance they haue come more cleere vnto my knowledge: and pardon me (onely deare Lady) that I vſe many words: for her affection to me deſerues of me an affectionate ſpeach.

But in ſuch ſort did ſhe ſerue me in that kingdom of *Bythinia*, for two monethes ſpace: in which time we brought to good end, a cruell warre long maintained betweene the king of *Bythinia* and his brother. For my excellent couſin, and I (diuiding our ſelues to either ſide) found meanes (after ſome triall we had made of our ſelues)

to

to get such credite with them, as we brought them to as great peace betweene themselues, as loue toward vs, for hauing made the peace. Which done, we entended to returne through the kingdome of *Galatia*, toward *Thrace*, to ease the care of our father and mother, who (we were sure) first with the shipwrack, and then with the other daungers we daylie past, should haue little rest in their thoughts till they saw vs. But we were not entred into that kingdome, when by the noyse of a great fight, we were guided to a pleasant vally, which like one of those Circusses, which in great Cities some where doth giue a pleasant spectacle of running horses; so of either side stretching it selfe in a narrow length was it hemd in by wooddie hilles, as if indeed Nature had meant therein to make a place for beholders. And there we beheld one of the cruellest fights betweene two Knights, that euer hath adorned the most martiall storie. So as I must confesse, a while we stood bewondred, another while delighted with the rare beautie thereof; till seeing such streames of bloud, as threatned a drowning of life, we galloped toward them to part them. But we were preuented by a dozen armed knights or rather villaines, who vsing this time of their extreame feebleneese, altogether set vpon them. But common daunger brake off particular discord, so that (though with a dying weakneese) with a liuely courage they resisted, and by our helpe draue away, or slue those murdering attempters: among whom we hapt to take aliue the principall. But going to disarme those two excellent knights we found with no lesse wonder to vs, then astonishment to themselues, that they were the two valiant, and indeed famous brothers, *Tydeus* and *Telenor*; whose aduenture (as afterward we made that vngracious wretch confesse) had thus fallen out.

After the noble Prince *Leonatus* had by his fathers death succeeded in the kingdome of *Galatia*, he (forgetting all former iniuries) had receiued that naughty *Plexirtus* into a straight degree of fauour, his goodneese being as apt to be deceiued, as the others craft was to deceiue. Till by plaine proofe finding, that the vngrateful man went about to poiso him, yet would he not suffer his kindneese to be ouercome, not by iustice it selfe: but calling him to him, vsed words to this purpose. *Plexirtus* (said he) this wickedneese is found by thee; no good deedes of mine haue bene able to keepe it down in thee: all men counsell me to take away thy life, likely to bring forth nothing, but as daungerous, as wicked effects, but I cannot find it in my heart, remembring what fathers sonne thou art: but since it is the violence of ambition, which perchaunce puls thee from thine owne iudgement, I will see, whether the satisfying that, may quiet the ill working of thy spirits. Not farre hence is the great citie of *Trebisond*; which, with the territorie about it, auncientlie pertained vnto this crowne, now vniustly possessed, and as vniustly abused by those, who haue neither title to hold it, nor vertue to rule it. To the conquest of that for thy selfe I will lend thee force, and giue thee my right: Go therefore, and with lesse vnnaturalneese glut thy ambition there; and that done, if it be possible, learne vertue.

Plexirtus, mingling forsworne excuses with false-meant promises, gladly embraced the offer: and hastily sending backe for those two brothers (who at that time were with vs succouring the gracious Queene *Erona*) by their vertue chiefly (if not onlie) obtained the conquest of that goodlie dominion. Which indeed done by them, gaue them such an authoritie, that though he raigned, they in effect ruled, most men honouring them, because they only deserued honour; and manie, thinking therein to please *Plexirtus*, considering how much he was bound vnto them:

while

while they likewiſe (with a certain ſincere boldneſſe of ſelf-warranting friendſhip) accepted all openly and plainely, thinking nothing ſhould euer by *Plexirtus* be thought too much in them, ſince all they were, was his.

But he (who by the rules of his owne mind, could conſtrue no other end of mens doings, but ſelfe-ſeeking) ſodainly feared what they could do, and as ſodainlie ſuſpected, what they would do, and as ſodainly hated them, as hauing both might, and mind to do. But dreading their power, ſtanding ſo ſtrongly in their owne valour, and others affection, he durſt not take open way againſt them, and as hard it was to take a ſecret, they being ſo continually followed by the beſt, and euerie way ableſt of that region, and therefore vſed this diueliſh ſleight (which I will tell you) not doubting (moſt wicked man) to turne their owne friēdſhip toward him to their owne deſtruction. He (knowing that they well knew, there was no friendſhip betweene him and the new king of *Pontus*, neuer ſince he ſuccoured *Leonatus* and vs, to his ouerthrow) gaue them to vnderſtand that of late there had paſſed ſecret defiance betweene them, to meet priuately at a place appointed. Which though not ſo fit a thing for men of their greatneſſe, yet was his honour ſo engaged, as he could not go backe. Yet faining to find himſelfe weake by ſome counterfeit infirmitie, the day drawing neare, he requeſted each of them to go in his ſtead; making either of them ſweare to keepe the matter ſecret, euen each from other, deliuering the ſelfe ſame particularities to both, but that he told *Tydeus*, the king would meet him in a blew armour; and *Telenor*, that it was a blacke armour: and with wicked ſubtilty (as if it had bene ſo appointed) cauſed *Tydeus* to take a blacke armour, and *Telenor* a blew; appointing them wayes how to go, ſo as he knew they ſhould not meet, till they came to the place appointed, where each promiſed to keep ſilence, leaſt the king ſhould diſcouer it was not *Plexirtus*: and there in await had hee laid theſe murtherers, that who ouerliued the other, ſhould by them be diſpatched: he not daring truſt more then thoſe with that enterpriſe, and yet thinking them too few, till themſelues by themſelues were weakened.

This we learned chiefly, by the chiefe of thoſe way-beaters, after the death of thoſe two worthie brothers, whoſe loue was no leſſe then their valour: but well we might find much therof by their pitiful lamentation, whē they knew their miſmeeting, and ſaw each other (in deſpite of the ſurgerie we could do vnto them) ſtriuing who ſhould run faſteſt to the goale of death: each bewayling the other, and more dying in the other, then in himſelfe: curſing their owne hands for doing, and their breaſts for not ſooner ſuffering: deteſting their vnfortunately-ſpent time in hauing ſerued ſo vngratefull a Tyrant, and accuſing their follie in hauing beleeued he could faithfullie loue, who did not loue faithfulneſſe: wiſhing vs to take heed, how we placed our good will vpon any other ground, then proofe of vertue: ſince length of acquaintance, mutuall ſecrecies, nor height of benefits could bind a ſauage heart; no man being good to other, that is not good in himſelfe. Then (while any hope was) beſeeching vs to leaue the care of him that beſought, and onlie looke to the other. But when they found by thēſelues, and vs, no poſſiblity, they deſired to be ioyned; and ſo embracing & crauing that pardon each of other, which they denied to themſelues, they gaue vs a moſt ſorowfull ſpectacle of their death; leauing few in the world behind thē, their matches in any thing, if they had ſoone enough knowen the ground & limits of friēdſhip. But with woful harts we cauſed thoſe bodies to be cōueied to the next town of *Bythinia*, were we lerning thus much (as I haue told you) cauſed the wicked Hiſtorian to cōclude his ſtory with his owne wel-deſerued death.

But

But then (I must tell you) I found such wofull countenances in *Daiphantus*, that I could not much maruell (finding them continue beyond the first assault of pitie) how the case of strangers (for further I did not conceiue) could so deepely pierce. But the truth indeed is, that partly with the shame and sorow she tooke of her fathers faultinesse, partlie with the feare, that the hate I conceiued against him, would vtterlie disgrace her in my opinion, whensoeuer I should know her, so vehemently perplexed her, that her faire colour decayed, and dayly and hastilie grew into the verie extreme working of sorowfulnesse: which oft I sought to learne, and helpe. But she as fearefull as louing, still concealed it; and so decaying still more and more in the excellencie of her faireneſſe, but that whatsoeuer weakeneſſe tooke away, pitie seemed to adde: yet still she forced her selfe to waite on me, with such care and diligence, as might well shew had bene taught in no other schoole but Loue.

While we, returning againe to embarke our selues for *Greece*, vnderstood that the mightie *Otanes* (brother to *Barzanes* sleine by *Musidorus*, in the battell of the sixe Princes) had entred vpon the kingdome of *Pontus*, partlie vpon the pretences he had to the crowne, but principally, because he wold reuenge vpon him (whom he knew we loued) the losse of his brother, thinking (as indeed he had cause) that wherſoeuer we were, hearing of his extremitie, we would come to relieue him; in spite whereof he doubted not to preuaile, not onely vpon the confidence of his owne vertue and power, but especiallie because he had in his companie two mighty Giants, sons to a couple, whō we slue in the same realme: they hauing bene absent at their fathers death, and now returned, willinglie entred into his seruice, hating (more then he) both vs and that king of *Pontus*. We therefore with all speed went thitherward, but by the way this fell out, which whensoeuer I remember without sorow, I must forget withall, all humanitie.

Poore *Daiphantus* fell extreme sicke, yet would needs conquer the delicacie of her constitution, and force her selfe to waite on me: till one day going toward *Pontus*, we met one, who in great haste went seeking for *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whose death as yet was not knowne vnto the messenger; who (being their seruant, and knowing how dearelie they loued *Plexirtus*) brought them word, how since their departing, *Plexirtus* was in present daunger of a cruell death, if by the valiantneſſe of one of the best knights of the world, he were not rescued: we enquired no further of the matter (being glad he shold now to his losse find what an vnprofitable treason it had bene vnto him, to dismember himself of two such friends) and so set the messenger parte, not sticking to make him know his maisters destruction by the falshood of *Plexirtus*.

But the griefe of that (finding a bodie already brought to the last degree of weakneſſe) so ouerwhelmed the little remnant of the spirits left in *Daiphantus*, that she fell sodainlie into deadlie sowndings; neuer comming to her selfe, but that withall she returned to make most pitifull lamentations; most straunge vnto vs, because we were farre from guessing the ground thereof. But finding her sickneſſe such as began to print death in her eyes, we made all haste possible to conuey her to the next towne: but before we could lay her on a bed, both we, and she might find in her selfe, that the harbingers of ouer-hastie death had prepared his lodging in that daintie bodie, which she vndoubtedly feeling, with a weake cheerfulneſſe, shewed comfort therein: and then desiring vs both to come neare her, and that no bodie else might be present; with pale, and yet (euen in paleneſſe) louely lips, Now

Or

or neuer,and neuer indeed,but now is it time for me, ſaid ſhe, to ſpeake: & I thanke death which giues me leaue to diſcouer that, the ſuppreſſing whereof perchance hath bene the ſharpeſt ſpurre, that hath haſted my race to this end. Know then my Lords, and eſpeciallie you my Lord and maiſter *Pyrocles*, that your page *Daiphantus* is the vnfortunate *Zelmane*, who for your ſake cauſed my (as vnfortunate) louer and couſin *Palladius*, to leaue his fathers court, and conſequently, both him & my Aunt his mother, to loſe their liues. For your ſake my ſelfe haue become, of a Princeſſe a Page: and for your ſake haue put off the apparell of a woman, and (if you iudge not more mercifully) the modeſty. We were amazed at her ſpeech, and then had (as it were) new eyes giuen vs to perceiue that, which before had bene a preſent ſtranger to our minds: for indeed forthwith we knew it to be the face of *Zelmane*, whom before we had knowne in the court of *Iberia*. And ſorow and pitie laying her paine vpon me, I comforted her the beſt I could by the tenderneſſe of good will, pretending indeed better hope then I had of her recouerie.

But ſhe that had inward embaſſadours from the the tyrant that ſhortly would oppreſſe her: No, my deare maiſter (ſaid ſhe) I neither hope nor deſire to liue. I know you would neuer haue loued me (and with that word ſhe wept) nor, alas, had it bene reaſon you ſhould, conſidering manie wayes my vnworthineſſe. It ſufficeth me that the ſtrange courſe I haue taken, ſhall to your remembrance, witneſſe my loue: and yet this breaking of my heart, before I would diſcouer my paine, will make you I hope, thinke that I was not altogether vnmodeſt. Thinke of me ſo, deare maiſter, and that thought ſhall be my life: and with that languiſhingly looking vpon me: And I pray you (ſaid ſhe) euen by theſe dying eies of mine (which are only ſorie to die, becauſe they ſhall looſe your ſight) and by theſe polled lockes of mine (which while they were long, were the ornament of my ſex, now in their ſhort curles, the teſtimonie of my ſeruitude:) and by the ſeruice I haue done you (which God knows hath bene full of loue) thinke of me after my death with kindneſſe, though you cannot with loue. And whenſoeuer ye ſhall make any other Ladie happie with your well placed affection, if you tell her my follie, I pray you ſpeake of it, not with ſcorne, but with pitie. I aſſure you, deare Princeſſe of my life (for how could it be otherwiſe?) her words and her maner, with the liuelie conſideration of her loue, ſo pierced me, that though I had diuerſe griefes before, yet me thought, I neuer felt till then, how much ſorrow enfeebleth all reſolution: for I could not chooſe but yeeld to the weakeneſſe of abundant weeping; in truth with ſuch griefe, that I could willinglie at that time haue chaunged liues with her.

But when ſhe ſaw my teares, O God, ſaid ſhe, how largely am I recompenced for my loſſes? why then (ſaid ſhe) I may take boldneſſe to make ſome requeſts vnto you. I beſought her to do, vowing the performance, though my life were the price thereof. She ſhewed great ioy: The firſt, ſaid ſhe, is this, that you will pardon my father the diſpleaſure you haue iuſtly conceiued againſt him, and for this once, ſuccour him out of the danger wherein he is: I hope he will amend: and I pray you, whenſoeuer you remember him to be the faultie *Plexirtus*, remember withall that he is *Zelmanes* father. The ſecond is, that when you come once into *Greece*, you will take vnto your ſelfe this name (though vnluckie) of *Daiphantus*, and vouchſafe to be called by it: for ſo ſhall I be ſure, you ſhall haue cauſe to remember me: and let it pleaſe your noble couſin to be called *Palladius*, that I do that right to that poore Prince, that his name yet may liue vpon the earth in ſo excellent a perſon: and ſo betweene you, I truſt ſometimes your vnluckie page ſhall bee (perhaps with a

ſigh) mentioned. Laſtlie, let me be buried here obſcurely, not ſuffering my friends to know my fortune, till (when you are ſafely returned to your owne countrie) you cauſe my bones to be conueyed thither; and laid (I beſeech you) in ſome place where your ſelfe vouchſafe ſometimes to reſort. Alas, ſinal petitions for ſuch a ſuter, which yet ſhe ſo earneſtlie craued, that I was faine to ſweare the accompliſhment. And then kiſing me, and often deſiring me not to condemne her of lightneſſe, in mine armes ſhe deliuered her pure ſoule to the pureſt place: leauing me as full of agonie, as kindneſſe, pitie and ſorow could make an honeſt heart. For I muſt confeſſe for true, that if my ſtarres had not wholly reſerued me for you, there elſe perhaps I might haue loued, and (which had bene moſt ſtrange) begun my loue after death: whereof let it be the leſſe maruell, becauſe ſomewhat ſhe did reſemble you: though as farre ſhort of your perfection, as her ſelfe dying, was of her ſelfe flouriſhing: yet ſomething there was, which (when I ſaw a picture of yours) brought againe her figure into my remembrance, and made my hart as apt to receiue the wound, as the power of your beautie with vnreſiſtable force to pierce.

But we in wofull (and yet priuate) maner burying her, performed her commaundement: and then enquiring of her fathers eſtate, certainely learned that he was preſently to be ſuccoured, or by death to paſſe the need of ſuccor. Therfore we determined to diuide our ſelues; I, according to my vow, to helpe him, and *Muſidorus* toward the King of *Pontus*, who ſtood in no leſſe need then immediate ſuccour: & euen ready to depart one from the other, there came a meſſenger from him, who after ſome enquirie found vs, giuing vs to vnderſtand that he truſting vpon vs two, had appointed the combate betweene him and vs, againſt *Otanes* and the two Giants. Now the day was ſo accorded, as it was impoſſible for me both to ſuccour *Plexirtus*, and be there, where my honour was not only ſo farre engaged, but (by the ſtraunge working of vniuſt fortune) I was to leaue the ſtanding by *Muſidorus*, whome better then my ſelfe I loued, to go ſaue him, whom for iuſt cauſes I hated. But my promiſe giuen, and giuen to *Zelmane*, and to *Zelmane* dying, preuailed more with me, then my friendſhip to *Muſidorus*: though certainely I may affirme, nothing had ſo great rule in my thoughts as that. But my promiſe caried me the eaſier, becauſe *Muſidorus* himſelfe would not ſuffer me to breake it. And ſo with heauie minds (more carefull each of others ſucceſſe, then of our owne) we parted; I toward the place, where I vnderſtood *Plexirtus* was priſoner to an ancient Lord, abſolutely gouerning a goodly Caſtle, with a large territorie about it, whereof he acknowledged no other ſouereigne but himſelfe; whoſe hate to *Plexirtus* grew for a kinſman of his, whom he malicioufly had murdered, becauſe in the time that he raigned in *Galatia*, he found him apt to practiſe for the reſtoring of his vertuous brother *Leonatus*. This old knight, ſtill thirſting for reuenge, vſed (as the way to it) a policy which this occaſion I will tell you, prepared for him. *Plexirtus* in his youth had maried *Zelmanes* mother, who dying of that onely child-birth, he a widower, and not yet a king, haunted the Court of *Armenia*; where (as he was cunning to winne fauour) he obtained great good liking of *Artaxia*, which he purſued, till (being called home by his father) he falſly got his fathers kingdome; and then neglected his former loue: till throwne out of that (by our means) before he was deeply rooted in it, and by and by againe placed in *Trebiſond*, vnderſtanding that *Artaxia* by her brothers death was become Queene of *Armenia*, he was hotter then euer in that purſuit: which being vnderſtood by this old knight, he forged ſuch a letter, as might be written from *Artaxia*, entreating his preſent (but verie priuate) repair thither, giuing

giuing him faithfull promise of present mariage: a thing farre from her thought, hauing faithfullie and publikely protested, that she would neuer marie anie, but some such Prince who would giue sure proofe, that by his means we were destroyed. But he (no more wittie to frame, then blind to iudge hopes) bit hastilie at the baite, and in priuate maner posted toward her, but by the way hee was met by this knight, farre better accompanied, who quicklie laid hold of him, and condemned him to death, cruell enough, if any thing may be both cruell and iust. For hee caused him to be kept in a miserable prison, till a day appointed, at which time he would deliuer him to bee deuoured by a monstrous beast of most vglie shape, armed like a *Rhinoceros*, as strong as an Elephant, as fierce as a Lion, as nimble as a Leopard, and as cruell as a Tigre: whom he hauing kept in a strong place, from the first youth of it, now thought no fitter match, then such a beastlie monster with a monstrous Tyrant: proclaiming yet withal, that if any so well loued him, as to venture their liues against his beast, for him, if they ouercame, he should be saued: not caring how many they were (such confidence he had in that monsters strength) but especiallie hoping to entrap thereby the great courages of *Tydeus* and *Telemor*, whom he no lesse hated, because they had bene principall instruments of the others power.

I dare say, if *Zelmane* had knowne what daunger I should haue passed, she would rather haue let her father perish, then me to haue bidden that aduenture. But my word was past: and trulie, the hardnesse of the enterprise was not so much a bit as a spurre vnto me, knowing well, that the iourney of high honour lies not in plaine wayes. Therefore, going thither, and taking sufficient securitie that *Plexirtus* should be deliuered if I were victorious, I vndertooke the combat: and (to make short, excellent Lady, and not to trouble your eares with recounting a terrible matter) so was my weaknesse blessed from aboue, that without daungerous wounds I slue that monster, which hundreds durst not attempt: to so great admiration of many (who from a safe place might looke on) that there was order giuen, to haue the fight both by sculpture and picture, celebrated in most partes of *Asia*. And the old Noble-man so well liked me, that he loued me; only bewailing, my vertue had bene employed to saue a worse monster then I killed: whom yet (according to faith giuen) he deliuered, and accompanied me to the kingdome of *Pontus*, whither I would needs in all speed go, to see whether it were possible for me (if perchance the day had bene delayed) to come to the combat: but that (before I came) had bene thus finished.

The vertuous *Leonatus* vnderstãding two so good friends of his were to be in that daunger, would perforce be one himselfe; where he did valiantly, and so did the king of *Pontus*. But the truth is, that both they being sore hurt, the incomparable *Musidorus* finished the combat by the death of both the Giants, and the taking of *Otanes* prisoner. To whom as he gaue his life, so he got a noble friend, for so he gaue his word to be, and he is well knowne to thinke himselfe greater in being subiect to that, then in the greatnesse of his Principalitie.

But thither (vnderstanding of our being there) flocked great multitudes of many great persons, and euen of Princes; especiallie those, whom we had made beholding vnto vs: as, the Kings of *Phrygia*, *Bythinia*, with those two hurt, of *Pontus* and *Galatia*, and *Otanes* the prisoner, by *Musidorus* set free; and thither came *Plexirtus* of *Trebisond*, and *Antiphilus* then king of *Lycia*; with as manie mo great Princes drawne either by our reputation, or by willingnesse to acknowledge them-

themſelues obliged vnto vs, for what we had done for the others. So as in thoſe parts of the world, I thinke, in many hundreds of yeares there was not ſeene ſo royall an aſſemblie: where nothing was let paſſe to do vs the higheſt honours, which ſuch perſons (who might commaund both purſes and inuentions) could performe. All from all ſides bringing vnto vs right royall preſents (which we to auoid both vnkindneſſe and importunitie, liberally receiued) and not content therewith, would needs accept, as from vs their crownes, and acknowledge to hold them of vs: with many other exceſſiue honours, which would not ſuffer the meaſure of this ſhort leaſure to deſcribe vnto you.

But we quickly awearie thereof, haſted to *Greece*-ward, led thither partly with the deſire of our Parents, but haſtened principally, becauſe I vnderſtood that *Anaxius* with open mouth of defamation had gone thither to ſeeke me, & was now come to *Peloponneſus*, where from Court to Court he made enquirie of me, doing yet himſelfe ſo noble deeds, as might hap to authorize an ill opinion of me. We therefore ſuffred but ſhort delayes, deſiring to take this countrie in our way, ſo renowmed ouer the world, that no Prince could pretend height, nor begger lowneſſe, to barre him from the ſound therof: renowmed indeed, not ſo much for the ancient praiſes attributed thereunto, as for the hauing in it *Argalus* and *Amphialus* (two knights of ſuch rare proweſſe, as we deſired eſpecially to know) & yet by farre not ſo much for that, as without ſuffering of compariſon for the beautie of you and your ſiſter, which makes all indifferent iudges, that ſpeake thereof, account this countrey as a temple of deities. But theſe cauſes indeed mouing vs to come by this land, we embarked our ſelues in the next port, whither al thoſe Princes (ſauing *Antiphilus*, who returned, as he pretended, not able to tarie longer from *Erona*) conueyed vs. And there found we a ſhip moſt royally furniſhed by *Plexirtus*, who had made all things ſo proper (as well for our defence, as eaſe) that all the other Princes greatly commended him for it: who (ſeeming a quite altered man) had nothing but repentance in his eyes, friendſhip in his geſture, and vertue in his mouth: ſo that we who had promiſed the ſweet *Zelmane* to pardon him, now not onely forgaue, but began to fauour; perſwading our ſelues with a youthfull credulitie, that perchaunce things were not ſo euill as we tooke them, & as it were, deſiring our owne memorie that it might be ſo. But ſo were we licenſed from thoſe Princes, truly not without tears, eſpecially of the vertous *Leonatus*, who with the king of *Pontus* would haue come with vs, but that we (in reſpect of the ones young wife, and both their new ſettled kingdomes) would not ſuffer it. Then would they haue ſent whole fleetes to guard vs: but we, that deſired to paſſe ſecretly into *Greece*, made them leaue that motion, when they found that more ſhippes then one would be diſpleaſing vnto vs. But ſo committing our ſelues to the vncertain diſcretion of the winde, we (then determining as ſoone as we came to *Greece*, to take the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, as well for our owne promiſe to *Zelmane*, as becauſe we deſired to come vnknowne into *Greece*) left the *Aſian* ſhore full of Princely perſons, who euen vpon their knees recommended our ſafeties to the deuotion of their chiefe deſires: among whom none had been ſo officious (though I dare affirme, all quite contrarie to his vnfaithfulneſſe) as *Plexirtus*.

And ſo hauing ſailed almoſt two dayes, looking for nothing but when we might look vpon the land, a graue man (whom we had ſeene of great truſt with *Plexirtus*, and was ſent as our principall guide) came vnto vs, and with a certaine kinde manner mixt with ſhame, and repentance, began to tell vs, that he had taken ſuch a loue

vnto vs (conſidering our youth and fame) that though he were a ſeruant and a ſeruant of ſuch truſt about *Plexirtus*, as that he had committed vnto him euen thoſe ſecrets of his heart, which abhord all other knowledge; yet hee rather choſe to reueale at this time a moſt pernicious counſell, then by concealing it bring to ruine thoſe, whom he could not chooſe but honour. So went he on, and told vs, that *Plexirtus* (in hope thereby to haue *Artaxia*, endowed with the great kingdom of *Armenia*, to his wife) had giuen him order when we were neare *Greece*, to finde ſome opportunity to murder vs, bidding him to take vs aſleep, becauſe he had ſeene what we could do waking. Now ſirs (ſaid he) I would rather a thouſand times loſe my life then haue my remembrance (while I liued) poyſoned with ſuch a miſchiefe: and therefore if it were onely I, that knew herein the kings order, then ſhould my diſobedience be a warrant of your ſafetie. But to one more (ſaid he) namely the Captaine of the ſhip, *Plexirtus* hath opened ſo much touching the effect of murdering you, though I think laying the cauſe rather vpon old grudge, then his hope of *Artaxia*. And my ſelfe, (before the conſideration of your excellencies had drawne loue & pitie into mind) imparted it to ſuch, as I thought fitteſt for ſuch a miſchiefe. Therefore I wiſh you to ſtand vpon your gard, aſſuring you, that what I can do for your ſafetie, you ſhall ſee (if it come to the puſh) by me performed. Wee thanked him, as the matter indeed deſerued, & from that time would no more diſarme our ſelues, nor the one ſleep without his friends eyes waked for him; ſo that it delayed the going forward of their bad enterpriſe, while they thought it rather chaunce, then prouidence, which made vs ſo behaue our ſelues.

But when wee came within halfe a dayes ſayling of the ſhore, ſo that they ſaw it was ſpeedily, or not at all to be done; then (& I remẽber it was about the firſt watch in the night) came the Captaine and whiſpered the Councellour in the eare: But he (as it ſhould ſeem) diſſwading him frõ it, the Captaine (who had been a pyrate from his youth, and often blouded in it) with a loud voyce ſware, that if *Plexirtus* bad him, he would not ſtick to kill God himſelfe. And therewith cald his mates, and in the kings name willed them to take vs aliue or dead; encouraging them with the ſpoyle of vs, which he ſaid (and indeed was true) would yeeld many exceeding rich iewels. But the Councellor (according to his promiſe) commanded them they ſhould not commit ſuch a villanie, proteſting that he would ſtand betweene them and the kings anger therein. Wherewith the Captaine enraged: Nay (ſaid he) then we muſt begin with this traitor himſelfe: and therewith gaue him a ſore blow vpon the head, who honeſtly did the beſt he could to reuenge himſelfe.

But then wee knew it time rather to encounter, then waite for miſchiefe. And ſo againſt the Captaine wee went, who ſtraight was enuironed vvith moſt part of the Souldiers and Mariners. And yet the truth is, there were ſome, whom either the authoritie of the Councellour, doubt of the Kings minde, or liking of vs, made draw their ſwords of our ſide: ſo that quickly it grew a moſt confuſed fight. For the narrowneſſe of the place, the darkneſſe of the time, and the vncertaintie in ſuch a tumult how to knowe friends from foes, made the rage of ſwordes rather guide then be guided by their maiſters. For my coſin and mee, trulie I thinke wee neuer performed leſſe in any place, doing no other hurt then the defence of our ſelues, and ſuccouring them who came for it, draue vs to: for not diſcerning perfectlie, who were for, or againſt vs, wee thought it leſſe euill to ſpare a foe, then ſpoile a friend. But from the higheſt to the loweſt part of the ſhippe there was no place left, without cries of murdering, and murdered perſons. The Captaine I hapt awhile

a while to fight withall, but was driuen to part with him, by hearing the crie of the Counsellour, who receiued a mortall wound, mistaken of one of his owne side. Some of the wiser would call to parley, and wish peace: but while the words of peace were in their mouthes, some of their euill auditors gaue them death for their hire. So that no man almost could conceiue hope of liuing, but by being last aliue: and therefore euerie one was willing to make himselfe roome, by dispatching almost any other: so that the great number in the ship was reduced to exceeding few, when of those few the most part wearie of those troubles leapt into the boat, which was fast to the ship: but while they that were first were cutting off the rope that tied it, others came leaping in so disorderly, that they drowned both the boate and themselues.

But while euen in that little remnant (like the children of *Cadmus*) we continued still to slay one another, a fire, which (whether by the desperate malice of some, or intention to separate, or accidentally while all thinges were cast vp and downe) it should seeme had taken a good while before, but neuer heeded of vs, (who onely thought to preserue or reuenge) now violentlie burst out in many places, and began to master the principall parts of the ship. Then necessitie made vs see, that a common enemie sets at one a ciuill warre: for that little all we were (as if we had beene waged by some man to quench a fire) straight went to resist that furious enemie by all art & labour: but it was too late, for already it did embrace and deuour from the sterne to the waste of the ship: so as labouring in vaine, we were driuen to get vp to the prowe of the ship, by the worke of nature seeking to preserue life as long as we could: while truly it was a strange and vglie sight, to see so huge a fire, as it quickly grew, to be in the sea, and in the night, as if it had come to light vs to death. And by & by it had burned off the mast, which all this while had proudly borne the saile (the wind, as might seeme, delighted to carie fire and bloud in his mouth) but now it fell ouer boord, and the fire growing nearer vs, it was not only terrible in respect of what we were to attend, but insupportable through the heat of it.

So that we were constrained to bide it no longer, but disarming and stripping our selues, and laying our selues vpon such things, as we thought might helpe our swimming to the land (too farre for our owne strength to beare vs) my cousin and I threw our selues into the Sea. But I had swomme a verie little vway, when I felt (by reason of a vvound I had) that I should not be able to bide the trauell: and therefore seeing the maste (vvhose tackling had been burnt off) flote cleare from the ship, I swam vnto it, and getting on it, I found mine owne sword, which by chaunce, when I threw it away (caught by a peece of canuas) had hung to the mast. I was glad, because I loued it well; but gladder, vvhen I saw at the other end the Captaine of the ship and of all this mischief; who hauing a long pike, belike had borne himselfe vp with that, til he had set himselfe vpon the mast. But when I perceiued him, Villaine said I, doest thou thinke to ouerliue so manie honest men, whom thy falshood hath brought to destruction? With that bestriding the mast, I gat by little and little towards him, after such a manner as boyes are wont (if euer you saw that sport) when they ride the wilde mare. And he perceiuing my intention, like a fellow that had much more courage then honestie, set himselfe to resist: but I had in short space gotten within him, and (giuing him a sound blow) sent him to feed fishes. But there my selfe remained, vntill by Pyrates I was taken vp, & among them againe taken prisoner, and brought into *Laconia*.

But what (said *Philoclea*) became of your cousin *Musidorus*? Lost, said *Pyrocles*.

Ah my *Pyrocles*, said *Philoclea*, I am glad I haue taken you. I perceiue you louers do not alwaies say truly: as though I knew not your cousin *Dorus* the sheapheard? Life of my desires (said *Pyrocles*,) what is mine, euen to my soule is yours: but the secret of my friend is not mine. But if you know so much, then I may truly say, he is lost, since he is no more his owne. But I perceiue, your noble sister & you are great friends, and well doth it become you so to be. But go forward deare *Pyrocles*, I long to heare out till your meeting me: for there to me-ward is the best part of your storie. Ah sweet *Philoclea* (said *Pyrocles*) do you thinke I can think so precious leasure as this well spent in talking. Are your eyes a fit booke (thinke you) to reade a tale vpon? Is my loue quiet inough to be an historian? Deare Princesse be gracious vnto me. And then he faine would haue remembred to haue forgot himselfe. But she with a sweetly disobeying grace, desired him that her desire (once for euer) might serue, that no spot might disgrace that loue, which shortly she hoped should be to the world warrantable. Faine he would not haue heard, till she threatened anger; and then the poore louer durst not, because he durst not. Nay, I pray thee, deare *Pyrocles* (said she) let me haue my storie. Sweet Princesse (said he) giue my thoughts a little respite: and if it please you, since this time must so be spoiled, yet it shall suffer the lesse harme, if you vouchsafe to bestow your voyce, & let me know, how the good Queene *Erona* was betrayed into such daunger, and why *Plangus* sought me. For indeed I should pitie greatly any mischaunce fallen to that Princesse. I will, said *Philoclea* smiling, so you giue me your word, your handes shall be quiet auditours. They shall, said he, because subiect. Then began she to speake, but with so pretie and delightfull a maiesty, when she set her countenance to tell the matter, that *Pyrocles* could not chuse but rebell so far as to kisse her. She would haue puld her head away, and speake, but while she spake he kist, and it seemed he fed vpon her words: but she gat away. How will you haue your discourse (said she) without you let my lips alone? He yeelded & took her hand. On this (said he) will I reuenge my wrong: and so began to make much of that hand, when her tale, and his delight were interrupted by *Miso*: who taking her time, while *Basilius* backe was turned, came vnto them; and told *Philoclea*, she deserued she knew what, for leauing her mother, being euill at ease, to keep companie with strangers. But *Philoclea* telling her, that she was there by her fathers commandement, she went away muttering, that though her backand her shoulders, and her necke were broken, yet as long as her tongue would wag, it should do her errand to her mother: and so went vp to *Gynecia*, who was at that time miserablie vexed with this maner of dreame. It seemed vnto her to be in a place full of thornes, which so molested her, as she could neither abide standing still, nor tread safelie going forward. In this case she thought *Zelmane*, being vpon a faire hill, delightfull to the eye, & easie in apparance, called her thither: whither with such anguish being come, *Zelmane* was vanished, & she found nothing but a dead body like vnto her husband, which seeming at the first with a strange smell to infect her, as she was ready likewise within a while to die, the dead bodie shee thought tooke her in his armes, & said, *Gynecia*, leaue all, for here is thy onely rest.

With that she awaked, crying very loud, *Zelmane, Zelmane*. But remembring her selfe, and seeing *Basilius* by, (her guiltie conscience more suspecting, then being suspected, she turned her call, & called for *Philoclea*. *Miso* forthwith like a valiãt shrew (looking at *Basilius*, as though she would speake though she died for it) told *Gynecia* that her daughter had bene a whole houre together in secret talke with *Zelmane*: And (sayes she) for my part I could not be heard, (your daughters are brought vp

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in such awe) though I told her of your pleasure sufficiently. *Gynecia*, as if she had heard her last doome pronounced against her, with a side looke and changed countenance, O my Lord (said she) what meane you to suffer these young folkes together? *Basilius* (that aymed nothing at the marke of her suspition) smilingly took her in his armes; Sweet wife, said he, I thanke you for your care of your child: but they must be youthes of other metall then *Zelmane*, that can endaunger her. O but, cried *Gynecia*, and therewith she staid: for then indeed she did suffer a right conflict betwixt the force of loue, & rage of iealousie. Many times was she about to satisfie the spite of her mind, & tell *Basilius*, how she knew *Zelmane* to be far otherwise thē the outward appearance. But those many times were all put backe by the manifold obiections of her vehement loue. Faine shee would haue bard her daughters hap, but loth she was to cut off her owne hope. But now, as if her life had been set vpon a wager of quicke rising, as weake as she was, she gat vp; though *Basilius* (with a kindnesse flowing only from the fountaine of vnkindnesse, being indeed desirous to win his daughter as much time as might be) was loth to suffer it, swearing he saw sicknesse in her face, and therefore was loth she should aduenture the ayre.

But the great and wretched Lady *Gynecia*, possessed with those diuels of Loue and Iclousie, did rid her selfe from her tedious husband: and taking no body with her, going toward them; O Iealousie, said she the phrensie of wise folkes, the welwishing spite, and vnkinde carefulnesse, the selfe-punishment for others fault, and selfe-miserie in others happinesse, the cousin of enuie, daughter of loue, and mother of hate, how couldest thou so quietly get thee a seat in the vnquiet heart of *Gynecia*, *Gynecia* (said she sighing) thought wise, and once vertuous? Alas it is thy breeders power which plants thee there: it is the flaming agonie of affection, that works the chilling accesse of thy feuer, in such sort, that nature giues place; the growing of my daughter seemes the decay of my selfe; the blessings of a mother turne to the curses of a competitor; and the faire face of *Philoclea* appeares more horrible in my sight then the image of death. Then remembred she this song, which shee thought tooke a right measure of her present mind.

With two strange fires of equall heat possest,
The one of Loue, the other of Iealousie,
Both still do worke, in neither I find rest:
For both, alas, their strengths together tie:
The one aloft doth hold, the other hie.
Loue wakes the iealous eye least thence it moues:
The iealous eye, the more it lookes, it loues.

These fires increase: in these I dayly burne:
They feed on me, and with my wings do flie:
My louely ioyes to dolefull ashes turne:
Their flames mount vp, my powers prostrate lie:
They liue in force, I quite consumed die.
One wonder yet farre passeth my conceat;
The fewell small: how be the fires so great?

But her vnleasured thoughts ran not ouer the ten first words; but going with a pace not so much too fast for her body, as slow for her mind, she foūd thē together,

who after *Miſos* departure, had left their tale, & determined what to ſay to *Baſilius*. But ful abaſhed was poore *Philoclea* (whoſe conſcience now began to know cauſe of bluſhing) for firſt ſalutation, receiuing an eye from her mother, full of the ſame diſdainefull ſcorne, which *Pallas* ſhewed to poore *Arachne*, that durſt contend with her for the prize of well weauing: yet did the force of loue ſo much rule her, that though for *Zelmanes* ſake ſhe did deteſt her, yet for *Zelmanes* ſake ſhe vſed no harder words to her, then to bid her go home, and accompanie her ſolitary father.

Then began ſhe to diſplay to *Zelmane* the ſtorehouſe of her deadly deſires, when ſuddenly the confuſed rumor of a mutinous multitude gaue iuſt occaſion to *Zelmane* to breake off any ſuch conference (for well ſhee found, they were not friendly voices they heard) and to retire with as much diligence as conueniently they could towards the lodge. Yet before they could winne the lodge by twentie paces, they were ouertaken by an vnruly ſort of clownes, and other rebels, which like a violent floud, were caried, they themſelues knew not whither. But aſſoone as they came within perfect diſcerning theſe Ladies, like enraged beaſtes, without reſpect of their eſtates, or pitie of their ſexe, they began to runne againſt them, as right villaines, thinking abilitie to doo hurt, to be a great aduancement: yet ſo many as they were, ſo many almoſt were their mindes, all knit together onely in madneſſe. Some cried, Take; ſome, Kill; ſome, Saue: but euen they that cried ſaue, ran for company with them that meant to kill. Euery one commanded, none obeyed, hee onely ſeemed chiefe Captaine, that was moſt ragefull.

Zelmane (whoſe vertuous courage was euer awake) drew out her ſword, which vpon thoſe il-armed churles giuing as many wounds as blowes, & as many deathes almoſt as wounds (lightning courage, and thundring ſmart vpon them) kept them at a bay, while the two Ladies got themſelues into the lodge: out of the which *Baſilius* (hauing put on an armour long vntried) came to proue his authority among his ſubiects, or at leaſt, to aduẽture his life with his deare miſtreſſe, to whom he brought a ſhield; while the Ladies tremblingly attended the iſſue of this dangerous aduẽture. But *Zelmane* made them perceiue the ods betweene an Eagle and a Kite, with ſuch a nimble ſtaiedneſſe, and an aſſured nimbleneſſe, that while one was running backe for feare, his fellow had her ſword in his guts.

And by and by was both her heart and helpe well encreaſed by the comming of *Dorus*, who hauing beene making of hurdles for his maſters ſheepe, heard the horrible cries of this madde multitude; and hauing ſtreight repreſented before the eyes of his carefull loue, the perill wherein the ſoule of his ſoule might bee, he went to *Pamelas* lodge, but found her in a caue hard by, with *Mopſa* and *Dametas*, who at that time would not haue opened the entrie to his father. And therfore leauing them there (as in a place ſafe, both for being ſtrong, and vnknowne) he ranne as the noiſe guided him. But when he ſaw his friend in ſuch danger among them, anger and contempt (asking no counſell but of courage) made him run among them, with no other weapon but his ſheephooke, and with that ouerthrowing one of the villaines, tooke away a two-hand ſword from him, and withall, helpt him from euer being aſhamed of looſing it. Then lifting vp his braue head, and flaſhing terror into their faces, he made armes and legs go complaine to the earth, how euill their maſters had kept them. Yet the multitude ſtill growing, and the very killing wearying them (fearing, leaſt in long fight they ſhould be conquered with conquering) they drew back towards the lodge; but drew back in ſuch ſort, that ſtil their terror went forward: like a valiant maſtiffe, whom when his maſter pulles back by the taile from

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the beare (with whom he had already interchanged a hatefull imbracemẽt) though his pace be backward, his gesture is forward, his teeth and his eyes threatning more in the retiring, then they did in the aduancing: so guided they themselues homeward, neuer stepping steppe backward, but that they proued themselues masters of the ground where they stept.

Yet among the rebels there was a dapper fellow, a taylor by occupation, who fetching his courage onely from their going backe, began to bow his knees, and very fencer-like to draw neer to *Zelmane*. But as he came within her distance, turning his sword very nicely about his crown, *Basilius*, with a side blow, strake off his nose. He (being a suiter to a seamsters daughter, and therefore not a little grieued for such a disgrace) stouped down, because he had heard, that if it were fresh put to, it would cleaue on againe. But as his hand was on the ground to bring his nose to his head, *Zelmane* with a blow, sent his head to his nose. That saw a butcher, a butcherly chuffe indeed (who that day was sworne brother to him in a cup of wine) and lifted vp a great leauer, calling *Zelmane* all the vile names of a butcherly eloquence. But she (letting slippe the blow of the leauer) hitte him so surely vpon the side of his face, that she left nothing but the nether iaw, where the tongue still wagged, as willing to say more, if his masters remembrance had serued. O (said a miller that was halfe drunke) see the lucke of a good fellow, and with that word, ran with a pitchforke at *Dorus*: but the nimblenesse of the wine caried his head so fast, that it made it ouer-runne his feet, so that he fell withall, iuste betweene the legs of *Dorus*: who setting his foote on his necke (though he offered two milche kine, and foure fat hogs for his life) thrust his sword quite through, from one eare to the other; which took it verie vnkindly, to feele such newes before they heard of them, in stead of hearing, to be put to such feeling. But *Dorus* (leauing the miller to vomit his soule out in wine & bloud) with his two-hand sword strake off another quite by the waste, who the night before had dreamed he was growne a couple, and (interpreting it that he should be maried) had bragd of his dreame that morning among his neighbours. But that blow astonished quite a poore painter, who stood by with a pike in his hands. This painter was to counterfeit the skirmish betweene the *Centaures* and *Lapithes*, & had been very desirous to see some notable wounds, to be able the more liuely to expresse them; and this morning (being caried by the streame of this company) the foolish fellow was euen delighted to see the effect of blowes. But this last (hapning neare him) so amazed him, that he stood stocke still, while *Dorus* (with a turne of his sword) strake off both his hands. And so the painter returned, well skilled in wounds, but with neuer a hand to performe his skill.

In this maner they recouered the lodge, and gaue the rebels a face of wood of the outside. But they then (though no more furious, yet more outragious when they saw no resister) went about with pickaxe to the wall, & fire to the gate, to get themselues entrance. Then did the two Ladies mixe feare with loue, especially *Philoclea*, who euer caught hold of *Zelmane*, so (by the follie of loue) hindering the succour which she desired. But *Zelmane* seeing no way of defence, nor time to deliberate (the number of those villaines still increasing, and their madnesse still increasing with their number) thought it onely the meanes, to go beyond their expectation with an vnused boldnesse, and with danger to auoide daunger: and therefore opened againe the gate, and (*Dorus* and *Basilius* standing ready for her defence) she issued againe among them. The blowes she had dealt before (though all in generall were hastie) made each of them in particular take breath, before they brought them

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sodainly ouer-neere her, so that she had time to get vp to the iudgement-seate of the Prince, which (according to the guise of that countrie) was before the court gate. There she pausd a while, making signe with her hand vnto them, & withall, speaking aloud, that she had something to say vnto them, that wold please them. But she was answered a while with nothing but shouts and cries; & some beginning to throw stones at her, not daring to approch her. But at length, a young farmer (who might do most among the countrie sort, & was caught in a little affection towards *Zelmane*) hoping by this kindnesse to haue some good of her, desired them, if they were honest men, to heare the woman speake. Fie fellowes, fie, (said he) what will all the maides in our towne say, if so many tall men shall be afraide to heare a faire wench? I sweare vnto you by no little ones, I had rather giue my teeme of oxen, then we should shew our selues so vnciuill wights. Besides, I tell you true, I haue heard it of old men counted wisdome, to heare much, & say little. His sententious speech so preuailed, that the most part began to listen. Then she, with such efficacy of gracefulnesse, and such a quiet magnanimitie represented in her face in this vttermost perill, as the more the barbarous people looked, the more it fixed their looks vpon her, in this sort began vnto them.

It is no small comfort vnto me (said she) hauing to speake something vnto you for your owne behooues, to finde that I haue to deale with such a people, who shew indeede in themselues the right nature of valure: which as it leaues no violence vnattempted, while the choler is nourished with resistance; so when the subiect of their wrath doth of it selfvnlooked for offer it selfe into their hands, it makes them at least take a pause before they determine crueltie. Now then first (before I come to the principall matter) haue I to say vnto you; that your Prince *Basilius* himselfe in person is within this Lodge, & was one of the three, whom a few of you went about to fight withall: & (this she said, not doubting but they knew it well inough; but because she would haue them imagine, that the Prince might thinke that they did not know it) by him I am sent vnto you, as from a Prince to his well approued subiects, nay as from a father to beloued children, to know what it is that hath bred iust quarell among you, or who they be that haue any way wronged you; what it is with which you are displeased, or of which you are desirous? This he requires: and in deed (for he knowes your faithfulnesse) he cõmaundes you presently to set downe, and to choose among your selues some one, who may relate your griefes or demaunds vnto him.

This (being more then they hoped for from their Prince) asswaged well their furie, and many of them consented (especially the young farmer helping on, who meant to make one of the demaunds that he might haue *Zelmane* for his wife) but when they began to talke of their griefes, neuer Bees made such a confused humming: the towne dwellers demanding putting downe of impostes: the countrey fellowes laying out of commons: some would haue the Prince keepe his Court in one place, some in an other. All cried out to haue new councellors: but when they shold thinke of any new, they liked them as well as any other, that they could remember, especially they would haue the treasure so looked vnto, as that he should neuer need to take any more subsidies. At length they fell to direct contrarieties. For the Artisans, they would haue corne & wine set at a lower price, & bound to be kept so still: the plowmẽ, vine-laborers, & farmers would none of that. The countrimẽ demanded that euery man might be free in the chief townes: that could not the Burgesses like of. The peasants would haue al the Gentlemẽ destroyed, the Citezens (especialy such

ſuch as Cookes, Barbers, & thoſe other that liued moſt on Gentlemen) would but haue them reformed. And of ech ſide were like diuiſions, one neighbourhood beginning to finde fault with another. But no confuſion was greater then of particular mens likings & diſlikings: one diſpraiſing ſuch a one, whom another praiſed, & demanding ſuch a one to bee puniſhed, whom the other would haue exalted. No leſſe ado was there about chooſing him, vvho ſhould be their ſpokes-man. The finer ſorte of burgeſſes, as Marchants, Prentiſes, and Clothworkers, becauſe of their riches, diſdaining the baſer occupations, and they becauſe of their number as much diſdaining them: all they ſcorning the countrimens ignorance, & the countrimen ſuſpecting as much their cunning: So that *Zelmane* (finding that their vnited rage was now growen, not only to a diuiding, but to a croſsing one of another, and that the miſlike growne among themſelues did well allay the heat againſt her) made tokens againe vnto them (as though ſhe tooke great care of their well doing, and were afraid of their falling out) that ſhe would ſpeak vnto them. They now growne iealous one of another (the ſtay hauing ingendred diuiſion, and diuiſion hauing manifeſted their weaknes) were willing inough to heare, the moſt part ſtriuing to ſhew themſelues willinger then their fellowes: which *Zelmane* (by acquaintance ſhe had had with ſuch kind of humors) ſoone perceiuing, with an angerleſſe braueric, & an vnabaſhed mildneſſe, in this maner ſpake vnto them.

An vnuſed thing it is, & I thinke not heretofore ſeene, ô *Arcadians*, that a woman ſhould giue publike counſel to men, a ſtranger to the country people, and that laſtly in ſuch a preſence by a priuate perſon, the regall throne ſhould be poſſeſſed. But the ſtrangeneſſe of your action makes that vſed for vertue, which your violent neceſsity impoſeth. For certainely, a woman may well ſpeake to ſuch men, who haue forgotten all manlike gouernment: a ſtranger may with reaſon inſtruct ſuch ſubiects, that neglect due points of ſubiection: and is it maruaile this place is entred into by another, ſince your owne Prince (after thirtie yeares gouernment) dare not ſhew his face vnto his faithfull people? Heare therefore ô *Arcadians*, and be aſhamed: againſt whom hath this zealous rage bin ſtirred? whither haue bene bent theſe manful weapõs of yours? In this quiet harmles lodg there be harbourd no *Argians* your auncient enemies, nor *Laconians* your now feared neighbours. Here be neither hard landlords, nor biting vſurers. Here lodge none, but ſuch, as either you haue great cauſe to loue, or no cauſe to hate: here being none, beſides your Prince, Princeſſe, & their children, but my ſelfe. Is it I then, ô *Arcadians*, againſt whom your anger is armed? Am I the mark of your vehement quarell? if it be ſo, that innocencie ſhal not be a ſtop for fury; if it be ſo, that the law of hoſpitalitie (ſo long & holily obſerued among you) may not defend a ſtranger fled to your armes for ſuccour: if in fine it be ſo, that ſo many valiant mens courages can be enflamed to the miſchief of one ſilly woman; I refuſe not to make my life a ſacrifice to your wrath. Exerciſe in me your indignation, ſo it go no further, I am content to pay the great fauours I haue receiued among you, with my life, not ill deſeruing I preſent it here vnto you, ô *Arcadians*, if that may ſatisfie you; rather thẽ you (called ouer the world the wiſe & quiet *Arcadians*) ſhold be ſo vaine, as to attẽpt that alone, which all the reſt of your countrie will abhor; then you ſhold ſhew your ſelues ſo vngratefull, as to forget the fruit of ſo many years peaceable gouernmẽt; or ſo vnnatural, as not to haue with the holy name of your natural Prince, any furie ouer-maſtred. For ſuch a helliſh madneſſe (I knowe) did neuer enter into your hearts, as to attempt any thing againſt his perſon; which no ſucceſſor, though neuer ſo hatefull, will euer leaue (for his owne

ſake

ſake) vnreuenged. Neither can your wonted valour be turned to ſuch a baſeneſſe, as in ſtead of a Prince, deliuered vnto you by ſo many royal auncеſtors, to take the tyrānous yoke of your fellow ſubiect, in whom the innate meanneſſe will bring forth rauenous couetouſneſſe, and the newnes of his eſtate, ſuſpectfull crueltie. Imagin, what could your enemies more wiſh vnto you, then to ſee your owne eſtate with your own hands vndermined? O what would your fore-fathers ſay, if they liued at this time, and ſaw their of-ſpring defacing ſuch an excellent principalitie, which they with much labour and bloud ſo wiſely haue eſtabliſhed? Do you thinke them fooles, that ſaw you ſhould not enioy your vines, your cattell, no not your wiues & children, without gouernment; and that there could be no gouernment without a Magiſtrate, and no Magiſtrate without obedience, and no obedience where euery one vpon his owne priuate paſſion, may interprete the doings of the rulers? Let your wits make your preſent example a leſſon to you. What ſweetneſſe (in good faith) find you in your preſent condition? what choiſe of choiſe find you, if you had loſt *Baſilius*? vnder whoſe enſigne would you go, if your enemies ſhold inuade you? If you cannot agree vpō one to ſpeak for you, how wil you agree vpon one to fight for you? But with this feare of I cannot tell what, one is troubled, and with that paſſed wrong another is grieued. And I pray you did the Sunne euer bring you a fruitfull haruеſt, but that it was more hotte then pleaſant? Haue any of you children, that be not ſometimes cumberſome? Haue any of you fathers, that be not ſometime weariſh? What, ſhall wee curſe the Sunne, hate our children, or diſobey our fathers? But what need I vſe theſe words, ſince I ſee in your countenances (now vertuouſly ſettled) nothing els but loue and dutie to him, by whom for your onely ſakes the gouernment is embraced. For all what is done, he doth not onely pardon you, but thanke you; iudging the action by the mindes, and not the mindes by the action. Your griefes, and deſires what ſoeuer, and when ſocuer you liſt, he will conſider of, and to his conſideration it is reaſon you ſhould refer them. So then, to conclude; the vncertainty of his eſtate made you take armes; now you ſee him wel, with the ſame loue lay them downe. If now you end (as I know you will) he will make no other account of this matter, but as of a vehement, I muſt confeſſe ouer-vehement affection: the only continuance might proue a wickedneſſe. But it is not ſo, I ſee verie well, you began with zeale, and will end with reuerence.

The action *Zelmane* vſed, being beautified by nature and apparelled with skill, her geſtures being ſuch that as her words did paint out her minde, ſo they ſerued as a ſhadow to make the picture more liuely and ſenſible, with the ſweete cleerneſſe of her voice, riſing and falling kindly as the nature of the word, and efficacie of the matter required, all together in ſuch an admirable perſon, whoſe incomparable valour they had well felt, whoſe beautie did pierce through the thicke dulneſſe of their ſenſes, gaue ſuch a way vnto her ſpeach through the rugged wilderneſſe of their imaginations, who (beſides they were ſtricken in admiration of her, as of more then a humane creature) were coold with taking breath, and had learned doubtes out of leaſure, that in ſteed of roaring cries, there was now heard nothing, but a confuſed muttring, whether her ſaying were to be followed: betwixt feare to purſue, and lothneſſe to leaue, moſt of them could haue been content, it had neuer bene begun, but how to end it (each afraid of his companion,) they knew not, finding it far eaſier to tie then to looſe knots. But *Zelmane* thinking it no euill way in ſuch mutinies, to giue the mutinous ſome occaſion of ſuch ſeruice, as they might thinke (in their owne iudgement) would counteruaile their treſpaſſe, withall, to take

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the more assured possession of their minds, which she feared might begin to wauer, Loiall *Arcadians* (said she) now do I offer vnto you the manifesting of your duties: all those that haue taken armes for the Princes safetie, let them turne their backes to the gate, with their weapons bent against such as would hurt his sacred person. O weake trust of the many-headed multitude, whom inconstancie only doth guide to well doing: who can set confidence there, where companie takes away shame, and ech may lay the fault on his fellow? So said a craftie fellow among thē, named *Clinias*, to himselfe, when he saw the word no sooner out of *Zelmanes* mouth, but that there were some shouts of ioy with, God saue *Basilius*, & diuers of them with much iollity growne to be his guard, that but little before meant to be his murderers.

This *Clinias* in his youth had beene a scholler so farre, as to learne rather wordes then maners, and of wordes rather plentie then order; and oft had vsed to be an actor in Tragedies, where he had learned, besides a slidingnesse of language, acquaintance with many passions, and to frame his face to beare the figure of them: long vsed to the eyes and eares of men, and to recken no fault, but shamfastnesse, in nature, a most notable Coward, and yet more strangely then rarely venturous in priuie practises.

This fellow was become of neer trust to *Cecropia*, *Amphialus* his mother, so that he was priuie to all the mischieuous deuises, wherewith she went about to ruine *Basilius* and his children, for the aduauncing of her sonne: and though his education had made him full of tongue, yet his loue to be doing, taught him in any euill to be secret; and had by his mistresse been vsed (euer since the strange retiring of *Basilius*) to whisper rumors into the peoples eares: and this time finding great aptnesse in the multitude) was one of the chief that set them in the vprore (though quite without the consent of *Amphialus*, who would not for all the Kingdoms of the world so haue aduentured the life of *Philoclea*.) But now perceiuing the flood of their fury began to ebbe, he thought it policy to take the first of the tide, so that no man cried lowder then he vpon *Basilius*. And som of the lustiest rebels not yet agreeing to the rest, he caused two or three of his mates that were at his cōmaundement to lift him vp, and then as if he had had a prologue to vtter, he began with a nice grauitie to demaund audience. But few attending what he said, with vehement gesture, as if he would teare the starres from the skies, he fell to crying out so lowde, that not onely *Zelmane*, but *Basilius* might heare him. O vnhappie men, more mad then the Giants that would haue plucked *Iupiter* out of heauen, how long shall this rage continue? Why do you not all throw down your weapons, & submit your selues to our good Prince, or good *Basilius*, the *Peleps* of wisdome, and *Minos* of all good gouernment? when will you begin to beleeue me, and other honest and faithfull subiects, that haue done all we could to stop your furie.

The farmer that loued *Zelmane* could abide him no longer. For as at the first he was willing to speake of conditions, hoping to haue gotten great soueraignties, & among the rest *Zelmane*: so now perceiuing, that the people, once any thing down the hill from their furie, would neuer stay till they came to the bottome of absolute yeelding, and so that he should be nearer feares of punishment, then hopes of such aduancement, he was one of them that stood most against the agreement: and to begin with all, disdaining this fellow should play the preacher, who had been one of the chiefest make-bates, strake him a great wound vpon the face with his sword. The cowardly wretch fell downe, crying for succour, and (scrambling through the legs of them that were about him) gat to the throne, where *Zelmane* tooke him, & com-

comforted him, bleeding for that was paſt, and quaking for feare of more.

But as ſoone as that blow was giuen (as if *Æolus* had broke open the doore to let all his winds out) no hand was idle, each one killing him that was next, for feare he ſhould do as much to him. For being diuided in minds and not diuided in companies, they that would yeeld to *Baſilius* were intermingled with them that would not yeeld. Theſe men thinking their ruine ſtoode vpon it; thoſe men to get fauour of their Prince, conuerted their vngracious motion into their owne bowels, & by a true iudgement grew their owne puniſhers. None was ſooner killed then thoſe that had been leaders in the diſobedience: who by being ſo, had taught them, that they did leade diſobedience to the ſame leaders. And many times it fell out that they killed them that were of their owne faction, anger whetting, and doubt haſtening their fingers. But then came downe *Zelmane*; and *Baſilius* with *Dorus* iſſued, and ſometimes ſeeking to draw together thoſe of their party, ſometimes laying indifferently among them, made ſuch hauocke (among the reſt *Zelmane* ſtriking the farmer to the hart with her ſword, as before ſhe had done with her eyes) that in a while all they of the contrarie ſide were put to flight, and fled to certaine woods vpon the frontiers; where feeding wildly, and drinking onely water, they weere diſciplined for their drunken riots; many of them being ſlaine in the chaſe, about a ſcore only eſcaping. But when theſe late rebels, now ſouldiers, were returned from the chaſe, *Baſilius* calling them togither, partly for policy ſake, but principally becauſe *Zelmane* before had ſpoken it (which was to him more then a diuine ordinance) he pronounced their generall pardon, willing them to returne to their houſes, and thereafter be more circumſpect in their proceedings: which they did moſt of them with ſharp marks of their folly. But imagining *Clinias* to be one of the chiefe that had bred this good alteration, he gaue him particular thanks, and withall willed him to make him know how this frenzie had entred into the people.

Clinias purpoſing indeede to tell him the truth of all, ſauing what did touch himſelfe, or *Cecropia*, firſt dipping his hand in the bloud of his wound, Now by this bloud (ſaid he) which is more deare to me then al the reſt that is in my body, ſince it is ſpent for your ſafetie: this tong (perchance vnfortunate, but neuer falſe) ſhall not now begin to lie vnto my Prince, of me moſt beloued. Thē ſtretching out his hand, and making vehement countenances the vſhers of his ſpeeches, in ſuch manner of tearmes recounted this accident. Yeſterday (ſaid he) being your birth-day, in the goodly greene two miles hence before the citie of *Eniſpus*, to do honour to the day, were a foure or fiue thouſand people (of al conditions, as I think) gathered together, ſpending all the day in dancings & other exerciſes; & when night came, vnder tents and bowes making great cheare, and meaning to obſerue a waſſaling watch all that night for your ſake. *Bacchus* (the learned ſay) was begot with thunder: I think, that made him euer ſince ſo full of ſtur & debate. *Bacchus* indeed it was which ſounded the firſt trumpet to this rude Alarum. For that barbarous opinion being generally among them, to think with vice to do honour, & with actiuitie in beaſtlines to ſhew abundance of loue, made moſt of them ſeeke to ſhew the depth of their affection in the depth of their draught. But being once wel chafed with wine (hauing ſpēt al the night, & ſome peece of the morning in ſuch reuelling) & imboldned by your abſented maner of liuing, there was no matter their eares had euer heard of, that grew not to be a ſubiect of their winie conference. I ſpeake it by proofe: for I take witneſſe of the Gods (who neuer leaue periuries vnpuniſhed) that I often cried out againſt their impudencie, & (when that would not ſerue) ſtopt mine eares, becauſe I would not be

be partaker of their blasphemies, til with buffets they forced me to haue mine eares and eies defiled. Publike affaires were mingled with priuat grudges: neither was any man thought of wit, that did not pretend some cause of mislike. Rayling was counted the fruit of freedome, and saying nothing had his vttermost praise in ignorance. At the length, your sacred person (alas) why did I liue to heare it? alas how do I breath to vtter it? But your commandement doth not only enioyn obedience, but giue me force: your sacred person (I say) fel to be their table-talke: a proud word swelling in their stomacks, & disdainful reproches against so great a greatnes, hauing put on the shew of greatnesse in their little minds: till at length the very vnbridled vse of wordes hauing increased fire in their mindes (which God wot thought their knowledge notable, because they had at all no knowledge to condemne their owne want of knowledge) they descended (O neuer to be forgotten presumption) to a direct dislike of your liuing from among them. Whereupon it were tedious to remember their far-fetched constructiōs. But the summe was, you disdained them: and what were the pompes of your estate, if their armes maintained you not? Who would call you a Prince, if you had not a people? When certaine of them of wretched estates, and worse mindes (whose fortunes change could not impaire) began to say, that your gouernement was to be looked into; how the great treasures (you had leuied among them) had been spent; why none but great men and gentlemen could be admitted into counsell, that the commons (forsooth) were too plaine headed to say their opinions: but yet their blood and sweat must maintaine all. Who could tell whether you were not betrayed in this place, where you liued? nay whether you did liue or no. Therefore that it was time to come and see; and if you were here, to know (if *Arcadia* were growne lothsom in your sight) why you did not rid your selfe of the trouble? There would not want those that would take so faire a cumber in good part. Since the Countrie was theirs, and the gouernement an adherent to the countrie, why should they not consider of the one as well as inhabite the other? Nay rather (said they) let vs begin that, which all *Arcadia* will follow. Let vs deliuer our Prince from daunger of practises, and our selues from want of a Prince. Let vs do that which all the rest thinke. Let it be said, that we onely are not astonished with vaine titles, which haue their force but in our force. Lastly, to haue said and heard so much, was as dangerous, as to haue attempted: and to attempt they had the glorious name of liberty with them. These words, being spoken (like a furious storme) presently caried away their well inclined braines. What I, and som other of the honester sort could do, was no more then if with a puffe of breath, one should go about to make a saile go against a mighty winde: or, with one hand, stay the ruine of a mighty wall. So generall grewe this madnesse among them, there needed no drumme, where each man cried, each spake to other that spake as fast to him, and the disagreeing sound of so many voyces was the chiefe token of their vnmeete agreement. Thus was their banquet turned to a battaile, their winie mirthes to bloudie rages, and the happy prayers for your life to monstrous threatning of your estate; the solemnizing your birth-day, tended to haue been the cause of your funerals. But as a drunken rage hath (besides his wickednesse) that folly, that the more it seeks to hurt, the lesse it considers how to be able to hurt; they neuer wayed how to arme themselues, but tooke vp euery thing for a weapon, that furie offered to their hands. Many swordes, pikes, and billes there were: others tooke pitchforkes and rakes, conuerting husbandrie to souldierie, some caught hold of spittes (things seruiceable for life) to be the instruments of death. And there was some

ſuch one, who held the ſame pot wherein he dranke to your health, to vſe it (as hee could) to your miſchiefe. Thus armed, thus gouerned, forcing the vnwilling, and hartening the willing, adding furie to furie, and increaſing rage with running, they came headlong toward this lodge: no man (I dare ſay) reſolued in his owne heart, what was the vttermoſt he would doo when he came hither. But as miſchief is of ſuch nature, that it cannot ſtand but with ſtrengthning one euill by another, and ſo multiplie in it ſelf, till it come to the higheſt, and then fal with his owne weight: ſo to their minds (once paſſed the bounds of obedience) more and more wickednes opened it ſelfe, ſo that they who firſt pretended to preſerue you, then to reforme you, (I ſpeake it in my conſcience, and with a bleeding hart) now thought no ſafetie for them, without murdering you. So as if the Goddes (who preſerue you for the preſeruation of *Arcadia*) had not ſhewed their miraculous power, and that they had not vſed for inſtruments, both your owne valour (not fit to be ſpoken of by ſo meane a mouth as mine) & ſome (I muſt confeſſe) honeſt minds, (whom alas why ſhould I mention, ſince what we did, reacht not to the hundreth part of our dutie?) our handes (I tremble to thinke of it) had deſtroyed all that, for which we haue cauſe to reioyce that we are *Arcadians*.

With that the fellow did wring his hands, and wrang out teares: ſo as *Baſilius*, that was not the ſharpeſt piercer into masked minds, took a good liking to him; & ſo much the more as he had tickled him with praiſe in the hearing of his miſtris. And therefore pitying his wound, willed him to get him home, & look well vnto it, and make the beſt ſearch he could, to know if there were any further depth in this matter: for which he ſhould be well rewarded. But before he went away, certaine of the ſhepheards being come (for that day was appointed for their paſtorals) he ſent one of them to *Philanax*, & another to other principall noble-men, & cities thereabouts, to make through-inquirie of this vprore, and withall, to place ſuch garriſons in all the townes and villages neere vnto him, that he might thereafter keep his ſolitarie lodge in more ſecuritie, vpon the making of a fire, or ringing of a bell, hauing them in a readineſſe for him.

This *Clinias* (hauing his eare one way when his eye was another) had perceiued & therfore haſted away, with mind to tell *Cecropia*, that ſhe was to take ſome ſpeedie reſolution, or els it were daunger thoſe examinations would both diſcouer, and ruine her: and ſo went his way, leauing that little companie with embracements, and praiſing of *Zelmanes* excellent proceeding, to ſhew, that no decking ſets foorth any thing ſo much, as affection. For as, while ſhe ſtoode at the diſcretion of thoſe vndiſcreete rebelles, euery angry countenance any of them made, ſeemed a knife layd vpon their owne throates; ſo vnſpeakeable was now their ioy, that they ſaw (beſides her ſafetie and their owne) the ſame wrought, and ſafely wrought by her meanes, in whom they had placed all their delights. What examples *Greece* could euer alledge of wit and fortitude, were ſet in the ranke of trifles, being compared to this action.

But as they were in the midſt of thoſe vnfained ceremonies, a Gitterne, il-played on, accompanied with a hoarſe voyce (who ſeemed to ſing mauger the Muſes, and to be merie in ſpite of Fortune) made them looke the way of the ill-noyſed ſong. The ſong was this.

A *Hatefull cure with hate to heale:*
A bloudy helpe with bloud to ſaue:

A foolish thing with fooles to deale:
Let him be bobd that bobs will haue.
But who by meanes of wise deme his
Hath sau'd his charge? it is euen I.

Let others deck their pride with skarres,
And of their wounds make braue lame shewes:
First let them die, then passe the starres,
When rotten Fame will tell their blowes.
But eye from blade, and eare from cries:
Who hath sau'd all? it is euen I.

They had soone found it was *Dametas*, who came with no lesse lifted vp countenance, then if he had passed ouer the bellies of all his enemies: so wise a point he thought he had performed in using the naturall strength of the caue. But neuer was it his doing to come so soone thence, till the coast were more assuredly cleare: for it was a rule with him, that after a great storme there euer fall a few drops before it be fully finished. But *Pamela* (who had now experienced how much care doth solicite a Louers heart) vsed this occasion of going to her parents & sister, indeed as well for that cause, as being vnquiet, til her eye might be assured how her shepheard had gone through the daunger. But *Basilius* with the sight of *Pamela* (of whom almost his head otherwise occupied, had left the wonted remembrance) was sodainly stricken into a deuout kind of admiration, remembring the oracle, which (according to the fauning humour of false hope) he interpreted now his own to his own best, and with the willing blindnesse of affection (because his minde ran wholly vpon *Zelmane*) he thought the Gods in their oracles did principally minde her.

But as he was deepely thinking of the matter, one of the shepheards told him, that *Philanax* was already come with an hundred horse in his company. For hauing by chaunce rid not farre off the little desert, he had heard of this vprore, and so was come vpon the spurre (gathering a company of Gentlemen as fast as he could) to the succour of his Master. *Basilius* was glad of it; but not willing to haue him, nor any other of the Noble men, see his Mistresse, hee himselfe went out of the Lodge: and so giuing order vnto him of placing garrisons, and examining these matters; and *Philanax* with humble earnestnesse beginning to intreat him to leaue off this solitarie course (which already had been so dangerous vnto him) Well (said *Basilius*) it may be ere long I will condiscend vnto your desire. In the meane time, take you the best order you can to keepe me safe in my solitarinesse. But (said he) do you remember, how earnestly you wrote vnto me, that I should not be moued by that Oracles authoritie, which brought me to this resolution? Full well Sir (answered *Philanax*) for though it pleased you not so then to let me knowe, what the Oracles words were, yet all Oracles holding (in my conceipt) one degree of reputation, it sufficed me to know, it was but an Oracle, which led you frō your own course. Well (said *Basilius*) I will now tell you the words; which before I thought not good to do; because when all the euents fall out (as some already haue done) I may charge you with your incredulitie. So he repeated them in this sort.

THy elder care shall from thy carefull face
By princely meane be stolne, and yet not lost.

Thy younger ſhall with Natures bliſſe embrace
An vncouth loue, which Nature hateth moſt.
Both they themſelues vnto ſuch two ſhall wed,
Who at thy beer, as at a barre, ſhall plead;
Why thee (a liuing man) they had made dead.
In thine owne ſeat a forraine ſtate ſhall ſit.
And ere that all theſe blowes thy head do hit,
Thou, with thy wife, adultry ſhalt commit.

For you forſooth (ſaid he) when I told you, that ſom ſupernatural cauſe ſent me ſtrange viſions, which being confirmed with preſagious chaunces, I had gone to *Delphos*, & there receiued this anſwere, you replied to me, that the only ſupernaturall cauſes were the humors of my body, which bred ſuch melancholy dreames, and that both they framed a mind ful of cõceipts, apt to make preſages of things, which in themſelues were meerly chaunceable: and withall as I ſay, you remember what you wrote vnto me, touching authority of the Oracle: but now I haue ſome notable triall of the truth thereof, which hereafter I will more largely cõmunicate vnto you. Only now, know that the thing I moſt feared is already performed; I mean that a forraine ſtate ſhould poſſeſſe my throne. For that hath been done by *Zelmane*, but not as I feared, to my ruine, but to my preſeruation. But when he had once named *Zelmane*, that name was as good as a pully, to make the clock of his praiſes run on in ſuch ſort, that (*Philanax* found) was more exquiſite then the only admiration of vertue breedeth: which his faithfull hart inwardly repining at, made him ſhrinke away as ſoone as he could, to goe about the other matters of importance, which *Baſilius* had enioyned vnto him.

Baſilius returned into the Lodge, thus by him ſelfe conſtruing the oracle, that in that he ſaid, his elder care ſhould by Princely meane be ſtolne away from him, and yet not loſt, it was now performed, ſince *Zelmane* had as it were robd from him the care of his firſt begotten child, yet was it not loſt, ſince in his heart the ground of it remained. That his yonger ſhould with Natures bliſſe embrace the loue of *Zelmane*, becauſe hee had ſo commaunded her for his ſake to doe; yet ſhould it be with as much hate of Nature, for being ſo hatefull an oppoſite to the icalouſie he thought her mother had of him. The ſitting in his ſeate he deemed by her already performed: but that which moſt comforted him, was his interpretation of the adulterie, which he thought he ſhould commit with *Zelmane*, whom afterwards he ſhould haue to his wife. The point of his daughters mariage, becauſe it threatened his death withall, he determined to preuent with keeping them (while he liued) vnmaried. But hauing as he thought, gotten thus much vnderſtanding of the Oracle, he determined for three daies after to perfourme certaine rites to *Apollo*: and euen then began with his wife and daughters to ſing this Hymne, by them yearely vſed.

APollo *great, whoſe beames the greater world do light,*
And in our little world do cleare our inward ſight,
Which euer ſhine, though hid from earth by earthly ſhade,
Whoſe lights do euer liue, but in our darkneſſe fade;
Thou God, whoſe youth was deckt with ſpoile of Pythons *skin*
(So humble knowledge can throw downe the ſnakiſh ſinne)

Latonas

Latonas *ſonne, whoſe birth in paine and trauaile long*
Doth teach, to learne the good what trauailes do belong:
In trauaile of our life (a ſhort but tedious ſpace)
While brickle houre glaſſe runnes, guide thou our panting pace:
Giue vs foreſightfull mindes: giue vs minds to obey
What foreſight tels; our thoughts vpon thy knowledge ſtay.
Let ſo our fruits grow vp that nature be maintaind:
But ſo our harts keep down, with vice they be not ſtainde.
Let this aſſured hold our iudgements ouertake,
That nothing winnes the heauen, but what doth earth forſake.

Aſſoone as he had ended his deuotion (all the priuiledged ſhepherds being now come) knowing well enough he might lay all his care vpon *Philanax*, he was willing to ſweeten the taſte of this paſſed tumult, with ſom rural paſtimes. For which while the ſhepheards prepared themſelues in their beſt manner, *Baſilius* tooke his daughter *Philoclea* aſide, and with ſuch haſt, as if his eares hunted for words, deſired to know how ſhe had found *Zelmane*. Shee humbly anſwered him, according to the agreement betwixt them, that thus much for her ſake *Zelmane* was content to deſcend frō her former reſolution, as to heare him, whenſoeuer he would ſpeak; & further then that (ſhe ſaid) as *Zelmane* had not graunted, ſo ſhe neither did, nor euer would deſire. *Baſilius* kiſt her vvith more then fatherly thanks, and ſtraight (like a hard-kept warde new come to his lands) vvould faine haue vſed the benefit of that graunt, in laying his ſickneſſe before his only phyſition. But *Zelmane* (that had not yet fully determined with her ſelfe, how to beare her ſelfe toward him) made him in few words vnderſtand, that the time in reſpect of the company was vnfit for ſuch a parley, and therefore to keepe his braines the buſier, letting him vnderſtand what ſhe had learned of his daughters, touching *Eronas* diſtreſſe (whō in her trauaile ſhe had knowne, and been greatly beholding to) ſhe deſired him to finiſh the reſt, for ſo far as *Plangus* had told him; Becauſe ſhe ſaid (and ſhe ſaid truly) ſhe was ful of care for that Lady, whoſe deſert (only except an ouer-baſe choiſe) was nothing agreeable to misfortune. *Baſilius* glad that ſhe would command him any thing, but more glad, that in excuſing the vnfitneſſe of that time, ſhe argued an intention to graunt a fitter, obeyed her in this manner.

Madam (ſaid he) it is very true, that ſince yeares enabled mee to iudge what is, or is not to be pitied, I neuer ſaw any thing that more moued me to iuſtifie a vehement compaſſion in my ſelfe, then the eſtate of that Prince, whom ſtrong againſt all his owne afflictions (which yet were great as I perceiue you haue heard) yet true and noble loue had ſo pulled downe, as to lie vnder ſorrow for another. In ſo much as I could not temper my long idle pen in that ſubiect, which I perceiue you haue ſeen. But then to leaue that vnrepeated, which I find my daughters haue told you: It may pleaſe you to vnderſtand, ſince it pleaſeth you to demand, that *Antiphilus* being crowned, and ſo left by the famous Princes *Muſidorus* and *Pyrocles* (led thence by the challenge of *Anaxius*, who is now in theſe prouinces of *Greece*, making a diſhonorable enquirie after that excellent prince *Pyrocles* a Arcadie periſhed) *Antiphilus* (I ſay) being crowned, & deliuered from the preſence of thoſe two, vvhoſe vertues (while they were preſent, like good ſchoolmaſters) ſuppreſſed his vanities, hee had not ſtrength of mind enough in him to make long delay of diſcouering what maner of man hee was. But ſtreight like one caried vp to ſo hie a place, that he looſeth the

discerning of the ground ouer vvhich he is; so was his mind lifted so far beyond the leuell of his owne discourse, that remembring onely that himselfe was in the high seat of a King, he could not perceiue that he was a king of reasonable creatures, who would quickly scorne follies, and repine at iniuries. But imagining no so true propertie of souereigntie, as to do what he listed, and to list whatsoeuer pleased his fancie, he quickly made his kingdome a Teniscourt, where his subiects should be the balles, not in truth cruelly, but licentiously abusing them, presuming so far vpon himselfe, that what he did was liked of euery bodie: nay, that his disgraces were fauours, & all because he was a King. For in Nature not able to conceiue the bounds of great matters (suddenly borne into an vnknowne Ocean of absolute power) he was swayed withal (he knew not how) as euery winde of passiõs puffed him. Whereto nothing helped him better, then that poysonous sugar of flattery: which some vsed, out of the innate baseneſſe of their hart, straight like dogs fawning vpon the greatest: others secretly hating him, and disdaining his great rising so suddenly, so vndeseruedly (finding his humour) bent their exalting him onely to his ouerthrow; like the bird that carries the shel-fish high, to breake him the easier with his fall. But his minde (being an apt matter to receiue what forme their amplifying speeches would lay vpõ it) daunced so pretie a musick to their false measure, that he thought himselfe the wisest, the worthiest, and best beloued, that euer gaue honor to royall title. And being but obscurely borne, he had found out vnblushing pedegrees, that made him not only of the bloud royall, but true heire though vniustly dispossest by *Erona*s aunceſtors. And like the foolish birde, that when it so hides the head that it sees not it selfe, thinks no body else sees it: so did he imagine, that no bodie knewe his baseneſſe, while he himselfe turned his eyes from it.

Then vainenesse (a meager friend to gratefulneſſe) brought him so to despise *Erona*, as of whom he had receiued no benefit, that within half a yeares mariage hee began to pretend barrennes: & making first an vnlawfull law of hauing mo wiues then one, he still keeping *Erona*, vnder-hand, by messages sought *Artaxia*: who no lesse hating him, then louing (as vnluckie a choise) the naughtie King *Plexirtus*, yet to bring to passe what shee purposed, vvas content to traine him into false hopes, till alreadie his imagination had crowned him King of *Armenia*, & had made that but the foundation of more & more monarchies; as if fortune had only gotten eies to cherish him. In which time a great assembly of most part of al the Princes of *Asia* being to do honor to the neuer sufficiently praised *Pyrocles* & *Musidorus*, he vvould be one; not to acknowledge his obligation (which was as great as any of the others) but looking to haue bin yong-mastred among those great estates, as he was among his abusing vnderlings. But so many valorous Princes, indeed far neerer to disdain him then otherwise, he was quickly (as standing vpon no true ground, inwardly) out of countenance with himselfe, till his seldom-comfortleſſe flatterers (perswading him, it was enuie and feare of his expected greatneſſe) made him hast away from that company, and vvithout further delay appointed the meeting vvith *Artaxia*; so incredibly blinded vvith the ouer-bright shining of his royaltie, that hee could thinke such a Queene would bee content to be ioyned-patent with another to haue such an husband. Poore *Erona* to all this obeyed, either vehemencie of affection making her stoop to so ouerbase a seruitude, or astonished vvith an vnlooked for fortune, dull to any behoofefull resolution, or (as many times it falles out euen in great hearts vvhen they can accuse none but themselues) desperately bent to maintaine it. For so went she on in that way of her loue, that (poore Lady) to be

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beyond all other examples of ill set affection, she was brought to write to *Artaxia*, that she was content, for the publike good, to be a second wife, and yeeld the first place to her; nay to extoll him, and euen woo *Artaxia* for him.

But *Artaxia* (mortally hating them both for her brothers sake) was content to hide her hate, till shee had time to shew it: and pretending that all her grudge was against the two paragons of vertue, *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, euen met them halfe way in excusing her brothers murther, as not being principall actors; and of the other side, driuen to what they did by the euer-pardonable necessitie: and so well handled the matter, as though she promised nothing, yet *Antiphilus* promised himselfe all that she would haue him thinke. And so a solemne enteruiew was appointed: But (as the Poets say) *Hymen* had not there his saffron-coloured coat. For *Artaxia* laying men secretly (& easily they might be secret, since *Antiphilus* thought shee ouer-ran him in loue) when he came euen ready to embrace her (shewing rather a countenance of accepting then offering) they came forth, and (hauing much aduantage both in number, valure, & fore-preparation) put all his company to the sword, but such as could fly away. As for *Antiphilus* she caused him & *Erona* both to be put in yrons, hasting back toward her brothers tombe, vpon which she meant to sacrifice them; making the loue of her brother stand between her and all other motions of grace, from which by nature she was alienated.

But great diuersitie in them two quickly discouered it selfe for the bearing of that affliction: for *Antiphilus* that had no greatnesse but outward, that taken away, was ready to fall faster then calamitie could thrust him; with fruitlesse begging of life (where reason might well assure him his death was resolued) and weake bemoning his fortune, to giue his enemies a most pleasing musike, with many promises and protestations, to as little purpose, as from a little mind. But *Erona* sad indeed, yet like one rather vsed, then new fallen to sadnesse (as who had the ioyes of her hart alreadie broken) seemed rather to welcome then to shun that end of miserie; speaking little, but what she spake was for *Antiphilus*, remembring his guiltlesnesse, being at that time prisoner to *Tiridates*, when the valiant Princes slue him: to the disgrace of men, shewing that there are women both more wise to iudge what is to be expected, and more constant to beare it when it is happened.

But her wit endeared by her youth, her affliction by her birth, & her sadnesse by her beautie, made this noble Prince *Plangus*, who (neuer almost from his cousin *Artaxia*) was now present at *Eronas* taking, to perceiue the shape of louelinesse more perfectly in woe, then in ioyfulnesse (as in a picture which receiues greater life by the darknesse of shadowes, then by more glittering colours) and seeing to like, and liking to loue, and louing straight to feele the most incident effects of loue, to serue and preserue. So borne by the hastie tide of short leasure, he did hastilie deliuer together his affection, and affectionate care. But she (as if he had spoken of a small matter, when he mentioned her life, to which he had not leasure to attend) desired him if he loued her, to shew it, in finding some way to saue *Antiphilus*. For her, she found the world but a wearisome stage vnto her, where she played a part against her will: and therefore besought him, not to cast his loue in so vnfruitfull a place, as could not loue it selfe: but for a testimonie of constancie, & assurableneſse to his word, to do so much comfort to her mind, as that for her sake *Antiphilus* were saued. He told me how much he argued against her tendring him, who had so vngratefullie betrayed her, and foolishly cast away himselfe. But perceiuing she did not only bend her verie good wits to speake for him against herselfe,

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but when such a cause could be allied to no reason, yet loue would needes make it selfe a cause, and barre her rather from hearing, then yeeld that she should yeeld to such arguments: he likewise in whom the power of Loue (as they say of spirits) was so biect to the loue in her, with grief consented, and (though backwardly) was diligent to labour the helpe of *Antiphilus*: a man whom he not only hated, as a traytor to *Erona*, but enuied as a possessor of *Erona*. Yet Loue sware, his hart, in spite of his hart, should make him become a seruant to his riuall. And so did he, seeking all the meanes of perswading *Artaxia*, which the authoritie of so neare, & so vertuous a kinsman could giue vnto him. But she to whom the eloquence of hatred had giuen reuenge the face of delight, reiected all such motions; but rather the more closely imprisoning them in her chiefe citie, where she kept thē with intention at the birthday of *Tiridates* (which was very neare) to execute *Antiphilus*, & at the day of his death (which was about halfe a yeare after) to vse the same rigor towards *Erona*. *Plangus* much grieued (because much louing) attempted the humors of the *Lycians*; to see, whether they would come in with forces to succor their Princesse. But there the next inheritor to the crown (with the true play that is vsed in the game of kingdomes) had no sooner his mistresse in captiuitie, but he had vsurped her place, and making her odious to her people, because of the vnfit election she had made, had so left no hope there: but which is worse, had sent to *Artaxia*, perswading the iusticing her, because that vniustice might giue his title the name of iustice. Wanting that way, *Plangus* practised with some dear friends of his, to saue *Antiphilus* out of prison, whose day because it was much nearer then *Eronaes*, & that he well found, she had twisted her life vpō the same threed with his, he determined first to get him out of prison: and to that end hauing perpared all matters as well as in such case he could, where *Artaxia* had set many of *Tiridates* old seruants to haue well-marking eyes, he conferred with *Antiphilus*, as (by the authority he had) he found meanes to do; & agreed with him of the time & maner, how he should by the death of some of his iaylors escape. But all being well ordered, & *Plangus* willingly putting himself into the greatest danger, *Antiphilus* (who, like a bladder, sweld ready to breake, while it was full of the wind of prosperitie; that being out, was so abiected, as apt to be trod on by euery body) when it came to the point, that with some hazard, hee might be in apparant likelihood to auoid the vttermost harme, his hart fainted, and (weake foole, neither hoping, nor fearing as he should) gat a conceipt, that with bewraying this practise, he might obtaine pardon: & therefore, euen a little before *Plangus* should haue come vnto him, opened the whole practise to him that had the charge, with vnpitied teares idely protesting, he had rather die by *Artaxias* commandement, then against her will escape: yet begging life vpon any the hardest, & wretchedest conditions that she would lay vpon him. His keeper prouided accordingly, so that when *Plangus* came, he was like himselfe to haue bin entrapped: but that finding (with a luckie in-sight) that it was discouered, he retired; and (calling his friends about him) stood vpon his guard, as he had good cause. For, *Artaxia* (accounting him most vngratefull, considering that her brother & she had not only preserued him against the malice of his father, but euer vsed him much liker his birth, then his fortune) sent forces to apprehend him. But he among the martiall men had gotten so great loue, that he could not only keep himself from her malice, but worke in their minds a compassion of *Eronas* aduersity.

But for the succour of *Antiphilus* he could get no body to ioyne with him, the contempt of him hauing not been able to qualifie the hatred; so that *Artaxia* might easilie

easily vpon him performe her will; which was (at the humble suite of all the women of that citie) to deliuer him to their censure, who mortallie hating him for hauing made a law of *Polygamie*, after many tortures, forst him to throw himselfe from a high Pyramis, which was built ouer *Tiridates* tombe, and so to end his false-hearted life, which had planted no strong thought in him, but that he could be vnkinde.

But *Plangus* well perceiuing that *Artaxia* staied only for the appointed day, that the faire *Erona's* body (consumed to ashes) should make a notorious testimonie, how deeply her brothers death was engrauen in her breast, he assembled good numbers of friends, whom his vertue (though a stranger) had tied vnto him, by force to giue her libertie. Contrariwise, *Artaxia*, to whom Anger gaue more courage then her sex did feare, vsed her regall authoritie (the most she could) to suppresse that sedition, and haue her will: which (she thought) is the most princelie thing that may be. But *Plangus*, who indeed (as all men witnesse) is one of the best Captaines (both for policie and valour) that are trained in the schoole of *Mars*, in a conflict ouerthrew *Artaxias* power, though of farre greater nomber: and there tooke prisoner a base sonne of her brothers, whom she dearly affected, & then sent her word that he should runne the same race of fortune (what soeuer it was) that *Erona* did; & happie was that threatning for her; for else *Artaxia* had hastened the day of her death, in respect of those tumults.

But now (some principall Noblemen of that countrie interposing themselues) it was agreed, that all persons else fully pardoned, and all prisoners (except *Erona*) deliuered, she should be put into the hands of a principall Nobleman, who had a castle of great strength, vpon oath, if by the day two yeare from *Tiridates* death, *Pyrocles* & *Musidorus* did not in person combat, and ouercome two knights, whom she appointed to maintain her quarrell against *Erona* & them, of hauing by treason destroyed her brother, that then *Erona* shold be that same day burned to ashes: but if they came, and had the victorie, she should be deliuered; but vpon no occasion neither freed, nor executed till that day. And hereto of both sides, all took solemne oath, and so the peace was concluded; they of *Plangus* partie forcing him to agree, though he himselfe the sooner condiscended, knowing the curtesie of those two excellent Princes, not to refuse so noble a quarrell, and their power such, as two more (like the other two) were not able to resist. But *Artaxia* was more, and vpon better ground, pleased with this action; for she had euen newly receiued newes frō *Plexirtus*, that vpon the sea he had caused them both to perish, & therefore she held her selfe sure of the match.

But poore *Plangus* knew not so much, and therefore seeing his partie (as most times it falles out in like case) hungrie of any conditions of peace, accepted them; and then obtained leaue of the Lord, that indifferently kept her, to visite *Erona*, whom he found full of desperate sorrow, suffering neither his vnworthinesse, nor his wrongs, nor his death (which is the naturall conclusion of all worldlie acts) either to couer with forgetfulnesse, or diminish with consideration, the affection shee had borne him: but euen glorying in affliction, & shunning all comfort, she seemed to haue no delight, but in making her selfe the picture of misery. So that when *Plangus* came to her, she fell in deadlie traunces, as if in him she had seene the death of *Antiphilus*, because hee had not succoured him: and yet (her vertue striuing) shee did at one time acknowledge her selfe bound, and professe her selfe iniured; in steed of allowing the conclusion they had made, or writing to the Princes (as he wisht

her

her to do) craning nothing but ſome ſpeedie death, to follow her (in ſpite of iuſt hate) beloued *Antiphilus*.

So that *Plangus* hauing nothing but a rauiſht kiſſe from her hand at their parting, went away toward *Greece*, whitherward he vnderſtood the Princes were embarked. But by the way it was his fortune to intercept letters, written by *Artaxia* to *Plexirtus*: wherein ſhe ſignified her accepting him to her husband, whom ſhe had euer fauoured; ſo much the rather, as he had performed the conditions of her mariage, in bringing to their deſerued end her greateſt enemies: withall, thanking the ſea, in ſuch tearmes as he might well perceiue it was by ſome treaſon wrought in *Plexirtus* ſhip. Whereupon (to make more diligent ſearch) he tooke ſhip himſelfe and came into *Laconia*, enquiring, and by his enquirie finding, that ſuch a ſhip was indeed with fight and fire periſhed, none (almoſt) eſcaping. But for *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, it was aſſuredly determined that they were caſt away: for the name of ſuch Princes (eſpecially in *Greece*) would quickly elſe haue bene a large witneſſe to the contrary. Full of griefe with that, for the loſſe of ſuch, who left the world poore of perfection: but more ſorie for *Erona's* ſake, who now by them could not be relieued; a new aduertiſement from *Armenia* ouertooke him, which multiplied the force of his anguiſh. It was a meſſage from the Nobleman who had *Erona* in ward, giuing him to vnderſtād, that ſince his departure, *Artaxia* (vſing the benefit of time) had beſieged him in his Caſtle, demaunding preſent deliuerie of her, whom yet for his faith giuen, he would not, before the day appointed, if poſsibly he could reſiſt; which he foreſaw, long he ſhould not do for want of victuall, which he had not ſo wiſely prouided, becauſe he truſted vpon the generall oath taken for two yeares ſpace: and therefore willed him to make haſte to his ſuccour, and come with no ſmall forces; for all they that were of his ſide in *Armenia* were conſumed, and *Artaxia* had encreaſed her might by mariage of *Plexirtus*, who now crowned king there, ſtickt not to glory in the murder of *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, as hauing iuſt cauſe thereto, in reſpect of the deaths of his ſiſter *Andromana*, her ſon his Nephew, and his owne daughter *Zelmane*: all whoſe loſſe he vniuſtly charged them withall, and now openly ſtickt not to confeſſe, vvhat a reuenge his wit had brought foorth. *Plangus* much aſtoniſhed herewith, bethought himſelfe what to do: for to returne to *Armenia* was vaine, ſince his friendes there, were vtterly ouerthrowne. Then thought he of going to his father; but he had alreadie (euen ſince the death of his ſtepmother, and brother) attempted the recouering of his fauour, and all in vaine. For they that had before ioyned with *Andromana* to doe him the wrong, thought now no life for them if he returned, and therefore kept him ſtill (with new forged ſuſpicions) odious to his father. So that *Plangus* reſeruing that for a worke of longer time, then the ſauing of *Erona* could beare, determined to goe to the mightie and good king *Euarchus*: vvho lately hauing (to his eternall fame) fully, not onely conquered his enemies, but eſtabliſhed good gouernement in their countries, hee hoped he might haue preſent ſuccour of him, both for the iuſtneſſe of the cauſe, and reuenge of his childrens death, by ſo hainous a treaſon murthered. Therefore with diligence he went to him, and by the way (paſsing through my country) it was my hap to find him, the moſt ouerthrowne man vvith griefe, that euer I hope to ſee againe. For ſtill it ſeemed hee had *Erona* at a ſtake before his eyes; ſuch an apprehenſion he had taken of her daunger; vvhich in deſpite of all the comfort I could giue him, he powred out in ſuch lamentations, that I was moued not to let him paſſe till he had made full declaration, which by peeces my daughters & I haue deliuered

vnto

deliuered vnto you. Faine he would haue had ſuccour of my ſelfe: but the courſe of my life being otherwiſe bent, I onely accompanied him with ſome that might ſafely guide him to the great *Euarchus*; for my part hauing had ſome of his ſpeeches ſo feelingly in my memory, that at an idle time (as I told you) I ſet them down dialogue wiſe, in ſuch maner as you haue ſeene. And thus, excellent Lady, I haue obeyed you in this ſtory: wherin if it well pleaſe you to conſider what is the ſtrange power Loue, and what is due to his authoritie, you ſhall exerciſe therein the true nobleneſſe of your iudgement, and do the more right to the vnfortunate Hiſtorian. *Zelmane* (ſighing for *Erona*s ſake, yet inwardly comforted in that ſhe aſſured her ſelfe, *Euarchus* would not ſpare to take in hand the iuſt deliuering of her, ioyned with the iuſt reuenge of his childrens loſſe) hauing now what ſhe deſired of *Baſilius*, to auoyd his further diſcourſes of affection, encouraged the ſhepheards to begin, whom ſhe ſaw already ready for them.

The ſecond Eclogues.

THe rude tumult of the *Eniſpians* gaue occaſion to the honeſt ſhepheards to begin their Paſtorals this day with a daunce, which they called the skirmiſh betwixt Reaſon and Paſſion. For ſeauen ſhepheards (which were named the reaſonable ſhepheards) ioyned themſelues, foure of them making a ſquare, and the other two going a little wide of either ſide, like wings for the maine battell, & the ſeuenth man formoſt, like the forlorne hope, to begin the skirmiſh. In like order came out the ſeuen appaſſionated ſhepheards, all keeping the pace of their foot by their voice and ſundry conſorted inſtruments they held in their armes. And firſt, the formoſt of the Reaſonable ſide began to ſing:

Reaſon. Thou rebell vile, come, to thy maſter yeeld.

And the other that met with him anſwered:

Paſſion. No, Tyrant, no; mine, mine ſhall be the field.

R. Can Reaſon then a Tyrant counted be?
P. If Reaſon will that Paſſions be not free.
R. But Reaſon will, that Reaſon gouerne moſt.
P. And Paſſion wil that Paſſion rule the roſt.
R. Your will is will, but Reaſon reaſon is.
P. Will hath his will, when Reaſons will doth miſſe.
R. Whom Paſſion leades, vnto his death is bent.
P. And let him die, ſo that he die content.
R. By nature you to Reaſon faith haue ſworne.
P. Not ſo, but fellow-like together borne.
R. Who Paſſion doth enſue, liues in annoy.
P. Who Paſſion doth forſake, liues voide of ioy.
R. Paſſion is blinde, and treads an vnknowne trace.
P. Reaſon hath eyes to ſee his owne ill caſe.

Then as they approched nearer, the two of Reaſons ſide, as if they ſhot at the other, thus ſang:

R. Dare Paſſions then abide in Reaſons light?
P. And is not reaſon dim with Paſſions might?

R. *O foolish thing, which glorie doth destroy.*
P. *O glorious title of a foolish toy.*
R. *Weakenesse you are, dare you with our strength fight?*
P. *Because our weakenesse weakeneth all your might.*
R. *O sacred Reason, helpe our vertuous toyles.*
P. *O Passion, passe on feeble Reasons spoyles.*
R. *We with our selues abide a daylie strife.*
P. *We gladly vse the sweetnesse of our life.*
R. *But yet our strife sure peace in end doth breed.*
P. *We now haue peace, your peace we do not need.*

Then did the two square battailes meete, and in steed of fighting embrace one another, singing thus:

R. *We are too strong: But Reason seeks no blood.*
P. *Who to be weake, do faine they be too good.*
R. *Though we cannot orecome, our cause is iust.*
P. *Let vs orecome, and let vs be vniust.*
R. *Yet Passions yeeld at length to Reasons stroke.*
P. *What shall we win by taking Reasons yoke?*
R. *The ioyes you haue shall be made permanent.*
P. *But so we shall with griefe learne to repent.*
R. *Repent indeed, but that shall be your blisse.*
P. *How know we that, since present ioyes we misse?*
R. *You know it not: of Reason therefore know it.*
P. *No Reason yet had euer skill to shew it.*
R. *Then let vs both to heauenly rules giue place.*
P. *Which Passions kill, and reason do deface.*

Then embraced they one another, and came to the king, who framed his praises of them according to *Zelmanes* liking; whose vnrestrained parts, the mind and eye, had their free course to the delicate *Philoclea*, whose looke was not short in well requiting it, although she knew it was a hatefull sight to her iealous mother. But *Dicus* (that had in this time taken a great liking of *Dorus*, for the good parts he found aboue his age in him) had a delight to taste the fruits of his wit, though in a subiect which he himselfe most of all other despised: & so entred to speech with him in the manner of this following Eclogue.

Dicus. Dorus.

Dicus. Dorus, *tell me, where is thy womted motion,*
To make these woods resound thy lamentation?
Thy Saint is dead, or dead is thy deuotion.
For who doth hold his loue in estimation,
To witnesse that he thinkes his thoughts delicious,
Thinkes to make each thing badge of his sweet passion.

Dorus. *But what doth make thee* Dicus, *so suspicious.*

of

Dorus

Of my due faith, which needs muſt be immutable?
Who others vertue doubt, themſelues are vicious,
Not ſo; although my metall were moſt mutable,
Her beames haue wrought therein moſt faire impreſsion,
To ſuch a force ſoone change were nothing ſutable.

Dicus. *The hart well ſet doth neuer ſhunne confeſsion:*
If noble be thy bandes, make them notorious:
Silence doth ſeeme the maſke of baſe oppreſsion.
Who glories in his loue, doth make Loue glorious:
But who doth feare, or bideth mute wilfully,
Shewes, guilty heart doth deeme his ſtate opprobrious.
Thou then, that fram'ſt both wordes and voice moſt skilfully,
Yeelde to our eares a ſweete and ſound relation,
If Loue tooke thee by force, or caught thee guilefully.

Dorus. *If ſunnie beames ſhame heau'nly habitation,*
If three leau'd graſſe ſeeme to the ſheepe vnſauorie,
Then baſe and ſowre is Loues moſt high vocation.
Or if ſheepes cries can helpe the Sunnes owne brauerie,
Then may I hope, my pipe may haue abilitie,
To helpe her praiſe, who decks me in her ſlauerie.
No, no: no words ennoble ſelfe nobilitie,
As for your doubts, her voice was it deceiued me,
Her eye the force beyond all poſsibilitie.

Dicus. *Thy words well voyc'd, well grac'de had almoſt heaued me,*
Quite from my ſelfe to loue Loues contemplation;
Till of theſe thoughts thy ſodaine ende bereaued me.
Goe on therefore, and tell vs by what faſhion
In thy owne proofe he gets ſo ſtraunge poſſeſsion,
And how poſſeſt he ſtrengthens his inuaſion.

Dorus. *Sight is his roote, in thought is his progreſsion,*
His childhood wonder, prentizeſhip attention,
His youth delight, his age the ſoules oppreſsion,
Doubt is his ſleepe, he waketh in inuention,
Fancie his foode, his clothing is of carefullneſſe;
Beautie his booke, his play louers diſſention:
His eyes are curious ſearch, but vaild with wareſullneſſe?
His wings deſire oft clipt with deſperation.
Largeſſe his hands could neuer skill of ſparefulneſſe:
But how he doth by might, or by perſwaſion
To conquere, and his conqueſt how to ratifie,
Experience doubts, and ſchooles hold diſputation.

Dicus. *But ſo thy ſheepe may thy good wiſhes ſatisfie*
With large encreaſe, and wooll of fine perfection,

So ſhe thy loue, her eyes thy eyes may gratifie,
As thou wilt giue our ſoules a deare refection,
By telling how ſhee was, how now ſhe framed is
To helpe, or hurt in thee her owne infection.

Dorus. *Bleſt be the name wherewith my miſtres named is:*
Whoſe wounds are ſalues, whoſe yokes pleaſe more then pleaſure doth:
Her ſtaines are beames; vertue the fault ſhe blamed is,
The hart, eye, eare here onely find his treaſure doth.
All numbring artes her endleſſe graces number not:
Time, place, life, wit, ſcarcely her rare gifts meaſure doth.
Is ſhe in rage? ſo is the Sunne in ſommer hot,
Yet harueſt brings. Doth ſhe, alas! abſent her ſelfe?
The Sunne is hid; his kindly ſhadowes cumber not.
But when to giue ſome grace ſhe doth content her ſelfe,
O then it ſhines, then are the heau'ns diſtributed,
And Venus *ſeemes, to make vp her, ſhe ſpent herſelfe.*
Thus then (I ſay) me miſchiefs haue contributed
A greater good by her diuine reflection,
My harmes to me, my bliſſe to her attributed.
Thus ſhe is fram'd: her eyes are my direction,
Her loue my life, her anger my deſtruction:
Laſtly what ſo ſhe is, that's my protection.

Dicus. *Thy ſafetie ſure is wrapped in deſtruction,*
For that conſtruction thine own words do beare.
A man to feare a womans moodie eye,
Makes Reaſon lie a ſlaue to ſeruile ſenſe,
A weake defence where weakneſſe is thy force:
So is remorſe in follie dearly bought.

Dorus. *If I had thought to heare blaſphemous words,*
My breaſt to ſwords, my ſoule to hell haue ſold
I rather would, then thus mine eares defile
With words ſo vile, which viler breath doth breed.
O heards take heed; for I a woolfe haue found,
Who hunting round the ſtrongeſt for to kill,
His breaſt doth fill with earth of others woe,
And loden ſo pulls downe pull'd downe deſtroyes,
O ſhepheards boyes, eſchue theſe tongues of venome,
Which do enuenome both the ſoule and ſenſes.
Our beſt defenſes are to flie theſe adders.
O tongues like ladders made to clime diſhonour,
Who iudge that honour, which hath ſcope to ſlaunder!

Dicus. Dorus *you wander farre in great reproches,*
So Loue encroches on your charmed reaſon,
But it is ſeaſon for to end our ſinging.

Such

Such anger bringing: as for me, my fancie
In ſicke-mans frenzie rather takes compaſſion,
Then rage for rage: rather my wiſh I ſend to thee,
Thou ſoone may haue ſome helpe, or chaunge of paſſion:
She oft her lookes, the ſtarres her fauour bend to thee,
Fortune ſtore, Nature health, Loue graunt perſwaſion.
A quiet mind none but thy ſelfe can lend to thee,
Thus I commend to thee all our former Loue.

Dorus. *Well do I proue, errour lyes oft in Zeale,*
Yet it is zeale, though errour of true heart.
Nought could impart ſuch heats to friendly mind,
But for to find thy words did her diſgrace,
Whoſe onely face the little heauen is,
Which who doth miſſe, his eyes are but deluſions,
Barr'd from their chiefeſt obiect of delightfulneſſe,
Throwne on this earth, the Chaos of confuſions;
As for thy wiſh, to my enraged ſpitefulneſſe,
The louely blow, with rare reward, my prayer is
Thou maiſt loue her, that I may ſee thy ſightfulneſſe.
The quiet mind (whereof my ſelfe empairer is,
As thou doſt thinke) ſhould moſt of all diſquiet me
Without her loue, then any mind who fairer is,
Her only cure from ſurfet woes can diet me.
She holds the ballance of my contentation:
Her cleared eyes, nought elſe in ſtormes can quiet me.
Nay rather then my eaſe diſcontentation
Should breed to her, let me for aye deiected be
From any ioy, which might her griefe occaſion.
With ſo ſweet plagues my happy harmes infected be:
Paine wils me die, yet will of death I mortifie:
For though life irkes, in life my loues protected be,
Thus for each change my changeleſſe heart I fortifie.

When they had ended to the good pleaſing of the aſſiſtants, eſpecially of *Zelmane*, who neuer forgate to giue due commendations to her friend *Dorus*, *Baſilius* called for *Lamon* to end his diſcourſe of *Strephon* & *Klaius*, wherewith the other day he marked *Zelmane* to haue been excedingly delighted. But him ſickeneſſe had ſtayed from that aſſemblie: which gaue occaſion to *Hiſter* and *Damon* two young ſhepherds, taking vpon them the two friendly riuals names, to preſent *Baſilius* with ſome other of their complaints Eclogue-wiſe, and firſt with this double Seſtine.

Strephon. Klaius.

Strephon. *Ye Gote-heard Gods, that loue the graſſie mountaines,*
Ye Nymphs that haunt the ſprings in pleaſant vallies,
Ye Satyrs ioy'd with free and quiet foreſts,
Vouchſafe your ſilent eares to plaining muſicke,

Which to my woes giue ſtill an early morning,
And drawes the dolor on till wearie euening.

Klaius. *O* Mercurie, *foregoer to the euening,*
O heauenly huntreſſe of the ſauage mountaines,
O louely ſtar, entitled of the morning,
While that my voyce doth fill theſe wofull vallies,
Vouchſafe your ſilent eares to plaining muſike,
Which oft hath Echo tyr'd in ſecret forreſts.

Strephon. *I that was once free burgeſſe of the forreſts,*
Where ſhade from Sunne, and ſports I ſought at euening,
I that was once eſteem'd for pleaſant muſike,
Am baniſht now among the monſtrous mountaines
Of huge deſpaire, and foule afflictions vallies,
Am growne a ſhrich-owle to my ſelfe each morning.

Klaius. *I that was once delighted euery morning,*
Hunting the wild inhabiters of forreſts:
I that was once the muſike of theſe vallies,
So darkened am, that all my day is euening,
Hart broken ſo, that molehilles ſeeme high mountaines,
And fill the vales with cries in ſteed of muſike.

Strephon. *Long ſince alas, my deadly ſwanniſh muſike*
Hath made it ſelfe a crier of the morning,
And hath with wailing ſtrength clim'd higheſt mountaines:
Long ſince my thoughts more deſert be then forreſts:
Long ſince I ſee my ioyes come to their euening,
And ſtate throwne downe to ouertroden vallies.

Klaius. *Long ſince the happie dwellers of theſe vallies,*
Haue pray'd me leaue my ſtraunge exclaming muſike,
Which troubles their dayes worke, and ioyes of euening:
Long ſince I hate the night, more hate the morning:
Long ſince my thoughts chaſe me like beaſts in forreſts,
And make me wiſh my ſelfe laide vnder mountaines.

Strephon. *Me ſeemes I ſee the high and ſtately mountaines,*
Transforme themſelues to low deiected vallies:
Me ſeemes I heare in theſe ill chaunged forreſts,
The Nightingales do learne of Owles *their muſike:*
Me ſeemes I feele the comfort of the morning,
Turn'd to the mortall ſerene of an euening.

Klaius. *Me ſeemes I ſee a filthy cloudy euening,*
As ſoone as Sunne begins to climbe the mountaines;
Me ſeemes I feele a noyſome ſent, the morning

When I doo ſmell the flowers of theſe vallies:
Me ſeemes I heare, when I doo heare ſweet muſicke,
The dreadfull cries of murdered men in forreſts.

Strephon. *I wiſh to fire the trees of all thoſe forreſts*
I giue the Sunne a laſt farewell each euening,
I curſe the fidling finders out of muſicke:
With enuie I doo hate the loftie mountaines;
And with deſpite deſpiſe the humble vallies;
I doo deteſt night, euening, day and morning.

Klaius. *Curſe to my ſelfe my praier is, the morning;*
My fire is more then can be made with forreſts;
My ſtate more baſe, then are the baſeſt vallies;
I wiſh no euenings more to ſee, each euening;
Shamed I hate my ſelfe in ſight of mountaines,
And ſtoppe mine eares, leaſt I grow mad with muſicke.

Strephon. *For ſhe whoſe parts maintainde a perfect muſicke,*
Whoſe beautie ſhin'de more then the blushing morning,
Who much did paſſe in ſtate the ſtately mountaines,
In ſtreightneſſe paſt the Cedars of the forreſts,
Hath caſt me wretch into eternall euening,
By taking her two Sunnes from theſe darke vallies.

Klaius. *For ſhe, to whome compar'd, the Alps are vallies,*
She, whoſe leaſt word brings from the ſpheares their muſick,
At whoſe approch the Sunne roſe in the euening,
Who where ſhe went bare in her forhead morning,
Is gone, is gone, from theſe our ſpoyled forreſts,
Turning to deſarts our beſt paſtur'd mountaines.

Strephon *Theſe mountaines witneſſe ſhall, ſo ſhal theſe vallies,*
Theſe forreſts eke, made wretched by our muſicke,
Klaius. *Our morning hymne is this, and ſong at euening.*

But, as though all this had bin but the taking of a taſte of their wailings, *Strephon* againe began this Dizaine, which was anſwered vnto him in that kind of verſe which is called the crowne.

Strephon. Klaius.

Strephon *I ioy in griefe, and doo deteſt all ioyes:*
Deſpiſe delight, am tyr'd with thought of eaſe:
I turne my minde to all formes of annoyes,
And with the change of them my fancie pleaſe,
I ſtudie that which may me moſt diſpleaſe,
And in deſpite of that diſpleaſures might,

Embrace that moſt, that moſt my ſoule deſtroyes,
Blinded with beames, fell darkneſſe is my ſight:
Dwell in my ruines, feede with ſucking ſmart
I thinke from me, not from my woes to part.

Klaius. *I thinke from me, not from my woes to part,*
And loath this time, call'd life, nay thinke, that life
Nature to me for torment did impart;
Thinke, my hard haps haue blunted deaths ſharpe knife,
Not ſparing me, in whom his workes be rife:
And thinking this, thinke nature, life, and death
Place Sorowes triumph on my conquered heart,
Whereto I yeeld, and ſeeke none other breath,
But from the ſent of ſome infectious graue:
Nor of my fortune ought, but miſchiefe craue.

Strephon. *Nor of my fortune ought but miſchiefe craue,*
And ſeeke to nouriſh that, which now containes
All what I am: if I my ſelfe will ſaue,
Then muſt I ſaue, what in me chiefly raines,
Which is the hatefull web of ſorowes paines.
Sorow then cheriſh me, for I am ſorow:
No being now, but ſorow I can haue:
Then decke me as thine owne; thy helpe I borow,
Since thou my riches art, and that thou haſte
Enough to make a fertill mind lye waſte.

Klaius. *Enough to make a fertill mind lye waſte,*
Is that huge ſtorme, which powres it ſelfe on me:
Haileſtones of teares, of ſight a monſtrous blaſt,
Thunders of cries; lightnings my wilde lookes be,
The darkened heau'n my ſoule, which nought can ſee,
The flying ſprits which trees by roots vp teare,
Be thoſe deſpaires which haue my hopes quite waſt.
The difference is; all folks thoſe ſtormes forbeare,
But I cannot; who then my ſelfe ſhould flie.
So cloſe vnto my ſelfe my wrackes doe lie.

Strephon. *So cloſe vnto my ſelfe my wrackes doo lie,*
Both cauſe, effect, beginning, and the ende
Are all in me: what helpe then can I trie?
My ſhip, my ſelfe, whoſe courſe to loue doth bende,
Sore beaten doth her maſt of comfort ſpend:
Her cable, Reaſon, breakes from anchor, Hope:
Fancie her tackling, torne away doth flie:
Ruine, the winde, hath blowne her from her ſcope:
Bruſed with waues of Cares, but broken is
On rocke, Deſpaire, the buriall of my bliſſe.

Klaius. *On rocke, Despaire, the buriall of my blisse,*
I long doe plowe with plough of deepe desire:
The seede Fast meaning is, no truth to misse:
I harow it with Thoughts, which all conspire
Fauour to make my chiefe and only hire.
But, woe is me, the yeare is gone about,
And now I faine would reape, I reape but this
Hatefully growne, Absence new sprong out.
So that I see, although my sight empaire,
Vaine is their paine, who labour in despaire.

Strephon. *Vaine is their paine, who labour in despaire:*
For so did I, when with my angle Will,
I sought to catch the fish Torpedo faire.
Eu'n then Despaire did Hope already kill:
Yet fancie would perforce employ his skill,
And this hath got; the catcher now is caught,
Lam'd with the angle, which it selfe did beare,
And vnto death, quite drownd in dolours, brought
To death, as then disguis'd in her faire face:
Thus, thus, alas, I had my losse in chase.

Klaius. *Thus, thus, alas, I had my losse in chase,*
When first that crowned Basiliske I knewe,
Whose footesteps I with kisses oft did trace,
Till by such hap, as I must euer rue,
Mine eyes did light vpon her shining hue,
And hers on me, astonisht with that sight.
Since then my heart did lose his wonted place,
Infected so with her sweet poysons might,
That, leauing me for dead, to her it went:
But ah! her flight hath my dead reliques spent.

Strephon. *But ah! her flight hath my dead reliques spent,*
Her flight from me, from me, though dead to me,
Yet liuing still in her, while her beames lent
Such vitall sparke, that her mine eyes might see.
But now those liuing lights absented be,
Full dead before, I now to dust should fall,
But that eternall paines my soule haue hent,
And keepe it still within this body thrall:
That thus I must while in this death I dwell,
In earthly fetters feele a lasting hell.

Klaius. *In earthly fetters feele a lasting hell*
Alas I doo; from which to finde release,
I would the earth, I would the heauens fell,
But vaine it is to thinke these paines should cease,

Where

Where life is death, and death cannot breed peace.
O faire, ô onely faire, from thee alas,
Theſe foule, moſt foule, deſaſtres to me fell;
Since thou from me (ô me) O Sunne didſt paſſe.
Therefore eſteeming all good bleſſings toyes,
I ioy in griefe, and do deteſt all ioyes.

Strephon. *I ioy in griefe, and do deteſt all ioyes,*
But now an end, (ô Klaius) now an end:
For euen the hearbes our hate full muſike ſtroyes,
And from our burning breath the trees do bend.

So well were theſe wailefull complaints accorded to the paſsions of all the princelie hearers, while euerie one made what he heard of another the ballance of his own fortune, that they ſtood a long while ſtriken in a ſad and ſilent conſideration of them. Which the old *Geron* no more marking then condemning in them, deſirous to ſet forth what counſels the wiſedome of age had laid vp in ſtore againſt ſuch fancies (as he thought) follies of youth, yet ſo as it might not appeare that his words reſpected them, bending himſelfe to a young ſhepheard named *Philiſides*, (who neither had daunced nor ſung with them, and had all this time laine vpon the ground at the foot of a *Cypreſſe* tree, leaning vpon his elbow with ſo deepe a melancholie that his ſences caried to his mind no delight from any of their obiects) he ſtrake him vpon the ſhoulder with a right old mans grace, that will ſeeme liuelier then his age will afford him. And thus began vnto him his Eglogue.

Geron. Philiſides.

Geron. VP, *vp* Philiſides, *let ſorrowes go,*
Who yeelds to woe, doth but increaſe his ſmart.
Do not thy heart, to plaintfull cuſtome bring.
But let vs ſing, ſweet tunes do paſsions eaſe,
An old man heare, who would thy fancies raiſe.

Philiſides. *Who minds to pleaſe the mind drown'd in annoyes*
With outward ioyes, which inlie cannot ſinke,
As well may thinke with oyle to coole the fire:
Or with deſire to make ſuch foe a frend,
Who doth his ſoule to endleſſe malice bend.

Geron. *Yet ſure an end to each thing time doth giue,*
Though woes now liue, at length thy woes muſt die:
Then vertue trie, if ſhe can worke in thee
That which wee ſee in manie time hath wrought,
And weakeſt hearts to conſtant temper brought.

Philiſides. *Who euer taught a skilleſſe man to teach,*
Or ſtop a breach, that neuer Cannon ſaw?
Sweet vertues law barres not a cauſefull mone.

Time

Time ſhall in one my life and ſorrowes end,
And me perchaunce your conſtant temper lend.

Geron. *What can amend where phyſicke is refuſde?*
The wits abuſde with will no counſayle take.
Yet for my ſake diſcouer vs thy griefe.
Oft comes reliefe when moſt we ſeem in trap.
The ſtarres thy ſtate, fortune may change thy hap.

Philiſides. *If fortunes lappe became my dwelling place,*
And all the ſtarres conſpired to my good,
Still were I one, this ſtill ſhould be my caſe,
Ruines relique, cares web, and ſorrowes foode:
Since ſhe faire fierce to ſuch a ſtate me calles,
Whoſe wit the ſtarres, whoſe fortune fortune thralls.

Geron. *Alas what fals are falne vnto thy minde?*
That there where thou confeſt thy miſchiefe lies,
Thy wit doſt vſe ſtill ſtill more harmes to finde.
Whom wit makes vaine, or blinded with his eyes,
What counſaile can preuaile, or light giue light?
Since all his force againſt himſelfe he tries.
Then each conceit that enters in his ſight,
Is made, forſooth, a Iurate of his woes;
Eearth, ſea, ayre, fire, heav'n, hell, and gaſtly ſprite.
Then cries to ſenceleſſe things, which neither knowes
What ayleth thee, and if they knew thy minde
Would ſcorne in man (their king) ſuch feeble ſhow's.
Rebell, Rebell, in golden fetters binde
This tyran Loue; or rather do ſuppreſſe
Thoſe rebell thoughts which are thy ſlaues by kinde.
Let not a glittring name thy fancie dreſſe
In painted clothes, becauſe they call it loue.
There is no hate that can thee more oppreſſe.
Begin (and halfe the worke is done) to proue
By riſing vp, vpon thy ſelfe to ſtand.
And thinke ſhe is a ſhe, that doth thee moue.
He water plowes, and ſoweth in the ſand,
And hopes the flickring winde with net to hold,
Who hath his hopes laid vpon womans hand.
What man is he that hath his freedome ſolde?
Is he a manlike man, that doth not know man
Hath power that Sex with bridle to withhold?
A fickle Sex, and true in truſt to no man,
A ſeruant Sex, ſoone proud if they be coy'd:
And to conclude, thy miſtreſſe is a woman.

Philiſides. *O gods, how long this old foole hath anney'd*

My wearied eares! O gods yet graunt me this,
That ſoone the world of his falſe tongue be void.
O noble age who place their onely bliſſe
In being heard vntill the hearer dye
Vttring a ſerpents mind with ſerpents hiſſe.
Then who will heare a well autoriſde lye,
(And patience hath) let him goe learne of him
What ſwarmes of vertues did in his youth flye
Such hearts of braſſe, wiſe heads, and garments trim
Were in his dayes: which heard, one nothing heares,
If from his words the falſhood he do skim.
And herein moſt their folly vaine appeares,
That ſince they ſtill alledge, When they were yong:
It ſhewes they fetch their wit from youthfull years
Like beaſt for ſacrifice, where ſaue the tong
And belly nought is left, ſuch ſure is he,
This life-deadman in this old dungeon flong.
Olde houſes are throwne downe for new we ſee:
The oldeſt Rammes are culled from the flocke:
No man doth wiſh his horſe ſhould aged bee.
The ancient oke well makes a fired blocke:
Old men themſelues, doe loue yong wiues to chooſe:
Only fond youth admires a rotten ſtocke.
Who once a white long beard, well handle does,
(As his beard him, not he his beard did beare)
Though cradle witted, muſt not honour looſe.
Oh when will men leaue off to iudge by haire;
And thinke them olde, that haue the oldeſt mind,
With vertue fraught and full of holy feare!

Geron. *If that thy face were hid, or I were blind,*
I yet ſhould know a yong man ſpeaketh now,
Such wandring reaſons in thy ſpeech I find,
He is a beaſt, that beaſtes vſe will allow
For proofe of man, who ſprung of heav'nly fire
Hath ſtrongeſt ſoule, when moſt his raynes do bow.
But fondlings fond, know not your owne deſire
Loth to dye yong, and then you muſt be old,
Fondly blame that to which your ſelues aſpire.
But this light choler that doth make you bold,
Rather to wrong then vnto iuſt defence,
Is paſt with me, my blood is waxed cold.
Thy words, though full of malapert offence,
I way them not, but ſtill will thee adviſe
How thou from fooliſh loue maiſt purge thy ſenſe.
Firſt thinke they erre, that thinke them gayly wiſe,
Who well can ſet a paſſion out to ſhew:
Such ſight haue they that ſee with goggling eyes.

Paſſion beares high when puffing wit doth blowe,
But is indeed a toy, if not a toy,
True cauſe of euils; and cauſe of cauſeleſſe woe.
If once thou maiſt that fancie gloſſe deſtroy
Within thy ſelfe, thou ſoone wilt be aſhamed
To be a player of thine owne annoy.
Then let thy mind with better bookes be tamed.
Seeke to eſpie her faults as well as praiſe,
And let thine eyes to other ſportes be framed.
In hunting fearefull beaſts, do ſpend ſome dayes,
Or catch the birds with pitfals, or with lyme,
Or traine the foxe that traines ſo craftie layes.
Lie but to ſleepe, and in the earlie prime
Seeke skill of herbes in hilles, haunt brookes neare night,
And trie with bayt how fiſh wil bite ſometime.
Go graft againe, and ſeeke to graft them right,
Thoſe pleaſant plants, thoſe ſweet and fruitfull trees,
Which both the palate, and the eyes delight.
Cheriſh the hiues of wiſely painefull Bees:
Let ſpeciall care vpon thy flocke be ſtaid,
Such actiue mind but ſeldome paſſion ſees.

Philiſides. *Hath any man heard what this old man ſaid?*
Truly not I, who did my thoughts engage,
Where all my paines one looke of her hath paid.

Geron was euen out of countenance, finding the words he thought were ſo wiſe, winne ſo litle reputation at this young mans hands; and therefore ſometimes looking vpon an old acquaintance of his called *Maſtix*, one of the ripiningſt fellowes in the world, and that beheld no body but with a mind of miſlike (ſaying ſtill the world was amiſſe, but how it ſhould be amended he knew not) ſometimes caſting his eyes to the ground, euen aſhamed to ſee his gray haires deſpiſed, at laſt he ſpied his two dogges, whereof the elder was called *Melampus*, and the younger *Lælaps*, (indeed the iewels he euer had with him) one brawling with another; which occaſion he tooke to reſtore himſelf to his countenance, and rating *Melampus*, he began to ſpeake to his dogs, as if in them a man ſhould find more obedience then in vnbridled young men.

Geron. Maſtix.

Geron. *Downe, downe* Melampus, *what? your fellow bite?*
I ſet you ore the flocke I dearelie loue,
Them to defend, not with your ſelues to fight.
Do you not thinke this will the wolues remoue
From former feare, they had of your good minds,
When they ſhall ſuch diuided weakneſſe proue?
What if Lælaps *a better morſell find*
Then you earſt knew? rather take part with him

Then

Then iarle: lo, lo, euen theſe how enuie blindes,
And then Lælaps *let not pride make thee brim;*
Becauſe thou haſt thy fellow ouergone,
But thanke the cauſe, thou ſeeſt, where he is dim.
Here Lælaps, *here, indeede againſt the foen*
Of my good ſheepe, thou neuer trew's time tooke:
Be as thou art, but be with mine at one.
For though Melampus *like a wolfe do looke,*
(For age doth make him of a woluiſh hew)
Yet haue I ſeene when well a wolfe he ſhooke.
Foole that I am, that with my dogges ſpeake grewe,
Come neere good Maſtix, *tis now full tway ſcore*
Of yeares (alas) ſince I good Maſtix *knew.*
Thou heardſt euen now a yong man ſneb me ſore,
Becauſe I red him, as I would my ſon.
Youth will haue will: Age muſt to age therefore.

Maſtix. *What maruell if in youth ſuch falts be done,*
Since that we ſee our ſaddeſt Shepheards out
Who haue their leſſon ſo long time begonne?
Quickly ſecure, and eaſilie in doubt,
Either aſleepe be all if nought aſſaile,
Or all abroade if but a Cubb ſtart out.
We ſhepherds are like them that vnder ſaile
Doe ſpeake high words, when all the coaſt is cleare,
Yet to a paſſenger will bonnet vaile.
I con thee thanke to whom thy dogges be deare,
But commonly like curres we them entreat,
Saue when greate need of them perforce appeare,
Then him we kiſſe, whom late before we beatt
With ſuch intemperance, that each way growes
Hate of the firſt, contempt of latter feate,
And ſuch diſcord twixt greateſt ſhepheards flowes,
That ſport it is to ſee with how great arte,
By iuſtice worke they their owne faults diſcloſe:
Like buſie boyes, to win their tutors heart,
One ſaith, he mockes; the other ſaith he playes,
The third his leſſon miſt, till all do ſmart.
As for the reſt, how ſhepheards ſpend their dayes,
At blow-point, hotcocles, or elſe at keeles,
While, Let vs paſſe our time each ſhepheard ſayes.
So ſmall account of time the ſhepheard feeles,
And doth not feele, that life is nought but time,
And when that time is paſt, death holdes his heeles.
To age thus do they draw their youthfull prime,
Knowing no more, then what poore tryall ſhowes,
As fiſh ſure tryall hath of muddie ſlime.
This paterne good, vnto our children goes,
For what they ſee their parents loue or hate,

Their

Their firſt caught ſence preſers to teachers blows.
Theſe coklings cockred we bewaile too late,
When that we ſee our ofspring gaily bent,
Women man-wood, and men effeminate.

Geron. *Fy man, fy man, what words hath thy toung lent?*
Yet thou art mickle warſe then ere was I,
Thy too much zeale, I feare thy braine hath ſpent,
We oft are angrier, with the feeble flie
For buſineſſe, where it pertaines him not,
Then with the poiſnous todes that quiet lie.
I pray thee what hath ere the Parret *got,*
And yet they ſay he talkes in great mens bowers?
A Cage (gilded perchance) is all his lot,
Who of his tongue the lickour gladly powrs,
A good foole call'd with paine perhaps may be,
But euen for that ſhall ſuffer mightie Lowers,
Let ſwannes example liker ſerue for thee,
Who once all birdes, in ſweetly ſinging paſt,
But now to ſilence turn'd his minſtrelſie.
For he would ſing, but others were defaſte;
The peacockes pride, the pyes pild flatterie,
Cormorants glutt, Kites ſpoile, king fiſhers waſte,
The Falcons fierceneſſe, Sparrowes letcherie,
The Cockows ſhame, the Gooſes good intent,
Euen turtle toucht he with hypocriſie.
And worſe of other more, till by aſſent
Of all the birds, but namely thoſe were grieued,
Of fowles there called was a parliament.
There was the ſwan of dignitie depriued,
And ſtatute made he neuer ſhould haue voice:
Since when I thinke he hath in ſilence liued.
I warne thee therefore (ſince thou maiſt haue choice)
Let not thy toung become a firy match,
No ſword ſo bites as that euill toole annoyes.
Let our vnpartiall eyes a little watch
Our owne demeane, and ſoone wee wonder ſhall,
That hunting faultes, our ſelues wee did not catch.
Into our mindes let vs a little fall,
And we ſhall find more ſpots then Leopards skin.
Then who makes vs ſuch iudges ouer all?
But farewell now, thy fault is no great ſinne,
Come, couie my curres, tis late I will go in.

And away with his doggs ſtraight he went, as if he would be ſure to haue the laſt word: all the aſſemblie laughing at the luſtineſſe of the old fellowe who departed muttering to himſelfe he had ſeene more in his daies then twentie of them. But

Baſilius, who neuer before had heard *Philiſides* (though hauing ſeldome failed to be at theſe meetings) deſired him he would begin ſome Eclogue with ſome other of the ſhepheards according to the accuſtomed guiſe. *Philiſides* though very vnwilling, at the Kings cõmandement offred to ſing with *Thyrſis*. But he directly refuſed him, ſeeing he ſhould within few dayes be married to the faire *Kala*, & ſince he had gotten his deſire he would ſing no more. Then the King willed *Philiſides* to declare the diſcourſe of his own fortunes vnknowen to them as being a ſtranger in that countrie; but he prayed the King to pardon him, the time being farre too ioyfull to ſuffer the rehearſall of his miſeries. But to ſatisfie *Baſilius* ſome way, he began an Eclogue betwixt himſelfe and the *Echo*, framing his voice ſo in thoſe deſert places as what words he would haue the Echo replie vnto, thoſe he would ſing higher then the reſt; and ſo kindly framed a diſputation betwixt himſelfe and it, which with theſe hexameters in the following order he vttered.

Philiſides.	Echo.
Faire rocks, goodly riuers, ſweet woods, when ſhall I ſee peace?	*Peace.*
Peace? what barrs me my tongue? who is it that comes me ſo ny?	*I.*
Oh! I do know what gueſt I haue met; it is Echo, 't is Echo.	
Well met Echo, approch: then tell me thy will too.	*I will too.*
Echo, what do I get yeelding my ſprite to my grieues?	*Grieues.*
What medicine may I finde for a griefe that drawes me to death?	*Death.*
O poiſonous medicine! what worſe to me can be then it?	*It.*
In what ſtate was I then, when I tooke this deadly diſeaſe?	*Eaſe.*
And what manner a mind which had to that humor a vaine?	*Vaine.*
Hath not reaſon enough vehemence the deſire to reproue?	*Proue.*
Oft proue I: but what ſalue, when reaſon ſeeks to be gone?	*One.*
Oh! what is it? what is it that may be a ſalue, to my Loue?	*Loue.*
What do louers ſeek for, long ſeeking for to enioy?	*Ioy.*
What be the ioyes which for to enioy they went to the paines?	*Paines.*
Then to an earneſt Loue what doth beſt victorie lend?	*Ende.*
End? but I can neuer end, loue will not giue me the leaue?	*Leaue.*
How be the minds diſpoſ'd that cannot taſte thy phyſicke?	*Sick.*
Yet ſay againe thy aduiſe for th' euils that I told thee?	*I told thee.*
Doth th' infected wretch, of his harme th' extremitie know?	*No.*
But if he know not his harms what guides hath he whilſt he be blind?	*Blinde.*
What blind guides can he haue that leanes to fancie?	*A fancy.*
Can fancies want eyes, or he fall that ſteppeth aloft?	*Oft.*
What cauſes firſt made theſe torments on me to light?	*Light.*
Can then a cauſe be ſo light that forceth a man to go die?	*Tea.*
Yet tell what light thing I had in me to draw me to die?	*Eye.*
Eyſight made me to yeeld, but what firſt pierſt to my eies?	*Eies.*
Eies hurters, eies hurt: but what from them to me falles?	*Falles.*
But when I firſt did fall, what brought moſt fall to my heart?	*Art.*
Art? what can be that art that thou doſt meane by thy ſpeeche?	*Speeche.*
What be the fruits of ſpeaking art? what growes by the words?	*Words.*
O much more then words: thoſe words ſeru'd more me to bleſſe.	*Leſſe.*

Ob

Oh when ſhall I be knowne, where moſt to be knowne I do long? Long.
Long be thy woes for ſuch newes, but how reck's ſhe my thoughts? Oughts.
Then then what do I gaine, ſince vnto her will I do winde? Winde.
Winde, tempeſts, and ſtormes, yet in ende what giues ſhe deſire? Ire.
Silly reward e! yet among women hath ſhe of vertue the moſt, Moſt.
What great name may I giue to ſo heau'nly a woman? A wo-man.
Wo, but ſeemes to me ioy, that agrees to my thought ſo. I thought ſo.
Thinke ſo, for of my deſired bliſſe it is only the courſe. Curſe.
Curſ'd be thy ſelfe for curſing that which leades me to ioies. Toies.
What be the ſweet creatures where lowly demands be not heard? Hard.
What makes them be vnkind? ſpeake for th' haſt narrowly pry'de? Pride.
Whence can pride come there, ſince ſprings of beautie be thence? Thence.
Horrible is this blaſphemy vnto the moſt holy. O lie.
Thou li'ſt falſe Echo, their minds as vertue be iuſt. Iuſt.
Mock'ſt thou thoſe Diamonds which only be matcht by the gods? Ods.
Ods? what an ods is there ſince them to the heau'ns I preferre? Erre.
Tell yet againe me the names of theſe faire for m'd to do euils. Deuils.
Deuils? if in hell ſuch deuil do abide, to the hells I do go. Go.

Philiſides was commended for the placing of his Echo, but little did he regard their praiſes, who had ſet the foundation of his honour there, where he was moſt deſpiſed: and therefore returning againe to the traine of his deſolate penſiueneſſe, *Zelmane* ſeeing no bodie offer to fill the ſtage, as if her long reſtrained conceits did now burſt out of priſon: ſhe thus deſiring her voice ſhould be accorded to nothing, but to *Philocleas* eares, threw downe the burden of her minde in *Anacreons* kinde of verſes.

My muſe what ailes this ardour
To blaſe my onely ſecrets?
Alas it is no glory
To ſing mine owne decaid ſtate.
Alas it is no comfort,
To ſpeake without an anſwere.
Alas it is no wiſdome
To ſhew the wound without cure.

My muſe what ailes this ardour?
Mine eyes be dym, my lyms ſhake,
My voice is hoarſe, my throate ſdorcht
My tong to this my roofe cleaues,
My fancy amazde, my thoughts dull'd,
My hart doth ake, my life faints,
My ſoule beginnes to take leaue.
So great a paſſion all feele,
To thinke a ſoare ſo deadly
I ſhould ſo raſhly rip vp.

My muſe what ailes this ardour?
If that to ſing thou art bent,
Go ſing the fall of old Thebes,
The warres of ougly Centaures,
The life, the death of Hector;
So may thy ſong be famous,
Or if to loue thou art bent,
Recount the rape of Europe,
Adonis *end,* Venus *net,*
The ſleepie kiſſe the Moone ſtale:
So may thy ſong be pleaſant.

My muſe what ailes this ardour?
To blaſe my only ſecrets?
Wherein do only flouriſh
The ſorie fruits of anguiſh.
The ſong thereof a laſt will,
The tunes be cryes, the words plaints,
The ſinger is the ſongs theame,

Wherein no eare can haue ioy,
Nor eye receiue due obiect
Ne pleaſure here, ne fame get.

My muſe what ail's this ardour?
Alas ſhe ſaith I am thine,
So are thy pains my paines too.
Thy heated hart my ſeat is
Wherein I burne: thy breath is
My voice, too hot to keepe in,
Beſides lo here the author
Of all thy harmes: Lo here ſhe,
That only can redreſſe thee,
Of her will I demaund help.

My muſe I yeeld, my muſe ſing,
But all thy ſong herein knit,
The life we lead is all loue:
The loue we hold is all death,
Nor ought I craue to feede life,
Nor ought I ſeeke to ſhun death,
But onely that my gooddeſſe
My life my death do count hers.

Baſilius when ſhee had fully ended her ſong, fell proſtrate vpon the ground, and thanked the Gods they had preſerued his life ſo long, as to heare the very muſicke they themſelues vſed, in an earthly body. And then with like grace to *Zelmane* neuer left intreating her, til ſhe had (taking a *Lyra Baſilius* helde for her) ſung thele *Phaleuciakes*:

Reaſon, tell me thy mind, if here be reaſon
In this ſtrange violence, to make reſiſtance
Where ſweet graues erect the ſtately banner
Of vertues regiment, ſhining in harneſſe
Of fortunes Diadems, by beauty muſtred:
Say then Reaſon; I ſay, what is thy counſell?

Her looſe haires be the ſhot, the breſts the pikes be,
Skowts each motion is, the hands be horſmen,
Her lips are the riches the warres to maintaine,
Where well couched abides a coffer of pearle,
Her legges carriage is of all the ſweet campe:
Say then Reaſon; I ſay, what is thy counſell?

Her cannons be her eyes, mine eyes the walls be,
Which at firſt voly gaue too open entrie,
Nor ramper did abide; my braine was vp blowne,
Vndermin'd with a ſpeech the piercer of thoughts.
Thus weakned by my ſelfe, no help remaineth:
Say then Reaſon; I ſay, what is thy counſell?

And now fame the herald of her true honour,
Doth proclaime with a ſound made all by mens mouths,
That nature ſoueraine of earthly dwellers,
Commands all creatures, to yeeld obeyſance
Vnder this, this her owne, her only dearling.
Say then Reaſon; I ſay, what is thy counſell?

Reaſon ſighes, but in end he thus doth anſwer:

Nought can reaſon anaile in heauenly matters.
Thus natures Diamond receiue thy conqueſt,
Thus pure pearle, I do yeeld my ſenſes and ſoule.
Thus ſweete paine, I do yeeld, what ere I can yeeld,
Reaſon looke to thy ſelfe, I ſerue a goddeſſe.

Dorus had long he thought kept ſilence from ſaying ſomewhat which might tend to the glorie of her in whome all glorie to his ſeeming was included, but now hee brake it, ſinging theſe verſes called *Aſclepiadikes.*

O ſweet woods the delight of ſolitarineſſe!
O how much I do like your ſolitarineſſe!
Where mans mind hath a freed conſideration
Of goodneſſe to receiue louely direction.
Where ſenſes do behold th' order of heau'nly hoſte,
And wiſe thoughts do behold what the creator is:
Contemplation here holdeth his only ſeate:
Bounded with no limits, borne with a wing of hope
Clymes euen vnto the ſtarres, Nature is vnder it.
Nought diſturbs thy quiet, all to thy ſeruice yeelds,
Each ſight draws on a thought, thought mother of ſcience,
Sweet bird's kindly do grant harmony vnto thee,
Faire trees ſhade is enough fortification,
Nor danger to thy ſelfe if be not in thy ſelfe.

O ſweete woods the delight of ſolitarineſſe!
O how much I do like your ſolitariueſſe!
Here nor treaſon is hid, vailed in innocence,
Nor enuies ſnakie eye, finds any harbor here,
Nor flatterers venimous inſinuations,
Nor cunning humoriſts pudled opinions,
Nor courteous ruine of proffered vſury,
Nor time pratled away, cradle of ignorance,
Nor cauſeleſſe dutie, nor comber of arrogance,
Nor trifling title of vanitie dazleth vs,
Nor golden manacles, ſtand for a paradiſe.
Here wrongs name is vnheard: ſlander a monſter is,
Keepe thy ſprite from abuſe, here no abuſe doth haunt.
What man grafts in a tree diſſmulation?

O ſweete woods the delight of ſolitarineſſe!
O how well I do like your ſolitarineſſe!
Yet deare ſoile, if a ſoule clos'd in a manſion
As ſweete as violets, faire as a lilly is,
Streight as Cedar, a voice ſtaines the Canary birds,
Whoſe ſhade ſafety doth hould, danger auoideth her:
Such wiſedome, that in her liues ſpeculation:

Such goodneſſe that in her ſimplicitie triumphs:
Where enuies ſnaky eye, winketh or els dyeth,
Slander wants a pretext, flattery gone beyond:
Oh! if ſuch a one haue bene, to a lonely life,
Her ſteps glad we receiue, glad we receiue her eyes.
And thinke not ſhe doth hurt our ſolitarineſſe,
For ſuch company decks ſuch ſolitarineſſe.

The other Shepheards were offring themſelues to haue continued the ſports, but the night had ſo quietlie ſpent the moſt part of her ſelfe among them, that the king for that time licenſed them. And ſo bringing *Zelmane* to her lodging, who would much rather haue done the ſame for *Philoclea*, of all ſides they went to counterfet a ſleepe in their bed, for a true one there agonies could not afforde them. Yet there they lay (ſo might they be moſt ſolitarie for the food of their thoughts) till it was neere noone the next day, after which *Baſilius* was to continue his *Apollo* deuotions, and the other to meditate vpon their priuate deſires.

The end of the ſecond Eclogues.

THE



THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

(∴)

THis laſt dayes daunger, hauing made *Pamelas* loue diſcerne what a loſſe it ſhould haue ſuffered if *Dorus* had bene deſtroyed, bred ſuch tenderneſſe of kindneſſe in her toward him, that ſhe could no longer keep loue from looking out through her eyes, and going forth in her words; whom before as a cloſe priſoner ſhe had to her heart only committed; ſo as finding not onely by his ſpeeches and letters, but by the pitifull oration of a languiſhing behauiour, and the eaſily diſciphered character of a ſorrowfull face, that deſpaire began now to threaten him deſtruction, ſhe grew content both to pitie him, and let him ſee ſhe pitied him, as well by making her owne beautifull beames to thaw away the former yceneſſe of her behauiour, as by entertayning his diſcourſes (whenſoeuer he did vſe them) in the third perſon of *Muſidorus*; to ſo farre a degree, that in the end ſhe ſaid, that if ſhe had bene the Princeſſe whom that diſguiſed Prince had vertuouſlie loued, ſhe would haue requited his faith with faithfull affection: finding in her heart, that nothing could ſo hartilie loue as vertue: with many mo words to the ſame ſence of noble fauour, and chaſt plaineneſſe. Which when at the firſt it made that expected bliſſe ſhine vpon *Dorus*; he was like one frozen with extremitie of cold, ouer-haſtilie brought to a greate fire, rather oppreſſed then relieued with ſuch a lightning of felicitie. But after the ſtrength of nature had made him able to feele the ſweetneſſe of ioyfulneſſe, that againe being a child of Paſsion, and neuer acquainted with mediocritie, could not ſet bounds vpon his happineſſe, nor be content to giue deſire a kingdome, but that it muſt be an vnlimited monarchie. So that the ground he ſtood vpon being ouer-high in happineſſe, and ſlipperie through affection, he could not hold himſelfe from falling into ſuch an error, which with ſighes blew all comfort out of his breaſt, & waſht away all chearfulneſſe, of his cheare with teares. For this fauour filling him with hope, Hope encouraging his deſire, and Deſire conſidering nothing but opportunitie: one time (*Mopſa* being called away by her mother, and he left alone with *Pamela*) the ſudden occaſion called Loue, and that neuer ſtaid to aske Reaſons leaue, but made the too-much louing *Dorus* take her in his armes, offering to kiſſe her, and as it were, to eſtabliſh a trophee of his victorie. But ſhe, as if ſhe had bene readie to drinke a wine of excellent taſte and colour, which ſodainely ſhe perceiued had poyſon in it, ſo did ſhe put him away from her: looking firſt vp to heauen, as amazed to find her ſelfe

ſo

ſo beguiled in him: then laying the cruell puniſhment vpon him of angrie Loue, and lowring beautie, ſhewing diſdaine, and a deſpiſing diſdaine, Away (ſaid ſhe) vnworthie man to loue or to be loued. Aſſure thy ſelfe, I hate my ſelfe for being ſo deceiued; iudge then what I do thee for deceiuing me. Let me ſee thee no more, the only fall of my iudgement, and ſtaine of my conſcience. With that ſhe called *Mopſa*, not ſtaying for any anſwer (which was no other but a flood of teares) which thee ſeemed not to marke (much leſſe to pitie) and chid her for hauing ſo left her alone.

It was not a ſorow, but it was euen a death, which then laid hold of *Dorus*: which certainlie at that inſtant would haue killed him, but that the feare to tarie longer in her preſence (contrary to her commandement) gaue him life to cary himſelfe away from her ſight, and to run into the woods, where throwing himſelfe downe at the foot of a tree, he did not fall to lamentation (for that proceeded of pitying) or grieuing for himſelfe (which he did no way) but to curſes of his life, as one that deteſted himſelfe. For finding himſelfe not only vnhappie, but vnhappie after being fallen frō all happineſſe: and to be fallen frō all happineſſe, not by any miſconceiuing, but by his owne fault, and his fault to be done to no other but to *Pamela*; he did not tender his owne eſtate, but deſpiſed it; greedily drawing, into his mind, all conceits which might more and more torment him. And ſo remained he two dayes in the woods, diſdayning to giue his body food, or his mind comfort, louing in himſelfe nothing, but the loue of her. And indeed that loue onely ſtraue with the furie of his anguiſh, telling it, that if it deſtroyed *Dorus*, it ſhould alſo deſtroy the image of her that liued in *Dorus*: and when the thought of that was crept in vnto him, it began to winne of him ſome compaſſion to the ſhrine of that image, and to bewaile not for himſelfe (whō he hated) but that ſo notable a loue ſhould periſh. Then began he onlie ſo farre to wiſh his owne good, as that *Pamela* might pardon him the fault, though not the puniſhment: and the vttermoſt height he aſpired vnto, was, that after his death ſhe might yet pitie his errour, and know that it proceeded of loue, and not of boldneſſe. That conceit found ſuch friendſhip in his thoughts, that at laſt he yeelded, ſince he was baniſhed her preſence, to ſeeke ſome meanes by writing to ſhew his ſorow and teſtifie his repentance. Therefore getting him the neceſſary inſtruments of writing, he thought beſt to counterfeit his hand (fearing that as alreadie ſhe knew his, ſhe would caſt it away as ſoone as ſhe ſaw it) and to put it in verſe, hoping that would draw her on to reade the more, chuſing the *Elegiac* as fitteſt for mourning. But neuer pen did more quakingly performe his office; neuer was paper more double moiſtened with inke and teares; neuer words more-ſlowly maried together, and neuer the Muſes more tired then now with changes and rechanges of his deuiſes: fearing how to end, before he had reſolued how to begin, miſtruſting each word, condemning each ſentence. This word was not ſignificant, that word was too plaine: this would not be conceiued, the other would be ill conceiued: here ſorow was not enough expreſſed, there he ſeemed too much for his own ſake to be ſorie: this ſentence rather ſhewed arte then paſſion; that ſentence rather fooliſhly paſſionate, then forcibly mouing. At laſt, marring with mending, and putting out better then he left, he made an end of it; and being ended, was diuers times readie to teare it; till his reaſon aſſuring him, the more he ſtudied, the worſe it grew, he folded it vp, deuoutly inuoking good acceptation vnto it; and watching his time, when they were all gone one day to dinner (ſauing *Mopſa*) to the other Lodge, ſtale vp into *Pamelas* chamber, and in her ſtandiſh (which firſt hee kiſſed; and craued of it a ſafe and friendly keeping) left it there, to be ſeen at her next vſing

her

her ink (himselfe returning againe to be true prisoner to desperate sorow) leauing her standish vpon her beds head, to giue her the more occasion to marke it: which also fell out.

For she finding it at her after-noone returne, in another place then she left it, opened it. But when she saw the letter, her heart gaue her from whence it came. And therefore clapping it to againe, she went away from it, as if it had bene a contagious garment of an infected person: and yet was not long away, but that she wished she had read it, though she were loth to reade it. Shall I (said she) second his boldnesse so farre, as to reade his presumptuous letters? And yet (saith she) he sees me not now to grow the bolder thereby: & how can I tell whether they be presumptuous? The paper came from him, and therfore not worthy to be receiued: and yet the paper, she thought, was not guiltie. At last she concluded, it were not much amisse to looke it ouer, that she might out of his words picke some further quarell against him. Then she opened it, and threw it away, and tooke it vp againe, till (ere she were aware) her eyes would needes reade it, conteining this matter.

VNto a caitife wretch, whom long affliction holdeth,
and now fullie beleeues helpe to be quite perished;
Grant yet, grant yet a looke, to the last monument of his anguish,
O you (alas so I find) cause of his onlie ruine.
Dread not a whit (O goodlie cruell) that pitie may enter
into thy heart by the sight of this Epistle I send:
And so refuse to behold of these strange wounds the recitall,
least it might th' allure home to thy selfe to returne,
(Vnto thy selfe I do meane those graces dwell so within thee,
gratefulnesse, sweetnesse, holie loue, hartie regard)
Such thing cannot I seeke (Despaire hath giu'n me my answere:
Despaire most tragicall clause to a deadlie request)
Such thing cannot he hope, that knowes thy determinate hardnesse,
hard like a rich Marble: hard, but a faire Diamond.
Can those eyes that of eyes drownd in most hartie flowing teares,
(teares and teares of a man) had no returne to remorse;
Can those eyes now yeeld to the kind conceit of a sorow,
which inke onlie relates, but ne laments, ne replies?
Ah, that, that do I not conceiue (though that to my blisse were)
More then Nestors *yeares, more then a kings Diademe.*
Ah, that, that do I not conceiue, to the heauen when a mouse climes
then may I hope t'atchieue grace of a heauenlie Tiger.
But, but alas, like a man condemn'd doth craue to be heard speake,
Not that he hopes for amends of the desaster he feeles,
But finding th' approch of death with an inly relenting,
giues an adieu to the world, as to his only delight:
Right so my boiling heart, enflam'd with fire of a faire eye,
bubbling out doth breath signes of his hugie dolours:
Now that he finds to what end his life, and loue be reserued,
and that he thence must part, where to liue onlie he liu'd.
O faire, O fairest, are such thy triumphes to thy faireneesse?
can death beautie become? must I be such monument?

Most

Muſt I be only the marke, ſhall proouе that vertue is angrie?
ſhall proouе that fierceneſſe can with a white Doue abide?
Shall to the world appeare that faith and loue be rewarded
with mortall diſdaine, bent to vnendly reuenge?
Vnto reuenge? O ſweet, on a wretch wilt thou be reuenged?
ſhall ſuch high Planets tend to the loſſe of a worme?
And to reuenge who do bend, would in that kind be reuenged?
as th' offence was done, and go beyond if he can.
All my offence was loue: with loue then muſt I be chaſtned:
and with more, by the lawes that to reuenge do belong.
If that loue be a fault, more fault in you to be louely:
Loue neuer had me oppreſt, but that I ſaw to be lou'd.
You be the cauſe that I lou'd: what Reaſon blameth a ſhadow,
that with a body 't goes? ſince by a body it is.
If that Loue you did hate, you ſhould your beautie haue hidden:
you ſhould thoſe faire eyes haue with a veile couered.
But foole, foole that I am, thoſe eyes would ſhine from a darke cauе.
what veiles then do preuaile, but to a more miracle?
Or thoſe golden lockes thoſe lockes which locke me to bondage,
torne you ſhould diſperſe vnto the blaſts of a wind.
But foole, foole that I am, tho I had but a haire of her head found
en'n as I am, ſo I ſhould vnto that haire be a thrall.
Or with faire hands-nayls (ô hand which nailes me to this death)
you ſhould haue your face (ſince Loue is ill) blemiſhed.
O wretch, what do I ſay? ſhould that faire face be defaced?
ſhould my too-much ſight cauſe ſo true a Sun to be loſt?
Firſt let Cimmerian *darkneſſe be my onl' habitation:*
firſt be mine eyes pulde out, firſt be my braine periſhed;
Ere that I ſhould conſent to do ſo exceſſiue a dammage
Vnto the earth, by the hurt of this her heauenly iewell.
O not, but ſuch loue you ſay you could haue afoorded,
as might learne Temp'rance void of a rages euents.
O ſweet ſimplicitie: from whence ſhould Loue be ſo learned?
vnto Cupid *that boy ſhall a Pedante be found?*
Well: but faultie I was: Reaſon to my Paſſion yeelded,
Paſſion vnto my rage, Rage to a haſtie reuenge.
But what's this for a fault, for which ſuch faith be aboliſht,
ſuch faith, ſo ſtaineleſſe, inuiolate, violent?
Shall I not? ô may I not thus yet refreſh the remembrance,
what ſweet ioyes I had once, and what a place I did hold?
Shall I not once obiect, that you, you graunted a fauour
vnto the man, whom now ſuch miſeries you award?
Bend your thoughts to the deare ſweet words which then to me giu'n were:
thinke what a world is now, thinke who hath altred her heart.
What? was I then worthy ſuch good, now worthy ſuch euill?
now fled, then cheriſhed? then ſo nie, now ſo remote?
Did not a roſed breath from lips more roſie proceeding,
ſay, that I well ſhould find in what a care I was had?

With much more: now what do I find, but Care to abhorre me,
Care that I sinke in griefe, Care that I liue banished?
And banished do I liue, nor now will seeke a recou'rie,
since so she will, whose will is to me more then a law.
If then a man in most ill case may giue you a farewell:
farewell long farewell all my wo, all my delight.

What this would haue wrought in her, shee her selfe could not tell: for, before her reason could moderate the disputation betweene Fauour and Faultinesse, her sister, and *Miso*, called her downe to entertaine *Zelmane*, who was come to visite the two sisters; about whom, as about two Poles the skie of Beautie was turned: while *Gynecia* wearied her bed with her melancholie sicknesse, and made *Miso* shrewdnesse (who like a sprite, set to keepe a treasure, bard *Zelmane* from anie further conference) to be the Lieutenant of her iealousie: both shee and her husband driuing *Zelmane* to such a straight of resolution, either of impossible graunting, or daungerous refusing, as the best escape she had, was (as much as she could) to auoyd their companie. So as, this day, being the fourth day after the vprore (*Basilius* being with his sicke wife, conferring vpon such examinations, as *Philanax*, and other of his noblemen had made of this late sedition, all touching *Cecropia* with vehement suspicion of giuing either flame or fewell vnto it) *Zelmane* came with her body, to finde her mind, which was gone long before her, and had gotten his seate in *Philoclea*: who now with a bashfull chearefulnesse (as though she were ashamed, that she could not choose but be glad) ioyned with her sister, in making much of *Zelmane*.

And so as they sate deuising how to giue more feathers to the wings of Time, there came to the lodge doore sixe maids, all in one liuery of scarlet peticotes which were tuckt vp almost to their knees; the peticotes themselues being in many places garnished with leaues, their legs naked, sauing that aboue the ankles they had little blacke silke laces, vpon which did hang a few siluer bels: like which they had a little aboue their elbowes vpon their bare arms. Vpon their haire they ware garlands of roses and gilliflowers; and the haire was so dresst, as that came againe aboue the garlands, enterchanging a mutuall couering: so as it was doubtfull, whether the haire dresst the garlands, or the garlands dresst the haire. Their breasts liberal to the eye; the face of the foremost of them, in excellency fair; & of the rest louelie, if not beautifull: and beautifull might haue bene, if they had not suffered greedy *Phœbus*, ouer-often, and hard, to kisse them. Their countenances full of a gracefull grauitie; so as the gesture matcht with the apparell, it might seeme a wanton modestie, and an entising soberneesse. Each of thē had an instrument of musike in their hands, which consorting their well pleasing tunes, did charge each eare with vnsensiblenesse, that did not lend it selfe vnto them. The musike entring alone into the Lodge, the Ladies were all desirous to see from whence so pleasant a gueast was come: & therfore went out together; where before they could take the paines to doubt, much lesse to aske the question of their qualitie, the fairest of them (with a gay, but yet discreet demeanor) in this sort spake vnto them. Most excellent Ladies, (whose excellencies haue power to make cities enuie these woods, and solitarinesse to be accounted the sweetest companie) vouchsafe our message your gracious hearing, which as it comes from loue, so comes it from louelie persons. The Maides of all this coast of *Arcadia*, vnderstanding the often accesse that certaine shepheards of these quarters, are allowed to haue in this for-

forbidden place; and that their rurall ſports are not diſdained of you, haue bin ſtirred vp with emulation to them, & affection to you, to bring forth ſomething, which might as well breed your contentment: and therefore hoping that the goodneſſe of their intention, and the hurtleſneſſe of their ſex ſhall excuſe the breach of the commandement in cõming to this place vnſent for, they choſe out vs, to invite both your princely parents, and your ſelues, to a place in the woods about halfe a mile hence: where they haue prouided ſome ſuch ſports, as they truſt your gratious acceptations will interpret to be delightfull. We haue bene at the other Lodge: but finding thẽ there buſied in waighter affaires, our truſt is, that you yet will not deny the ſhining of your eyes vpõ vs. The Ladies ſtood in ſom doubt whether they ſhould go or not, leaſt *Baſilius* might be angrie withall. But *Miſo* (that had bene at none of the Paſtorals, and had a great deſire to lead her old ſences abroad to ſome pleaſure) told then plainly, they ſhould nor will nor chooſe, but go thither, and make the honeſt countrey people know, that they were not ſo ſqueamiſh as folkes thought of thẽ. The Ladies glad to be warranted by her authoritie; with a ſmiling humbleneſſe obeyed her: *Pamela* only caſting a ſeeking looke, whether ſhe could ſee *Dorus* (who poore wretch, wandred halfe mad for ſorow in the woods, crying for pardon of her who could not heare him) but indeed was grieued for his abſence, hauing giuen the wound to him through her owne hart. But ſo the three Ladies & *Miſo* went with thoſe ſix *Nymphes*, conquering the length of the way with the force of muſike, leauing onlie *Mopſa* behind, who diſgraced weeping with her countenance, becauſe her mother would not ſuffer her to ſhew her new ſcoured face among thẽ. But the place appoynted (as they thought) met them halfe in their waie, ſo well were they pleaſed with the ſweet tunes & pretie conuerſation of their inuiters. There found they in the midſt of the thickeſt part of the wood, a little ſquare place, not burthened with trees, but with a boord couered, and beautified with the pleaſanteſt fruits, that ſunburnd *Autumne* could deliuer vnto thẽ. The maids beſought the Ladies to ſit downe & taſte of the ſwelling grapes, which ſeemed great with child of *Bacchus*: and of the diuerſe coloured plums, which gaue the eye a pleaſant taſt before they came to the mouth. The Ladies would not ſhew to ſcorne their prouiſion, but eat and dranke a little of their coole wine, which ſeemed to laugh for ioy to come to ſuch lips.

But after the collation was ended, and that they looked for the comming forth of ſuch deuiſes as were prepared for them, there ruſht out of the woods twentie armed men, who round about enuirond them, and laying hold of *Zelmane* before ſhe could draw her ſword, and taking it from her, put hoods ouer the heades of all foure, and ſo muffled, by force ſet them on horſebacke and caryed them away; the ſiſters in vaine crying for ſuccour, while *Zelmanes* heart was rent in peeces with rage of the iniurie, and diſdaine of her fortune. But when they had caried them a foure or fiue mile further, they left *Miſo* with a gagge in her mouth, and bound hand and foot, ſo to take her fortune: and brought the three Ladies (by that time the night ſeemed with her ſilence to conſpire to their treaſon) to a Caſtle about ten mile from the Lodges: where they were faine to take a boate which waited for them: for the Caſtle ſtood in the midſt of a great lake vpon a high rocke, where partlie by Arte, but principallie by Nature, it was by all men eſteemed impregnable. But at the Caſtle gate their faces were diſcouered, and there were met with a great number of torches, after whom the ſiſters knew their Aunt in law *Cecropia*. But that ſight increaſed the deadly terrour of the Princeſſes, looking for nothing but death, ſince they were in the power of the wicked *Cecropia*: who yet came vnto thẽ ma-

making curteſie the outſide of miſchiefe, & deſiring them not to be diſcomforted: for they were in a place dedicated to their ſeruice. *Philoclea* (with a look where Loue ſhined through the miſt of Feare) beſought her to be good vnto them, hauing neuer deſerued euil of her. But *Pamelas* high heart diſdaining humblenesſe to iniury, Aunt (ſayd ſhe) what you haue determined of vs I pray you do it ſpeedily: for my part I looke for no ſeruice, where I find violence.

But *Cetropia* (vſing no more words with them) conueyed the maid three to ſeuerall lodgings (*Zelmanes* heart ſo ſwelling with ſpite, that ſhe could not bring forth a word) and ſo left them: firſt taking from them their knines, becauſe they ſhould do themſelues no hurt, before ſhe had determined of them: and then giuing ſuch order that they wanted nothing but liberty, and comfort, ſhe went to her ſonne, who yet kept his bed, becauſe of his wound he had receiued of *Zelmane*, and told him, whom now he had in his power. *Amphialus* was but euen then returned from far countries, where he had wonne immortall fame both of courage and curteſie, when he met with the Princeſſes, and was hurt by *Zelmane*, ſo as he was vtterly ignorant of all his mothers wicked deuiſes, to which he would neuer haue conſented, being (like a roſe out of a brier) an excellent ſonne of an euill mother: and now when hee heard of this, was as much amazed, as if he had ſeene the Sunne fall to the earth. And therefore deſired his mother that ſhe would tell him the whole diſcourſe, how all theſe matters had happened. Sonne (ſayd ſhe) I will doo it willingly, and ſince all is done for you, I will hide nothing from you. And howſoeuer I might be aſhamed to tell it ſtrangers, who would thinke it wickednesſe, yet what is done for your ſake (how euill ſoeuer to others) to you is vertue. To begin then euen with the beginning, this doting foole *Baſilius* that now raignes, hauing liued vnmarried till he was nigh threeſcore yeares old (and in all his ſpeeches affirming, and in all his doings aſſuring, that he neuer would marie) made all the eyes of this country to be bent vpon your father, his onelie brother (but younger by thirtie yeares) as vpon the vndoubted ſucceſſor, being indeed a man worthie to reigne, thinking nothing enough for himſelfe: where this gooſe (you ſee) puts downe his head, before there became thing neere to touch him. So that he holding place and eſtimation as heire of *Arcadia*, obtained me of my father the King of *Argos*, his brother helping to the concluſion, with proteſting his batchelerly intention: for elſe you may be ſure the King of *Argos*, nor his daughter would haue ſuffered their Royall bloud to bee ſtained with the bale name of ſubiection. So that I came into this country as apparant Princeſſe thereof, and accordingly was courted, and followed of all the Ladies of this countrie. My port and pompe did well become a King of *Argos* daughter: in my preſence their tongues were turned into eares, and their eares were captiues vnto my tongue. Their eyes admired my Maieſty, & happy was he or ſhe, on whom I would ſuffer the beames thereof to fall. Did I go to Church? it ſeemed the very Goddes waited for me, their deuotions not being ſolemnized till I was ready. Did I walke abroad to ſee any delight? Nay, my walking was the delight it ſelfe: for to it was the concourſe; one thruſting vpon another, who might ſhew himſelfe moſt diligent and ſeruiceable towards me: my ſleepes were inquired after, and my wakings neuer vnſaluted: the very gate of my houſe full of principall perſons, who were glad, if their preſents had receiued a gratefull acceptation. And in this felicitie were thou borne, the very earth ſubmitting it ſelfe vnto thee to be troden on as by his Prince; & to that paſſe had my husbands vertue (by my good help) within ſhort time brought it, with a plot we layd, as we ſhould not haue needed to haue waited the tedious

worke of a naturall end of *Basilius*, when the heauens (I thinke enuying my great felicity) then stopt thy fathers breath, when he breathed nothing but power & soueraignty. Yet did not thy orphācy, or my widdowhood, deprive vs of the delightful prospect, which the hill of honour doth yeeld, while expectation of thy succession did bind dependencies vnto vs.

But before (my sonne) thou wert come to the age to feele the sweetenesse of authoritie, this beast (whom I can neuer name with patience) fastely and foolishly married this *Gynecia*, then a younggyrle, & brought her to sit aboue me in all feasts, to turne her shoulder to me-ward in all our solemnities. It is certaine, it is not so great a spite to be surmounted by strangers, as by ones owne allies. Thinke then what my mind was, since withall there is no question. The fall is greater from the first to the second, then from the second to the vndermost. The rage did swel in my heart, so much the more as it were faine to be suppressed in silence, and disguised with humblenesse. But aboue all the rest, the griefe of grieues was, when with these two daughters (now thy prisoners) she cut off al hope of thy succession. It was a tedious thing to me, that my eyes should looke lower then any bodies, that (my selfe being by) another's voyce then mine, should be more respected. But it was insupportable vnto me, to thinke that not only I, but thou shouldst spend all thy time in such misery, and that the Sun should see my eldest son lesse then a Prince. And though I had bin a Saint I could not choose, finding the change this change of fortune bred vnto me, for now from the multitude of followers, silence grew to be at my gate, & absence in my presence. The guesse of my mind could preuaile more before, then now many of my earnest requests. And thou (my deare son) by the fickle multitude no more thē an ordinary person (born of the mud of the people) regarded. But I (remembring that in all miseries weeping becomes fooles, and practise wise folks) haue tried diuers meanes to pul vs out of the mire of subiectiō. And though many times fortune failed me, yet did I neuer faile my selfe. Wild beastes I kept in a caue hard by the lodges, which I caused by night to be fed in the place of their pastorals, I as then liuing in my house hard by the place, & against the houre they were to meet (hauing kept the beastes without meate) then let them loose, knowing that they would seeke their foode there, and deuoure what they found. But blind Fortune hating sharpe-sighted inuentions, made them vnluckly to be killed. After I vsed my seruant *Clinias* to stir a notable tumult of countrie people: but those loutes were too grosse instruments for delicate conceits. Now lastly, finding *Philanax* his examinations grow dangerous, I thought to play double or quit: and with a sleight I vsed of my fine-witted wench *Artesia*, with other maides of mine, would haue sent these goodly inheritrixes of *Arcadia*, to haue pleaded their cause before *Pluto*, but that ouer-fortunatly for thē, you made me know the last day how vehemētly this childish passion of loue doth torment you. Therefore I haue brought them vnto you, yet wishing rather hate then loue in you. For hate often begetteth victory: Loue commōly is the instrument of subiection. It is true, that I wold also by the same practise haue entrapped the parents, but my maids failed of it, not daring to tary long about it. But this sufficeth, since (these being taken away) you are the vndoubted inheritor, and *Basilius* will not long ouer-liue this losse.

O mother (sayd *Amphialus*) speake not of doing them hurt, no more then to mine eyes, or my hart, or if I haue any thing more deare then eyes, or hart vnto me. Let others find what sweetnes they will in euer fearing, because they euer are feared: for my part, I will thinke my selfe highly intitled, if I may be once by *Philoclea* accepted for

for a ſeruant. Wel (ſayd *Cecropia*) I would I had borne you of my mind, as wel as of my body: then ſhould you not haue ſunke vnder theſe baſe weakneſſes. But ſince you haue tied your thoughts in ſo wilfull a knot, it is happie my policy hath brought matters to ſuch a paſſe, as you may both enioy affection, and vpon that build your ſoueraignty. Alas (ſayd *Amphialus*) my hart would fain yeeld you thanks for ſetting me in the way of felicity, but that feare killes thē in me, before they are fully borne. For if *Philoclea* be diſpleaſed, how can I be pleaſed? if ſhe count it vnkindneſſe, ſhal I giue tokens of kindneſſe? perchance ſhe condemnes me of this action, and ſhall I triumph? perchaunce ſhe drownes now the beauties I loue with ſorowfull teares, and where is then my reioycing? You haue reaſon (ſayd *Cecropia* with a fained grauity) I will therefore ſend her away preſently, that her contentment may be recouered. No good mother (ſayd *Amphialus*) ſince ſhe is here, I would not for my life conſtraine preſence, but rather would I die then conſent to abſence. Pretie intricate follies (ſaid *Cecropia*) but get you vp, and ſee how you can preuaile with her, while I go to the other ſiſter. For after we ſhall haue our hands full to defend our ſelues, if *Baſilius* hap to beſiege vs. But remembring her ſelfe, ſhe turned back and asked him what he would haue done with *Zelmane*, ſince now he might be reuenged of his hurt. Nothing but honorably, anſwered *Amphialus*, hauing deſerued no other of me, eſpecially being (as I heare) greatly cheriſhed of *Philoclea*: & therefore I could wiſh they were lodged together. O no (ſayd *Cecropia*) company confirmes reſolutions, & lonelineſſe breeds a wearines of ones thoughts, & ſo a ſooner conſenting to reaſonable profers.

But *Amphialus* (taking off his mother *Philocleas* kniues, which he kept as a relique ſince ſhe had worne thē) gat vp, and calling for his richeſt apparell, nothing ſeemed ſumptuous inough for his miſtreſſes eyes: and that which was coſtly, he feared were not dainty: and though the inuention were delicate, he miſdoubted the making. As carefull he was too of the colour; leaſt if gay, he might ſeeme to glory in his iniury, & her wrong; if mourning, it might ſtrike ſome euil preſage vnto her of her fortune. At length he took a garmēt more rich then glaring, the ground being black veluet, richly embrodered with great pearle, & precious ſtones, but they ſet ſo among certaine tuffes of cipres, that the cipres was like black clowds, through which the ſtars might yeeld a dark luſter. About his neck he ware a brode & gorgeous coller; whereof the peeces enterchāgeably anſwering; the one was of diamōds & pearle, ſet with a white enamell, ſo as by the cnnning of the workeman it ſeemed like a ſhining ice, and the other piece being of Rubies, and Opalles, had a fierie gliſtring, which he thought pictured the two paſſions of Feare & Deſire, wherein he was enchaind. His hurt (not yet fully well) made him a little halt, but he ſtraue to giue the beſt grace hee could vnto his halting.

And in that ſort he went to *Philocleas* chamber: whom hee found (becauſe her chamber was ouer-lightſome) ſitting of that ſide of her bedde which was from the window; which did caſt ſuch a ſhaddow vpon her, as a good Painter would beſtow vpon *Venus*, when vnder the trees ſhe bewailed the murther of *Adonis*, her hands and fingers (as it were) indented one within the other: her ſhoulder leaning to her beds head, and ouer her head a ſcarfe, which did eclipſe almoſt halfe her eyes, which vnder it fixed their beames vpon the wall by, with ſo ſteddie a maner, as if in that place they might well chaunge, but not mend their obiect: and ſo remayned they a good while after his comming in, he not daring to trouble her, nor ſhe perceiuing him, till that (a little varying her thoughts ſomething quickening her ſenſes) ſhe heard him as he happed to ſtirre his vpper

garment: and perceiuing him, roſe vp, with a demeanure, wherein the booke of Beauty there was nothing to be read but Sorrow: for Kindneſſe was blotted out, & Anger was neuer there.

But *Amphialus* that had entruſted his memory with long and forcible ſpeeches, found it ſo locked vp in amazement, that he could picke nothing out of it, but the beſeeching her to take what was done in good part, and to aſſure her ſelfe there was nothing but honour meant vnto her perſon. But ſhe making no other aunſwer, but letting her hands fall one from the other, which before were ioyned (with eyes ſomething caſt aſide, and a ſilent ſigh) gaue him to vnderſtand, that conſidering his dooings, ſhe thought his ſpeech as full of incongruitie, as her anſwere would be voide of purpoſe: whereupon he kneeling downe, and kiſſing her hand (which ſhe ſuffered with a countenance witneſſing captiuity, but not kindneſſe) he beſought her to haue pity of him, whoſe loue went beyond the bounds of conceit, much more of vttering: that in her hands the ballance of his life or death did ſtand; whereto the leaſt motion of hers would ſerue to determine, ſhe being indeede the miſtreſſe of his life, and he her eternall ſlaue; and with true vehemency beſought her that he might heare her ſpeake, whereupon ſhe ſuffered her ſweete breath to turne it ſelfe into theſe kind of words.

Alas couſin (ſayd ſhee) what ſhall my tongue bee able to doo, which is informed by the eares one way, and by the eyes another? You call for pittie, and vſe crueltie; you ſay, you loue me, and yet doe the effects of enmitie. You affirme your death is in my hands, but you haue brought me to ſo neare a degree to death, as when you will, you may lay death vpon me: ſo that while you ſaie, I am miſtreſſe of your life, I am not miſtreſſe of mine owne. You entitle your ſelfe my ſlaue, but I am ſure I am yours. If then violence, iniurie, terror, and depriuing of that which is more deare then life it ſelfe, libertie, be fit orators for affection, you may expect that I will be eaſily perſwaded. But if the neareneſſe of our kinred breede any remorſe in you, or there be any ſuch thing in you, which you call loue toward me, then let not my fortune be diſgraced with the name of impriſonment: let not my heart waſte it ſelfe by being vexed with feeling euill, and fearing worſe. Let not me be a cauſe of my parents wofull deſtruction; but reſtore me to my ſelfe; and ſo doing I ſhall account I haue receiued my ſelfe of you. And what I ſay for my ſelfe, I ſay for my deare ſiſter, and my frend *Zelmane*: for I deſire no wel-being, without they may bee partakers. With that her teares rayned downe from her heauenly eyes, and ſeemed to water the ſweete and beautifull flowers of her face.

But *Amphialus* was like the poore woman, who louing a tame Doe ſhe had, aboue all earthly things, hauing long played withall, and made it feede at her hand and lappe, is conſtrained at length by famine (all her flocke being ſpent, and ſhe fallen into extreame pouertie) to kill the Deere, to ſuſtaine her life. Many a pitifull looke doth ſhe caſt vpon it, and many a time doth ſhe drawe backe her hand before ſhe can giue the ſtroke. For euen ſo *Amphialus* by a hunger-ſtarued affection, was compelled to offer this iniury, and yet the ſame affection made him with a tormenting griefe, thinke vnkindneſſe in himſelfe, that hee could find in his heart any way to reſtraine her freedome. But at length, neither able to graunt, nor denie, hee thus anſwered her. Deare Lady (ſayd he) I will not ſay vnto you (how iuſtly ſoeuer I may do it) that I am neither author, nor acceſſary vnto this your withholding. For ſince I do not redreſſe it, I am as faulty as if I had begun it. But this I

proteſt

proteſt vnto you (and this proteſtation of mine, let the heauens heare, and if I lie, let them anſwer me with a deadly thunderbolt) that in my ſoule I wish I had neuer ſeene the light, or rather, that I had neuer had a father to beget ſuch a child, then that by my meanes thoſe eyes ſhold ouerflow their owne beauties, the by my meanes the skie of your vertue ſhould be ouerclowded with ſorrow. But woe is me, moſt excellent Lady, I find my ſelfe moſt willing to obey you: neither truely do mine eares receiue the leaſt word you ſpeake, with any leſſe reuerence, then as abſolute, and vnreſiſtable cõmandements. But alaſſe, that tyrant Loue (which now poſſeſſeth the hold of all my life and reaſon) will no way ſuffer it. It is Loue, it is Loue, not I, which diſobey you. What then ſhall I ſay? but that I, who am readie to lie vnder your feete, to venture, nay to looſe my life at your leaſt commandement: I am not the ſtay of your freedome, but Loue, Loue, which ties you in your owne knots. It is you your ſelfe, that impriſon your ſelfe: it is your beauty which makes theſe caſtle walles embrace you: it is your owne eyes, which reflect vpon themſelues this iniury. Then is there no other remedy, but that you ſome way vouchſafe to ſatisfie this Loues vehemency; which (ſince it grew in your ſelfe) without queſtion you ſhall find it (far more then I) tractable.

But with theſe words *Philoclea* fell to ſo extreme a quaking, and her fluely whiteneſſe did degenerate to ſuch a deadly paleneſſe, that *Amphialus* feared ſome daungerous traunce: ſo that taking her hand, and feeling that it (which was wont to bee one of the chiefe firebrands of *Cupid*) had all the ſence of it wrapt vp in coldneſſe, he began humbly to beſeech her to put away all feare, and to aſſure her ſelfe vpon the vow hee made thereof vnto God, and her ſelfe, that the vttermoſt forces he would euer employ to conquer her affection, ſhould bee Deſire, and Deſert. That promiſe brought *Philoclea* againe to her ſelfe, ſo that ſlowly lifting vp her eyes vpon him, with a countenance euer courteous, but then languiſhing, ſhe tould him, that he ſhould do well to do ſo, if indeede he had euer taſted what true loue was: for that where now ſhe did beare him good will, ſhe ſhould (if he tooke any other way) hate, and abhor the very thought of him: aſſuring him withall, that though his mother had taken away her kniues, yet the houſe of death had ſo many dores, as ſhe would eaſily flie into it, if euer ſhe found her honour endangered.

Amphialus hauing the cold aſhes of Care caſt vpon the coales of Deſire, leauing ſome of his mothers Gentlewomen to waite vpon *Philoclea*, himſelfe indeede a priſoner to his priſoner, and making all his authoritie to bee but a footeſtoole to Humbleneſſe, went from her to his mother. To whom with words which Affection endited, but Amazement vttered, hee deliuered what had paſſed betweene him and *Philoclea*: beſeeching her to trie what her perſwaſions could doo with her, while he gaue order for all ſuch things as were neceſſary againſt ſuch forces, as he looked dayly *Baſilius* would bring before his caſtle. His mother bad him quiet him ſelfe, for ſhe doubted not to take fit times. But that the beſt way was, firſt to let her owne Paſſion a little tire it ſelfe.

So they calling *Clinias*, and ſome other of their counſell, aduiſed vpon their preſent affaires. Firſt, he diſpatched priuate letters to all thoſe principall Lords & gentlemen of the country, whom he thought either alliance, or friendſhip to himſelfe might draw: with ſpeciall motions from the generall conſideration of duetie: not omitting all ſuch, whom either youthfullage, or youthlike minds did fill with vnlimited deſires: beſides ſuch whom any diſcontentment made hungry of change,

or an ouer-ſpended want, made want a ciuill war: to each (according to the counſell of his mother) conforming himſelfe after their humors. To his friends, friendlineſſe; to the ambitious, great expectations; to the diſpleaſed, reuenge; to the greedy, ſpoile: wrapping their hopes with ſuch cunning, as they rather ſeemed giuen ouer vnto them as partakers, then promiſes ſprung of neceſſity. Then ſent he to his mothers brother, the king of *Argos*: but he was then ſo ouer-laid with war himſelfe, as from thence he could attend ſmall ſuccour.

But becauſe he knew how violentlie rumors do blow the ſailes of popular iudgements, and how few there be that can diſcerne betweene truth and truthlikeneſſe, betweene ſhewes and ſubſtance; he cauſed a iuſtification of this his action to be written, whereof were ſowed abroad many copies, which with ſome gloſſes of probability, might indeede hide the foulneſſe of his treaſon; and from true common-places, fetch downe moſt falſe applications. For, beginning how much the duetie which is owed to the countrie, goes beyond all other dueties, ſince in it ſelfe it containes them all, and that for the reſpect thereof, not onely all tender reſpects of kinred, or what ſoeuer other friendſhippes, are to be laide aſide, but that euen long-held opinions (rather builded vpon a ſecret of gouernment, then any ground of truth) are to be forſaken; he fell by degrees to ſhew, that ſince the end whereto any thing is directed, is euer to be of more noble reckning, then the thing thereto directed: that therefore, the weale-publike was more to be regarded, then any perſon or magiſtrate that therevnto was ordained. The feeling conſideration whereof had moued him (though as neare of kinne to *Baſilius* as could be, yet) to ſet principally before his eyes, the good eſtate of ſo many thouſands, ouer whom *Baſilius* raigned: rather then ſo to hoodwinke himſelfe with affection, as to ſuffer the realme to runne to manifeſt ruine. The care whereof, did kindly appertaine to thoſe who being ſubaltern magiſtrates and officers of the crowne, were to bee employed as from the Prince, ſo for the people; and of all other, eſpecially himſelfe, who being deſcended of the Royall race, and next heire male, Nature had no ſooner opened his eyes, but that the ſoyle whereupon they did looke was to looke for at his hands a continuall carefulneſſe: which as from his childhood he had euer caried; ſo now finding that his vncle had not only giuen ouer all care of gouernment, but had put it into the hands of *Philanax* (a man neyther in birth comparable to many, nor for his corrupt, proud, and partiall dealing, liked of any) but beſide, had ſet his daughters (in whom the whole eſtate, as next heires therevnto, had no leſſe intereſt then himſelfe) in ſo vnfit and il-guarded a place, as it were not only dangerous for their perſons, but (if they ſhould be conueyed to any forraine country) to the whole common-wealth pernicious: that therefore he had brought them into this ſtrong caſtle of his: which way, if it might ſeeme ſtrange, they were to conſider, that new neceſſities require new remedies: but there they ſhould be ſerued and honored as belonged to their greatneſſe, vntil by the generall aſſembly of the eſtates, it ſhould be determined how they ſhould to their beſt (both priuate, and publique) aduantage be matched; vowing all faith & dutie both to the father and children, neuer by him to be violated. But if in the meane time, before the eſtates could be aſſembled, he ſhould be aſſailed, he wold then for his own defence take armes: deſiring al, that either tendred the daungerous caſe of their country, or in their harts loued iuſtice, to defend him in this iuſt action. And if the Prince ſhold command them otherwiſe, yet to know, that therein he was no more to be obeied, then if he ſhould call for poiſon to hurt himſelfe withall: ſince all that was done, was done for his ſeruice, howſoeuer he might

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(ſeduced by *Philanax*) interpreter of it: he proteſting, that whatſoeuer he ſhould do for his owne defence, ſhould be againſt *Philanax*, and no way againſt *Baſilius*.

To this effect, amplified with argumentes and examples, and painted with rhetoricall colours, did hee ſow abroade many diſcourſes: which as they prevailed with ſome of more quicke then ſound conceipt, to run his fortune with him; ſo in many did it breed a coolneſſe, to deale violently againſt him, & a falſe-minded neutrality to expect the iſſue. But beſides the wayes he vſed to weaken the aduerſe party, he omitted nothing for the ſtrengthning of his owne. The chiefe truſt whereof (becauſe he wanted men to keepe the field) he repoſed in the ſurety of his caſtles, which at leaſt would win him much time, the mother of many muriations. To that therfore he bent both his outward and inward eyes, ſtriuing to make Art ſtriue with Nature, to whether of them two that fortification ſhould be moſt beholding. The ſeat Nature beſtowed, but Art gaue the building: which as his rocky hardneſſe would not yeelde to vndermining force, ſo to open aſſaults he tooke counſell of skill, how to make all approches, if not impoſſible, yet difficult; as well at the foote of the caſtell, as round about the lake, to giue vnquiet lodgings to them, whom onely enmity would make neighbours. Then omitted he nothing of defence, as well ſimple defence, as that which did defend by offending, fitting inſtrumēts of miſchiefe to places, whence the miſchiefe might be moſt liberally beſtowed. Neither was his ſmalleſt care for victuals, as well for the prouiding that which ſhould ſuffice, both in ſtore and goodneſſe, as in well preſeruing it, & wary diſtributing it, both in quantity & quality; ſpending that firſt which would keepe leaſt.

But wherein he ſharpned his wits to the piercingeſt point, was touching his men (knowing them to be the weapon of weapons, & maiſter-ſpring (as it were) which makes all the reſt to ſtir; and that therfore in the Art of man ſtood the quinteſſence and ruling skill of all proſperous gouernment, either peaceable, or military) thee choſe in number as many as without peſtring (and to daunger of infection) his victuall would ſerue for two yeares to maintaine; all of able bodies, and ſome few of able minds to direct, not ſeeking many commaunders, but contenting himſelfe, that the multitude ſhould haue obeying wittes, euery one knowing whom hee ſhould commaund, and whom he ſhould obey, the place where, and the matter wherein; diſtributing each office as neare as he could, to the diſpoſition of the perſon that ſhould exerciſe it: knowing no loue, daunger, nor diſcipline can ſuddenly alter an habite in nature. Therefore would he not employ the ſtill man to a ſhifting practiſe, nor the liberall man to be a diſpenſer of his victuals, nor the kind-harted man to be a puniſher: but would exerciſe their vertues in ſorts, where they might be profitable, employing his chiefe care to know them all particularly, & throughly, regarding alſo the conſtitution of their bodies; ſome being able better to abide watching, ſome hunger, ſome labour, making his benefit of each hability, & not forcing beyond power. Time to euery thing by iuſt proportion he allotted, and as well in that, as in euery thing elſe, no ſmall error winkt at, leaſt greater ſhould be animated. Euen of vices he made his profit, making the cowardly *Clinias* to haue care of the watch, which he knew his own feare would make him very wakefully perform. And before the ſiege began, he himſelfe cauſed rumors to be ſowed, and libels to be ſpread againſt himſelfe, fuller of malice, then witty perſwaſion: partly to know thoſe that would be apt to ſtumble at ſuch motions, that he might cull them from the faithfuller band; but principally, becauſe in neceſſitie they ſhould not know when any ſuch things were in earneſt attempted, whether it were, or not of his own in-

inuention. But euen then (before the enemies face came neare to breed any terrour) did he exercise his men daylie in all their charges, as if Daunger had presently presented his most hideous presence: himselfe rather instructing by example, then precept; being neither more sparing in trauaile, nor spending in diet, then the meanest souldier: his hand and body disdaining no base matters, nor shrinking from the heauy.

The onely odds was, that when others tooke breath, he sighed; and when others rested, he crost his armes. For Loue pasling thorow the pikes of Daunger, and tumbling it selfe in the dust of Labour, yet still made him remember his sweete desire, and beautifull image. Often vvhen hee had begun to commaund one, somewhat before halfe the sentence were ended, his inward guest did so entertaine him, that hee would breake it off, and a prettie while after end it, when hee had (to the maruel of the standers by) sent himself in to talke with his owne thoughts. Sometimes when his hand was lifted vp to do something, as if with the sight of *Gorgons* head he had been suddenly turned into a stone, so would hee there abide with his eyes planted, and hand lifted, till at length comming to the vse of himselfe, hee would looke about whether any had perceiued him; then would he accuse, and in himselfe condemne all those wits, that durst affirme Idlenesse to be the well-spring of Loue. O, would he say, all you that affect the title of wisedom, by vngratefull scorning the ornaments of Nature, am I now piping in a shadow? or doo slouthfull feathers now enwrap me? Is not hate before mee, and doubt behinde me? Is not daunger of the one side, and shame of the other? And doo I not stand vpon paine and trauell, and yet ouer all, my affection triumphes? The more I stirre about vrgent affaires, the more mee thinks the very stirring breeds a breath to blowe the coales of my loue: the more I exercise my thoughts, the more they encrease the appetite of my desires. O sweet *Philoclea* (with that he would cast vp his eyes wherein some water did appeare, as if they would wash themselues against they should see her) thy heauenly face is my Astronomie; thy sweete vertue, my sweete Philosophie: let mee profit therein, and farewell all other cogitations. But alas, my minde misgiues me, for your planets beare a contrary aspect vnto mee. Woe, woe is me they threaten my destruction: and whom doe they threaten this destruction? euen him that loues them; and by what meanes will they destroy, but by louing them? O deare (though killing) eyes, shall death head his dart with the gold of *Cupids* arrow? Shall death take his aime from the rest of Beautie? O beloued (though hating) *Philoclea*, how if thou beest mercifull, hath cruelty stolne into thee? Or how if thou beest cruell, doth cruelty looke more beautifull then euer mercy did? Or alas, is it my destinie that makes mercy cruell: like an euill vessell which turnes sweet licour to sowernesse; so when thy grace falls vpon me, my wretched constitution makes it become fiercenesse. Thus would he exercise his eloquence, when she could not heare him, and be dumbe-striken, when her presence gaue him fit occasion of speaking: so that his wit could find out no other refuge, but the comfort and counsell of his mother, desiring her (whose thoughts were vnperplexed) to vse for his sake the most preuailing manners of intercession.

Shee seeing her sonnes safety depend thereon (though her pride much disdained the name of a desirer) tooke the charge vpon her, not doubting the easie conqueste of an vnexpert virgin, vvho had alreadie with subtiltie and impudencie begun to vndermine a monarchie. Therefore, weighing *Philocleas* resolutions by the counterpeale of her owne youthfull thoughts, which shee then called to minde, shee doubted

doubted not at leaſt to make *Philoclea* receiue the poyſon diſtilled in ſweet liquour, which ſhe with little diſguiſing had drunke vp thirſtily. Therfore ſhe went ſoftly to *Philocleas* chamber, and peeping through the ſide of the doore, then being a little open, ſhe ſaw *Philoclea* ſitting lowe vpon a cuſhion, in ſuch a giuen-ouer manner, that one would haue thought, ſilence, ſolitarineſſe, and melancholie were come there, vnder the enſigne of miſhap, to conquere delight, & driue him from his naturall ſeate of beautie: her teares came dropping down like raine in Sunſhine, and ſhe not taking heede to wipe the teares, they hong vpon her cheekes, & lips as vpon cherries which the dropping tree bedeweth. In the dreſſing of her haire & apparell, ſhe might ſee neither a carefull art, nor an arte of careleſneſſe, but euen left to a neglected chaunce, which yet could no more vnperfect her perfections, then a Die any way caſt, could looſe his ſquareneſſe.

Cecropia (ſtirred with no other pitie, but for her ſonne) came in, and haling kindneſſe into her countenance, What ayles this ſweet Ladie, (ſaid ſhe) will you marre ſo good eyes with weeping? ſhall teares take away the beautie of that complexion, which the women of *Arcadia* wiſh for, and the men long after? Fie of this peeuiſh ſadneſſe; in ſooth it is vntimely for your age. Looke vpon your owne bodie, and ſee whether it deſerue to pine away with ſorrow: ſee whether you will haue theſe hands (with that ſhe tooke one of her hands, and kiſſing it, looked vpon it as if ſhe were enamoured with it) fade from their whiteneſſe, which makes one deſire to touch them; and their ſoftneſſe, which rebounds againe a deſire to looke on them, and become drie, leane and yellow, and make euerie bodie wonder at the change, and ſay, that ſure you had vſed ſome arte before, which now you had left? for if the beauties had beene naturall, they would neuer ſo ſoone haue beene blemiſhed. Take a glaſſe, and ſee whether theſe teares become your eyes: although I muſt confeſſe, thoſe eyes are able to make teares comely. Alas Madame (anſwered *Philoclea*) I know not whether my teares become mine eyes, but I am ſure mine eyes thus beteared, become my fortune. Your fortune (ſaid *Cecropia*) if ſhe could ſee to attire her ſelfe, would put on her beſt raiments. For I ſee, and I ſee it with griefe, and (to tell you true) vnkindneſſe: you miſconſter euery thing that only for your ſake is attempted. You thinke you are offended, and are indeede defended: you eſteeme your ſelfe a priſoner, and are in truth a miſtreſſe: you ſeeme hate, and ſhall find loue. And truely, I had a thing to ſay to you, but it is no matter: ſince I find you are ſo obſtinately melancholy, as that you woo his fellowſhip, I will ſpare my paines, and hold my peace: and ſo ſtaied indeede, thinking *Philoclea* would haue had a female inquiſitiueneſſe of the matter. But ſhe, who rather wiſhed to vnknow what ſhe knew, then to burthen her hart with more hopeles knowledge, only deſired her to haue pity of her, and if indeede ſhe did meane her no hurt, then to graunt her liberty: for elſe the very griefe and feare, would proue her vnappointed executioners. For that (ſayd *Cecropia*) beleeue me vpon the faith of a kings daughter, you ſhall be free, ſo ſoone as your freedome may be free of mortall danger, being brought hither for no other cauſe, but to preuent ſuch miſchiefes as you know not of. But if you thinke indeed to winne me to haue care of you, euen as of mine owne daughter, then lend your eares vnto me, and let not your mind arme it ſelfe with a wilfulneſſe to be flexible to nothing. But if I ſpeake reaſon, let Reaſon haue his due reward, perſwaſion. Then ſweet neece (ſayd ſhe) I pray you preſuppoſe, that now, euen in the midſt of your agonies, which you paint vnto your ſelfe moſt horrible, wiſhing with ſighes, and praying with vowes, for a ſoone and ſafe deliuerie: Imagine

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neece (I ſay) that ſome heauenly ſpirit ſhould appeare vnto you, and bid you follow him through the doore, that goes into the garden, aſſuring you, that you ſhould thereby returne to your deare mother, and what other delights foeuer your mind eſteemes delights: would you (ſweet neece) would you refuſe to follow him: and ſay, that if he led you not through the chiefe gate, you would not enioy your ouer-deſired liberty? Would you not drinke the wine you thirſt for, without it were in ſuch a glaſſe as you eſpecially fancied? tell me (deare neece) but I will anſwer for you, becauſe I know your reaſon & wit is ſuch, as muſt needes cõclude, that ſuch nicenes can no more be in you, to diſgrace ſuch a mind, then diſgracefulneſſe can haue any place in ſo faultleſſe a beauty. Your wiſdõ would aſſuredly determin, how the mark were hit, not whether the boaw were of Ewe or no, wherein you ſhot. If this be ſo, & thus ſure (my deare neece) it is, then (I pray you) imagine, that I am that ſame good Angel, who grieuing in your griefe, and in truth not able to ſuffer, that bitter ſighs ſhould be ſent forth with ſo ſweete a breath, am come to lead you, not only to your deſired, and imagined happineſſe, but to a true & eſſentiall happineſſe; not only to liberty, but to liberty with commandement. The way I will ſhew you: which if be not the gate builded hitherto in your priuate choiſe, yet ſhall it be a doore to bring you through a garden of pleaſures, as ſweet as this life can bring foorth; nay rather, which makes this life to be a life: My ſonne (let it be no blemiſh to him that I name him my ſon, who was your fathers owne nephew: for you know I am no ſmall kings daughter) my ſonne (I ſay) farre paſſing the neerneſſe of his kinred, with neerneſſe of good-will, and ſtriuing to match your matchleſſe beauty with a matchleſſe affection, doth by me preſent vnto you the full enioying of your liberty, ſo as with this gift you will accept a greater, which is, this caſtell, with all the reſt which you know he hath, in honourable quantitie; and will cõfirme his gift, and your receipt of both, with accepting him to be yours. I might ſay much both for the perſon and the matter; but who will crie out the Sun ſhines? It is ſo manifeſt a profit vnto you, as the meaneſt iudgement muſt ſtraight apprehend it: ſo farre is it from the ſharpneſſe of yours, thereof to be ignorant. Therefore (ſweet neece let your gratefulneſſe be my interceſſion, and your gentleneſſe my eloquence, and let me cary comfort to a hart which greatly needes it. *Philoclea* looked vpon her, and caſt downe her eye againe. Aunt (ſayd ſhe) I would I could be ſo much a miſtreſſe of my owne mind, as to yeeld to my couſins vertuous requeſt: for ſo I conſtrue of it. But my hart is already ſet (and ſtaying a while on that word, ſhe brought foorth afterwards) to leade a virgins life to my death: for ſuch a vow I haue in my ſelfe deuoutly made. The heauens preuent ſuch a miſchiefe, ſayd *Cecropia*. A vow, quoth you? no, no, my deare neece, Nature, when you were firſt borne, vowed you a woman, & as ſhe made you child of a mother, ſo to do your beſt to be mother of a child: ſhe gaue you beautie to moue loue; ſhe gaue you wit to know loue; ſhe gaue you an excellent body to reward loue: which kind of liberall rewarding is crowned with an vnſpeakable felicitie. For this, as it bindeth the receiuer, ſo it makes happy the beſtower: this doth not impouerish, but enrich the giuer. O the ſweet name of a mother: O the comfort of comforts, to ſee your children grow vp, in whom you are (as it were) eternized: if you could conceiue what a hart-tickling ioy it is to ſee your owne little ones, with awfull loue come running to your lap, & like little models of your ſelfe ſtill cary you about them, you would thinke vnkindneſſe in your own thoughts, that euer they did rebel againſt the mean vnto it. But perchance I ſet this bleſſednes before your eyes, as Captaines do victorie before their ſouldiers, to which they muſt come through

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many paines, gricues & dangers. No, I am cõtent you ſhrinke frõ this my counſell, if the way to cõe vnto it, be not moſt of all pleaſant. I know not (anſwered the ſweet *Philoclea*, fearing leaſt ſilence would offend for ſullennesſe) what content meane you ſpeake of: but I am ſure the beſt you can make of it (which is mariage) is a burdenous yoke. Ah, deare neece (ſayd *Cecropia*) how much you are deceiued? A yoke indeed we al beare, layd vpõ vs in our creation, which by mariage is not increaſed but thus far eaſed, that you haue a yokefellow to help to draw through the cloddy cumbers of this world. O widow-nights, beare witneſſe with me of the difference. How often alas do I embrace the orphan ſide of my bed, which was wõt to be imprinted by the body of my deare husband, and with teares acknowledge, that I now enioy ſuch a liberty as the baniſht mã hath; who may, if he liſt, wãder ouer the world, but is for euer reſtrained frõ his moſt delightful home? that I haue now ſuch a liberty as the ſeeled doue hath, which being firſt depriued of eyes, is then by the falconer caſt off? For beleeue me, neece, beleeue me, mãs experiõce is womãs beſt eye-ſight. Haue you euer ſeen a pure Roſewater kept in a cryſtal glaſſe? how fine it looks? how ſweet it ſmels, while that beautifull glaſſe impriſons it? Breake the priſon, and let the water take his owne courſe, doth it not imbrace duſt, and looſe al his former ſweetneſſe & faireneſſe? Truly ſo are we, if we haue not the ſtay, rather then the reſtraint of Cryſtalline mariage. My hart melts to thinke of the ſweet comforts, I in that happy time receiued, when I had neuer cauſe to care, but the care was doubled: when I neuer reioyced, but that I ſaw my ioy ſhine in another eyes. What ſhal I ſay of the freedelight, which the hart might imbrace, without the accuſing of the inward conſcience, or feare of outward ſhame? and is a ſolitary life as good as this? then can one ſtring make as good muſicke as a conſort: then can one colour ſet foorth a beautie. But it may be, the generall conſideration of mariage doth not ſo much miſlike you, as the applying of it to him. He is my ſon, I muſt confeſſe, I ſee him with a mothers eyes, which if they do not much deceiue me, he is no ſuch one, ouer whom Contempt may make any iuſt chalenge. He is comly, he is noble, he is rich; but that which in it ſelfe ſhould carie all comelineſſe, nobilitie, and riches, he loues you and he loues you, who is beloued of others. Driue not away his affection (ſweete Lady) & make no other Lady hereafter proudly brągge, that ſhe hath robbed you of ſo faithful & notable a ſeruant. *Philoclea* heard ſom peeces of her ſpeeches, no otherwiſe then one doth vvhen a tedious prattler combers the hearing of a delightful muſicke. For her thoughts had left her eares in that captiuity, and conueyed themſelues to behold (with ſuch eyes as imagination could lend them) the eſtate of her *Zelmane*, for vvhom hovv vvel ſhe thought many of thoſe ſayings might haue bin vſed vvith a far more grateful acceptation. Therefore liſting not to diſpute in a matter vvhereof her ſelfe vvas reſolued, and deſired not to enforme the other, ſhe only told her that vvhileſt ſhe vvas ſo captiued, ſhe could not conceiue of any ſuch perſvvaſiõs (though neuer ſo reaſonable) any otherwiſe, thẽ as conſtraints: and as conſtraints muſt needs euen in nature abhor thẽ, vvhich at her liberty, in their ovvn force of reaſon, might more preuaile vvith her: and ſo faine vvould haue returned the ſtrength of *Cecropias* perſvvaſions, to haue procured freedome.

But neither her vvittie vvords in an enemie, nor thoſe vvords, made more then eloquent vvith paſſing through ſuch lippes, could preuaile in *Cecropia* more then her perſvvaſions could vvin *Philoclea* to diſauovve her former vovv, or to leaue the priſoner *Zelmane*, for the commaunding *Amphialus*. So that both ſides being beſirers, and neither graunters, they brake off conference. *Cecropia* ſucking vp more

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and more ſpite out of her denial, which yet for her ſonnes ſake, ſhe diſguiſed with a viſard of kindneſſe, leaning no office vnperformed, which might be either witneſſe, or endeare her ſonnes affection. Whatſoeuer could be imagined likely to pleaſe her, was with liberall diligence perfourmed: Muſickes at her window, and eſpecially ſuch Muſickes, as might (with dolefull embaſſage) call the mind to thinke of ſorrow, and thinke of it with ſweetneſſe: with ditties ſo ſenſibly expreſſing *Amphialus* caſe, that euery word ſeemed to be but a diuerſifying of the name of *Amphialus*. Daily preſents, as it were oblations, to pacifie an angrie Deitie, ſent vnto her: wherein, if the workmanſhip of the forme had ſtriuen with the ſumptuouſnes of the matter, as much did the inuention, in the application, contend to haue the chiefe excellencie: for they were as ſo many ſtories of his diſgraces, and her perfections; where the richneſſe did inuite the eyes, the fashion did entertaine the eyes, and the deuice did teach the eyes, the preſent miſerie of the preſenter himſelfe awfully ſeruiceable: which was the more notable, as his authoritie vvas manifeſt. And for the bondage vvherein ſhe liued, all meanes vſed to make knovvne, that if it vvere a bondage, it was a bondage only knit in loue-knots: but ſhe in hart alreadie vnderſtanding no language but one, the Muſicke wrought indeede a dolefulneſſe, but it was a dolefulneſſe to be in his power: the dittie intended for *Amphialus*, ſhe tranſlated to *Zelmane*: the preſents ſeemed ſo many tedious clogs of a thralled obligation: and his ſeruice, the more diligent it was, the more it did exprobrate (as ſhe thought) vnto her, her vnworthie eſtate: that euen he that did her ſeruice, had authoritie of commanding her, onely conſtruing her ſeruitude in his owne nature, eſteeming it a right, and a right bitter ſeruitude: ſo that all their ſhots (how well ſoeuer leuelled) being carried awrie from the marke, by the ſtorme of her miſlike, the Prince *Amphialus* affectionately languiſhed, and *Cecropia* ſpitefully cunning, diſdained at the barrenneſſe of their ſucceſſe.

Which willingly *Cecropia* would haue reuenged, but that ſhe ſaw, her hurt could not be deuided from her ſonnes miſchiefes: wherefore, ſhe bethought her ſelfe to attempt *Pamela*, whoſe being equall, ſhe hoped, if ſhe might be wonne, that her ſons thoughts would rather reſt on a beautifull gratefulneſſe, then ſtill be tormented with a diſdaining beauty. Therefore, giuing new courage to her wicked inuentions, and vſing the more induſtry, becauſe ſhe had m[illegible] in this, and taking euen precepts of preuailing in *Pamela*, by her fayling in *Philoclea*, ſhe went to her chamber, and (according to her owne vngracious method of ſubtile proceeding) ſtood liſtning at the dore, becauſe that out of the circumſtance of her preſent behauiour, there might kindly ariſe a fit beginning of her intended diſcourſe.

And ſo ſhe might perceiue that *Pamela* did walke vp & downe, full of deep (though patient) thoughts. For her looke & countenance was ſetled, her pace ſoft and almoſt ſtill of one meaſure, without any paſſionate geſture, or violent motion: till at length (as it were) awaking, & ſtrengthning her ſelfe, Well (ſayd ſhe) yet this is the beſt, and of this I am ſure, that howſoeuer they wrong me, they cannot ouer-maiſter God. No darknes blinds his eyes, no gayle bars him out. To whom then elſe ſhold I flie, but to him for ſuccor? And therwith kneeling down, euen where ſhe ſtood, ſhe thus ſaid: O all-ſeeing Light, & eternall Life of all things, to whom nothing is either ſo great, that it may reſiſt, or ſo ſmal, that it is cõtemned: looke vpon my miſery with thine eye of mercy, and let thine infinite power vouchſafe to limite out ſome proportion of deliuerance vnto me, as to thee ſhall ſeeme moſt conuenient. Let not iniurie, ô Lord, triumph ouer me, and let my faults by thy hand bee corrected, and make not mine

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vniuſt enemy the miniſter of thy Iuſtice. But yet, my God, if in thy wiſdome, this be the apteſt chaſtiſement for my vnexcuſable folly; if this low bondage bee fitteſt for my ouer-high deſires; if the pride of my not-inough humble hart, be thus to be broken, ô Lord, I yeeld vnto thy will, and ioyfully embrace what ſorrow thou wilt haue me ſuffer. Onely thus much let me craue of thee (let my crauing, ô Lord, be accepted of thee, ſince euen that proceeds from thee) let me craue, euen by the nobleſt title, which in my greateſt affliction I may giue my ſelfe, that I am thy creature, and by thy goodneſſe (which is thy ſelfe) that thou wilt ſuffer ſome beame of thy Maieſty ſo to ſhine into my mind, that it may ſtil depend confidently on thee. Let calamity be the exerciſe, but not the ouerthrow of my vertue: let their power preuaile, but preuaile not to deſtruction: let my greatnes be their pray: let my pain be the ſweetneſſe of their reuenge: let them (if ſo it ſeem good vnto thee) vex me with more and more puniſhment. But, ô Lord, let neuer their wickednes haue ſuch a hand, but that I may cary a pure mind in a pure body. (And pauſing a while) And ô moſt gracious Lord (ſayd ſhe) what euer become of me, preſerue the vertuous *Muſidorus*.

The other part *Cecropia* might well heare: but this latter prayer for *Muſidorus*, her hart held it, as ſo iewel-like a treaſure, that it would ſcarce truſt her owne lippes withall. But this prayer, ſent to heauen, from ſo heauenly a creature, with ſuch a feruent grace, as if Deuotion had borowed her body, to make of it ſelfe a moſt beautifull repreſentation; with her eyes ſo lifted to the skie-ward, that one would haue thought they had begun to flie thither ward, to take their place among their fellow ſtarres; her naked hands raiſing vp their whole length, and as it were kiſſing one another, as if the right had bene the picture of *Zeale*, and the left, of *Humbleneſſe*, which both vnited themſelues to make their ſuites more acceptable. Laſtly, all her ſenſes being rather tokens then inſtruments of her inward motions, altogether had ſo ſtrange a working power, that euen the hard-harted wickednes of *Cecropia*, if it found not a loue of that goodneſſe, yet it felt an abaſhment at that goodneſſe, and if ſhe had not a kindly remorſe, yet had ſhe an yrkſome accuſation of her owne naughtineſſe, ſo that ſhe was put from the bias of her fore-intended leſſon. For well ſhe found there was no way at that time to take that mind, but with ſome, at leaſt, image of Vertue: and what the figure thereof was, her hart knew not.

Yet did ſhe prodigally ſpend her vttermoſt eloquence, leauing no argument vnproued, which might with any force inuade her excellent iudgement: the iuſtnes of the requeſt being, but for marriage; the worthineſſe of the ſuiter: then her owne preſent fortune, which ſhould not onely haue amendment, but felicity: beſides falſely making her beleeue, that her ſiſter would thinke her ſelfe happy, if now ſhe might haue his loue which before ſhe contemned: and obliquely touching, what daunger it ſhould be for her, if her ſonne ſhould accept *Philoclea* in marriage, and ſo match the next heire apparant, ſhe being in his power: yet plentifully periuring how extreamely her ſonne loued her, and excuſing the little ſhewes he made of it, with the duetifull reſpect he bare vnto her, and taking vpon her ſelfe that ſhe reſtrained him, ſince ſhe found ſhe could ſet no limits to his paſſions. And as ſhe did to *Philoclea*, ſo did ſhe to her, with the tribute of gifts ſeeke to bring her mind into ſeruitude: and all other meanes, that might either eſtabliſh a beholdingnes, or at leaſt awake a kindneſſe; doing it ſo, as by reaſon of their impriſonment, one ſiſter knew not how the other was wooed, but each might thinke, that only ſhe was ſought. But if *Philoclea* with ſweete and humble dealing did auoide their aſſaults; ſhe with the Maieſty of Vertue did beate them off.

But this day their speech was the sooner broken of, by reason that he, who stood as watch vpon the top of the keep, did not only see a great dust arise (which the earth sent vp, as if it would striue to haue clowdes as wel as the aire) but might spie sometimes, especially when the dust (wherin the naked wind did apparell it self) was caried aside from them, the shining of armour; like flashing of lightning, wherewith the clowdes did seeme to be with child; which the Sun gilding with his beames, it gaue a sight delightfull to any, but to them that were to abide the terrour. But the watch gaue a quicke Alarum to the soldiers within, whom practise already hauing prepared, began each, with vnabashed hearts or at least countenances, to looke to their charge, or obedience, which was allotted vnto them.

Only *Clinias* and *Amphialus* did exceede the bounds of mediocritie: the one in his naturall coldnesse of cowardise, the other in heate of courage. For *Clinias* (who was bold only in busie whisperings, and euen in that whisperingnesse rather indeede confident in his cunning, that it should not bee bewraied, then any way bold, if euer it should bee bewrayed) now that the enemie gaue a dreadfull aspect vnto the castle, his eyes saw no terrour, nor eare heard any martiall sound, but that they multiplied the hidiousnesse of it to his mated mind. Before their comming he had many times felt a dreadfull expectation, but yet his minde (that was willing to ease it selfe of the burden of feare) did somtime faine vnto it selfe possibilitie of let; as the death of *Basilius*, the discord of the nobilitie, and (vvhen other cause failed him) the nature of chaunce serued as a cause vnto him: and sometimes the hearing other men speake valiantly, and the quietnesse of his vnassailed senses, would make himselfe beleeue, that hee durst doe something. But novv, that present daunger did display it selfe vnto his eye, and that a daungerous dooing must be the onely meane to preuent the danger of suffering, one that had marked him would haue iudged, that his eyes would haue run into him, and his soule out of him; so vnkindly did either take a sent of danger. He thought the lake was too shallow, and the walles too thin: he misdoubted each mans treason, and coniectured euery possibility of misfortune, not only fore-casting likely perils, but such as all the planets together could scarcely haue conspired: and already began to arme himselfe, though it was determined he should tarry within doors; and while he armed himselfe, imagined in what part of the vault he would hide himselfe, if the enemies wonne the castle. Desirous he was that euery body should do valiantly, but himselfe; and therfore was affraid to shew his feare, but for very feare would haue hid his feare; least it should discomfort others: but the more he sought to disguise it, the more the vnsutableneese of a weake broken voice to high braue words, and of a pale shaking countenance to a gesture of animating did discouer him.

But quite contrarily *Amphialus*, who before the enemies came, was carefull, prouidently diligent, & not somtimes without doubting of the issue; now the nearer danger approched (like the light of a glow-worme) the lesse still it seemed: and now his courage began to boile in choler; and with such impatience to desire to powre out both vpon the enemy, that he issued presently into certain boates he had of purpose; and carying with him some choise men, went to the fortresse he had vpon the edge of the lake, which hee thought would be the first thing, that the enemy would attempt, because it was a passage, which commanding all that side of the country, and being lost would stop victuall, or other supply, that might be brought into the castle: & in that fortresse hauing some force of horsemen, he issued out with two hundred horse, & fiue hundred footmen, embushed his footmen in the falling of a hill, which

was ouershadowed with a wood, he with his horsmen went a quarter of a mile further, aside hand of which he might perceiue the manie troupes of the enemie, who came but to view where best to encampe themselues.

But as if the sight of the enemy had bene a Magnes stone to his courage, he could not containe himselfe, but shewing his face to the enemy, and his backe to his souldiers, vsed that action, as his onely oration, both of denouncing warre to the one, and perswading helpe of the other. Who faithfullie following an example of such authoritie, they made the earth to grone vnder their furious burden, and the enemies to begin to be angry with them, whom in particular they knew not. Among whom there was a young man, youngest brother to *Philanax*, whose face as yet did not bewray his sex, with so much as shew of haire; of a mind hauing no limits of hope, not knowing why to feare; full of iollitie in conuersation, and lately growne a Louer. His name was *Agenor*, of all that army the most beautifull: who hauing ridden in sportfull conuersation among the foremost, all armed sauing that his beauer was vp, to haue his breath in more freedome, seeing *Amphialus* come a pretty way before his company, neither staying the commandement of the Captaine, nor recking whether his face were armed, or no, set spurs to his horse, and with youthfull brauerie casting his staffe about his head, put it then in his rest, as carefull of comely carying it, as if the marke had beene but a Ring, and the lookers on Ladies. But *Amphialus* launce was already come to the last of his descending line, and began to make the full point of death against the head of this young Gentleman; when *Amphialus* perceiuing his youth and beauty, Compassion so rebated the edge of Choler, that hee spared that faire nakednesse, and let his staffe fall to *Agenors* vampalt: so as both with braue breaking should hurtlesse haue performed that match, but that the pittilesse launce of *Amphialus* (angry with being broken) with an vnlucky counterbuffe full of vnsparing splinters, lighted vpon that face farre fitter for the combats of *Venus*, giuing not onely a sudden, but a fowle death, leauing scarcely any tokens of his former beautie: but his hands abandoning the reynes, and his thighes the saddle, hee fell sideward from the horse. Which sight comming to *Leontius*, a deare friend of his, who in vaine had lamentably cried vnto him to stay, when he saw him begin his carecre, it was hard to say, whether pittie of the one, or reuenge against the other, held as then the soueraintie in his passions. But while he directed his eye to his friend, and his hand to his enimie, so wronglie consorted a power could not resist the readie minded force of *Amphialus*: who perceiuing his il-directed direction against him, so paid him his debt before it was lent, that he also fell to the earth, onely happy that one place, and one time, did finish both their loues and liues together.

But by this time there had bene a furious meeting of either side: where after the terrible salutation of warlike noyse, the shaking of hands was with sharpe weapon: some launces according to the metall they met, and skill of the guider, did staine themselues in bloud; some flew vp in peeces, as if they would threaten heauen, because they fayled on earth. But their office was quickly inherited, either by (the Prince of weapons) the sword, or by some heauy mace, or biting axe; which hunting still the weakest chase, sought euer to light there where smallest resistance might worse preuent mischiefe. The clashing of armour, and crushing of staues, the iustling of bodies, the resounding of blowes, was the first part of that ill agreeing musicke, which was beautified with the grislinesse of wounds, the rising of dust, the hidious falles and grones of the dying. The very horses angrie in their maisters

anger, with loue and obedience brought foorth the effects of hate and resistance, and with minds of seruitude, did as if they affected glory. Some lay dead vnder their dead maisters, whom vnknightly wounds had vniustly punished for a faithfull duty. Some lay vpon their Lords by like accidents, and in death, had the honor to be borne by them, whom in life they had borne. Some hauing lost their commanding burthens, ranne scattered about the field, abashed with the madnesse of mankind. The earth it selfe (wont to be a buriall of men) was now (as it were) buried with men: so was the face thereof hidden with dead bodies, to whom death had come masked in diuerse manners. In one place lay disinherited heades, dispossessed of their naturall seignories: in another, whole bodies to see to, but that their hearts wont to be bound all ouer so close, were now with deadly violence opened: in others, fowler deathes had ouglily displayed their trayling guts. There lay armes, whose fingers yet moued, as if they would feele for him that made them feele: and legges, which contrary to common reason, by being discharged of their burden, were growne heauier. But no sword payed so large a tribute of soules to the eternall Kingdome, as that of *Amphialus*; who like a Tigre, from whom a company of Woolues did seeke to rauish a new gotten pray; so he (remembring they came to take away *Philoclea*) did labour to make valure, strength, choler and hatred, to answer the proportion of his loue, which was infinite.

There died of his hands the old knight *Æschylus*, who though by yeares might well haue bene allowed to vse rather the exercises of wisedome, then of courage; yet hauing a lusty body and a merry heart, he euer tooke the summons of Time in iest, or else it had so creepingly stolen vpon him, that he had heard scarcely the noise of his feete, and therefore was as fresh in apparell, and as forward in enterprises, as a farre younger man: but nothing made him bolder, then a certaine prophecie had beene told him, that he should die in the armes of his sonne, and therefore feared the lesse the arme of an enemy. But now when *Amphialus* sword was passed through his throate, he thought himselfe abused; but that before he died, his sonne, indeede seeing his father begin to fall, held him vp in his armes, till a pittilesse souldier of the other side, with a mace brained him, making father and son become twinnes in the neuer againe dying birth. As for *Drialus*, *Memnon*, *Nisus* and *Policrates*; the first had his eyes cut out so, as he could not see to bid the neare following death welcome: the second had met with the same Prophet that old *Æschylus* had, and hauing found many of his speeches true, beleeued this to, that hee should neuer bee killed, but by his owne companions: and therefore no man was more valiant then he against an enemy, no man more suspicious of his friends: so as he seemed to sleep in security, when he went to a battel, and to enter into a battell, when he began to sleepe, such gards hee would set about his person; yet mistrusting those verie gards least they would murther him. But now *Amphialus* helped to vnriddle his doubts; for he ouerthrowing him from his horse, his owne companions comming with a fresh supply, pressed him to death. *Nisus* grasping with *Amphialus*, was with a short dagger slaine. And for *Policrates*, while he shunned as much as he could, keeping only his place for feare of punishment, *Amphialus* with a memorable blow strake off his head: where, with the conuulsions of death setting his spurres to his horse, he gaue so braue a charge vpon the enemy, as it grew a prouerbe, that *Policrates* was only valiant after his head was off. But no man escaped so well his hands as *Phebilus* did: for he hauing long loued *Philoclea*, though for the meanesse of his estate he neuer durst reueale it, now knowing *Amphialus*, setting the edge of a riuall vpon

the

the ſword of an enemy, he held ſtrong fight with him. But *Amphialus* had already in the daungerouſeſt places diſarmed him, and was liſting vp his ſword to ſend him away from himſelfe; when he thinking indeede to die, ô *Philocles* (ſayd he) yet this ioyes mee, that I die for thy ſake. The name of *Philocles* firſt ſtaied his ſword: and when he heard him out, though he abhord him much worſe then before, yet could he not vouchſafe him the honour of dying for *Philocles*, but turned his ſword another way, doing him no hurt for ouer-much hatred. But what good did that to poore *Phebilus*, if eſcaping a valiant hand, he was ſlaine by a baſe ſouldier, who ſeeing him ſo diſarmed, thruſt him through?

But thus with the well-followed valure of *Amphialus* were the other almoſt ouerthrowne, when *Philanax* (who was the marſhall of the army) came in, with new force renuing the almoſt decayed courage of his ſouldiers. For crying to them (and asking them whether their backes or their armes were better fighters) he himſelfe thruſt iuſt into the preſſe, and making force and furie waite vpon diſcretion and gouernement, he might ſeeme a braue Lion, who taught his yong Lioners, how in taking of a pray, to ioyne courage with cunning. Then Fortune (as if ſhe had made chaſes inow of the one ſide of that bloudy Teniſcourt) went of the other ſide the line, making as many fall downe of *Amphialus* followers, as before had done of *Philanaxis*, they looſing the ground, as faſt as before they had won it, only leauing them to keepe it, who had loſt themſelues in keeping it. Then thoſe that had killed, inherited the lot of thoſe that had beene killed; and cruell deaths made them lie quietly together, who moſt in their liues had fought to diſquiet each other; and many of thoſe firſt ouerthrowne, had the comfort to ſee the murtherers ouerrun them to *Charons* ferrie.

Cedrus, *Cteſiphon*, and *Milo*, loſt their liues vpon *Philanax* ſword: but no bodies caſe was more pitied, then of a young ſquire of *Amphialus*, called *Iſmenus*, who neuer abandoning his maiſter, and making his tender age aſpire to actes of the ſtrongeſt manhood, in this time that his ſide was put to the worſt, and that *Amphialus* valure was the only ſtay of them from deliuering themſelues ouer to a moſt ſhamefull flight, hee ſawe his maiſters horſe killed vnder him. Whereupon, asking aduiſe of no other thought, but of faithfulneſſe and courage, hee preſently lighted from his owne horſe, and with the helpe of ſome choiſe and faithfull ſeruants, gat his maiſter vp. But in the multitude that came of either ſide, ſome to ſuccour, ſome to ſaue *Amphialus*, hee came vnder the hand of *Philanax*: and the youth perceiuing hee was the man that did moſt hurt to his partie (deſirous euen to change his life for glorie) ſtrake at him, as hee rode by him, and gaue him a hurt vpon the leg, that made *Philanax* turne towards him; but ſeeing him ſo young, and of a moſt louelie preſence, he rather tooke pitty of him; meaning to take him priſoner, and then to giue him to his brother *Agenor* to bee his companion, becauſe they were not much vnlike, neither in yeares, nor countenance. But as hee looked downe vpon him with that thought, he ſpied where his brother lay dead, and his friend *Leontius* by him, euen almoſt vnder the ſquiers feete. Then ſorowing not onely his owne ſorrow, but the paſt-comfort ſorrow which he foreknew his mother would take (who with many teares, and miſgiuing ſighs had ſuffred him to go with his elder brother *Philanax*) blotted out all figures of pitty out of his mind, and putting forth his horſe (while *Iſmenus* doubled two or three more valiant, then well ſet blowes) ſaying to himſelfe; Let other mothers bewaile an vntimely death as well as mine: he thruſt him through. And the boy fierce,

though beautifull; and beautifull, though dying, not able to keepe his falling feete, fell downe to the earth, which he bit for anger, repining at his fortune, and as long as he could resisting death, which might seeme vnwilling to, so long he was in taking away his yong struggling soule.

Philanax himselfe could haue wished the blow vngiuen, when he saw him fal like a faire apple, which some vncurteous body (breaking his bough) should throw downe before it were ripe. But the case of his brother made him forget both that, and himselfe: so as ouerhastily pressing vpon the retiring enemies, he was (ere he was aware) further engaged then his owne souldiers could relieue him; where being ouerthrowne by *Amphialus*, *Amphialus* glad of him, kept head against his enemies while some of his men caried away *Philanax*.

But *Philanax* men, as if with the losse of *Philanax* they had lost the fountaine of their valure, had their courages so dried vp in feare, that they began to set honour at their backs, and to vse the vertue of patience in an vntimely time: when into the presse comes (as hard as his horse, more affraide of the spurre, then the sworde, could cary him) a Knight in armour as darke as blacknesse could make it, followed by none, and adorned by nothing; so farre without authoritie that he was without knowledge. But vertue quickly made him known, and admiration bred him such authoritie, that though they of whose side he came knew him not, yet they all knew it was fit to obey him: and while he was followed by the valiantest, hee made way for the vilest. For, taking part with the besiegers, he made the *Amphialians* bloud serue for a caparison to his horse, and a decking to his armour. His arme no oftner gaue blowes, then the blowes gaue wounds, then the wounds gaue deathes: so terrible was his force, and yet was his quickenesse more forcible then his force, and his iudgement more quick then his quickenesse. For though his sworde went faster then eye-sight could follow it, yet his owne iudgement went still before it. There dyed of his hand *Sarpedon*, *Plistonax*, *Strophilus*, and *Hippolitus*, men of greate proofe in warres, and who had that day vndertaken the gard of *Amphialus*. But while they sought to saue him, they lost the fortresses that Nature had placed them in. Then slew he *Megalus*, who was a litle before proude, to see himselfe stained in the bloud of his enemies: but when his owne blood came to be married to theirs, he then felt, that cruelty doth neuer enioy a good cheape glory. After him sent he *Palemon*, who had that day vowed (with fooliish brauery) to be the death of ten: and nine already he had killed, & was careful to performe his (almost performed) vow, when the blacke knight helpt him to make vp the tenth himselfe.

And now the often-changing Fortune beganne also to change the hew of the battels. For at the first, though it were terrible, yet Terror was deckt so brauelie with rich furniture, gilt swords, shining armours, pleasant pensils, that the eye with delight had scarce leasure to be affraide: But now all vniuersally defiled with dust, bloud, broken armour, mangled bodies, tooke away the maske, and sette foorth Horror in his owne horrible manner. But neither could daunger be dreadfull to *Amphialus* his vndismayable courage, nor yet seeme ougly to him whose truely-affected minde, did still paint it ouer with the beauty of *Philoclea*. And therefore hee, rather enflamed then troubled with the increase of daungers, and glad to find a worthy subiect to excercise his courage, sought out this new knight whom he might easily find: for he, liken wanton rich man, that throwes downe his neighbours house, to make himselfe the better prospect, so had his sworde made him so spacious a roome, that *Amphialus* had more cause to wonder at the

the finding, then labour for the seeking: which if it stirred hate in him, to see how much harme he did to the one side, it prouoked as much emulation in him, to perceiue how much good he did to the other side. Therefore, they approaching one to the other, as in two beautifull folkes, Louenaturally stirres a desire of ioyning, so in their two courages Hate stirred a desire of triall. Then began there a combat betweene them, worthy to haue had more large listes, and more quiet beholders: for with the spurre of Courage, and the bitte of Respect, each so guided himselfe, that one might well see, the desire to ouercome, made them not forget how to ouercome: in such time and proportion they did employ their blowes, that none of *Ceres* seruants could more cunningly place his flaile: while the left foote spurre set forward his owne horse, the right let backeward the contrary horse, euen sometimes by the aduantage of the enemies legge, while the left hand (like him that held the sterne) guided the horses obedient courage: All done in such order, that it might seeme, the mind was a right Prince indeede, who sent wise and diligent Lieutenants into each of those well gouerned partes. But the more they fought, the more they desired to fight; and the more they smarted, the lesse they felt the smart: and now were like to make a quicke proofe, to whom Fortune or Valour would seeme most friendly, when in comes and olde Gouernour of *Amphialus*, alwayes a good Knight, and carefull of his charge; who giuing a sore wound to the Blacke Knights thigh, while hee thought not of him, with another blow slewe his horse vnder him. *Amphialus* cried to him, that hee dishonoured him: You say well (answered the olde Knight) to stand now like a priuate souldier, setting your credit vpon particular fighting, while you may see *Basilius* with all his hoste, is getting betweene you and your towne. He looked that way, and found that true indeede, that the enemy was beginning to encompasse him about, and stoppe his returne: and therefore causing the retreate to be sounded, his Gouernour ledde his men homeward, while hee kept himselfe still hindmost, as if he had stood at the gate of a sluse, to let the streame goe, with such proportion, as should seeme good vnto him: and with so manfull discretion performed it, that (though with losse of many of his men) he returned in himselfe safe, and content, that his enemies had felt, how sharpe the sworde could bite of *Philoclea*'s Louer. The other partie being sorie for the losse of *Philanax*, was yet sorier when the Blacke Knight could not bee found: For he hauing gotten a horse, whome his dying maister had bequeathed to the world, finding himselfe sore hurt, and not desirous to be knowne, had in the time of the enemies retiring, retired away also: his thigh not bleeding bloud so fast, as his heart bledde reuenge. But *Basilius* hauing attempted in vaine to barre the safe returne of *Amphialus*, encamped himselfe as strongly as he could, while he (to his griefe) might heare the ioy was made in the towne by his owne subiects, that he had that day sped no better. For *Amphialus* (being well beloued of that people) when they saw him not vanquished, they esteemed him as victorious, his youth setting a flourishing shew vpon his worthinesse, and his great nobility ennobling his dangers.

But the first thing *Amphialus* did, being returned, was to visite *Philoclea*, and first presuming to cause his dreame to be sung vnto her (which he had seen the night before he fell in loue with her) making a fine boy he had, accord a pretty dolefulnesse vnto it. The song was this:

Now

Now was our heau'nly vault deprisued of the light
With Sunnes depart: and now the darkenesse of the night
Did light those beamy stars which greater light did darke:
Now each thing that enioy'd that firie quickning sparke
(Which life is cald) were mou'd their spirits to repose,
And wanting vse of eyes, their eyes began to close:
A silence sweete each where with one consent embraste
(A musique sweet to one in carefull musing plaste)
And mother earth, now clad in mourning weeds, did breath
A dull desire to kisse the image of our death:
When I, disgraced wretch, not wretched then, did giue
My senses such reliefe, as they which quiet liue,
Whose braines broile not in woes, nor breasts with beatings ake,
With natures praise are wont in safest home to take.
Far from my thoughts was ought, whereto their minds aspire,
Who vnder courtly pompes do hatch a base desire.
Free all my powers were from those captiuing snares,
Which heau'nly purest gifts defile with muddie cares.
Ne could my soule it selfe accuse of such a fault,
As tender conscience might with furious pangs assault.
But like the feeble flower (whose stalke cannot sustaine
His weighty top) his top downward doth drooping leane:
Or as the sillie bird in well acquainted nest
Doth hide his head with cares but only how to rest:
So I in simple course, and vnentangled mind
Did suffer drowsie lids mine eyes then cleare to blinde;
And laying downe my head, did natures rule obserue,
They first their vse forgot, then fancies lost their force;
Till deadly sleepe at length possest my liuing corse.
A liuing corse I lay: but ah, my wakefull mind
(Which made of heau'nly stuffe no mortall change doth blind)
Flew vp with freer wings of fleshly bondage free;
And hauing plaste my thoughts, my thoughts thus placed me.
Me thought, nay sure I was, I was in faireſt wood
Of Samothea *land; a land which whilom stood*
An honour to the world, while Honour was their end,
And while their line of yeares they did in vertue spend.
But there I was, and there my calmie thoughts I fed
On Natures sweete repast, as healthfull senses led.
Her gifts my study was, her beauties were my sport:
My worke her workes to know, her dwelling my resort.
Those lamps of heau'nly fire to fixed motion bound,
The euer-turning spheres, the neuer-mouing ground;
What essence deſt nie hath sif fortune be or no;
Whence our immortall soules to mortall earth do flow:
What life it is, and how that all these liues do gather,
With outward makers force, or like an inward father.

Such thoughts me thought, I thought, and strooke my single mind,
Then void of decrey cares, the depth of things to finde.
When lo with hugest noise (such noise a tempest makes
When it blowne downe with winde a fall of mountaine takes)
(Or such a noise it was, as highest thunders sound,
Or cannons thunder-like, all shot together, bend)
The Moone asunder rent, wherout with sudden fall
(More swift then falcons stoupe to feeding Falconer calls)
There came a chariot faire by doues and sparrowes guided,
Whose stormelike, course staid not till hard by me it lighted.
I wretch astonisht was, and thought the deathfull doome
Of heauen, of earth, of hell, of time and place was come,
But strieght there issued forth two Ladies (Ladies seemed
They seemd to me) on whom did wait a Virgin pure.
Strange were the Ladies weedes, yet more vnfit then strange.
The first with cloth'e tuckt vp as Nymphes in woods do range,
Tuckt vp euen with the knees, with bowe and arrowes prest.
Her right arme naked was, discouered was her brest.
But heauy was her pase, and such a meagre cheere,
As litle hunting mind (God knowes) did there appeare.
The other had with art (more then our women know,
As stuffe meant for the sale set out to glazing show)
A wanton womans face, and with curld knots had twin'd
Her haire, which by the helpe of painters cunning shin'd.
When I such guests did see come out of such a house,
The mountaines great with child I thought brought forth a mouse.
But walking forth, the first thus to the second sayd;
Venus *come on: sayd she,* Diane *you are obayd.*
Those names abasht me much, when those great names I heard:
Although their fame (me seemd) from truth had greatly iard.
As I thus musing stood, Diane *cald to her*
The waiting Nymph, a Nymph that did excell as farre
All things that earst I saw, as orient pearles exceede
That which their mother bight, or else their silky seede.
Indeed a perfect hew, indeed a sweet consent
Of all those Graces gifts the heauens haue euer lent.
And so she was attir'd, as one that did not prize
Too much her peereless parts, nor yet could them despise.
But cald, she came apace; a pase wherein did moue
The band of beauties all, the little world of Loue.
And bending humble eyes (o eyes the Summe of sight)
She waited mistresse will: who thus disclosde her spright;
Sweet Mira *mine (quoth she) the pleasure of my mind,*
In whom of all my rules the perfect proofe I find,
To only thee thou seest we graunt this speciall grace
Vs to attend, in this most priuate time and place.
Be silent therefore now, and so be silent still
Of that thou seest: close vp in secret knot thy will.

She answer'd was with looke, and will performe a beheast:
And Mira I admirde: her shape sunke to my brest.
But thus with irefull eyes, and face that shooke with spite
Diana did begin. What mou'd me to inuite
Your presence (sister deare) first to my stoomy spheare,
And hither now, vouchsafe to take with willing eare.
I know full well you know, what discord long hath raign'd
Betwixt vs two; how much that discord foule hath stain'd
Both our estates, while each the other did deprane,
Proofe speakes too much to vs that feeling triall haue.
Our names are quite forgot, our temples are defac'd:
Our offrings spoil'd, our priests from priesthood are displac'd.
Is this the fruite of strife? those thousand Churches hie,
Those thousand altars faire now in the dust to lie?
In mortall minds our mindes bue plaiers names preserue:
No knees once bowed, forsooth, for them they say we serue.
Are we their seruants growne? no doubt a noble staie:
Celestiall powers to wormes, Ioues children serue to clay.
But such they say we be: this praise our discord bred,
While we for mutuall spite, a striuing passion fed.
But let vs wiser be; and what foule discord brake,
So much more strong againe let fastest concord make.
Our yeeres do it require: you see we both do feele
The weakning worke of times for euer whirling wheele.
Although we be diuine, our grandsire Saturne is
With ages farce decay'd, yet once the heauen was his.
And now before we seeke by wise Apollos skill,
Our young yeares to renew (for so he sayth he will)
Let vs a perfect peace betweene vs two resolue:
Which least the ruinous want of gouernment dissolue,
Let one the Princesse be, to her the other yeeld:
For vaine equality is but Contentions field.
And let her haue the gifts that should in both remaine:
In her let beauty both, and chastnesse fully raigne.
So as if I preuaile, you giue your gifts to me:
If you, on you I lay what in my office be.
Now resteth only this, which of vs two is she,
To whom precedence shall of both accorded be.
For that (so that you like) hereby doth lie a youth
(She beckned vnto me) as yet of spotlesse truth,
Who may this doubt discerne: for better, wit, then let
Becommeth vs: in vs fortune determines not.
This crowne of amber faire (an amber crowne she held)
To worthiest let him giue, when both he hath beheld:
And be it as he sayth. Venus was glad to heare
Such proffer made, which she well shewed with smiling cheere.
As though she were the same, as when by Paris doome
She had chiefe Goddesses in beauty ouercome.

And ſmirkly thus gan ſay, I neuer ſought debate
Diana *deare; my mind to loue and not to hate*
Was euer apt: but you my paſtimes did deſpiſe.
I neuer ſpited you, but thought you ouerwiſe.
Now kindneſſe proferd is, none kinder is then I:
And ſo moſt readie am this meane of peace to trie.
And let him be our iudge: the lad doth pleaſe me well.
Thus both did come to me, and both began to tell
(For both together ſpake, each loth to be behinde)
That they by ſolemne oath their Dieties would binde,
To ſtand vnto my will: their will they made me know.
I that was firſt agaſt, when firſt I ſaw their ſhow,
Now bolder waxt, waxt proude, that I ſuch ſway muſt beare:
For neare acquaintance doth diminiſh reuerent feare.
And hauing bound them faſt by Styx, *they ſhould obay*
To all that I decreede, did thus my verdict ſay.
How ill both you can rule, well hath your diſcord taught:
Ne yet for ought I ſee, your beauties merit ought.
To yonder Nymph therefore (to Mira *I did point)*
The crowne aboue you both for euer I appoynt.
I would haue ſpoken out: but out they both did cry;
Fie, fie, what haue we done? vngodly rebell fie.
But now wee needes muſt yeelde, to that our oathes require.
Yet thou ſhalt not go free (quoth Venus*) ſuch a fire*
Her beautie kindle ſhall within thy fooliſh minde,
That thou full oft ſhalt wiſh thy iudging eyes were blind.
*Nay then (*Diana *ſaid) the chaſtneſſe I will giue,*
In aſhes of deſpaire (though burnt) ſhall make thee liue.
Nay thou (ſaid both) ſhalt ſee ſuch beames ſhine in her face,
That thou ſhalt neuer dare ſeeke helpe of wretched caſe.
And with that curſed curſe away to heauen they fled,
Firſt hauing all their gifts vpon faire Mira *ſpred.*
The reſt I cannot tell, for therewithall I wak'd,
And found with deadly feare that all my ſinewes ſhak'd.
Was it a dreame? O dreame, how haſt thou wrought in me,
That I things erſt vnſeene ſhould firſt in dreaming ſee?
And thou O traytour Sleepe, made for to be our reſt,
How haſt thou framde the paine wherewith I am oppreſt?
O coward Cupid *thus dooſt thou thy honour keepe,*
Vnarmde (alas) vnwarn'd to take a man aſleepe?

Laying not only the conqueſts, but the heart of the conquerour at her feete. But ſhee receiuing him after her wonted ſorrowfull (but otherwiſe vnmoued) manner, it made him thinke, his good ſucceſſe was but as a pleaſant monument of a dolefull buriall: Ioy it ſelfe ſeeming bitter vnto him, ſince it agreed not to her taſte.

Therefore, ſtill crauing his mothers helpe to perſwade her, hee himſelfe ſent for *Philanax* vnto him, whom hee had not onely long hated, but now had his hate greatly

greatly encreaſed by the death of his Squire *Iſmenus*. Beſides he had made him as one of the chiefe cauſes that mooued him to this rebellion, and therefore was enclined (to colour the better his action, and the more to embrewe the handes of his accomplices by making them guiltie of ſuch a treſpaſſe) in ſome formall ſort to cauſe him to be executed: being alſo greatly egged thereunto by his mother, and ſome other, who long had hated *Philanax*, only becauſe he was more worthy, then they to be loued.

But while that deliberation was handled, according rather to the humour then the reaſon of each ſpeaker, *Philoclea* comming to knowledge of the hard plight wherein *Philanax* ſtood, ſhe deſired one of the gentlewomen appointed to waite vpon her, to go in her name, and beſeech *Amphialus*, that if the loue of her had any power of perſwaſion in his mind, he would lay no further puniſhment, then impriſonment vpon *Philanax*. This meſſage was deliuered euen as *Philanax* was entring to the preſence of *Amphialus*, comming (according to the warning was giuen him) to receiue a iudgement of death. But when he with manfull reſolution attended the fruite of ſuch a tyrannicall ſentence, thinking it wrong, but no harme to him that ſhould die in ſo good a cauſe; *Amphialus* turned quite the fourme of his pretended ſpeech, and yeelded him humble thankes, that by his meanes he had come to that happines, as to receiue a commandement of his Lady: and therefore he willingly gaue him liberty to returne in ſafety whither he would, quitting him, not only of all former grudge, but aſſuring him that he would be willing to do him any friendſhip and ſeruice: only deſiring thus much of him, that he would let him know the diſcourſe and intent of *Baſilius* his proceeding.

Truely my Lord (anſwered *Philanax*) if there were any ſuch knowne to mee, ſecret in my maiſters counſell, as that the reuealing therof might hinder his good ſucceſſe, I ſhould loath the keeping of my bloud, with the loſſe of my faith, and would thinke the iuſt name of a traytor a hard purchaſe of a few yeares liuing. But ſince it is ſo, that my maiſter hath indeede no way of priuie practiſe, but meanes openly and forcibly to deale againſt you, I will not ſticke in few words to make your required declaration. Then told he him in what a maze of amazement, both *Baſilius* and *Gynecia* were, when they miſt their children and *Zelmane*. Sometimes apt to ſuſpect ſome practiſe of *Zelmane*, becauſe ſhe was a ſtranger; ſomtimes doubting ſome reliques of the late mutiny, which doubt was rather increaſed, then any way ſatisfied, by *Miſo*: who (being found almoſt dead for hunger, by certaine countrey people) brought home word, with what cunning they were trayned out, and with what violence they were caried away. But that within a few dayes they came to knowledge where they were, by *Amphialus* his owne letters ſent abrode to procure confederates in his attempts. That *Baſilius* his purpoſe was neuer to leaue the ſiege of this towne, till he had taken it, and reuenged the iniury done vnto him. That he meant rather to win it by time, and famine, then by force of aſſault; knowing how valiant men he had to deale withall in the towne: that he had ſent order, that ſuppplies of ſouldiers, pioners, and all things elſe neceſſary, ſhould dayly be brought vnto him: ſo as my Lord (ſayd *Philanax*) let me now, hauing receiued my life by your grace, let me giue you your life and honour by my counſell; proteſting vnto you, that I cannot chuſe but loue you, being my maiſter his nephew; and that I wiſh you well in all cauſes but this. You know his nature is as apt to forgiue, as his power is able to conquer. Your fault paſſed is excuſable, in that loue perſwaded, and youth was perſwaded. Do not vrge the effects of angrie victorie, but rather ſeeke to obtaine that conſtantlie by

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curteſie, which you can neuer aſſuredly enioy by violence. One might eaſily haue ſeene in the cheare of *Amphialus*, that diſdainfull choler would faine haue made the anſwer for him, but the remembrance of *Philoclea* ſerued for forcible barriers betweene anger, and angry effects: ſo as he ſayd no more, but that he would not put him to the trouble to giue him any further counſell: but that hee might returne, if he liſted, preſently. *Philanax* glad to receiue an vncorrupted libertie, humbly accepted his fauourable conuoy out of the towne; and ſo departed, not viſiting the Princeſſes, thinking it might be offenſiue to *Amphialus*, & no way fruitfull to them who were no way but by force to be reskued.

The poore Ladies indeed, not ſuffered either to meete together, or to haue conferēce with any other, but ſuch as *Ceeropia* had already framed to ſing al their ſongs to her tune, ſhe herſelfe omitting no day, and catching hold of euery occaſion to moue forward her ſonnes deſire, and remoue their owne reſolutions: vſing the ſame arguments to the one ſiſter, as to the other; determining that whom ſhe could winne firſt, the other ſhould (without her ſonnes knowledge) by poyſon be made away. But though the reaſons were the ſame to both, yet the handling was diuerſe, according as ſhe ſaw their humors to prepare a more or leſſe aptneſſe of apprehenſion. This day hauing vſed long ſpeech to *Philoclea*, amplifying not a little the great dutifulneſſe her ſonne had ſhewed in deliuering *Philanax*: of whom ſhe could get no anſwer, but a ſilence ſealed vp in vertue, & ſo ſweetly graced, as that in one inſtant it caried with it both reſiſtance, and humbleneſſe: *Ceeropia* threatning in her ſelfe to run a more rugged race with her, went to her ſiſter *Pamela*: who that day hauing wearied her ſelfe with reading, & with the height of her hart diſdaining to keep cōpanie with any of the Gentlewomen appointed to attend her, whom ſhe accounted her iaylors, was working vpon a purſe certaine roſes and lillies, as by the fineneſſe of the work, one might ſee ſhe had borowed her wits of the ſorow that then owed thē, and lent them wholy to that exerciſe. For the flowers ſhe had wrought, caried ſuch life in thē, that the cunningeſt painter might haue learned of her needle: which with ſo prety a maner made his careers to & fro through the cloth, as if the needle it ſelfe wold haue bin loth to haue gon frōward ſuch a miſtreſſe, but that it hoped to return thitherward very quickly againe: the cloth looking with many eyes vpon her, & louingly embracing the wounds ſhe gaue it: the ſheares alſo were at hand to behead the ſilke, that was growne too ſhort. And if at any time ſhe put her mouth to bite it off, it ſeemed, that where ſhe had bin long in making of a roſe with her hands, ſhe wold in an inſtant make roſes with her lips; as the lillies ſeemed to haue their whiteneſſe, rather of the hand that made thē, then of the matter wherof they were made; & that they grew thereby the Suns of her eyes, & were refreſhed by the moſt (in diſcomfort) comfortable ayre, which an vnwares ſigh might beſtow vpon them. But the colours for the ground were ſo well choſen, neither ſullenly darke, nor glaringly lightſome, and ſo well proportioned, as that, though much cunning were in it, yet it was but to ſerue for an ornament of the principall worke; that it was not without maruell to ſee, how a mind which could caſt a careleſſe ſemblant vpon the greateſt conflicts of Fortune, could command it ſelfe to take care for ſo ſmall matters. Neither had ſhe neglected the dainty dreſſing of her ſelfe: but as if it had bin her mariage time to Affliction, ſhe rather ſeemed to remember her owne worthineſſe then the the vnworthineſſe of her husband. For well one might perceiue ſhe had not reiected the counſell of a glaſſe, and that her hands had pleaſed themſelues, in paying the tribute of vndeceiuing skill, to ſo high perfections of nature.

The ſight whereof ſo diuerſe from her ſiſter (who rather ſuffered ſorrow to dreſſe it ſelfe in her beautie, then that ſhe would beſtow any entertainment of ſo vnwelcome a gueſt) made *Cecropia* take a ſudden aſſurednesſe of hope, that ſhe ſhould obtaine ſomewhat of *Pamela*: thinking (according to the ſquaring out of her owne good nature) that beautie, carefully ſet foorth, would ſoone proue a ſigne of an vnrefuſing harborough. Animated therewith, ſhe ſate downe by *Pamela*, and taking the purſe, and with affected curioſitie looking vpon the work, Full happie is he (ſayd ſhe) at leaſt if he knew his owne happineſſe, to whom a purſe in this maner, and by this hand wrought, is dedicated. In faith he ſhall haue cauſe to account it, not as a purſe for treaſure, but as a treaſure it ſelfe, worthie to be purſed vp in the purſe of his owne heart. And thinke you ſo indeede (ſayd *Pamela* halfe ſmiling) I promiſe you I wrought it, but to make ſome tedious houres beleeue, that I thought not of them: for elſe I valued it, but euen as a verie purſe. It is the right nature (ſaid *Cecropia*) of Beautie, to work vnwitting effects of wonder. Truly (ſayd *Pamela*) I neuer thought till now, that this outward glaſſe, intitled Beautie, which it pleaſeth you to lay to my (as I thinke) vnguiltie charge, was but a pleaſant mixture of naturall colours, delightfull to the eye, as muſike is to the eare, without any further conſequence: ſince it is a thing, which not only beaſts haue; but euen ſtones and trees many of them do greatly excell in it. That other things (anſwered *Cecropia*) haue ſome portion of it, takes not away the excellencie of it, where indeed it doth excell: ſince we ſee, that euen thoſe beaſts, trees, and ſtones, are in the name of Beauty only highly praiſed. But that the beautie of humaine perſons be beyond all other things, there is great likelihood of reaſon, ſince to them onely is giuen the iudgement to diſcerne Beautie; and among reaſonable wights, as it ſeemes, that ſexe hath the preheminence, ſo that in that preheminence, Nature counteruailes al other liberalities, wherein ſhe may be thought to haue dealt more fauourably toward mankind. How do men crowne (thinke you) themſelues with glorie, for hauing either by force brought others to yeeld to their mind, or with long ſtudie, and premeditated orations, perſwaded what they would haue perſwaded? and ſee, a faire woman ſhall not onley commaund without authoritie, but perſwade without ſpeaking. She ſhall not neede to procure attention, for their owne eyes will chaine their eares vnto it. Men venture liues to conquere; ſhe conqueres liues without venturing. She is ſerued, and obeyed, which is the moſt notable, not becauſe the lawes ſo commaund it, but becauſe they become lawes themſelues to obey her; not for her parents ſake, but for her owne ſake. She need not diſpute, whether to gouerne by Feare or Loue, ſince without her thinking thereof, their loue will bring foorth feare, and their feare will fortifie their loue: and ſhe neede not ſeeke offenſiue, or defenſiue force, ſince her only lippes may ſtand for ten thouſand ſhields, and ten thouſand vneuitable ſhot goe from her eyes. Beautie, Beautie (deere Neece) is the crowne of the feminine greatneſſe; which gift, on whom ſoeuer the heauens (therein moſt niggardly) do beſtow, without queſtion, ſhe is bound to vſe it to the noble purpoſe, for which it is created: not onely winning, but preſeruing; ſince that indeede is the right happineſſe, which is not only in it ſelfe happy, but can alſo deriue the happines to another. Certainly Aunt (ſaid *Pamela*) I feare me you will make me not only think my ſelfe fairer then euer I did, but think my fairenes a matter of greater valew then heretofore I could imagine it. For I euer (till now) conceiued theſe conqueſts you ſpeake of, rather to proceed from the weakeneſſe of the conquered, then from the ſtrength of the conquering power: as they ſay, the Cranes ouerthrow

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whole battels of *Pygmees*, not so much of their Cranish courage, as because the other are *Pygmees*, and that we see yong babes thinke babies of wonderfull excellency, and yet the babies are but babies. But since your elder yeers, & abler iudgement, find Beauty to be worthy of so incomparable estimation, certainly mee thinkes it ought to be held in deare nesse, according to the excellency, and (no more then we would do of things which we account precious) euer to suffer it to be defiled.

Defiled? (said *Cecropia*) Mary God forbid that my speech should tend to any such purpose, as should deserue so foule a title. My meaning is to ioyne your beauty to loue; your youth to delight. For truely, as colours should be as good as nothing if there were no eyes to behold them: so is Beauty nothing, without the eye of Loue behold it: and therefore so far is it from defiling it, that it is the only honoring of it, the only preseruing of it: for Beauty goes away, deuoured by Time; but where remaines it euer flourishing, but in the heart of a true louer? And such a one (if euer there were any) is my sonne: whose loue is so subiected vnto you, that rather then breed any offence vnto you, it will not delight it selfe in beholding you. There is no effect of his loue (answered *Pamela*) better pleaseth me then that: but as I haue often answered you, so, resolutely I say vnto you, that he must get my parents consent, & then he shal know further of my mind; for, without that, I know I should offend God. O sweet youth (said *Cecropia*) how vntimely subiect it is to deuotion? No, no sweet neece, let vs old folks thinke of such precise considerations; do you enioy the heauen of your age, where of you are sure: and like good housholders, which spend those things that would not be kept, so do you pleasantly enioy that, which else will bring an ouer-late repentance, when your glasse shall accuse you to your face, what a change there is in you. Do you see how the spring-time is full of flowers, decking it selfe with them, and not aspiring to the fruits of *Autumn*? what lesson is that vnto you, but that in the April of your age, you should be like *April*? let not some of them for whom already the graue gapeth, and perhaps enuy the felicity in you, which themselues cannot enioy, perswade you to loose the hold of occasion; while it may not only be taken, but offers, nay sues to be taken: which if it be not now taken, will neuer hereafter be ouertaken. Your selfe know how your father hath refused all offers made by the greatest Princes about you, & wil you suffer your beauty to be hidden in the wrinkles of his peeuish thoughts? If he be peeuish (said *Pamela*) yet is he my father, and how beautifull so euer I be, I am his daughter: so as God claimes at my hands obedience, and makes me no iudge of his imperfections.

These often replies vpon conscience in *Pamela*; made *Cecropia* thinke, that there was no righter way for her, then as she had (in her opinion) set her in liking of Beauty, with perswasion not to suffer it to be void of purpose, so if she could make her lesse feeling of those heauenly conceipts, that then she might easily wind her to her crooked bias. Therefore, employing the vttermost of her mischieuous wit, and speaking the more earnestly, because she spake as she thought, she thus dealt with her. Deare neece, or rather, deare daughter, if my affection and wish might preuaile therein, how much doth it increase (trow you) the earnest desire I haue of this blessed match, to see these vertues of yours knit fast with such zeale of Deuotion (indeede the best bond) which the most politicke wits haue found, to hold mans wit in well doing? For, as children must first by feare be induced to know that, which after (when they do know) they are most glad of: So are these bug-beares of opinions brought by great Clearks into the world, to serue as shewelles to keepe them from those faults, where to else the vanitie of the world, and weakenesse of

senses might pull them. But in you (Neece) whose excellency is such, as it neede not to be held vp by the staffe of vulgar opinions, I would not you should loue Vertue seruilly, for feare of I know not what, which you see not: but euen for the good effects of vertue which you see. Feare, and indeede, foolish feare, and fearefull ignorance, was the first inuenter of those conceipts. For when they heard it thunder, not knowing the naturall cause, they thought there was some angry body aboue, that spake so loude: and euer the lesse they did perceiue, the more they did conceiue. Wherof they knew no cause, that grew streight a miracle: foolish folks, not marking that the alterations be but vpon particular accidents, the vniuersality being alwayes one. Yesterday was but as to day, and to morrow will tread the same footsteps of his foregoers: so as it is manifest inough, that all things follow but the course of their owne nature, sauing onely Man, who while by the pregnancie of his imagination he striues to things supernaturall, meane-while he loseth his owne naturall felicity. Be wise, and that wisdome shall be a God vnto thee; be contented, and that is thy heauen: for else to thinke that those powers (if there be any such) aboue are moued either by the eloquence of our prayers, or in a chafe at the folly of our actions; carries asmuch reason as if flies should think, that men take great care which of them hums sweetest, and which of them flies nimblest.

She would haue spoken further to haue enlarged and confirmed her discourse: when *Pamela* (whose cheekes were died in the beautifullest grain of vertuous anger, with eyes which glistred foorth beames of disdaine) thus interrupted her. Peace (wicked womã) peace, vnworthy to breath, that doest not acknowledge the breath-giuer; most vnworthy to haue a tongue, which speakest against him, through whom thou speakest: keep your affection to your selfe, which like a bemired dog, would defile with fauning. You say yesterday was as to day. O foolish woman, and most miserably foolish, since wit makes you foolish, What doth that argue, but that there is a constancie in the euerlasting gouernour? Would you haue an inconstant God, since we count a man foolish that is inconstant? He is not seene you say, and would you thinke him a God, who might be seene by so wicked eyes, as yours? which yet might see enough if they were not like such, who for sport-sake willingly hood-winke themselues to receiue blowes the easier. But though I speake to you without any hope of fruite in so rotten a heart, and there be no body else heare to iudge of my speeches, yet be thou my witnesse, ô captiuity, that my ears shall not be willingly guiltie of my Creators blasphemy. You say, because we know not the causes of things, therfore fear was the mother of superstition: nay, because we know that each effect hath a cause, that hath engendred a true and liuely deuotion. For this goodly work of which we are, & in which we liue, hath not his being by Chance; on which opinion it is beyond meruaile by what Chance any brain could stumble. For if it be eternall (as you would seem to conceiue of it) Eternitie & Chance are things vnsufferable together. For that is chanceable which happeneth; and if it happen, there was a time before it happened, when it might haue not happened; or else it did not happen; and so if chanceable, not eternall. And as absurd it is to thinke that if it had a beginning, his beginning was deriued from Chaunce: for Chaunce could neuer make all things of nothing: and if there were substances before, which by chance should meete to make vp this worke, thereon followes another bottomlesse pitte of absurdities. For then those substances must needs haue been from euer, and so eternall: and that eternall causes should bring forth chanceable effects, is as sensible, as that the Sunne should be the author of darkenesse. Againe, if it were

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chanceable, then was it not neceſſary; whereby you take away all conſequents. But we ſee in all things, in ſome reſpect or other, neceſſitie of conſequence: therefore in reaſon we muſt needs know that the cauſes were neceſſary.

Laſtly, Chaunce is variable, or elſe it is not to be called Chaunce: but we ſee this worke is ſteady and permanent. If nothing but Chance had glewed thoſe peeces of this All, the heauy parts would haue gone infinitely downward, the light infinitely vpward, and ſo neuer haue met to haue made vp this goodly body. For before there was a heauen, or a earth, there was neither a heauen to ſtay the height of the ring, or an earth, which (in reſpect of the round walles of heauen) ſhould become a center: Laſtly, perfect order, perfect beauty, perfect conſtancie, if theſe be the children of Chance, let wiſdome be counted the root of wickednes. But you will ſay it is ſo by nature, as much as if you ſaid, it is ſo, becauſe it is ſo: if you meane of manie natures conſpiring together, as in a popular gouernement to eſtabliſh this faire eſtate; as if the Elementiſh and ethereall parts ſhould in their towne-houſe ſet down the bounds of each ones office; then conſider what followes: that there muſt needes haue been a wiſedome which made them concurre: for their natures being abſolute contrary, in nature rather would haue ſought each others ruine, then haue ſerued as well conſorted parts to ſuch an vnexpreſſable harmonie. For that contrary things ſhould meete to make vp a perfection without force and Wiſedome aboue their powers, is abſolutely impoſſible; vnleſs you wil fly to that hiſſed-out opinion of Chaunce againe. But you may perhaps affirme, that one vniuerſal Nature (which hath been for euer) is the knitting together of theſe many parts to ſuch an excellent vnity. If you meane a Nature of wiſdom, goodneſſe, and prouidence, which knowes what it doth, then ſay you that, which I ſeeke of you, and cannot conclude thoſe blaſphemies, with which you defiled your mouth, and mine eare. But if you meane a Nature, as we ſpeake of the fire, which goeth vpward, it knowes not why: and of the nature of the ſea which in ebbing and flowing ſeems to obſerue ſo iuſt a daunce and yet vnderſtands no muſicke, it is but ſtill the ſame abſurditie ſuperſcribed with another title. For this word, one, being attributed to that which is All, is but one mingling of many, and many ones; as in a leſſe matter when we ſay one kingdome which containes manie cities; or one citie which containes many perſons, wherein the vnder ones (if there be not a ſuperiour power and wiſedome) cannot by nature regard to any preſeruation but of themſelues: no more we ſee they do, ſince the water willingly quenches the fire, and drownes the earth; ſo farre are they from a conſpired vnity: but that a right heauenlie Nature indeed, as it were vnnaturing them, doth ſo bridle them.

Againe, it is as abſurd in nature, that from an vnitie manie contraries ſhould proceed ſtill kept in an vnitie: as that from the number of contrarieties an vnity ſhould ariſe. I ſay ſtill, if you baniſh both a ſingularitie, and pluralitie of iudgement from among them, then (if ſo earthly a mind can lift it ſelfe vp ſo high) do but conceiue, how a thing whereto you giue the higheſt, and moſt excellent kind of being (which is eternity) can be of a baſe & vileſt degree of being, and next to a not-being; which is ſo to be, as not to enioy his owne being? I will not here call all your ſenſes to witneſſe, which can heare, nor ſee nothing, which yeelds not moſt euident euidence of the vnſpeakeableneſſe of that Wiſedome: each thing being directed to an ende, and an end of preſeruation: ſo proper effects of iudgement, as ſpeaking, and laughing are of mankinde.

But what mad furie can euer ſo inueagle any conceipt, as to ſee our mortall and cor-

corruptible ſelues to haue a reaſon, and that this vniuerſalitie (whereof wee are but the leaſt peeces) ſhould be vtterly deuoide thereof? as if one ſhould ſay, that ones foote might be wiſe, and himſelfe fooliſh. This heard I once alledged againſt ſuch a godleſſe mind as yours, who being driuen to acknowledge this beaſtly abſurditie, that our bodies ſhould be better then the whole world, if it had the knowledge, whereof the other were voide; hee ſought (not able to anſwere directly) to ſhift it off in this ſort: that if that reaſon were true, then muſt it follow alſo, that the world muſt haue in it a ſpirit, that could write and read too, and be learned; ſince that was in vs commendable: wretched foole, not conſidering that Bookes be but ſupplies of defects; and ſo are prayſed, becauſe they helpe our want, and therefore cannot be incident to the eternall intelligence, which needes no recording of opinions to confirme his knowledge, no more then the Sunne wants waxe to bee the fewell of his glorious lightfulneſſe. This world therefore cannot otherwiſe conſiſt but by a mind of VViſedome, which gouerns it, which whether you will allow to be the Creator thereof, as vndoubtedly hee is, or the ſoule and gouernour thereof, moſt certaine it is that whether he gouerne all, or make all, his power is aboue either his creatures, or his gouernement. And if his power be aboue all things, then conſequently it muſt needes be infinite, ſince there is nothing aboue it to limit it. For beyond which there is nothing, muſt needes be boundleſſe, and infinite: if his power bee infinite, then likewiſe muſt his knowledge be infinite: for elſe there ſhould be an infinite proportion of power which he ſhould not knowe how to vſe; the vnſenſibleneſſe whereof I thinke euen you can conceiue: and if infinite, then muſt nothing, no not the eſtate of flies (which you with ſo vnſauorie ſcorne did ieſt at) be vnknowne vnto him. For if it were, then there were his knowledge bounded, and ſo not infinite: if knowledge and power be infinite, then muſt needes his goodneſſe and iuſtice march in the ſame ranke: for infiniteneſſe of power, & knowledge, without like meaſure of goodneſſe, muſt neceſſarily bring foorth deſtruction and ruine, and not ornament and preſeruation. Since then there is a God, and an all-knowing God, ſo as hee ſeeth into the darkeſt of all naturall ſecretes, which is the heart of Man; and ſees therein the deepeſt diſſembled thoughts, nay ſees the thoughts before they bethought: ſince he is iuſt to exerciſe his might, and mightie to performe his iuſtice, aſſure thy ſelfe, moſt wicked woman (that haſt ſo plaguily a corrupted mind, as thou canſt not keepe thy ſickneſſe to thy ſelfe, but muſt moſt wickedly infect others) aſſure thy ſelfe, I ſay (for what I ſay depends of euerlaſting and vnremoueable cauſes) that the time will come, when thou ſhalt know that power by feeling it, when thou ſhalt ſee his wiſedome in the manifeſting thy ougly ſhamefulneſſe, and ſhalt only perceiue him to haue beene a Creator in thy deſtruction.

Thus ſhe ſaid, thus ſhe ended, with ſo faire a maieſtie of vnconquered vertue, that captiuitie might ſeeme to haue authoritie ouer tyrannie: ſo fowlly was the filthineſſe of impietie diſcouered by the ſhining of her vnſtained goodneſſe, ſo farre, as either *Cecropia* ſaw indeed, or elſe the guilty amazement of a ſelfe-accuſing conſcience, made her eyes vntrue iudges of their naturall obiect, that there was a light more then humaine, which gaue a luſtre to her perfections. But *Cecropia*, like a Batte (which though it haue eyes to diſcerne that there is a Sunne, yet hath ſo euill eyes that it cannot delight in the Sunne) found a trueth, but could not loue it. But as great perſons are wont to make the wrong they haue done, to be a cauſe to doe the more wrong, her knowledge roſe to no higher poynt, but to enuy a worthier,

worthier, and her will was no otherwise bent, but the more to hate, the more shee found her enemie prouided against her. Yet all the while shee spake (though with eyes cast like a horse that would strike at the stirrop, and with colour which blushed through yellownesse, shee sate rather still then quiet, and after her speech rather muttered, then replied: for the warre of wickednesse in her selfe, brought forth disdaineful pride to resist cunning dissimulation; so as, saying little more vnto her, but that she should haue leysure inough better to bethinke her selfe; she went away repining, but not repenting: condemning greatly (as she thought) her sons ouer-feeble humblenesse, and purposing to egge him forward to a course of violence. For her self, determining to deale with neither of them both any more in maner of a suter: for what maiestie of vertue did in the one, that did silent humblenesse in the other. But finding her sonne ouer-apt to lay both condemnation, and execution of sorrow vpon himselfe, shee sought to mitigate his minde with feigned delayes of comfort, who (hauing this inward ouerthrow in himselfe) was the more vexed, that he could not vtter the rage thereof vpon his outward enemies.

For *Basilius* taught by the last dayes trial, what dangerous effects chosen courages can bring forth, rather vsed the spade, then the sword; or the sword, but to defend the spade; girding about the whole towne with trenches; which beginning a good way off from the towne, with a number of well directed Pioners, he still caryed before him till they came to a neere distance, where he builded Fortes, one answering the other, in such sort, as it was a pretie consideration in the discipline of war, to see building vsed for the instrument of ruine, and the assayler entrenched as if he were besieged. But many sallies did *Amphialus* make to hinder their working. But they (exercising more melancholie, then choler in their resolution) made him find, that if by the aduantage of the place, few are able to defend themselues from many, that many must needs haue power (making themselues strong in seat) to repell few, referring the reuenge rather to the end, then to a present requitall. Yet oftentimes they dealt some blowes in light skirmishes, each side hauing a strong retiring place, and rather fighting with many alarums, to vexe the enemy, then for any hope of great successe.

Which euery way was a tedious comber to the impacient courage of *Amphialus*: till the fame of this warre, bringing thither diuerse, both strangers, and subiects, as well of Princely, as noble houses, the gallant *Phalantus*, who refrained his sportful delights as then, to serue *Basilius* (whom he honored for receiued honors) when he had spent some time in considering the *Arcadian* manner in marching, encamping, and fighting, and had learned in what points of gouernment, and obedience their discipline differed from others, and so had satisfied his mind in the knowledges, both for the cutting off the enemies helps, and furnishing ones selfe, which *Basilius* orders could deliuer vnto him, his young spirits (wearie of wanting cause to be wearie) desired to keepe his valure in knowledge, by some priuate acte, since the publike policy restrained him; the rather, because his old mistres *Artesia* might tire, whom she had so lightly forsaken: and therefore demaunding and obtaining leaue of *Basilius*; he caused a Herauld to be furnished with apparell of his office, and tokens of a peaceable message, and so sent him to the gate of the towne to demaund audience of *Amphialus*: who vnderstanding thereof, caused him both safely and courteously to bee brought into his presence: who making lowly reuerence vnto him, presented his Letters, desiring *Amphialus*, that whatsoeuer they contayned, hee would consider that hee was onely the bearer, and not the inditer.

inditer. *Amphialus* with noble gentleneſſe aſſured him both by honorable ſpeeches, and a demeanure which aunſwered for his, that him reuenge, whenſoeuer, ſhould ſort vnto it ſelfe a higher ſubiect. But opening the letters, he found them to ſpeake in this manner.

Phalantus of *Corinth*, to *Amphialus* of *Arcadia*, ſendeth the greeting of a hateleſſe enemie. The liking of martiall matters without any diſlike of your perſon, hath brought me rather to the companie, then to the minde of your beſiegers: where languiſhing in idleneſſe, I deſire to refreſh my mind with ſome exerciſe of armes, which might make knowne the doers, with delight of the beholders. Therefore if there be any Gentleman in your Towne, that either for the loue of Honour, or honour of his Loue, will armed on horſebacke, with Launce, and ſword, winne another, or looſe himſelfe, to be a priſoner at diſcretion of the conquerour, I will to morrow morning by Sunne-riſing, with a trumpet and a Squire onely, attend him in like order furniſhed. The place I thinke fitteſt, the Iland within the Lake, becauſe it ſtandes ſo well in the view of your Caſtell, as that the Ladies may haue the pleaſure of ſeeing the combat: which though it be within the commaundement of your Caſtell, I deſire no better ſecurity, then the promiſe I make to my ſelfe of your vertue. I attend your aunſwere, and wiſh you ſuch ſucceſſe as may be to your honour, rather in yeelding to that which is iuſt, then in maintayning vvrong by violence.

Amphialus read it with cheerefull countenance, and thinking but a little with himſelfe, called for inke and paper, and wrote this anſwer.

Amphialus of *Arcadia*, to *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, wiſheth all his owne wiſhes, ſauing thoſe which may be hurtfull to another. The matter of your letters ſo fit for a worthy mind, and the maner ſo ſutable to the noblenes of the matter, giue me cauſe to thinke how happy I might account my ſelfe, if I could get ſuch a friend, who eſteeme it no ſmall happineſſe to haue met with ſo noble an enemy. Your challenge ſhall be aunſwered, and both time, place, and weapon accepted. For your ſecuritie from any treacherie (hauing no hoſtage worthy to counteruaile you) take my word, which I ſteeme aboue all reſpects. Prepare therfore your armes to fight, but not your heart to malice; ſince true valure needs no other whetſtone, then deſire of honour.

HAuing writte and ſealed his letter, he deliuered it to the Herauld, and vvithall tooke a faire chaine from off his owne necke, and gaue it him. And ſo with ſafe conuoy ſent him away from out his Citie: and he being gone, *Amphialus* ſhewed vnto his mother, and ſome other of his chiefe Counſellours, what he had receiued, and how hee had aunſwered: telling them withall, that hee was determined to aunſwere the challenge in his owne perſon. His mother with prayers authorized by motherly commaundement; his olde gouernour with perſwaſions mingled with reprehenſions (that hee would rather affect the glory of a priuate fighter, then of a wiſe Generall) *Clinias* with falling downe at his feete, and beſeeching him to remember, that all their liues depended vpon his ſafetie, ſought all to diſſwade him. But *Amphialus* (whoſe heart vvas enflamed with courage, and courage enflamed with affection) made an imperious reſolution cutte off the

the tediousnesse of replies, giuing them in charge, what they shold do vpon all occasions, and particularly to deliuer the Ladies, if otherwise then well happened vnto him: onely desiring his mother, that shee vvould bring *Philoclea* to a vvindow; whence she might vvith ease perfectly discerne the combat. And so as soone as the morning began to draw deaw from the faireſt greenes to vvash her face vvithall, against the approach of the burning Sunne, he vvent to his stable, vvhere himselfe chose out a horse, vvhom (though hee vvas neere twentie yeare old) he preferred for a peece of sure seruice, before a great number of yonger. His colour was of a browne bay, dapled thicke with blacke spots; his forhead marked with a white star; to which, in all his body there was no part sutable, but the left foote before; his mane and taile blacke and thicke, of goodly, and well proportioned greatnesse. He caused him to be trimmed with a sumptuous saddle of tawnie, and gold ennamell, enriched with precious stones: his furniture was made into the fashion of the branches of a tree, from which the leaues were falling: and so artificially were the leaues made, that as the horse moued, it seemed indeede that the leaues wagged, as vvhen the wind plaies with them; & being made of a pale cloath of gold, they did beare the straw-coloured liuerie of ruine. His armour was also of tawnie and gold, but formed into the figures of flames darkened, as when they newly break the prison of a smokie fornace. In his shield hee had painted the *Torpedo* fish. And so appointed, he caused himselfe, with his trumpet and squire (whom hee had taken since the death of *Ismenus*) to be ferried ouer into the Iland: a place well chosen for such a purpose. For, it was so plaine, as there was scarcely any bush, or hillocke, either to vnleuell, or shadow it: of length and breadth enough, to trie the vttermost both of Launce and sword, and the one end of it facing the Castle, the other extending it selfe toward the campe, and no accesse to it, but by water; there could no secret trechery be wrought, and for manifest violence, either side might haue time enough to succour their partie.

But there he found *Phalantus*, already waiting for him vpon a horse, milke white, but that vpon his shoulder and withers, he was freckned with red staines, as when a few strawberies are scattered into a dish of creame. He had caused his mane and taile to be died in carnation; his reynes were vine branches, which ingendring one with the other, at the end, when it came to the bit, there, for the bosse, brought forth a cluster of grapes, by the vvorkeman made so liuely, that it seemed, as the horse champed on his bit, he chopped for them, and that it did make his mouth vvater, to see the grapes so neere him. His furniture behinde vvas of vines, so artificially made, as it seemed the horse stood in the shadow of the vine, so pretily were clusters of rubie grapes dispersed among the trappers vvhich embraced his sides. His armour was blew, like the heauen, vvhich a Sun did vvith his rayes (proportionately deliuered) gild in in most places. His shield vvas beautified with this deuice; A grey-hound, vvhich ouerrunning his fellow, and taking the hare, yet hunts it not when it takes it. The word was, *The glory, not the pray.*

But as soone as *Amphialus* landed, he sent his squire to *Phalantus*, to tell him, that there was the Knight, ready to know whether he had any thing to say to him. *Phalantus* answered, that his answere now must bee in the language of launces; and so each attended the warning of the trumpets, which were to sound at the appointment of foure iudges, who with consideration of the same, had diuided the ground *Phalantus*-his horse young, and feeling the youth of his maister, stood coruetting, which being well gouerned by *Phalantus*, gaue such a glittering grace, as when the Sunne

Sunne in a cleare day ſhines vpon a wauing water. *Amphialus*-horſe ſtood pawing vpon the ground, with his further foote before, as if he would for his maiſters cauſe begin to make himſelfe angry: till the trumpet ſounding together, Together they ſet ſpurres to their horſes, together tooke their Launces from their thighes, conueied them vp into the reſt together, together let them ſinke downward: ſo as it was a delectable ſight, in a dangerous effect; & a pleaſant conſideration, that there was ſo perfect agreement, in ſo mortall diſagreement: like a muſicke made of cunning diſcords. But their horſes keeping an euen line their maiſters had skilfully allotted vnto them, paſſed one by another without encountring, although either might feele the angry breath of other. But the ſtaues being come to a iuſt deſcent, euen when the marke was ready to meet them, *Amphialus* was runne through the vambplate, and vnder the arme: ſo as the ſtaffe appearing behind him, it ſeemed to the beholders he had been in danger. But he ſtrake *Phalantus* iuſt vpon the gorget, ſo as he battred the lamms thereof, and made his head almoſt touch the backe of his horſe. But either ſide hauing ſtayed the ſpur, and vſed the bit to ſtop their horſes fury, caſting away the troncheons of their ſtaues, & drawing their ſwords, they attended the ſecond ſummons of the death-threatning trumpet, which quickly followed; and they aſſoone making their horſes aunſwer their hands, with a gentle gallop, ſet one toward the other, til being come to the neareneſſe of little more then a ſtaues length. *Amphialus* truſting more to the ſtrength, then to the nimbleneſſe of his horſe, put him foorth with ſpeedy violence, and making his head ioyne to the others flanke, guiding his blow with diſcretion, and ſtrengthening it with the courſe of his horſe, ſtrake *Phalantus* vpon the head, in ſuch ſort, that his feeling ſenſe did both dazell his ſight, and aſtoniſh his hearing. But *Phalantus* (not accuſtomed to be vngratefull to ſuch benefits) ſtrake him vpon the ſide of his face, with ſuch force, that he thought his iaw had been cut aſunder: though the faithfulneſſe of his armour indeede garded him from further damage. And ſo remained they awhile, rather angry vvith fighting, then fighting for anger, till *Amphialus* horſe, leaning hard vpon the other, and winning ground, the other horſe feeling himſelfe preſt, began to riſe a little before, as he was wont to doe in his coruet: vvhich aduantage *Amphialus* taking, ſet forward his owne horſe with the further ſpurre, ſo as *Phalantus* horſe came ouer with his maiſter vnder him. Which *Amphialus* ſeeing, lighted, vvith intention to helpe *Phalantus*. But his horſe that had faulted, rather with vntimely art, then want of force, gat vp from burdning his burden, ſo as *Phalantus* (in the fall hauing gotten his feete free off the ſtirrop) could (though ſomething bruiſed) ariſe, and ſeeing *Amphialus* neer him, he asked him, Whether he had giuen him any helpe in remouing his horſe. *Amphialus* ſaid No. Truely ſaid *Phalantus*, I asked it, becauſe I would not willingly haue fought with him, that had had my life in his mercy. But now (ſaid *Phalantus*) before we proceede further, let me know who you are, becauſe neuer yet did any man bring me to the like fortune. *Amphialus* liſting to keep himſelfe vnknowne, told him he was a Gentleman, to whom *Amphialus* that day had giuen armour and horſe to trie his valour, hauing neuer before been in any combat worthy remembrance. Ah (ſaid *Phalantus* in a rage) And muſt I be the exerciſe of your prentiſ-age? and with that, choler tooke away either the bruſe, or the feeling of the bruſe, ſo as he entred afreſh into the combat, & boiling into his armes the diſdain of his hart, ſtrake ſo thicke vpon *Amphialus*, as if euery blow would faine haue been foremoſt. But *Amphialus* (that many like trials had taught, great ſpending to leaue ſmall remnants) let paſſe the ſtorme with ſtrong wards, and nimble auoydings:

dings: till seeing his time fit, both for distance and nakednesse, he strake him so cruel a blow on the knee, that the poore Gentleman fell downe withall in a sowne.

But *Amphialus*, pittying approued valour, made precious by naturall curtesie, went to him, & taking off his head-peece to giue him aire, the yong Knight (disdayning to buy life with yeelding) bad him vse his fortune: for he was resolued neuer to yeeld. No more you shall (said *Amphialus*) if it be not to my request, that you wil account your selfe to haue great interest in mee. *Phalantus* more ouercome by his kindnesse, then by his fortune, desired yet once againe to knowe his name, who in his first beginning had shewed such fury in his force, and yet such stay in his furie. *Amphialus*, then named himself, telling him withal, he would think his name much bettred, if it might be honored by the title of his friend. But no Baulme could bee more comfortable to his wound, then the knowledge therof was to his mind, when he knew his mishap should be excused by the renowmed valour of the other. And so promising each to other assuredneſſe of good wil, *Phalantus* (of whom *Amphialus* would haue no other ransome but his word of friendship) was conueyed into the campe, where he would but little remaine among the enemies of *Amphialus*: but went to seeke his aduentures other-where.

As for *Amphialus*, he was receiued with triumph into the Castle; although one might see by his eies (humbly lifted vp to the window where *Philoclea* stood) that he was rather suppliant, then victorious: which occasion *Cecropia* taking (who as then stood by *Philoclea*, and had lately left *Pamela* in another roome, whence also shee might see the combat) Sweet Lady (said she) now you may see, whether you haue cause to loue my son, who then lies vnder your feete, when he stands vpon the neck of his braueſt enemies. Alas said *Philoclea*, a simple seruice to me, me thinks it is, to haue those who come to succour me, destroyed: if it be my duty to call it loue, be it so: but the effects it brings forth, I confesse I account hatefull. *Cecropia* grew so angry with this vnkind answer, that she could no abstaine from telling her, that shee was like them that could not sleepe, when they were softly layed: but that if her son would follow her counsell, hee should take another course with her; and so flang away from her.

Yet (knowing the desperate melancholy of *Amphialus* in like cases) framed to him a very thankfull message, powdring it with some hope-giuing phrases; which were of such ioy to *Amphialus*, that he (though against publike respect, and importunity of disswaders) presently caused it to be made knowne to the campe, that whatsoeuer Knight would trie the like fortune as *Phalantus* did; he should in like sort be answered: so as diuers of the valianteſt, partly of themselues, partly at the instigation of *Basilus*, attempted the combat with him: and according to euerie ones humour, so were the causes of the challenge grounded: one laying treason to his charge; another preferring himselfe in the worthinesse to serue *Philoclea*, a third, exalting some Ladies beautie beyond either of the sisters; a fourth, laying disgraces to loue it selfe, naming it the bewitcher of the witte, the rebell to Reason, the betrayer of resolution, the defiler of thoughts, the vnder-miner of magnanimity, the flatterer of vice, the slaue to weakeneſſe, the infection of youth, the madneſſe of age, the curse of life, and reproch of death; a fifth, disdayning to cast at leſſe then at all, would make the cause of his quarrell the causers of loue, and proclaime his blasphemies against womankind; that namely that sexe was the ouersight of Nature, the disgrace of reasonablenes, the obstinate cowards, the slaue-borne tyrants, the shops of vanities, the gilded wether-cocks, in whom con-

conſcience is but peeuiſhneſſe, chaſtitie waywardneſſe, and gratefullneſſe a miracle. But all theſe challenges (how well ſoeuer endited) were ſo well anſwered, that ſome by death taught others, though paſt learning themſelues; & ſome by yeelding gaue themſelues the lie for hauing blaſphemed; to the great griefe of *Baſilius*, ſo to ſee his Rebell preuaile, and in his owne ſight to crowne himſelfe with deſerued honour.

Wherevpon thirſting for reuenge, and elſe not hoping to preuaile, the beſt of his campe being alreadie ouerthrowne; he ſent a meſſenger to *Argalus*, in whoſe approued courage and force, he had (and had cauſe) to haue great confidence, with a letter; requiring him to take this quarrell in hand, from which hee had hitherto ſpared him in reſpect of his late mariage. But now his honour, and (as he eſtemed it) felicitie ſtanding vpon it, hee could no longer forbeare to chalenge of him his faithfull ſeruice.

The meſſenger made ſpeed, and found *Argalus* at a caſtle of his owne, ſitting in a parler with the faire *Parthenia*, he reading in a booke the ſtories of *Hercules*, ſhe by him, as to heare him reade; but while his eyes looked on the booke, ſhe looked on his eyes, and ſometimes ſtaying him, with ſome pretie queſtion, not ſo much to be reſolued of the doubt; as to giue him occaſion to looke vpon her. A happy couple, he ioying in her, ſhe ioying in herſelfe, but in her ſelfe, becauſe ſhee enioyed him: both encreaſed their riches by giuing to each other; each making one life double, becauſe they made a double life one; where deſire neuer wanted ſatisfaction, nor ſatisfaction euer bred ſacietie; he ruling, becauſe ſhe would obey: or rather becauſe ſhee would obey, ſhe therein ruling.

But when the meſſenger came in with letters in his hand, and haſt in his countenance, though ſhe knew not what to feare, yet ſhe feared, becauſe ſhe knew not; but ſhe roſe, and went aſide, while he deliuered his letters and meſſage; yet a far off ſhe looked, now at the meſſenger, and then at her husband: the ſame feare, which made her loth to haue cauſe of feare, yet making her ſeeke cauſe to nouriſh her feare. And well ſhe found there was ſome ſerious matter; for her husbands countenance figured ſome reſolution betweene lothneſſe and neceſſitie: and once his eye caſt vpon her, and finding hers vpon him, he bluſhed; and ſhee bluſhed, becauſe he bluſhed, and yet ſtreight grew pale, becauſe ſhe knew not why he had bluſhed. But when he had read, and heard, and diſpatched away the meſſenger (like a man in whom Honour could not be rocked aſleepe by affection) with promiſe quickly to follow; he came to *Parthenia*, and as ſorie as might be for parting, and yet more ſorie for her ſorow, he gaue her the letter to reade. She with fearefull ſlowneſſe tooke it, and with fearefull quickneſſe read it; and hauing read it, Ah my *Argalus* (ſaid ſhe) and haue you made ſuch haſt to anſwer? and are you ſo ſoone reſolued to leaue me? But hee diſcourſing vnto her, how much it imported his honour (which ſince it was deare to him, he knew it would be deare vnto her) her reaſon ouerclouded with ſorrow, ſuffered her not preſently to replie, but left the charge thereof to teares, and ſighes; which he not able to beare, left her alone, and went to giue order for his preſent departure.

But by that time he was armed & ready to go, ſhe had recouered a little ſtrength of ſpirit againe, and comming out, and ſeeing him armed, and wanting nothing for his departure but her farewell, ſhe ran to him, took him by the arme, and kneeling down without regard, who either heard her ſpeech, or ſaw her demeanour, My *Argalus*, my *Argalus* (ſaid ſhe) do not thus forſake me. Remēber, alas, Remēber that I haue intereſt in you, which I will neuer yeeld ſhalbe thus aduentured. Your valour is

already

already sufficiently knowne: sufficiently haue you already done for your country: ennow, ennow there are beside you to loose lesse worthy liues. Woe is me, what shall become of me, if you thus abandon mee? Then was it time for you to follow these aduentures, when you aduentured no body but your selfe, and were no bodies but your owne. But now pardon me, that now, or neuer, I claime mine owne; mine you are, and without me you can vndertake no danger: and will you endanger *Parthenia*? *Parthenia* shall be in the battell of your sight: *Parthenia* shall smart in your paine, and your bloud must be bled by *Parthenia*. Deare *Parthenia* (sayd he) this is the first time, that euer you resisted my will: I thanke you for it; but perseuer not in it, and let not the teares of those most beloued eyes be a presage vnto me of that, which you would not should happen. I shall liue, doubte not: for so great a blessing, as you are was not giuen vnto me, so soone to be depriued of it. Looke for me therefore shortly, and victorious; and prepare a ioyfull welcome, and I will wish for no other triumph. She answered not, but stood as it were thunder-striken with amazement: for true Loue made obedience stand vp against all other passions. But when he spoke her in his armes, and sought to print his heart in her sweete lippes, she fell in a sound, so as he was faine to leaue her to her Gentlewomen: and caried away by the tyrannie of Honour, though with many a backe-cast looke, and bitter grone, went to the campe. Where vnderstanding the notable victories of *Amphialus*, he thought to giue him some daies respite of rest, because he would not haue his victory disgraced by the others weariesse. In which dayes, he sought by all meanes (hauing leaue to parly with him) to dissuade him from his enterprise: and then imparting his mind to *Basilius*, because he found *Amphialus* was inflexible, wrote his defie vnto him in this manner.

RIght famous *Amphialus*, if my perswasion in reason, or prayer in good will, might preuaile with you, you should by better meanes bee like to obtaine your desire. You should make many braue enemies become your faithfull seruants, and make your honour flie vp to heauen, being caried vp by both the wings of valure and iustice; whereof now it wants the latter. But since my suite, nor counsell can get no place in you, disdaine not to receiue a mortall chalenge, from a man so far inferiour vnto you in vertue, that I do not so much mislike of the deede, as I haue the doore in admiration. Prepare therefore your selfe, according to the noble manner you haue vsed, and thinke not lightly of neuer so weake an arme, which strikes with the sword of iustice.

To this he quickely receiued this answere.

MVch more famous *Argalus*, I whom neuer threatnings could make afraide, am now terrified by your noble curtesie. For well I knowe, from what height of vertue it doth proceed, and what cause I haue to doubt such vertue bent to my ruine: but Loue, which iustifieth the vniustice you say vnto me, doth also animate me against all dangers, since I come full of him by whom your selfe haue bin (if I be not deceiued) sometimes conquered. I will therefore attend your appearance in in the Ile, carying this aduantage with me, that as it shall be a singular honour if I get the victorie, so there can be no dishonour in being ouercome by *Argalus*.

The chalenge thus denounced, and accepted, *Argalus* was armed in a white armour, which was all guilded ouer with knots of womans haire, which came downe from the creste of his head-peece, and spred it selfe in rich quantity ouer all his armour;

his furniture was cut out into the fashion of an Egle, whereof the beake (made into a rich iewell) was fastened to the saddle, the taile couered the crooper of the horse, and the wings serued for trappers; which falling of each side, as the horse stirred, the bird seemed to flie. His petrell and paines, were embrodered with feathers sutable vnto it: vpon his right arme he ware a sleeue, which his deare *Parthenia* had made for him, to be worne in a iustes, in the time that succesle was vngratefull to their well-deserued loue: it was full of bleeding harts, though neuer intended to any bloudy enterprise. In his shield (as his own deuice) he had two Palme-trees, neere one another, with a word signifying, *In that sort flourishing*. His horse was of a firie sorrell, with blacke feete, and blacke list on his back, who with open nostrels breathed war, before he could see an enemy: and now vp with one leg, and then with another, seemed to complaine of Nature, that she had made him any whit earthie.

But he had scarcely viewed the ground of the Iland, and considered the aduantages (if any were) thereof, before the Castell boate had deliuered *Amphialus*, in all points prouided to giue a hard entertainment. And thē sending each to other their Squires in honourable maner, to know whether they should attend any further ceremonie; the trumpets sounding, the horses with smooth running, the staues with vnshaked motion, obediently performed their choleticke commandements. But when they drew neere, *Argalus* horse being hot, prest in with his head: which *Amphialus* perceiuing, knowing if he gaue him his side, it should be to his disaduantage, prest in also with him, so as both the horses and men met shoulder to shoulder, so as the horses (hurt as much with the striking, as being striken) tumbled downe to the earth, dangerously to their maisters, but that they by strength nimble, and by vse skilfull, in the falling shunned the harme of the fall, and without more respite, drew out their swords with a gallant braueric, each striuing to shew himselfe the lesse endamaged, and to make knowne that they were glad, they had now nothing else to trust to, but their owne vertue. True it is, that *Amphialus* was the sooner vp, but *Argalus* had his sword out the sooner: and then fell they to the cruellest combat, that any present eye had seene. Their swords first, like Canons, battering downe the wals of their armour, making breaches almost in euery place for troupes of wounds to enter. Among the rest, *Argalus* gaue a great wound to *Amphialus* disarmed face; though part of the force of it *Amphialus* warded vpon his shield, and withall (first casting his eye vp to *Philocleas* Window, as if he had fetched his courage thence) feyning to entend the same sort of blow, turned his sword, and with a mightie reuerse, gaue a cruell wound to the right arme of *Argalus*, the vnfaithfull armour yeelding to the swords strong guided sharpnesse. But though the bloud accused the hurt of *Argalus*, yet would he in no action of his confesse it: but keeping himselfe in a lower ward, stood watching with timely thrustes to repaire his losse, which quickly he did. For *Amphialus* (following his fawning fortune) layde on so thicke vpon *Argalus*, that his shield had almost fallen peece-meale to the earth, when *Argalus* comming in with his right foot, and something stowping to come vnder his armour, thrust him into the belly dangerously; and mortally it would haue beene, but that with the blow before, *Amphialus* had ouer striken himselfe so, as he fell side-ward downe, and with falling saued himselfe from ruine. The sword by that meanes slipping aside, and not piercing more deepely. *Argalus* seeing him fall, threatning with voyce and sword, bad him yeeld. But he striuing without aunswer to rise, *Argalus* strake with all his might vpon his head. But his hurt arme not able to maister so sound a force, let the sword fall so, as *Amphialus*, though astonished with

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the blow, could arise: which *Argalus* considering, ranne in to grasp with him, and so closed together; falling so to the ground, now one getting aboue, and then the other; at length, both wearie of so vnlouely embracements, with a dissenting consent gate vp, and went to their swords: but happened, each of his enemies; where *Argalus* finding his foes sword garnished in his bloud, his hart rase with the same sword to reuenge it, and on that blade to allie their blouds together. But his mind was euill wayted-on by his lamed force, so as he receiued still more and more wounds: which made all his armour seeme to blush, that it had defended his maister no better. But *Amphialus* perceiuing it, and waying the small hatefulnesse of their quarrell, with the worthinesse of the Knight, desired him to take pitty of himselfe. But *Argalus*, the more repining, the more he found himselfe in disaduantage, filling his veines with spite in stead of bloud, and making courage arise against faintnesse (like a Candell, which a little before it goes out, giues then the greatest blaze) so did he vnite all his force, that casting away the little remnant of his shield, and taking his sword in both hands, he stroke such a notable blow, that he cleft his shield armour, and arme almost to the bone.

But then *Amphialus* forgat all ceremonies, & with cruell blowes made more of his best bloud succeed the rest: till his hand being stayed by his eare, his eare filled with a pitifull crie, the crie guided his sight to an excellent faire Lady, who came running as fast as shee could, and yet because shee could not as fast as she would, she sent her lamentable voyce before her: and being come, and being knowne to them both, to be the beautifull *Parthenia* (who had that night dreamed she saw her husband in such estate, as she then found him, which made her make such hast thither) they both maruailed. But *Parthenia* ran betweene them (feare of loue making her forget the feare of Nature) and then fell downe at their feete, determining so to part them, till she could get breath to sigh out her dolefull speeches: and when her breath (which running had spent, and dismayednesse made slow to returne) had by sobbes gotten into her sorow-closed breast, for a while she could say nothing, but, ô wretched eyes of mine, ô wailefull sight, ô day of darkenesse: at length turning her eyes (wherein sorow swamme) to *Amphialus*, My Lord (sayd she) it is sayd you loue; in the power of that loue, I beseech you to leaue off this combat, as euer your heart may find comfort in his affection, euen for her sake, I craue it: or if you be mortally determined, be so pitifull vnto me, as first to kill me, that I may not see the death of *Argalus*. *Amphialus* was about to haue answered, when *Argalus*, vexed with his Fortune, but most vexed that she should see him in that fortune; Ah *Parthenia* (sayd he) neuer till now vnwelcom vnto me, do you come to get my life by request? And cannot *Argalus* liue but by request? Is that a life? With that he went aside, for fear of hurting her, & wold haue begun the combat afresh. But *Amphialus* not only coniured by that which held the Monarchie of his mind, but euen in his noble heart melting with cõpasion at so passionate a sight, desired him to withhold his hãds, for that he shold strike one who sought his fauour, and would not make resistance. A notable example of the wonderfull effects of Vertue, where the conquerour sought for friendship of the conquered, and the conquered would not pardon the conquerour: both indeed being of that mind to loue each other for accepting, but not for giuing mercie, and neither affected to ouer-liue a dishonour: so that *Argalus* not so much striuing with *Amphialus* (for if he had had him in the like sort, in like sort he would haue dealt with him) as labouring against his owne power (which he chiefly despised) set himselfe forward, stretching his strength to the vttermost. But the fire of that strife,

blowne with his inward rage, boyled out his bloud in ſuch abundance, that hee was driuen to reſt him vpon the pommell of his ſword: and then each thing beginning to turne round in the daunce of Death before his eyes, his ſight both dazled and dimmed, til (thinking to ſit downe) he fell in a ſound. *Parthenia*, and *Amphialus* both haſtily went vnto him: *Amphialus* tooke off his helmet, and *Parthenia* laid his head in her lap, tearing off her linnē ſleeues & partlet, to ſerue about his wounds: to bind which, ſhe tooke off her hair-lace, and would haue cut off her faire haire her ſelfe, but that the ſquires and iudges came in with fitter things for the purpoſe: while ſhe bewayled her ſelfe with ſo lamentable ſweetneſſe, as was inough to haue taught ſorrow to the gladdeſt thoughts, and haue engraued it in the minds of hardeſt metall.

O *Parthenia*, no more *Parthenia* (ſayd ſhe) What art thou? what ſeeſt thou? how is thy bliſſe in a moment fallen? how art thou, euen-now before all Ladies the example of perfect happineſſe, and now the gaſing ſtocke of endleſſe miſerie? O God, what hath bene my deſert to be thus puniſhed? or if ſuch haue bene my deſert, why was I not in my ſelfe puniſhed? O wandering life, to what wilderneſſe wouldeſt thou lead me? But Sorrow, I hope thou art ſharp inough to ſaue my labour from other remedies. *Argalus*, *Argalus*, I will follow thee, I will follow thee.

But with that *Argalus* came out of his ſound, and lifting vp his languiſhing eyes (which a paineſull reſt, and iron ſleepe did ſeeke to locke vp) ſeeing her, in whome (euen dying) hee liued, and himſelfe ſeated in ſo beloued a place, it ſeemed a little cheerefull bloud came vp to his cheekes, like a burning cole, almoſt dead, if ſome breath a little reuiue it: and forcing vp (the beſt he could) his feeble voyce, My deare, my better halfe (ſayd hee) I find I muſt now leaue thee: and by that ſweete hand, and faire eyes of thine I ſweare, that Death brings nothing with it to grieue me, but that I muſt leaue thee, and cannot remaine to anſwere part of thy infinit deſerts, with being ſome comfort vnto thee. But ſince ſo it pleaſeth him, whoſe wiſedome and goodneſſe guideth all, put thy confidence in him, and one day we ſhall bleſſedly meet againe, neuer to depart: meane while liue happily, deare *Parthenia*, and I perſwade my ſelf, it will encreaſe the bleſſedneſſe of my ſoule, ſo to ſee thee. Loue well the remembrance of thy louing, and truly louing, *Argalus*: and let not (with that word he ſighed) this diſgrace of mine, make thee one day thinke, thou hadſt an vnworthy husband. They could ſcarcely vnderſtand the laſt words: for Death began to ſeaze himſelfe of his heart, neither could *Parthenia* make anſwer, ſo full was her breaſt of anguiſh. But while the other ſought to ſtanch his remedileſſe wounds, ſhe with her kiſſes made him happie: for his laſt breath was deliuered into her mouth.

But when indeede ſhe found his ghoſt was gone, then Sorrow loſt the witte of vtterance, and grew ragefull, and madde, ſo that ſhe tare her beautifull face, and rent her haire, as though they could ſerue for nothing, ſince *Argalus* was gone; till *Amphialus* (ſo moued with pittie of that ſight, as that he honoured his aduerſaries death with teares) cauſed her (with the helpe of her woman that came with her partly by force) to be conueyed into the boat, with the dead body of *Argalus*, from which ſhe would not depart. And being come of the other ſide, there ſhe was receiued by *Baſilius* himſelfe, with all the funerall pompe of militarie diſcipline, trayling all their Enſignes vpon the ground, making their warlike inſtruments ſound doleſull notes, and *Baſilius* (with comfort in his mouth, and woe in his face) ſought to perſwade ſome eaſe into *Parthenias* mind: but all was as eaſefull to her, as the hand-

handling of ſore wounds: all the honour done, being to her but the triumph of her ruine, ſhe finding no comfort, but in deſperat yeelding to Sorrow: and rather determined to hate her ſelfe, if euer ſhee ſhould finde eaſe thereof. And well might ſhe heare as ſhe paſt through the Campe, the great prayſes ſpoken of her husband, which all were recordes of her loſſe. But the more excellent he was (being indeed accounted ſecond to none in all Greece) the more did the breath of thoſe praiſes, beare vp the wings of *Amphialus* fame: to whom yet (ſuch was was his caſe) that Trophe vpon Trophe, ſtill did but build vp the monument of his thraldome; hee euer finding himſelfe in ſuch fauour of *Philoclea*, that ſhe was moſt ablent, when he was preſent with her; and euer ſorieſt, when hee had beſt ſucceſſe: which would haue made him renounce all comfort, but that his mother, with diuerſity of deuiſes, kept vp his hart.

But while he allayed thus his outward glorie, with inward diſcomfort, he was like to haue bin ouertaken with a notable treaſon, the beginning wherof (though meerely ridiculous) had like to haue brought forth vnto him a weeping effect.

Among other that attended *Baſilius* in this expedition, *Dametas* was one; whether to be preſent with him, or abſent from *Miſo*: once, certaine it was without any mind to make his ſword curſed by any widow. Now being in the campe, while each talke ſeemed iniurious, which did not acknowledge ſome duety to the fame of *Amphialus*, it fell out ſomtimes in cõunication, that as the ſpeech of heauen doth often beget the mentiõ of hell, ſo the admirable proweſſe of *Amphialus* (by a cõtrary) brought forth the remembrance of the cowardiſe of *Clinias*: in ſo much, as it grew almoſt to a prouerbe, *As very a coward, as Clinias*. Deſcribing him in ſuch ſort, that in the end, *Dametas* began to thinke with himſelfe, that if he made a chalenge vnto him, hee would neuer anſwer it; and that then he ſhould greatly encreaſe the fauourable conceit of *Baſilius*. This fancie of his he vttred to a yong Gentleman, that waited vpon *Philanax*, in whoſe friendſhip he had eſpeciall confidence, becauſe he haunted his company, laughing often merily at his ſpeeches, and not a little extolling the goodly *dotes* of *Mopſa*. The young Gentleman as glad as if he had found a Hare ſitting, egd him on, breaking the matter with *Philanax*, and then (for feare the humour ſhould quaile in him) wrote a challenge himſelfe for *Dametas*, and brought it to him. But when *Dametas* read it, putting his head on his ſhoulder, and ſomwhat ſmiling; he ſayd, it was prettie indeed; but that it had not a loftie ſtile enough: and ſo would needes indite it in this ſort.

O Clinias, *thou* Clinias, *the wickedeſt worme that euer went vpon two legs; the very fritter of fraud, and ſeething pot of iniquitie: I* Dametas, *chiefe gouernour of all the royall cattell, and alſo of* Pamela (*whom thy Maiſter moſt perniciouſly hath ſuggeſted out of my dominion*) *do defie thee, in a mortall affray from the bodkin to the pike vpward. Which if thou dooſt preſume to take in hand, I will out of that ſuperfluous bodie of thine make thy ſoule to be euacuated.*

The young Gentleman ſeemed dumbe-ſtriken with admiration, and preſently tooke vpon him to bee the bearer thereof, while the heat of the fit laſted, and hauing gotten leaue of *Baſilius* (euery body helping on, to eaſe his mind ouercharged with melancholy) hee went into the towne according to the manner before time vſed, and in the preſence of *Amphialus* deliuered this letter to *Clinias*; deſiring to haue an anſwere, which might be fit for his reputation. *Clinias* opened it, read

it; and in the reading, his bloud not daring to be in so daungerous a place, went out of his face, and hid it selfe more inwardlie: and his very words (as if they were afraide of blowes) came very slowly out of his mouth: but, aswell as his panting breath would vtter it, he bad him tell the lowt that sent him, that hee disdained to haue any thing to do with him. But *Amphialus*, perceiuing the matter, tooke him aside, and very earnestly dealt with him not to shame him selfe; *Amphialus* only desirous to bring it to passe to make some sport to *Philoclea*: but not being able to perswade with him, *Amphialus* licenced the Gentleman, telling him, that by next morning he should haue answer.

The yong Gentleman (sory he had sped no better) returned to *Dametas*, who had fetched many a sower-breathed sigh, for feare *Clinias* would accept the chalenge. But when he perceiued by his trusty messenger, that this delay was in effect a denial, there being no disposition in him to accept it; then lo, *Dametas* began to speake his lowd voice, to looke big, to march vp and downe, and in his march to lift his legges higher then he was wont, swearing by no meane deuotions, that the walles should not keepe the coward from him, but he would fetch him out of his cunnie-berrie: & then was hotter then euer to prouide himselfe of horse and armour, saying, hee would go to the Iland brauely addoubed, and shew himselfe to his charge *Pamela*. To this purpose many willing hands were about him, letting him haue reynes, pettrell, with the rest of the furniture, and very braue bases; but all comming from diuerse houses, neyther in colour nor fashion, shewing any kinred one with another; but that liked *Dametas* the better: for that he thought would argue, that he was maister of manie braue furnitures. Then gaue he order to a painter for his deuise; which was, a plowe with the oxen lewsed from it, a sword with a great number of armes and legges cut off; and lastly a great armie of pen and inck-hornes and bookes. Neyther did he sticke to tell the secrete of his intent, which was, that he had left off the plough, to do such bloudy deeds with his sword, as many inke-hornes and bookes should be employed about the historifying of them: and being asked, why he set no word vnto it, he said, that was indeed like the painter, that sayeth in his picture, Here is the dog, and there is the Hare: and with that he laughed so perfectly, as was great consolation to the beholders. Yet remembring, that *Miso* would not take it well at his returne, if he forgat his dutie to her, he caused in a border about to be written:

Miso *mine owne pigsnie, thou shalt heare newes of* Dametas.

Thus all things being condignely ordered, with an ill fauoured impatience he waited, vntill the next morning, that he might make a muster of himselfe in the Iland; often asking them that very diligently wayted vpon him, whether it were not pitie, that such a coward as *Clinias*, should set his runaway feete vpon the face of the earth?

But as he was by diuerse principall yong Gentlemen, to his no small glorie, lifted vp on horseback, comes me a page of *Amphialus*, who with humble smiling reuerence deliuered a letter vnto him, from *Clinias*: whom *Amphialus* had brought to this, first with perswasions (that for certaine, if he did accept the combat, *Dametas* would neuer dare to appeare, and that then the honour should be his) but principally threatning him, that if he refused it, he would turne him out of the town to be put to death for a traytor by *Basilius*: so as the present feare (euer to a coward

most

moſt terrible) of being turned out of the towne, made him, though full vnwillingly, vndertake the other feare, wherein he had ſome ſhew of hope, that *Dametas* might hap either to be ſicke, or not to haue the courage to performe the matter. But when *Dametas* heard the name of *Clinias*, very aptly ſuſpecting what the matter might be, he bad the page carrie backe his letter, like a naughty boy as he was: for he was in no humor, he told him, of reading letters. But *Dametas* his friend, firſt perſwading him, that for certaine it was ſome ſubmiſsion, tooke vpon him ſo much boldneſſe, as to open his letter, and to reade it alowd in this ſort.

Filthy driuell, vnworthy to haue thy name ſet in any letter by a ſouldiers hand written: could thy wretched heart thinke it was timerouſneſſe, that made Clinias *ſuſpend a while his anſwer? No caitiffe, no: it was but as a Ram, which goes back to returne with the greater force. Know therefore that thou ſhalt no ſooner appeare (appeare now if thou dareſt) I ſay thou ſhalt no ſooner appeare in the Iland (ô happy thou, if thou do not appeare) but that I will come vpon thee with all my force, and cut thee in peeces (mark, what I ſay) ioynt after ioynt, to the eternall terrour of all preſumptuous villaynes. Therefore looke what thou doſt: for I tell thee, horrible ſmart, and paines ſhall be thy lot, if thou wilt needs be ſo fooliſh (I hauing giuen thee no ſuch cauſe) as to meete with me.*

These terrible words *Clinias* vſed, hoping they would giue a cooling to the heate of *Dametas* courage: and ſo indeed they did, that he did grone to heare the thundrings of thoſe threatnings. And when the Gentleman had ended the reading of them, *Dametas* told them, that in his opinion he thought this anſwere came too late, and that therefore he might verie well go, and diſarme himſelfe: eſpecially conſidering, the other had in curteous maner warned him not to come. But they (hauing him now on horſebacke) led him into the ferry, and ſo into the Iland; the claſhing of his owne armour ſtriking miſerable feare into him, and in his minde thinking great vnkindneſſe in his friend, that he had brought him to a matter ſo contrary to his complexion. There ſtayed he but a little (the Gentlemen that came with him teaching him how to vſe his ſword and Launce, while he caſt his eye about, to ſee which way he might run away, curſing all Ilands for being euill ſituated) whē *Clinias* with a braue ſound of trumpets landed at the other ende: who came all the way debating with himſelfe, what he had deſerued of *Amphialus* to driue him to thoſe inconueniences. Sometimes his witte made him bethink himſelfe what was beſt to be done: but feare did ſo corrupt his witte, that whatſoeuer he thought was beſt, he ſtill found daunger therein; fearefulneſſe (contrary to all other vices) making him thinke the better of another, the worſe he found himſelfe, rather imagining in himſelfe, what words he would vſe (if he were ouercome) to get his life of *Dametas*, then how to ouercome, whereof hee could thinke with no patience. But oftentimes looking to the earth pitifully complayning, that a man of ſuch ſufficiencie (as he thought himſelfe) ſhould in his beſt yeares be ſwallowed vp by ſo baſe an element; faine he would haue prayed, but he had not heart inough to haue confidence in prayer, the glittering of the armour, and ſounding of the trumpets giuing ſuch an aſſault to the weake-breach of his falſe ſences, that hee grew from the degree of feare to an amazement, not almoſt to know what he did, till two iudges (choſen for the purpoſe) making the trumpets ceaſe, and taking the oath of thoſe champions, that they came without guile or witchcraft, ſet them at wonted diſtance, one from the other.

Then

Then the trumpets ſounding, *Dametas* horſe (vſed to ſuch cauſes) when hee thought leſt of the matter, ſtarted out ſo luſtily, that *Dametas* was iogd backe with head and body, and pulling withall his bridle-hand, the horſe (that was tender of mouth) made halfe a ſtop, and fell to bounding, ſo that *Dametas* threw away his Launce, and with both his hands held by the pummell; the horſe, halfe running, halfe leaping, till he met with *Clinias*: who fearing he ſhould miſſe his reſt, had put his ſtaffe therein before he began his carcere: neither would he then haue begun, but that at the trumpets warning, one (that ſtood behind) ſtrake on his horſe, who running ſwiftly, the wind tooke ſuch hold of his ſtaffe, that it croſt quite ouer his breaſt, and in that ſort gaue a flat baſtonado to *Dametas*: who, halfe out of his ſadle, went neere to his old occupation of digging the earth, but with the creſt of his helmet. *Clinias* when he was paſt him, not knowing what he had done, but fearing leaſt *Dametas* were at his backe, turned with a wide turne; and ſeeing him on the ground, he thought then was his time, or neuer, to treade him vnder his horſes feete; and withall (if he could) hurt him with his Launce, which had not broken, the encounter was ſo eaſy. But putting forth his horſe, what with the falling of the ſtaff too low before the legs of the horſe, & the comming vpon *Dametas*, who was then ſcrambling vp, the horſe fell ouer and ouer, and lay vpon *Clinias*. Which *Dametas* (who was gotten vp) perceiuing, drew out his ſword, prying which way he might beſt come to kil *Clinias* behind. But the horſe that lay vpon him, kept ſuch a pawing with his feete, that *Dametas* durſt not approch, but very leyſurely; ſo as the horſe (being luſtie) gat vp, & withall fel to ſtrike, and leape, that *Dametas* ſtarted backe a good way, and gaue *Clinias* time to riſe, but ſo bruiſed in body, and broken in heart, that he meant to yeld himſelfe to mercy: and with that intent drew out his ſword, intending when he came neerer, to preſent the pommell of it to *Dametas*. But *Dametas*, when he ſaw him come with his ſword drawne, nothing conceiuing any ſuch intent, went back as faſt as his backe and heeles could leade him. But as *Clinias* found that, he began to thinke a poſſibility in the victory, and therfore followed with the cruell haſt of a preuailing coward; laying vpon *Dametas*, who did nothing but cry out to him to hold his hand: ſometimes that he was dead, ſometimes that he would complaine to *Baſilius*: but ſtill bare the blowes vngratefully, going backe, till at length he came into the water with one of his feete.

But then a new feare of drowning tooke him, ſo that not daring to go backe, nor to deliberate (the blowes ſtill ſo lighted on him) nor to yeeld (becauſe of the cruell threatnings of *Clinias*) feare being come to the extremity, fell to a madneſſe of deſpaire: ſo that (winking as hard as euer he could) he began to deale ſome blowes, and his arme (being vſed to a flaile in his youth) layd them on ſo thicke, that *Clinias* now began with lamentable eyes to ſee his owne bloud come out in many places; and before he had loſt halfe an ounce finding in himſelfe that he fainted, cried out aloud to *Dametas*, that he yeelded. Throw away thy ſword then (ſayd *Dametas*) & I will ſaue thee: but ſtill laying on, as faſt as he could. *Clinias* ſtraight obeyed, & humbly craued mercy, telling him, his ſword was gone. Then *Dametas* firſt opened his eyes, and ſeeing him indeed vnweaponed, made him ſtand a good way off from it; and then willed him to lie downe vpon the earth as flat as he could. *Clinias* obeyed; and *Dametas* (who neuer could thinke himſelfe ſafe, till *Clinias* were dead) began to thinke with himſelfe, that if he ſtrake at him with his ſword, if he did not kill him at the firſt blow, that then *Clinias* might happe to ariſe, and reuenge himſelfe. Therefore he thought beſt to kneele downe vpon him, and with a great whittle hee had

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hauing disarmed his head to cut his throate, which he had vsed so with Cullues, as he had no small dexteritie in it. But while he sought for his knife, which vnder his armour he could not well find out, and that *Clinias* lay with so sheepish a quietnesse, as if he would haue beene glad to haue his throate cut for feare of more paine, the Iudges came in, and tooke *Dametas* from off him; telling him he did against the law of Armes, hauing promised life, if he threw away his sword. *Dametas* was loath to consent, till they sware, they would not suffer him to fight any more, when he was vp: and then more forced, then perswaded, he let him rise, crowing ouer him, and warning him to take heede how he dealt any more with any that came of his fathers kinred. But thus this *combat of cowards* being finished, *Dametas* was with much mirth and melodie receiued into the campe as victorious, neuer a Page there failing to waite vpon this Triumph.

But *Clinias* though he wanted heart to preuent shame, yet hee wanted not wit to feele shame; not so much repining at it for the abhorring of shame; as for the discommodities, that to them that are shamed, ensue. For well he deemed, it would be a great barre to his practise, and a pulling on of iniuries, when men needed not care how they vsed him. Insomuch, that *Clinias* (finding himselfe the scorning-stocke of euery company) fell with repining to hate the cause thereof; and hate in a cowards hart, could set it selfe no other limits, but death. Which purpose was well egged on by representing vnto himselfe, what danger he lately was in; which still kept no lesse ougly figure in his mind, then when it was present: and quickly (euen in his dissembling countenance) might be discerned a concealed grudge. For though he forced in himselfe a farre more diligent officiousnesse toward *Amphialus*, then euer before, yet a leering eye vpon the one side at him, a countenance still framed to smiling before him (how little cause soeuer there was of smiling) and grombling behind him, at any of his commandements, with an vncertain manner of behauiour: his words comming out, though full of flatterie, yet slowly, and hoarcely pronounced, might well haue blazed, what armes his false hart bare. But despised, because of his cowardlinesse, and not marked because despised, he had the freer scope of practise. Which he did the more desperately enter into, because the daily dangers *Amphialus* did submitte himselfe vnto, made *Clinias* assuredly looke for his ouerthrow, and for his owne consequently, if he did not redeeme his former treason to *Basilius*, with a more treasonable falshood toward *Amphialus*. His chiefe care therefore was, to find out among all sorts of the *Amphialians*, whom either like feare, tediousnesse of the siege, or discontent of some vnsatisfied ambition would make apt to dig in the same mine that he did: and some already of wealthy weary folkes, and vnconstant youths (who had not found such sudden successe as they had promised themselues) he had made stoupe to his lure. But of none he made so good account as of *Artesia*, sister to the late slaine *Ismenus*, and the chiefe of the sixe maides, who had trained out the Princesses to their banket of miserie: so much did the sharpnesse of her wit counteruaile (as he thought) any other defects of her sex: for she had vndertaken that dangerous practise by the perswasion of *Cecropia*, who assured her that the two Princesses should be made away; and then *Amphialus* would marry her: which she was the apter to beleeue, by some false perswasion her glasse had giuen her of her owne incomparable excellencies, and by the great fauour she knew he bare to her brother *Ismenus*, which (like a self-flattering woman) she conceiued was done for her sake. But when she had atchieued her attempt, and that she found the Princesses were so far from their intended death, as that the one of them was like to be her Soueraigne,

and

and that neither her ſeruice had won of *Amphialus* much more then ordinary fauor, nor her ouer large offring her ſelfe to a mind otherwiſe owed, had obtained a looked-for acceptation; diſdaine to be diſdained ſpite of a fruſtrate hope, and perchance vnquenched luſt-growne rage, made her vnquiet thoughts find no other reſt, but malice: which was increaſed by the death of her brother, whom ſhe iudged neither ſuccoured againſt *Philanax*, nor reuenged vpon *Philanax*. But all theſe coles were well blowne by the company ſhe eſpecially kept with *Zelmane* all this time of her impriſonment. For finding her preſence vncheerfull to the mourning *Philoclea*, and condemned of the hie harted *Pamela*, ſhe ſpent her time moſt with *Zelmane*. Who though at the firſt hardly brooking the inſtrument of their miſerie, learning cunning in the ſchoole of aduerſitie, in time framed her ſelfe to yeeld her acceptable entertainment. For *Zelmane*, when ſhee had by that vnexpected miſchiefe her body impriſoned, her valure ouermaiſtred, her wit beguiled, her deſires barred, her loue eclipſed; aſſured of euil, fearing worſe, able to know *Philoclea*s misfortune, & not able to ſuccour her, ſhe was a great while, before the greatneſſe of her hart could deſcend to ſorow, but rather roſe boyling vp in ſpite and diſdaine; Reaſon hardly making Courage beleeue, that it was diſtreſſed: but as if the walles would be afraid of her, ſo would her lookes ſhoote out threatning vpon them. But the fetters of ſeruitude (growing heauier with wearing) made her feele her caſe, and the little preuailing of repining: and then griefe gat a ſeate in her ſoftned mind, making ſweetneſſe of paſſed comforts by due title claime teares of preſent diſcomforts: and ſince her fortune made her able to helpe as little as any body, yet to be able to waile as much as any body; ſolitarie Sorrow, with a continuall circle in her ſelfe, going out at her owne mouth, to come in againe at her owne eares. Then was the name of *Philoclea* graued in the glaſſe windowes, and by the fooliſh idolatrie of affection, no ſooner written, then adored; and no ſooner adored, then pitied: all the wonted praiſes (ſhe was wont to giue vnto her) being now but figures of rhetorike to amplifie the iniuries of misfortune; againſt which being alone, ſhe would often make inuectiue declamations, methodized only by raging ſorrow.

But when *Arteſia* did inſinuate her ſelfe into her acquaintance, ſhee gaue the gouernment of her courage to wit, and was content to familiarize her ſelfe with her: ſo much the rather, as that ſhe perceiued in her certaine flawes of il-concealed diſcontentment. Inſomuch that whē *Zelmane* would ſweeten her mouth with the praiſes of the ſiſters, eſpecially ſetting forth their noble gratefulnes in neuer forgetting welintended ſeruices, & inuoking the iuſtice of the gods, not to ſuffer ſuch treaſures to be wrongfully hidden, & ſomtimes with a kind vnkindnes, charging *Arteſia* that ſhe had bin abuſed to abuſe ſo worthy perſons: *Arteſia* (though falſly) would proteſt, that ſhe had bin beguiled in it, neuer meaning other matter then recreation: & yet withall (by alleaging how vngratefully ſhe was dealt with) it was eaſie to be ſeene, it was the vnrewarding, and not the euill imploying her ſeruice, which grieued her. But *Zelmane* (vſing her own bias to bowle neer the miſtreſſe of her own thoughts) was content to lend her beleefe, and withall, to magnifie her deſert, if willingly ſhe vvould deliuer, vvhom vnwillingly ſhee had impriſoned; leauing no argument vvhich might tickle ambition, or flatter reuenge. So that *Arteſia* (puſht forward by *Clinias* and drawne onward by *Zelmane*) bound her ſelfe to that practiſe; wherin *Zelmane* (for her part) deſired no more, but to haue armour and weapons brought into her chamber, not doubting therewith to performe any thing, how impoſſible ſoeuer, which longing Loue can perſwade, and inuincible Valour dare promiſe.

But

But *Clinias* (whose faith could neuer comprehend the misteries of courage) perswaded *Artesia* while he by corruption had drawne the guard of one gate, to open it (when he would appoynt the time) to the enemie: that she should impoyson *Amphialus*, which she might the easier do, because she her selfe had vsed to make the broaths, when *Amphialus* (either wearied or wounded) did vse such diet. And all things already were readie to bee put in execution, when they thought best to breake the matter with the two excellent sisters, not doubting of their consent in a thing so behoofefull to themselues: their reasons being, that the Princesses knowing their seruice, might be sure to preserue them from the furie of the entring soul-diers: whereof *Clinias* (euen so) could scarcely be sufficiently ermine: and withall, making them priuie to their action, to binde them afterwards to a promised gratefulnesse towards them. They went therfore at one time, when they knew them to be alone, *Cilnias* to *Philoclea*, and *Artesia* to *Pamela*: and *Clinias*, with no fewe words, did set foorth what an exploit was intended for her seruice. But *Philoclea* (in whose cleere mind treason could find no hiding place) told him, that she would be glad, if he could perswade her cosin to deliuer her, and that she would neuer forget his seruice therein: but that she desired him to lay downe any such way of mischiefe, for that (for her part) she would rather yeeld to perpetuall imprisonment, then consent to the destroying her cosin, who (she knew) loued her, though wronged her. This vnlooked for answer amazed *Clinias*, so that he had no other remedy in his mind, but to kneele downe to *Philoclea*, and beseech her to keepe it secret, considering that the intention was for her seruice: and vowing (since she misliked it) to proceed no further therein, she comforted him with promise of silence, which she performed.

But that little auayled; for *Artesia* hauing in like sort opened this deuise to *Pamela*, she (in whose mind Vertue gouerned with the scepter of Knowledge) hating so horrible a wickednesse, and streight iudging what was fit to doo; Wicked woman (said she) whose vnrepenting heart can find no way to amend treason, but by treason: now the time is come, that they wretched wiles haue caught thy selfe in thine owne nette: as for me, let the Gods dispose of me as shall please them; but sure it shall be no such way, nor way-leader, by which I will come to liberty. This she spake something with a lowder voyce then she was wont to vse, so as *Cecropia* heard the noise; who was (sooner then *Artesia* imagined she would) come vp, to bring *Pamela* to a window, where she might see a notable skirmish happened in the Campe, as she thought, among themselues: and being a cunning fisher in troubled waters, streight found by their voyces and gestures, there was some matter of consequence, which she desired *Pamela* to tell her. Aske of her (sayd *Pamela*) and learne to know, that who do falshood to their superiours, teach falshood to their inferiours. More she would not say. But *Cecropia* taking away the each-way guilty *Artesia* with feare of torture, gat of her the whole practise: so as *Zelmane* was the more closely imprisoned, and *Clinias* (with the rest of his corrupted mates according to their merites) executed: For, as for *Artesia*, she was but lockt vp in her chamber, *Amphialus* not consenting (for the loue he bare to *Ismenus*) that further punishment should be layd vpon her.

But the noise they heard in the camp, was by occasiō of the famous Prince *Anaxius* nephew to the Gyant *Euardes* whom *Pyrocles* slue: A Prince, of body exceedingly strong; in armes so skilfull and fortunate, as no man was thought to excell him; of courage that knew not how to feare; parts worthie praise, if they had not beene guided

guided by pride, and followed by iniustice. For by a strange composition of mind, there was no man more tenderly sensible in any thing offered to himselfe, which in the farthest-fet construction, might be wrested to the name of wrong; no man, that in his owne actions could worse distinguish betweene Valour and Violence: So proud, as he could not abstaine from a *Thraso*-like boasting, and yet (so vnluckie a lodging his vertues had gotten) he would neuer boast more then he would accomplish: falsly accounting an vnflexible anger, a couragious constancie: esteeming feare, and astonishment, righter causes of admiration, then Loue and Honour. This man had foure sundrie times fought with *Amphialus*, but *Mars* had bene so vnpartiall an arbiter, that neither side gatte aduantage of the other. But in the end it happened, that *Anaxius* found *Amphialus* (vnknowne) in a great danger, and saued his life: whereupon (louing his owne benefit) began to fauour him, so much the more as thinking so well of him selfe, he could not choose but like him, whom he found a match for himselfe: which at last grew to as much friendshippe towards him, as could by a proud heart be conceiued. So as in this trauell (seeking *Pyracles* to be reuenged of his vncles death) hearing of this siege, neuer taking paines to examine the quarell (like a man whose will was his God, and his hand his law, taking with him his two brothers (men accounted little inferiour to himselfe in martiall matters) and two hundred chosen horsemen (with whom he thought himselfe able to conquere the world) yet commaunding the rest of his forces to follow; he himselfe vpon such an vnexpected suddennesse entered in vpon the backe of *Basilius*, that manie with great vnkindnesse tooke their death, not knowing why, nor how they were so murdred. There if euer, did he make knowne the wonderfulnesse of his force. But the valiant, and faithfull *Philanax*, with well gouerned speed made such head against him, as would haue shewed, how soone Courage falles in the ditch which hath not the eye of Wisedome: but that *Amphialus* at the same time issued out, and winning with an abundance of courage one of the sconses, which *Basilius* had builded, made way for his friend *Anaxius* with great losse of both sides, but especially of the *Basilians*; such notable monuments had those two swords especially left of their Maisters redoubted worthinesse.

There with the respect fit to his estate, the honour due to his worthinesse, and the kindnesse which accompanies friendship (made fast by enterchaunged benefits) did *Amphialus* enforce himselfe (as much as in a besieged towne he could) to make *Anaxius* know, that his succour was not so needefull, as his presence gratefull. For causing the streetes and houses of the towne to witnesse his welcome (making both souldiers and Magistrates in their countenances to shew their gladnesse of him) hee led him to his mother, whom hee besought to entertaine him with no lesse loue and kindnesse, then as one, who once had saued her sonnes life, and now came to saue both life and honour. Tush (sayd *Anaxius*, speaking alowde, looking vpon his brothers,) I am onely sorie there are not halfe a dozen Kings more about you: that what *Anaxius* can do, might be the better manifested. His brothers smiled, as though he had ouer modestlie spoken farre vnderneath the pitch of his power. Then was he disarmed at the earnest request of *Amphialus*: for *Anaxius* boyled with desire to issue out vpon the enemies, perswading himselfe, that the Sun should not be set, before he had ouerthrowne them. And hauing reposed himselfe, *Amphialus* asked him whether he would visite the yong Princesses. But *Anaxius* whispered him in the eare: In troeth (sayd hee) deare friend *Amphialus*, though I am none of those, that loue to speake of them selues, I neuer came yet in companie of Ladies, but that they fell in

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loue with me. And I that in my heart scorne them as a peeuish paltry sexe, not worthy to communicate with my vertues, would not doo you the wrong: since (as I heare) you do debase your selfe so much as to affect them. The curteous *Amphialus* could haue been angry with him for those words; but knowing his humour, suffered him to daunce to his owne musicke: and gaue himselfe to entertaine both him and his brothers, with as cheereful a manner, as could issue from a mind whom vnluckie loue had filled with melancholie. For to *Anaxius* he yeelded the direction of all. He gaue the watchword, and if any grace were graunted, the meanes were to be made to *Anaxius*. And that night when supper was ended, wherein *Amphialus* would needes himselfe waite vpon him, hee caused in Boates vpon the Lake an excellent musicke to be ordered: which, though *Anaxius* might conceiue was for his honour, yet indeede he was but the Bricke-wall to conuey it to the eares of the beloued *Philoclea*.

The musicke was of Cornets, whereof one aunswering the other, with a sweete emulation, striuing for the glory of musicke, and striking vpon the smooth face of the quiet Lake, was then deliuered vp to the castle walles, which was a proude reuerberation, spreading it into the aire; it seemed before the harmonie came to the eare, that it had enriched it selfe in trauaile, the nature of those places adding melodie to that melodious instrument. And when a while that instrument had made a braue proclamation to all vnpossessed mindes, of attention, an excellent consort streight followed of fiue Violles, and as many voices; which all being but Oratours of their maisters passions, bestowed this song vpon her, that thought vpon another matter.

THe Fire to see my wrongs for anger burneth:
The Aire in raine for my affliction weepeth:
The Sea to ebbe for griefe his flowing turneth:
The earth with pittie dull his center keepeth:
Fame is with wonder blazed:
Time runnes away for sorrow:
Place standeth still amazed,
To see my night of euils, which hath no morrow.
Alas alonly she no pittie taketh
To know my miseries, but chaste and cruell
My fall her glory maketh;
Yet still her eyes giue to my flames their fuell.
Fire, burne me quite till sense of burning leaue me:
Aire, let me draw thy breath no more in anguish:
Sea, drown'd in thee of tedious life bereaue me:
Earth, take this earth wherein my spirits languish.
Fame, say I was not borne:
Time, hast my dying hower:
Place, see my graue vptorne:
Fire, aire, sea, earth, fame, time, place shew your power.
Alas from all their helps I am exiled:
For hers am I, and Death feares her displeasure.
Fie Death thou art beguiled:
Though I be hers, she makes of me no treasure.

But *Anaxius* (ſeeming awearie before it was ended) tolde *Amphialus*, that for his part he liked no muſick, but the neighing of horſes, the ſound of trumpets, and the cries of yeelding perſons: and therefore deſired, that the next morning they ſhould iſſue vpon the ſame place, where they had entred that day, not doubting to make them quickly awearie of being the beſiegers of *Anaxius*. *Amphialus*, who had no whit leſſe courage, though nothing blowne vp with pride, willingly condiſcended, & ſo the next morning (giuing falſe alarum to the other ſide of the campe) *Amphialus* at *Anaxius* earneſt requeſt, ſtaying within the town to ſee it garded, *Anaxius* & his brethren, *Lycurgus*, and *Zoilus*, ſallied out with the beſt choſen men. But *Baſilius* (hauing bin the laſt day ſomwhat vnprouided) now had better fortified the ouerthrowne ſconſe; and ſo wel had prepared euery thing for defence, that it was impoſſible for any valour frō within, to preuaile. Yet things were performed by *Anaxius* beyond the credite of the credulous. For thriſe (valiantly followed by his brothers) did he ſet vp his banner vpon the rampire of the enemy: though thriſe again by the multitude, and aduantage of the place, but eſpecially by the comming of three valiant Knights, he were driuen downe againe. Numbers there were that day, whoſe deathes and ouerthrowes were excuſed by the well knowne ſword of *Anaxius*: but the reſt by the length of time & iniury of Hiſtorians, haue been wrapped vp in dark forgetfulnes: only *Treſſennius* is ſpoken of, becauſe when all abandoned the place, he only made head to *Anaxius*; till hauing loſt one of his legs, yet not loſt the hart of fighting, *Lycurgus* (ſecond brother to *Anaxius*) cruelly murthered him; *Anaxius* himſelfe diſdaining any further to deale with him.

But ſo far had *Anaxius* at the third time preuailed, that now the *Baſilians* began to let their courage deſcend to their feet, *Baſilius*, & *Philanax* in vaine ſtriuing with reuerence of authority to bridle the flight of aſtoniſhment, and to teach Feare diſcretion: ſo that *Amphialus*, ſeeing Victory ſhew ſuch a flattering countenance to him, came out with all his force; hoping that day to end the ſiege.

But that fancie altered quickly by the ſudden comming to the other ſide of three Knights, whereof the one was in white armour, the other in greene, and the third by his blacke armour and deuice ſtreight knowne to be the notable Knight, who the firſt day had giuen Fortune ſo ſhort a ſtoppe with his notable deeds and fighting hand to hand the deemed inuincible *Amphialus*. For the very cowards no ſooner ſaw him, but as borrowing ſome of his ſpirit, they went like young Eagles to the pray, vnder the wing of their damme. For the three aduenturers, not content to keepe them from their rampire, leapt downe among them, and entered into a braue combate with the three valiant brothers. But to whether ſide Fortune would haue beene partiall, could not be determined. For the *Baſilians*, lightened with the beames of theſe ſtrangers valure, followed ſo thicke, that the *Amphialians* were glad with ſome haſt to retire to the walles-ward: though *Anaxius* neither reaſon, feare nor example, could make him aſſwage the furie of his fight: vntill one of the *Baſilians* (vnworthy to haue his name regiſtred, ſince he did it cowardly, ſideward, when he leaſt looked that way) almoſt cut off one of his legges: ſo as he fell downe, blaſpheming heauen, that all the influences thereof had power to ouerthrow him: and there death would haue ſeazed of his proud heart, but that *Amphialus* tooke in hand the blacke knight, while ſome of his ſouldiers conueied away *Anaxius*, ſo requiting life for life vnto him.

And for the loue and example of *Amphialus*, the fight began to enter into a new fitte of heate: when *Baſilius* (that thought inough to be done for that day) cauſed

retraite

retraite to be founded, fearing leaſt his men following ouer-earneſtly, might be the loſſe of thoſe excellent Knights whom he deſired to know. The knights as ſoone as they heard the retraite (though they were eagerly ſet, knowing that courage without diſcipline is nearer beaſtlines then man-hood) drew backe their ſwords, though hungry of more bloud: eſpecially the black knight, who knowing *Amphialus* could not refraine to tell him, that this was the ſecond time he eſcaped out of his hands, but that he would ſhortly bring him a bill of all the former accounts. *Amphialus* ſeeing it fit to retire alſo (moſt of his people being hurt, both in bodies and harts) withdrew himſelfe, with ſo well ſented a reſolution, that it was as far from anger, as from diſmayednesſe; anſwering no other to the blacke knights threats, but that when he brought him his account, he ſhould find a good pay-maiſter.

The fight being ceaſſed, and each ſide withdrawne within their ſtrengths, *Baſilius* ſent *Philanax* to entertaine the ſtrange knights, and to bring them vnto him, that he might acknowledge what honor was due to their vertue. But they excuſed themſelues, deſiring to be knowne firſt by their deeds, before their names ſhold accuſe their vnworthineſſe: and though the other replied according as they deſerued, yet (finding that vnwelcom curteſie is a degree of iniurie) he ſuffered them to retire themſelues to a tent of their owne without the campe, where they kept themſelues ſecret: *Philanax* himſelfe being called away to another ſtrange knight; ſtrange not only by the vnlooked forneſſe of his comming, but by the ſtrange manner of his comming.

For he had before him foure damoſels, & ſo many behind him, all vpon palfraies and all apparelled in mourning weeds; each of them a ſeruant of each ſide, with like liueries of ſorrow. Himſelfe in an armour, all painted ouer with ſuch a cunning of ſhadow, that it repreſented a gaping ſepulcher, the furniture of his horſe was all of Cypreſſe braunches: wherewith in old time they were wont to dreſſe graues. His Baſes (which he ware ſo long, as they came almoſt to his ankle) were embroderedonely with blacke wormes, which ſeemed to crawle vp and downe, as ready alreadie to deuoure him. In his ſhield for *Impreſa*, he had a beautifull child, but hauing two heads; whereon the one ſhewed, that it was already dead: the other aliue, but in that caſe, neceſſarily looking for death. The word was, *No way to bee rid from death, but by death.*

This Knight of the tombe (for ſo the ſouldiers termed him) ſent to *Baſilius* to demaund leaue to ſend in a domoſell into the towne, to call out *Amphialus*, according as before time ſome others had done. Which being graunted (as gladly would vndertake the charge, which no bodie elſe in that campe was knowne to quailing to do) the damoſell went in, & hauing with teares ſobbed out a braue challenge to *Amphialus*, from the knight of the Tombe, *Amphialus*, honourably entertaining the Gentlewoman, and deſiring to knowe the knights name (which the doleful Gentlewoman would not diſcouer) accepted the challenge, onely deſiring the Gentlewoman to ſay thus much to the ſtrange knight from him; that if his minde were like to his title, there were more cauſe of affinity, then enmity betweene them. And therefore preſently (according as he was wont) aſ ſoone as he perceiued the knight of the Tombe, with his Damoſels and Iudge, was come into the Iland, hee alſo went ouer in accuſtomed manner: and yet for the curteſie of his nature, deſired to ſpeake with him.

But the Knight of the Tombe, with ſilence, and drawing his horſe backe, ſhewed no will to heare, nor ſpeake: but with Launce on thigh, made him knowe, it was fitte for him to go to the other ende of the Carear, whence waying the ſtart of the

vnknowne Knight, he likewiſe made his ſpurres claime haſte of his horſe. But when his ſtaffe was in his reſt, comming downe to meete vvith the Knight, now verie neere him, he perceiued the Knight had miſt his reſt: wherefore the curteous *Amphialus* would not let his Launce deſcend; but with a gallant grace, ran ouer the head of his therein friended enemy: and hauing ſtopped his horſe, and with the turning of him, bleſſed his ſight with the VVindow vvhere hee thought *Philoclea* might ſtand, he perceiued the knight had lighted from his horſe, and throwne away his ſtaffe, angry with his misfortune, as of hauing miſt his reſt, and drawne his ſword to make that ſupply his fellowes fault. He alſo lighted, and drew his ſword, eſteeming victory with aduantage, rather robbed then purchaſed: and ſo the other comming eagerly toward him; he with his ſhield out, and ſword aloft, with more brauery then anger, drew vnto him; and ſtraight made their ſwords ſpeak for them a prettie while with equall fierceneſſe. But *Amphialus* (to whom the earth brought foorth few matches) hauing both much more skill to chooſe the places, and more force to worke vpon the choſen, had already made many vvindowes in his armour for death to come in at; when in the noblenes of his nature abhorring to make the puniſhment ouergo the offence, he ſtept a little backe, and withall, Sir knight (ſaid he) you may eaſily ſee, that it pleaſeth God to fauour my cauſe; employ your valour againſt them that wiſh you hurt: for my part I haue not deſerued hate of you. Thou lyeſt falſe trayтor, ſaid the other, with an angry, but weake voyce. But *Amphialus*, in whom abuſed kindneſſe became ſpitefull rage, Ah barbarous wretch (ſaid he) one-ly couragious in diſcurteſie; thou ſhalt ſoone ſee whether thy tongue hath betrayed the heart, or no: and with that redoubling his blowes, gaue him a great wound vpon his necke, and cloſing with him ouerthrew him, and in the fal thruſt him mortally into the body: and with that went to pull off his helmet, with intention to haue him giue himſelfe the lie, for hauing ſo ſaid, or to cut off his head.

But the head-peece was no ſooner off, but that there fell about the ſhoulders of the ouercome knight the treaſure of faire golden haire, which vvith the face (ſoone known by the badge of excellency) witneſſed that it was *Parthenia*, the vnfortunately vertuous wife of *Argalus*; her beauty then euen in deſpight of the paſſed ſorrow, or comming death, aſſuring all beholders, that it was nothing ſhort of perfection. For her exceeding faire eyes, hauing with continuall weeping gotten a little rednes about them; her roundy ſweetly ſwelling lips a little trembling, as though they kiſt their neighbor death; in her cheeks the whiteneſſe ſtriuing by little and little to get vpon the roſineſſe of them, her necke, a necke indeede of Alablaſter, diſplaying the wound, vvhich vvith moſt dainty blood laboured to drowne his owne beauties; ſo as here was a riuer of pureſt red, there an Iland of perfitteſt vvhite, each giuing luſtre to the other; vvith the ſweet countenance (God knowes) full of an vnaffected languiſhing; though theſe things to a groſly conceiuing ſenſe might ſeeme diſgraces, yet indeed were they but apparelling beauty in a new faſhion, vvhich all looked-vpon thorough the ſpectacles of pittie, did euen encreaſe the lines of her naturall faire-nes, ſo as *Amphialus* vvas aſtoniſhed with griefe, compaſſion, and ſhame, deteſting his fortune, that made him vnfortunate in victory.

Therefore, putting off his headpeece and gaunlet, kneeling downe vnto her, and with teares teſtifying his ſorrow, he offred his (by himſelfe accurſed) hands to help her: proteſting his life and power to be ready to doe her honour. But *Parthenia* (who had inward meſſengers of the deſired deaths approch) looking vpon him and ſtraight turning away her feeble ſight, as from a delightleſſe obiect, drawing

out her words, which her breath (loath to depart from ſo ſweet a body) did faintly deliuer, Sir (ſayd ſhe) I pray you (if priers haue place in enemies) to let my maides take my body vntouched by you: the only honour I now deſire by your meanes, is, that I haue no honor of you. *Argalus* made no ſuch bargain with you, that the hands which killed him, ſhould helpe me. I haue of them (and I do not only pardon you, but thanke you for it) the ſeruice which I deſired. There reſts nothing now, but that I go liue with him, ſince whoſe death I haue done nothing but die. Then pawſing, and a litle fainting, and againe comming to her ſelfe, ô ſweete life, welcome (ſayd ſhe) now feele I the bands vntied of the cruell death, which ſo long hath held me. And ô life, ô death, anſwer for mee, that my thoughts haue not ſo much as in a dreame taſted any comfort, ſince they were depriued of *Argalus*. I come my *Argalus*, I come; And, O God hide my faults in thy mercies, and graunt (as I feele thou doſt graunt) that in thy eternall loue, we may loue each other eternally. And this ô Lord: But there *Atropos* cut off her ſentence: for with that, caſting vp both eyes and hands to the skies, the noble ſoule departed (one might well aſſure himſelfe) to heauen, which left the body in ſo heauenly a demeanure.

But *Amphialus* (with a heart oppreſſed with griefe, becauſe of her requeſt) withdrew himſelfe: but the Iudges, as full of pity, had bene all this while diſarming her, and her gentle women with lamentable cries, labouring to ſtanch the remedileſſe wounds: and a while ſhe was dead before they perceiued it; death being able to diuide the ſoule, but not the beautie from that body. But when the infallible tokens of death aſſured them of their loſſe, one of the women would haue killed her ſelfe, but that the ſquire of *Amphialus* perceiuing, by force held her. Others that had as ſtrong paſſion, though weaker reſolution, fell to caſt duſt vpon their heads, to teare their garments: all falling vpon the earth & crying vpon their ſweet miſtres; as if their cries could perſwade the ſoule to leaue the celeſtiall happineſſe, to come again into the elements of ſorrow: one time calling to remembrance her vertue, chaſtneſſe, ſweetneſſe, goodneſſe to them: another time accurſing themſelues, that they had obeied her; being deceiued by her words, who aſſured them, that it was reuealed vnto her, that ſhe ſhould haue her hearts deſire in the battell againſt *Amphialus*, which they wrongly vnderſtood. Then kiſſing her cold hands and feete, wearie of the world, ſince ſhe was gone, who was their world, the verie heauens ſeemed with a cloudie countenance, to loure at the loſſe, and Fame it ſelfe (though by nature glad to tell ſuch rare accidents) yet could not chooſe but deliuer it in lamentable accents, and in in ſuch ſort went it quickly all ouer the Campe: and, as if the aire had bene infected with ſorrow, no heart was ſo hard, but was ſubiect to that contagion; the rareneſſe of the accident, matching together (the rarely matched together) pittie with admiration: *Baſilius* himſelfe came forth, and brought the faire *Gynecia* with him, who was come into the campe vnder colour of viſiting her husband, and hearing of her daughters: but indeed *Zelmane* was the Saint, to which her pilgrimage was intended: curſing, enuying, bleſſing, and in her heart kiſſing the walles which impriſoned her. But both they with *Philanax*, and the reſt of the principall Nobilitie, went out, to make Honour triumph ouer Death, conueying that excellent body (whereto *Baſilius* himſelfe would needs lend his ſhoulder) to a Church a mile from the Campe, where the valiant *Argalus* lay intombed; recommending to that ſepulcher the bleſſed reliques of a faithfull and vertuous Loue, giuing order for the making of two marble images, to repreſent them, & each way enriching the tombe; vpon which *Baſilius* himſelfe cauſed this Epitaph to be written.

THE EPITAPH.

HIs being was in her alone:
And he not being, ſhe was none.

They ioy'd one ioy, one griefe they grieu'd,
One loue they lou'd, one life they liu'd.
The hand was one, one was the ſword
That did his death, her death afford.

As all the reſt, ſo now the ſtone
That tombes the two, is iuſtly one.

ARGALVS & PARTHENIA.

Then with eyes full of teares, and mouthes full of her praiſes, returned they to the campe, with more and more hate againſt *Amphialus*: who poore Gentleman) had therefore greater portion of woe then any of them. For that curteous heart, which would haue grieued but to haue heard the like aduenture, was rent with remembring himſelfe to be the author: ſo that his wiſdome could not ſo far temper his paſſion, but that he tooke his ſword, counted the beſt in the world (which with much bloud he had once conquered of a mighty Gyant) and brake it into many peeces (which afterwards he had good cauſe to repent) ſaying, that neither it was worthy to ſerue the noble exerciſe of chiualrie, nor any other worthy to feele that ſword, which had ſtroken ſo excellent a Lady: and withall, baniſhing all chearefulneſſe of his countenance, he returned home. Where he gat him to his bed, not ſo much to reſt his reſtleſs mind, as to auoid al companie, the ſight wherof was tedious vnto him. And then melancholy (only rich in vnfortunat remembrances) brought before him all the miſhaps, with which his life had wreſtled: taking this, not onely as a confirming of the former, but a preſage of following miſerie; and to his heart (already ouercome by ſorrowfulneſſe) euen trifling misfortunes came, to fill vp the rolle of a grieued memorie, labouring only his wits to pierce farther & farther into his owne wretchedneſſe. So as all that night in deſpight of darknes) he held his eyes open; and in the morning when the light began to reſtore to each body his colour, then with curtaines bard he himſelf from the enioying of it: neither willing to feele the comfort of the day, nor the eaſe of the night: vntill his mother (who neuer knew what loue meant, but onely to himward) came to his bed ſide, and beginning with louing earneſtneſſe to lay a kind chiding vpon him, becauſe he wold ſuffer the weakneſſe of ſorrow, to conquer the ſtrength of his vertues; he did with a broken peece-meale ſpeech (as if the tempeſt of paſſion vtorderly blew out his words) remember the miſhaps of his youth, the euils he had bene cauſe of, his rebelling with ſhame, &

that

that ſhame increaſed with ſhamefull accidents, the deaths of *Philoxenus* & *Partheſis*, wherin he found himſelf hated of the euer-ruling powers, but eſpecially (and ſo eſpecially, as the reſt ſeemed nothing when he came to that) his fatall loue to *Philoclea*: to whom he had ſo gouerned himſelfe, as one that could neither conquer, nor yeeld; being of the one ſide a ſlaue, and of the other a iaylor: and withall, almoſt vpbrayding vnto his mother the little ſucceſſe of her large hoping promiſes, he in effect finding *Philoclea* nothing mollified, and now himſelfe ſo caſt downe, as hee thought him vnworthy of better. But his mother (as ſhe had plentifull cauſe) making him ſee, that of his other griefes there was little or no fault in himſelfe, and therefore there ought to be little or no griefe in him; when ſhe came to the head of the ſore, indeed ſeeing that ſhe could no longer patch vp her former promiſes (he taking a deſperate deafnes to all delaying hopes) ſhe confeſt plainly, that ſhe could preuaile nothing: but the fault was his owne, who had marred the yong Girle by ſeeking to haue that by praier, which he ſhould haue taken by authority. That as it were an abſurd cunning to make hie ladders to go in a plaine way; ſo was it an vntimely and fooliſh flattery, there to beſeech, where one might commaund, puffing them vp by being beſought, with ſuch a ſelf-pride of ſuperiority, that it was not (forſooth) to be held out but by a denial. O God (ſaid *Amphialus*) how well I thought my fortune would bring forth this end of your labors? aſſure your ſelf, mother, I wil ſooner pul out theſe eies, then they ſhould look vpon the heauenly *Philoclea*, but as vpon a heauen, whence they haue their light, and to which they are ſubiect; if they will powre down any influences of comfort, ô happy I: but if by the ſacrifice of a faithful hart, they will not be called vnto mee; let me languiſh, and wither with languiſhing, and grieue with withering, but neuer ſo much as repine with neuer ſo much grieuing. Mother, ô Mother, luſt may well be a tyrant, but true loue where it is indeed, it is a ſeruant. Accurſed more then I am, may I be, if euer I did approch her, but that I freezed aſmuch in a fearefull reuerence, as I burned in a vehement deſire. Did euer mans eye look thorough loue vpon the maieſty of vertue, ſhining through beautie, but that hee became (as it well became him) a captiue; and is it the ſtile of a captiue to write, *Our will and pleaſure?*

Tuſh, tuſh ſonne (ſaid *Cecropia*) you ſay you loue, but withall you feare; you fear leaſt you ſhould offend; Offend? & how know you, that you ſhould offend? becauſe ſhe doth deny. Deny? now by my truth, if your ſadnes would let me laugh, I could laugh hartily, to ſee that yet you are ignorant, that No, is no negatiue in a womans mouth. My ſonne, beleeue me, a woman ſpeaking of women: a louers modeſty among vs is much more praiſed, then liked: or if we like it, ſo well we like it, that for marring of his modeſty, he ſhall neuer proceed further. Each vertue hath his time: if you command your ſouldier to march formoſt, & he for curteſie put others before him, would you praiſe his modeſty? loue is your generall: he bids you dare: & will *Amphialus* be a daſtard? Let examples ſerue: do you think *Theſeus* ſhould euer haue gotten *Antiope* with ſighing and croſſing his armes? he rauiſhed her, and rauiſhed her that was an *Amazon*, and therefore had gotten a habite of ſtoutneſſe aboue the nature of a woman; but hauing rauiſhed her, he got a child of her. And I ſay no more, but that (they ſay) is not gotten with out conſent of both ſides. *Iole* had her owne father killed by *Hercules*, and her ſelfe rauiſhed, by force rauiſhed, and yet ere long this rauiſhed, & vnfathered Lady could ſportfully put on the Lions skin vpon her owne faire ſhoulders, and play with the club with her own delicate hands: ſo eaſily had ſhe pardoned the rauiſher, that ſhe could not but delight in thoſe weapons of rauiſhing.

But aboue all, marke *Helen* daughter to *Iupiter*, who could neuer brooke her manerly-wooing *Menelaus*, but diſdained his humbleneſſe, and lothed his ſofines. But ſo well ſhe could like the force of enforcing *Paris*, that for him ſhe could abide what might be abidden. But what? *Menelaus* takes hart, he recouers her by foce, by force carries her home, by force enioies her; and ſhe, who wold neuer like him for ſeruiceablenes, euer after loued him for violence. For what can be more agreeable, then vpō force to lay the fault of deſire, & in one inſtant to ioine a deare delight with a iuſt excuſe: or rather the true cauſe is (pardon me ô woman-kind for reueaſing to mine own ſon the truth of this myſtery) we think there wants fire, where we find no ſparkles at leaſt of fury. Truly I haue known a great Lady, long ſoght by moſt great, moſt wiſe, moſt beautifull, moſt valiant perſons; neuer won, becauſe they did ouer-ſuperſtitiouſly ſollicite her: the ſame Lady brought vnder by another, inferiour to all them in all thoſe qualities, only becauſe he could vſe that imperious maiſterfulnes, which nature giues to men aboue women. For indeed (ſon, I confeſſe vnto you) in our very creation we are ſeruants: and who prayeth his ſeruants ſhall neuer be well obeyed: but as a ready horſe ſtreight yeelds, when he finds one that will haue him yeeld, the ſame fals to bounds when he feeles a fearfull horſeman. Awake thy ſpirits (good *Amphialus*) and aſſure thy ſelfe, that though ſhe refuſeth, ſhe refuſeth but to endeer the obtaining. If ſhe weepe, and chide, and proteſt before it be gotten, ſhee can but weepe, and chide, and proteſt, when it is gotten. Thinke, ſhe would not ſtriue, but that ſhe means to try thy force: and my *Amphialus*, know thy ſelfe a man, and ſhew thy ſelfe a man; and (beleeue me vpon my word) a woman is a woman.

Amphialus was about to anſwere her, when a Gentleman of his made him vnderſtand, that there was a meſſenger come, who had brought a letter vnto him from out of the campe: whom he preſently calling for, tooke, opened, and read the letter, importing this:

To thee Amphialus *of* Arcadia, *the forſaken Knight wiſheth health, and courage, that by my hand thou maieſt receiue puniſhment for thy treaſon, according to thine owne offer, which wickedly occaſioned, thou haſt proudly begun, and accurſedly maintained. I will preſently (if thy minde faint thee not for his owne guiltineſſe) meete thee in thy Iland, in ſuch order, as hath by the former beene vſed: or if thou likeſt not the time, place, or weapon, I am ready to take thine owne reaſonable choiſe in any of them; ſo as thou do performe the ſubſtance. Make me ſuch anſwere as may ſhew that thou haſt ſome taſte of honour: and ſo I leaue thee, to liue till I meete thee.*

Amphialus read it, and with a deepe ſigh (according to the humour of inward affliction) ſeemed euen to condemne himſelfe, as though indeed his reproches were true. But howſoeuer the dulneſſe of Melancholy would haue languiſhingly yeelded thereunto, his Courage (vnuſed to ſuch iniuries) deſired helpe of Anger to make him this anſwer.

Forſaken Knight, though your nameleſſe challenge might carry in it ſelfe excuſe for a man of my birth & eſtate, yet herein ſet your heart at reſt, you ſhal not be forſaken. I will without ſtay anſwer you in the wonted manner, and come both armed in your fooliſh threatnings, and yet the more feareleſſe, expecting weake blowes, where I find ſo ſtrong words. You ſhall not therefore long attend me in the Iland, before proofe teach you, that of my life you haue made your ſelfe too large a promiſe. In the meane time, Farewell.

This

This being vvritten, and deliuered, the meſſenger told him that his Lord vvould (if he liked the ſame) bring two Knights vvith him to be his Patrons. Which *Amphialus* accepted, and vvithal ſhaking off (vvith reſolution) his mothers importunate diſſwaſions, he furniſhed himſelfe for the fight, but not in his vvonted furniture. For novv (as if he vvould turne his inſide outward) he would needs appeare all in blacke; his decking both for himſelfe, and horſe, being cut out into the faſhion of very rags: yet all ſo daintily ioyned together with precious ſtones, as it was a braue raggednesſe, and a rich pouertie: and ſo cunningly had a workeman followed his humour in his armour, that he had giuen it a ruſty ſhew, and yet ſo, as any man might perceiue was by art, & not negligence; carying at one inſtant a diſgraced handſomneſs, and a new oldneſſe. In his ſhield he bare for his deuiſe, a Night, by an excellent painter excellently painted, with a Sunne with a ſhadow, and vpon the ſhadow a ſpeech ſignifying, that it *only* was *barrd from inioying that, whereof it had his life*: or, *From whoſe I am, baniſhed*. In his creſt he carried *Philocleas* knives, the only token of her forced fauour.

So paſt he ouer into the Iland, taking with him the two brothers of *Anaxius*; where hee found the forſaken Knight, attired in his owne liuery, as blacke as ſorrow it ſelfe could ſee it ſelfe in the blackeſt glaſſe: his ornaments of the ſame hew, but formed into the figure of Rauens, vvhich ſeemed to gape for carrion: onelie his raynes were ſnakes, which finely wrapping themſelues one vvithin the other, their heads came together to the cheekes and boſſes of the bit, where they might ſeeme to bite at the horſe, and the horſe (as hee champte the bit) to bite at them, and that the white foame vvas ingendred by the poyſonous furie of the combate. His *Impreſa* was a *Catoblepta* which ſo long lies dead, as the Moone (whereto it hath ſo naturall a ſympathie) wants her light. The vvord ſignified that *The Moone wanted not the light, but the poore beaſt wanted the Moones light*. He had in his headpeece, a whippe, to witneſſe a ſelfe-puniſhing repentance. Their verie horſes were cole-blacke too, not hauing ſo much as one ſtarre to giue light to their night of blackeneſſe: ſo as one would haue thought they had beene the two ſonnes of Sorrow, and were come thither to fight for their birth-right in that ſorie inheritance.

Which alliance of paſſions ſo moued *Amphialus* (already tender minded by the afflictions of Loue) that without ſtaffe or ſword drawne, hee trotted fairely to the forſaken Knight, willing to haue put off this combat, to which his melancholy hart did (more then euer in like occaſion) miſgiue him: and therefore ſaluting him, Good Knight (ſaid he) becauſe we are men, and ſhould know reaſon why wee doe things; tell me the cauſe, that makes you thus eager to fight with me. Becauſe I affirme (anſwered the forſaken Knight) that thou doſt moſt rebellious iniurie to thoſe Ladies to whom all men owe ſeruice. You ſhall not fight with me (ſaid *Amphialus*) vpon the quarrell: for I confeſſe the ſame too: but it proceeds from their owne beautie, to enforce Loue to offer this force. I maintaine then (ſaid the forſaken Knight) that thou art not worthy ſo to loue. And that confeſſe I too (ſaid *Amphialus*) ſince the world is not ſo richly bleſſed, as to bring forth any thing worthy therof. But no more vnworthy then any other, ſince in none can be a more worthy loue. Yes, more vnworthy then my ſelfe (ſaid the forſaken Knight) for though I deſerue contempt, thou deſerueſt both contempt, and hatred.

But *Amphialus* by that thinking (though wrongly, each indeed miſtaking other) that he was his riuall, forgat all mind of reconciliation, and hauing all his thoughts bound

bound vp in choller, neuer ſtaying either iudge, trumpet, or his owne launce, drew out his ſword, and ſaying, Thou lyeſt falſe villaine vnto him; his words and blowes came ſo quicke together, as the one ſeemed a lightning of the others thunder. But he found no barren ground of ſuch ſeede: for it yeelded him his owne with ſuch encreaſe, that though Reaſon and Amazement go rarely together, yet the moſt reaſonable eyes that ſaw it, found reaſon to be amazed at the fury of their combat. Neuer game of death better played; neuer fury ſet it ſelf forth in greater brauery. The curteous *Vulcan*, when he wrought at his more curteous wiues requeſt *Æneas* an armour, made not his hammer beget a greater ſound, then the ſwords of thoſe noble Knights did: they needed no fire to their forge, for they made the fire to ſhine at the meeting of their ſwords, and armours, each ſide fetching ſtill new ſpirit from the caſtle window, and carefull of keeping their ſight that way as a matter of greater conſideration in their combat, then either the aduantage of Sunne or winde: which Sunne and winde (if the aſtoniſhed eyes of the beholders were not by the aſtoniſhment deceiued) did both ſtand ſtill to be beholders of this rare match. For neither could their amazed eyes diſcerne motion of the Sunne, and no breath of wind ſtirred, as if either for feare it would not com among ſuch blowes, or with delight had his eyes ſo buſie, as it had forgot to open his mouth. This fight being the more cruell, ſince that Loue and Hatred conſpired to ſharpen their humours, that hard it was to ſay, whether Loue with one trumpet, or Hatred with another, gaue the lowder alarum to their courages. Spite, rage, diſdaine, ſhame, reuenge, came waiting vpon Hatred: of the other ſide came with loue-longing Deſire, both inuincible Hope, and feareleſſe Deſpaire, with riuallike Icalouſie, which (although brought vp within doores in the ſchoole of *Cupid*) would ſhew themſelues no leſſe forward, then the other duſty band of *Mars*, to make themſelues notable in the notablenſſe of this combat. Of either ſide Confidence, vnacquainted with Loſſe, but aſſuring truſt to ouercome; and good experience how to ouercome: now ſeconding their terrible blowes with cunning labouring the horſes, to winne ground of the enemy; now vnlooked-for parting one from the other, to winne aduantage by an aduantageous returne. But force againſt force, skill againſt skill, ſo enterchangeably encountred, that it was not eaſie to determine, whether enterpriſing, or preuenting came former: both, ſometimes at one inſtant, doing and ſuffring wrong, and choler no leſſe riſing of the doing, then of the ſuffring. But as the fire, the more fuell is put to it, the more hungrie ſtill it is to deuoure more: ſo the more they ſtrake, the more vnſatisfied they were with ſtriking. Their veric armour by peecemeale fell away from them: and yet their fleſh abode the wounds conſtantly, as though it were leſſe ſenſible of ſmart, then the ſenſleſſe armour: their bloud in moſt places ſtayning their blacke colour, as if it would giue a more liuely colour of mourning, then blacke can do. And ſo a long ſpace they fought, while neither vertue nor fortune ſeemed partiall of either ſide: which ſo tormented the vnquiet heart of *Amphialus*, that he reſolued to ſee a quicke end: and therefore with the violence of courage, adding ſtrength to his blowe, he ſtrake in ſuch wiſe vpon the ſide of the others head, that his remembrance left that battered lodging: ſo as he was quite from himſelfe, caſting his armes abroad, and ready to fall downe; his ſword likewiſe went out of his hand; but that being faſt by a chaine to his arme, he could not looſe. And *Amphialus* vſed the fauour of occaſion, redoubling his blowes: but the horſe (weary to be beaten, as well as the maiſter) carried his maiſter away, till he came vnto himſelf. But then who could haue ſeene him,

might

might well haue discerned shame in his cheekes, and reuenge in his eyes: so as setting his teeth together with rage, he came running vpon *Amphialus*, reaching out his arme, which had gathered vp his sword, meaning with that blow to haue cleaued *Amphialus* in two. But *Amphialus* seeing the blow comming, shunned it with nimble turning his horse aside; wherewith the forsaken Knight ouer-strake himself so, as almost he came downe with his owne strength. But the more hungrie of his purpose, the more he was barred the food of it: disdaining the resistance, both of force and fortune, hee returned vpon the spurre againe, and ranne with such violence vpon *Amphialus*, that his horse with the force of the shocke rose vp before, almost ouerturned: which *Amphialus* perceiuing, with rayne and spur put forth his horse; and withall gaue a mighty blow in the descent of his horse, vpon the shoulder of the forsaken Knight; from whence sliding, it fell vpon the necke of his horse, so as horse and man fell to the ground: but he was scarce downe before hee was vp on his feete againe, with braue gesture shewing rising of courage, in the falling of fortune. But the curteous *Amphialus* excused himselfe, for hauing (against his will) kild his horse. Excuse thy selfe for viler faults (answered the forsaken Knight) and vse this poore aduantage the best thou canst; for thou shalt quickly finde thou hast neede of more. Thy folly (said *Amphialus*) shall not make me forget my selfe: and therewith (trotting a little aside) alighted from his horse, because he would not haue fortune come to claime any part of the victorie. Which curteous act would haue mollified the noble heart of the forsaken Knight, if any other had done it, besides the taylor of his mistresse: but that was a sufficient defeazaunce for the firmest bond of good nature; and therefore he was no sooner alighted, but that he ranne vnto him, reentring into as cruell a fight, as eye did euer see, or thought could reasonably imagine; farre beyond the reach of weake words to be able to expresse it. For what they had done on horsebacke, was but as a morsel to keepe their stomackes in appetite, in comparison of that, which now (being themselues) they did. Nor euer glutton by the change of daintie diet could be brought to fresh feeding (when he might haue been satisfied before) with more earnestnesse, then those (by the change of their manner of fight) fell cleane to a new fight; though any else would haue thought they had had their fil already. *Amphialus* being the taller man, for the most part stood with his right legge before; his shield at the vttermost length of his arme; his sword hie, but with the point toward his enemy. But when he strake, which came so thick, as if euery blow would striue to be foremost, his arme seemed still a postillion of death. The forsaken Knight shewed with like skill, vnlike gesture, keeping himselfe in continuall motion, proportioning the distance betweene them to any thing that *Amphialus* attempted; his eye guided his foote, and his foot conueighed his hand; and since nature had made him something the lower of the two, he made art follow, and not striue with nature: shunning rather then warding his blowes; like a cunning mastiffe, who knowes the sharpnes of the horne & strength of the Bull; fights low to get his proper aduantage; answering mightines with nimblenes, and yet at times imploying his wonderfull force, wherein he was second to none. In summe, the blowes were strong, the thrusts thicke, and the auoydings cunning. But the forsaken Knight (that thought it a degree of being conquered to be long in conquering) strake him so mighty a blow, that he made *Amphialus* put knee to the ground, without any humblenesse. But when he felt himselfe striken downe, and saw himselfe striken downe by his riuall, then shame seemed one arme, and disdaine another; fury in his eyes, and reuenge in his heart; skill and force gaue

place

place, and they tooke the place of skil and force: with so vnweariable a manner, that the forsaken Knight also was driuen to leaue the sterne of cunning, and giue himself wholly to be guided by the storme of fury: there being in both (because hate would not suffer admiration) extreame disdaine to find themselues so matched.

What (said *Amphialus* to himselfe) am I *Amphialus*, before whom so many monsters and Gyants haue falne dead, when I only fought causeless aduentures? and can one Knight now withstand me in the presence of *Philoclea*, and fighting for *Philoclea*? or since I lost my liberty, haue I lost my courage? haue I gotten the heart of a slaue as well as the fortune? If an army were against me in the sight of *Philoclea*, could it resist me? O beast, one man resists thee: thy riuall resists thee, or am I indeed *Amphialus*? haue not passions kild him, and wretched I (I know not how) succeeded into his place? Of the other side, the forsaken Knight with no lesse spite, fell out with himselfe; Hast thou broken (said he to himselfe) the commandement of thy onely Princesse, to come now into her presence, and in her presence to proue thy selfe a coward? Doth *Asia* and *Egypt* set vp Trophies vnto thee, to bee matched here by a traytor? O noble *Barsanes*, how shamed will my soule be, that hee that slew thee, should be resisted by this one man? O incomparable *Pyrocles*, more grieued wilt thou be with thy friends shame, then with thine owne imprisonment, when thou shalt know how little I haue bin able to do for the deliuery of thee, & those heauenly Princesses. Am I worthy to befriend to the most valourous Prince that euer was entituled valourous, and shew my selfe so weak a wretch? No, shamed *Musidorus*, worthy for nothing, but to keepe sheepe, get thee a sheephooke againe, since thou canst vse a sword no better.

Thus at times did they, now with one thought, then with another, sharpen their ouer-sharpe humors; like the Lion that beates himselfe with his owne taile, to make himselfe the more angry. These thoughts indeede not staying, but whetting their angry swords, which now had put on the apparell of Cruelty: they bleeding so abundantly, that euery bodie that saw them, fainted for them, and yet they fainted not in themselues: their smart being more sensible to others eyes, then to their owne feeling. Wrath and Courage barring the common sense from bringing any message of their case to the mind: Paine, Wearinesse, & Weakenesse, not daring to make knowne their case (though already in the limits of death) in the presence of so violent fury: which filling the veines with rage, in steede of bloud, and making the mind minister spirits to the body, a great while held out their fight, like an arrow shotte vpward by the force of the bow, though by his owne nature hee would go downeward. The forsaken Knight had the more wounds, but *Amphialus* had the sorer; which the other (watching time and place) had cunninglie giuen vnto him. Who euer saw a wel-mand Galley fight with a tall ship, might make vnto himselfe some kind of comparison of the difference of these two Knights; a better couple then which the world could not bragge of. *Amphialus* seemed to excell in strength, the forsaken Knight in nimblenesse; and yet did the ones strength excel in nimblenesse, & the others nimblenesse excell in strength: but now, strength & nimblenesse were both gone, and excesse of courage onely maintained the fight. Three times had *Amphialus* with his mighty blowes driuen the forsaken Knight to goe staggering backward, but euery one of those times hee requited paine with smart and shame with repulse. And now, whether he had cause, or that ouer-much confidence (an ouer-forward scholler of vnconquered Courage) made him think he had cause, he began to perswade himselfe he had the aduantage of the combat, though the

the aduantage he tooke himselfe to haue, was only that he should be the later to die: which hope, Hate (as vnsecret as Loue) could not conceale, but drawing himselfe a little backe from him, brake out in these manner of words.

Ah *Amphialus* (said the forsaken knight) this third time thou shalt not escape me, but thy death shall satisfie thy iniurie and my malice, and pay for the crueltie thou shewedst in killing the noble *Argalus* and the faire *Parthenia*. In troth (said *Amphialus*) thou art the best knight that euer I fought withall, which would make me willing to grant thee thy life, if thy wit were as good as thy courage; (that besides other follies) laiest that to my charge, which most against my will was committed. But whether my death be in thy power, or no, let this tell thee; and vpon the word waited a blow, which parted his shield into two peeces; and despising the weake resistance of his already broken armour, made a great breach into his heart side, as if he would make a passage for his loue to get out at.

But paine rather seemed to increase life, then to weaken life in those champions. For the forsaken knight comming in with his right leg, & making it guide the force of the blow, strake *Amphialus* vpō the belly so horrible a wound, that his guts came out withall. Which *Amphialus* perceiuing (fearing death, onely because it should come with ouerthrow) he seemed to coniure all his strength for one moments seruice; and so, lifting vp his sword with both hands, hit the forsaken knight vpon the head, a blow, wherwith his sword brake. But (as if it would do a notable seruice before it died) it preuailed so, euen in the instant of breaking, that the forsaken knight fell to the ground, quite for that instant forgetting both loue and hatred: & *Amphialus* (finding himselfe also in such weakenesse, as he looked for speedy death) glad of the victory, though little hoping to enioy it, puld vp his visar, meaning with his dagger to giue him death; but in steed of death, he gaue him life: for, the aire so reuiued his spirits, that comming to himselfe, and seeing his present danger, with a life conquering death, he took *Amphialus* by the thigh, and together rose himselfe and ouerturned him. But *Amphialus* scrambled vp againe, both now so weake indeed, as their motiōs rather seem'd the after drops to a storm, then any matter of great fury.

But *Amphialus* might repent himselfe of his wilful breaking his good sword: for, the forsaken knight (hauing with the extremity of iustlie-conceiued hate, and the vnpitifulnesse of his owne neare-threatning death, blotted out all complements of curtesie) let flie at him so cruelly, that though the blowes were weake, yet weakenesse vpon a weakned subiect, proued such strength, that *Amphialus* hauing attempted in vaine, once or twise to close with him, receiuing wound vpon wound, sent his whole burthen to strike the earth vvith falling, since he could strike his foe no better in standing: giuing no other tokens of himselfe, then as of a man euen ready to take his oath to be deaths true seruant.

Which when the hardie brothers of *Anaxius* perceiued, not recking law of armes, nor vse of chiualrie, they flew in to defend their friend, or reuenge their losse of him. But they were forthwith encountred with the two braue companions of the forsaken knight, whereof the one being all in greene, both armour and furniture, it seemed a pleasant garden, wherein grew Orange trees; which with their golden fruites, cunningly beaten in and embroydered, greatly inriched the eye-pleasing colour of greene. In his shield was a sheep feeding in a pleasant field, with this word *Without feare or enuy*. And therefore was called the Knight of the sheep. The other knight was all in milke white, his attiring else all cut in stars, which made of cloth of siluer, and siluer spangles, each way seemed to cast many aspects. His deuice vvas

place, and they tooke the place of skil and force: with ſo vnweariable a manner, that the forſaken Knight alſo was driuen to leaue the ſterne of cunning, and giue himſelf wholly to be guided by the ſtorme of fury: there being in both (becauſe hate would not ſuffer admiration) extreame diſdaine to find themſelues ſo matched.

What (ſaid *Amphialus* to himſelfe) am I *Amphialus*, before whom ſo many monſters and Gyants haue falne dead, when I only fought cauſeleſſe aduentures? and can one Knight now withſtand me in the preſence of *Philoclea*, and fighting for *Philoclea*? or ſince I loſt my liberty, haue I loſt my courage? haue I gotten the heart of a ſlaue as well as the fortune? If an army were againſt me in the ſight of *Philoclea*, could it reſiſt me? O beaſt, one man reſiſts thee: thy riuall reſiſts thee, or am I indeed *Amphialus*? haue not paſſions kild him, and wretched I (I know not how) ſucceeded into his place? Of the other ſide, the forſaken Knight with no leſſe ſpite, fell out with himſelfe; Haſt thou broken (ſaid he to himſelfe) the commandement of thy onely Princeſſe, to come now into her preſence, and in her preſence to proue thy ſelfe a coward? Doth *Aſia* and *Egypt* ſet vp Trophies vnto thee, to bee matched here by a traytor? O noble *Barſanes*, how ſhamed will my ſoule be, that hee that ſlew thee, ſhould be reſiſted by this one man? O incomparable *Pyrocles*, more grieued wilt thou be with thy friends ſhame, then with thine owne impriſonment, when thou ſhalt know how little I haue bin able to do for the deliuery of thee, & thoſe heauenly Princeſſes. Am I worthy to be friend to the moſt valourous Prince that euer was entituled valourous, and ſhew my ſelfe ſo weak a wretch? No, ſhamed *Muſidorus*, worthy for nothing, but to keepe ſheepe, get thee a ſheephooke againe, ſince thou canſt vſe a ſword no better.

Thus at times did they, now with one thought, then with another, ſharpen their ouer-ſharpe humors; like the Lion that beates himſelfe with his owne taile, to make himſelfe the more angry. Theſe thoughts indeede not ſtaying, but whetting their angry ſwords, which now had put on the apparell of Crueltie: they bleeding ſo aboundantly, that euery bodie that ſaw them, fainted for them, and yet they fainted not in themſelues: their ſmart being more ſenſible to others eyes, then to their owne feeling. Wrath and Courage barring the common ſenſe from bringing any meſſage of their caſe to the mind: Paine, Wearineſſe, & Weakneſſe, not daring to make knowne their caſe (though already in the limits of death) in the preſence of ſo violent fury: which filling the veines with rage, in ſteede of bloud, and making the mind miniſter ſpirits to the body, a great while held out their fight, like an arrow ſhotte vpward by the force of the bow, though by his owne nature hee would go downeward. The forſaken Knight had the more wounds, but *Amphialus* had the ſorer; which the other (watching time and place) had cunninglie giuen vnto him. Who euer ſaw a wel-mand Galley fight with a tall ſhip, might make vnto himſelfe ſome kind of compariſon of the difference of theſe two Knights; a better couple then which the world could not bragge of. *Amphialus* ſeemed to excell in ſtrength, the forſaken Knight in nimbleneſſe; and yet did the ones ſtrength excel in nimbleneſſe, & the others nimbleneſſe excell in ſtrength: but now, ſtrength & nimbleneſſe were both gone, and exceſſe of courage onely maintained the fight. Three times had *Amphialus* with his mighty blowes driuen the forſaken Knight to goe ſtaggering backward, but euery one of thoſe times hee requited paine with ſmart and ſhame with repulſe. And now, whether he had cauſe, or that ouer-much confidence (an ouer-forward ſcholler of vnconquered Courage) made him think he had cauſe, he began to perſwade himſelfe he had the aduantage of the combat, though

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the aduantage he tooke himselfe to haue, was only that he should be the later to die: which hope, Hate (as vnsecret as Loue) could not conceale, but drawing himselfe a little backe from him, brake out in these manner of words.

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the very Pole it ſelfe, about which many ſtarres ſtirring, but the place it ſelfe left void. The word was, *The beſt place yet reſerued.* But theſe four knights inheriting the hate of their friends, began a moſt fierce combat: the forſaken knight himſelfe not able to helpe his ſide, but was driuen to ſit him downe, with the extreame faintneſſe of his more and more fainting body. But thoſe valiant couples ſeeking honour by diſhonouring, and to build ſafetie vpon ruine, gaue new appetites to the almoſt glutted eyes of the beholders: and now bloud began to put ſweat from the ful poſſeſsion of their outſides, no aduantage being yet to be ſeene; onely the knight of the ſheepe ſeeming moſt deliuer, and affecting moſt of all that viewed him, when a companie of ſouldiers ſent by *Cecropia*, came out in boates to the Iſland; and all came running to the deſtruction of the three knightes, whereof the one was vtterly vnable to defend himſelfe.

But then did the other two knights ſhew their wonderfull courage and fidelitie. For turning backe to back, and both beſtriding the black forſaken knight (who had fainted ſo long til he had loſt the feeling of faintneſſe) they held play againſt the reſt, though the two brothers vnknightly helped them; till *Philanax* (who watchfully attended ſuch traiterous practiſes) ſent likewiſe ouer, both by boat and ſwimming, ſo choice a number as did put moſt of the other to the ſword. Onely the two brothers with ſom of the braueſt of them, carying away the body of *Amphialus*, which they would rather haue died, then haue left behinde them.

So was the forſaken knight (laid vpon clokes) carried home to the campe. But his two friends knowing his carneſt deſire not to be knowne, couering him from any bodies eyes, conueyed him to their owne tent: *Baſilius* himſelfe conquering his carneſt deſire to ſee him, with feare to diſpleaſe him, who had fought ſo notably in his quarrell. But Fame ſet the honour vpon his backe, which he would not ſuffer to ſhine in his face: no mans mouth being barraine of praiſes to the noble knight, that had battered the moſt eſteemed knight in the world: euery body praying for his life, and thinking that therein they prayed for themſelues. But he himſelfe, when by the diligent care of friends, and well applyed cunning of Surgeons, he came to renew againe the league betweene his minde and body; then fell he to a freſh warre with his owne thoughts, wrongfully condemning his manhood, laying cowardiſe to himſelfe, whom the impudenteſt backbiter would not ſo haue wronged. For his courage (vſed to vſe victory as an inheritance) could brooke no reſiſtance at any time: but now that he had promiſed himſelfe not only the conqueſt of him, but the ſcaling of the walles, and deliuerie of *Pamela*, though he had done beyond all others expectation, yet ſo ſhort was he of his owne, that he hated to looke vpon the Sunne, that had ſeene him do ſo weakely: and ſo much abhorred all viſitation or honour, whereof he thought himſelfe vnworthy, that he beſought his two noble friends to cary him away to a caſtle not far off, where he might cure his wounds, and neuer be known till he made ſucceſſe excuſe this (as he thought) want in him. They louingly obeyed him, leauing *Baſilius* and all the campe verie ſorie for the parting of theſe three vnknowne knights, in whoſe proweſſe they had repoſed greateſt truſt of victory.

But they being gone, *Baſilius* and *Philanax* gaue good order to the ſtrengthning of the ſiege, fortifying themſelues, ſo as they feared no more any ſuch ſodain onſet, as that of *Anaxius*. And they within (by reaſon of *Anaxius* hurt, but eſpeciallie of *Amphialus*-is) gaue themſelues only to a diligent watch and ward, making no ſallies out, but committing the principall truſt to *Zoilus* & *Lycurgus*. For *Anaxius* was yet

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forced to keepe his chamber. And as for *Amphialus*, his body had such wounds, & he gaue such wounds to his minde, as easilie it could not be determined, whether death or he made the greater haste one to the other: for when the diligent care of cunning Chirurgians had brought life to the possession of his owne right, Sorrow and Shame (like two corrupted seruants) came waiting of it, perswading nothing but the giuing ouer of it self to destruction. They laid before his eies his present case, painting euerie peece of it in most vgly colours: they shewed him his loue wrapped in despaire, his fame blotted by ouerthrow; so that if before he languished, because he could not obtaine his desiring, he now lamented, because he durst not desire the obtaining. Recreant *Amphialus* (would he say to himselfe) how darest thou entitle thy selfe the louer of *Philoclea*, that hast neither shewed thy selfe a faithfull coward, nor a valiant rebell, but both rebellious and cowardly, which no law can quite, nor grace haue pittie of? Alas life, what little pleasure thou doest me, to giue me nothing but sense of reproch, and exercise of ruine? I would (sweet *Philoclea*) I had died, before thy eyes had seene my weaknesse: and then perchance with some sigh thou wouldest haue confessed, thou hadst lost a worthy seruant. But now, caytise that I am, what euer I haue done, serues but to build vp my riuals glorie. To these speeches he would couple such gestures of vexation, & would fortifie the gestures with such effects of fury, as sometimes offring to teare vp his wounds, sometimes to refuse the sustenance of meat, and counsell of Physitions, that his perplexed mother was driuen to make him by force to be tended, with extreame sorrow to her selfe and annoyance to him: till in the end he was contented to promise her, hee would attempt no violence vpon himselfe, vpon condition he might be troubled by no body but only his Physitions: his melancholy detesting all companie, so as not the very Chirurgians nor seruants durst speake vnto him in doing him seruice: only he had prayed his mother, as she tendred his life, she would procure him grace, and that without that, she would neuer come at him more.

His mother, who had confined all her loue onely vnto him, set only such about him, as were absolutely at her commandement, whom she forbad to let him know any thing that passed in the castle, till his wounds were cured, but as she from time to time should instruct them: she (for her self) being resolued, now she had the gouernement of all things in her owne hands, to satisfie her sons loue by their yeelding, or satisfie her owne reuenge in their punishment. Yet first, because she would be the freer from outward force, she sent a messenger to the campe to denounce vnto *Basilius*, that if he did not presently raise his siege, she would cause the heads of the three Ladies, prisoners, to be cut off before his eyes. And to make him the more feare a present performance, she caused his two daughters and *Zelmane* to be led vnto the walles, where she had made a scaffold, easie to be seene by *Basilius*: and there caused them to be kept, as ready for the slaughter, till answere came from *Basilius*. A sight full of pitie it was, to see those three (all excelling in all those excellencies, wherewith Nature can beautifie any body: *Pamela* giuing sweetnesse to maiestie, *Philoclea* enriching nobleness with humbleness, *Zelmane* setting in womanly beauty manlike valour) to be thus subiected to the basest iniury of vniust fortune. One might see in *Pamela* a willingnes to die, rather then to haue life at others discretion, though sometimes a Princely disdaine would sparkle out of her Princelie eyes, that it should be in others power to force her to die. In *Philoclea* a prety feare came vp, to endamaske her rosie cheekes: but it was such a feare, as rather seemed a kindly child to her innate humblenes, then any other dismayednes: or if she

were diſmayed, it was more for *Zelmane*, then for her ſelfe; or if more for her ſelf, it was becauſe *Zelmane* ſhould loſe her. As for *Zelmane*, as ſhe went with her hands bound (for they durſt not aduenture on her well knowne valour, eſpecially among a people, which perchaunce might be mooued by ſuch a ſpectacle to ſome reuolt) ſhe was the true image of ouermaiſtered courage, and of ſpite, that ſees no remedy. For her breaſt ſwelled withall, the bloud burſt out at her noſe, and ſhe looked paler then accuſtomed, with her eyes caſt on the ground, with ſuch a grace, as if ſhe were fallen out with the heauens, for ſuffering ſuch an iniurie. The lookers on were ſo moued withall, as they miſliked what themſelues did, and yet ſtill did what themſelues miſliked. For ſome glad to rid themſelues of the dangerous annoyance of this ſiege, ſome willing to ſhorten the way to *Amphialus* ſucceſſion (whereon they were dependants) ſome and the greateſt ſome, doing becauſe others did, and ſuffering becauſe none durſt begin to hinder, did in this ſort ſet their hands to this (in their owne conſcience) wicked enterpriſe.

But when this meſſage was brought to *Baſilius*, and that this pitifull preparation was a ſufficient letter of credite for him to beleeue it, he called vnto him his chiefe Councellours: among which, thoſe he chiefly truſted were *Philanax*, and *Kalander* lately come to the campe at *Baſilius* commandement, and in himſelfe wearie of his ſolitarie life, wanting his ſonnes preſence, and neuer hauing heard from his beloued gueſts ſince they parted from him. Now in this doubt what he ſhould do, he willed *Kalander* to giue him his aduiſe; who ſpake much to this purpoſe. You command me ſir (ſaid he) to ſpeak rather becauſe you will keep your wonted graue and noble maner, to do nothing of importance without counſel, then that in this cauſe (which indeed hath but one way) your mind needs to haue any counſel: ſo as my ſpeech ſhal rather be to confirme what you haue already determined, then to argue againſt any poſsibility of other determination. For what ſophiſtical ſcholler can find any queſtion in this, whether you will haue your incõparable daughters liue, or die? whether ſince you be here to cauſe their deliuerance, you wil make your being here the cauſe of their deſtruction? for nothing can be more vnſenſible, then to thinke what one doth, and to forget the end why it is done. Do therefore as I am ſure you meane to do, remoue the ſiege, & after ſeeke by practiſe, or other gentle meanes, to recouer that which by force you cannot: & therof is indeed (when it pleaſe you) more counſell to be taken. Once, in extreamities the winning of time is the purchaſe of life, and worſe by nø meanes then their deaths can befall vnto you. A man might vſe more words, if it were to any purpoſe to gild gold, or that I had any cauſe to doubt of your mind: but you are wiſe, and are a father. He ſaid no more, for he durſt not attempt to perſwade the marying of his daughter to *Amphialus*, but left that to bring in at another conſultation. But *Baſilius* made ſigne to *Philanax*, who ſtanding a while in a maze as inwardly perplexed, at laſt thus deliuered his opinion.

If euer I could wiſh my faith vntried, & my counſell vntruſted, it ſhould be at this time, whē in truth I muſt confeſs I would be content to purchaſe ſilence with diſcredite. But ſince you command, I obey: only let me ſay thus much, that I obey not to theſe excellēt Ladies father, but to my Prince: & a Prince it is to whō I giue counſel. Therefore as to a Prince I ſay, that the graue & (I well know) true-minded counſel of my Lord *Kalander* had come in good time when you firſt tooke armes, before all your ſubiects gate notice of your intention, before ſo much bloud was ſpent, & before they were driuen to ſeeke this ſhift for their laſt remedie. But if now, this force you away, why did you take armes? ſince you might be ſure when euer they were in extre-

extremitie they would haue recourſe to this threatning? And for a wiſe man to take in hand that which his enemy may with a word ouerthrow, hath in my cõceit great incongruitie, & as great, not to forethinke what his enemy in reaſon will do. But they threaten they wil kill your daughters. What if they promiſed you if you remoued your ſiege, they would honorably ſend home your daughters? would you be angled by their promiſes? truly no more ought you be terrified by their threatnings. For yet of the two, promiſe binds faith more then threatning. But indeede a Prince of iudgement ought not to conſider what his enemies promiſe, or threaten, but what the promiſers & threatners in reaſon will do: and the neareſt coniecture thereunto, is what is beſt for their owne behoofe to do. They threaten if you remoue not they will kill your daughters: and if you do remoue, what ſuretie haue you but that they will kill them? ſince if the purpoſe be to cut off all impediments of *Amphialus* ambition, the ſame cauſe will continue when you are away; and ſo much the more encouraged, as the reuenging power is abſent, and they haue the more opportunitie to draw their factious friends about them: but if it be for their ſecuritie onelie, the ſame cauſe will bring forth the ſame effect: and for their ſecuritie they will preſerue them. But it may be ſaid, No man knowes what deſperate folkes will do: it is true, & as true that no reaſon nor policie can preuent what deſperate folkes wil do: and therfore they are among thoſe dangers, which wiſedome is not to recken. Only let it ſuffice to take away their deſpaire, which may be by granting pardon for what is paſt; ſo as the Ladies may be freely deliuered. And let them that are your ſubiects truſt you that are their Prince; do not you ſubiect your ſelfe to truſt them, who are ſo vntruſtie as to be manifeſt traitors. For if they find you ſo baſe-minded, as by their threatning to remoue your force, what indignitie is it, that they would not bring you vnto ſtill by the ſame threatning? ſince then if loue ſtirre them, loue will keepe them from murthering what they loue; & if ambition prouoke them, ambitious they will be when you are away, as well as while you are here: take not away your force, which bars not the one, & bridles the other. For as for their ſhewes and words, they are but feare babes, not worthy once to moue a worthy mans conceit, which muſt ſtill conſider what in reaſon they are like to do. Their deſpaire I graunt you ſhall do well to preuent: which as it is the laſt of all reſolutions, ſo no man fals into it while ſo good a way as you may offer, is open vnto them. In ſumme, you are a Prince, and a father of a people, who ought with the eye of wiſdome, the hand of fortitude, and the heart of iuſtice, to ſet downe all priuate conceits, in compariſon of what for the publicke is profitable."

He would haue proceeded on, when *Gynecia* came running in amazed for her daughter *Pamela*, but mad for *Zelmane*: and falling at *Baſilius* feet, beſought him to make no delay; vſing ſuch geſtures of compaſſion in ſteed of ſtopped words, that *Baſilius*, otherwiſe enough tender minded, eaſily granted to raiſe the ſiege, which he ſaw dangerous to his daughters; but indeed more carefull for *Zelmane*, by whoſe beſieged perſon, the poore old man was ſtraightly beſieged: ſo as to rid him of the famine of his mind, he went in ſpeed away, diſcharging his ſouldiers: only leauing the authoritie, as before, in *Philanaxis* hands, he himſelfe went with *Gynecia* to a ſtrong Caſtle of his, where he tooke counſell how firſt to deliuer *Zelmane*, whom he called the poore ſtranger, as though only Law of hoſpitalitie moued him, & for that purpoſe ſent diuerſe meſſengers to traffike with *Cecropia*.

But ſhe by this means rid of the preſent danger of the ſiege (deſiring *Zoilus* and *Lycurgus* to take the care, till their brother recouered, of reuictualling & furniſhing

the citie, both with men, and what elſe wanted, againſt any new occaſion ſhould vrge them, ſhe her ſelfe diſdayning to hearken to *Baſilius*, without he would graunt his daughter in mariage to her ſonne (which by no meanes he would be brought vnto) bent all the ſharpneſſe of her malicious wit, how to bring a comfortable grant to her ſonne, whereupon ſhe well found no leſſe then his life depended. Therefore for a while ſhe attempted all means of eloquent praying, and flattering perſwaſion, mingling ſometimes gifts, ſometimes threatnings, as ſhe had cauſe to hope, that either open force, or vndermining, would beſt win the caſtle of their reſolution. And euer as much as ſhe did to *Philoclea*, ſo much did ſhe to *Pamela*, though in manner ſometimes differing, as ſhe found fit to leuell at the ones noble height, and the others ſweet lowlineſſe. For though ſhe knew her ſonnes heart had wholly giuen it ſelfe to *Philoclea*, yet ſeeing the equall gifts in *Pamela*, ſhe hoped, a faire grant would recouer the ſorow of a faire refuſall: cruelly intending the preſent impoyſoning the one, as ſoone as the others affection were purchaſed.

But in vaine vvas all her vaine oratorie imployed. *Pamelas* determination was built vpon ſo braue a rocke, that no ſhot of hers could reach vnto it: and *Philoclea* (though humbly ſeated) was ſo inuironed with ſweet riuers of clear vertue, as could neither be battered, nor vndermined: her witty perſwaſions had wiſe anſwers; her eloquence recompenced with ſweetneſſe; her threatnings repelled with diſdaine in the one, and patience in the other; her gifts either not accepted, or accepted to obey, but not to bind. So as *Cecropia* in nature violent, cruell, becauſe ambitious; hatefull, for old rooted grudge to their mother, & now ſpitefull, becauſe ſhe could not preuaile with girles, as ſhe counted them; laſtly, drawne on by her loue to her ſonne, and held vp by a tyrannicall authoritie, forthwith followed the byas of her owne crooked diſpoſition, and doubling and redoubling her threatnings fel to confirme ſome of her threatned effects: firſt withdrawing all comfort, both of ſeruants and ſeruice from them. But that thoſe excellent Ladies had been vſed vnto, euen at home, and then found in themſelues how much good the hardneſſe of education doth to the reſiſtance of miſery. Then diſhonourablie vſing them both in diet, and lodging, by a contempt to pull downe their thoughts to yeelding. But as before, the conſideration of a priſon had diſgraced all ornaments, ſo now the ſame conſideration made them attend all diſeaſefulneſſe. Then ſtill as ſhee found thoſe not preuaile, would ſhe go forward with giuing them terrours, ſometimes with noiſe of horror, ſometimes with ſodaine frightings in the night, when the ſolitarie darkeneſſe thereof might eaſier aſtoniſh the diſarmed ſenſes. But to all Vertue and Loue reſiſted, ſtrengthened one by the other, when each found it ſelfe ouer-vehemently aſſaulted. *Cecropia* ſtill ſweetning her fierceneſſes with faire promiſes, if they would promiſe faire; that feeling euill, and ſeeing a way farre better, their minds might the ſooner be mollified. But they that could not taſte her behauiour, when it was pleaſing indeed, could worſe now, when they had loſt all taſte by her iniuries.

She reſoluing all extreamities, rather then faile of conqueſt, purſued on her rugged way: letting no day paſſe, without new and new perplexing the poore Ladies mindes, and troubling their bodies; and ſtill ſwelling, the more ſhee was ſtopped, and growing hot with her owne doings; at length abhominable rage caried her to abſolute tyrannies, ſo that taking with her certaine old women (of wicked diſpoſitions, and apt for enuy-ſake to be cruell to youth and beautie) with a countenance impoyſoned with malice, flew to the ſweete *Philoclea*, as if ſo many Kites ſhould come about a white Doue, & matching violent geſtures, with miſchieuous threat-

threatnings, she hauing a rod in her hand (like a Fury that should carry wood to the burning of *Dianas* temple) fell to scourge that most beautifull body: Loue in vaine holding the shield of Beautie against her blind cruelty. The Sunne drew clouds vp to hide his face from so pitifull a sight; and the very stone walles did yeeld drops of sweat for agonie of such a mischiefe: each senceless thing had sense of pittie; only they that had sense, were senseless. Vertue rarely found her worldly weakenesse more, then by the oppression of that day: and weeping *Cupid* told his weeping mother, that he was sorie he was not deafe, as well as blind, that he might neuer know so lamentable a worke. *Philoclea*, with teare full eyes, and sobbing breast (as soon as her wearinesse rather then compassion, gaue her respite) kneeled down to *Cecropia*, and making pittie in her face honourable, and torment delightfull, besought her, since she hated her (for what cause she took God to witnes she knew not) that shee would at once take away her life, and not please her selfe with the tormenting of a poore Gentlewoman. If (said she) the common course of humanity cannot moue you, nor the hauing me in your own wals, cannot claime pittie: nor womanly mercy, nor neere alliance, nor remembrance (how miserable so euer now) that I am a Princes daughter; yet let the loue (you haue often told me) your sonne beares mee, so much procure, that for his sake, one death may be thought enough for me; I haue not liued so many yeeres, but that one death may be able to conclude them: neither haue my faults (I hope) been so many but that one death may satisfie them. It is no great suite to an enemy, when but death is desired. I craue but that, and as for the graunting your request, know for a certaine you lose your labours, being euery day further off-minded from becomming his wife, who vseth me like a slaue. But that in stead of getting grace, renued againe *Cecropias* fury: so that (excellent creature) she was newly againe tormented by those hellish monsters: *Cecropia* vsing no other words but that she was a proud and vngratefull wench: and that she would teach her to know her owne good, since of her self she would not conceiue it. So that with silence and patience (like a faire gorgeous armour, hammered vpon by an ilfauoured Smith) she abode their pittieless dealing with her: till, rather reseruing her for more, then meaning to end, they left her to an vncomfortable leisure, to consider with her self her fortune; both helpless her self, being a prisoner, and hopeless, since *Zelmane* was a prisoner: who therein onely was short of the bottome of misery, that she knew not how vnworthily her Angel, by these diuels was abused: but wanted (God wot) no stings of griefe, when those words did but strike vpon her heart, that *Philoclea* was a captiue, and she not able to succour her. For well she knew the confidence *Philoclea* had in her, & well she knew, *Philoclea* had cause to haue confidence: and all troden vnder foot by the wheele of senseless Fortune. Yet if there be that imperious power in the soule, as it can deliuer knowledge to another, without bodily organs; so vehement were the workings of their spirits, as one met with other, though themselues perceiued it not, but only thought it to be the doubling of their owne louing fancies. And that was the only worldly thing, whereon *Philoclea* rested her minde, that she knew she should die beloued of *Zelmane*, and would die, rather then be false to *Zelmane*. And so this most daintie Nymph, easing the paine of her mind with thinking of anothers paine; and almost forgetting the paine of her bodie, through the paine of her minde, she wasted, euen longing for the conclusion of her tedious tragedie.

But for a while she was vnuisited, *Cecropia* employing her time in vsing the like cruelties vpon *Pamela*, her heart growing not onely to desire the fruit of punishing

them, but euen to delight in the puniſhing them. But if euer the beames of perfecti-
on ſhined through the clowds of affliction, if euer Vertue tooke a bodie to ſhew his
(elſe vnconceiuable) beautie, it was in *Pamela*. For when Reaſon taught her there
was no reſiſtance, (for to iuſt reſiſtance firſt her heart was inclined) then with ſo
heauenly a quietneſſe, and ſo graceful a calmneſſe, did ſhe ſuffer the diuers kindes
of torments they vſed to her, that while they vexed her faire body, it ſeemed, that
ſhe rather directed, then obeyed the vexation. And when *Cecropia* ended, and asked
whether her heart would yeeld: ſhe a little ſmiled, but ſuch a ſmiling as ſhewed no
loue, and yet could not but be louely. And then, Beaſtly woman (ſaid ſhe) followe
on, do what thou wilt, and canſt vpon me: for I know thy power is not vnlimitted.
Thou maiſt well wracke this ſillie body, but me thou canſt neuer ouerthrow. For
my part, I will not do thee the pleaſure to deſire death of thee: but aſſure thy ſelfe,
both my life and death, ſhall triumph with honour, laying ſhame vpon thy deteſta-
ble tyranny.

And ſo, in effect, conquering their doing with her ſuffering, while *Cecropia* tried
as many ſorts of paines, as might rather vexe them, then ſpoile them (for that ſhee
would not do while ſhe were in any hope to winne either of them for her ſonne)
Pamela remained almoſt as much content with triall in her ſelfe, what vertue could
do, as grieued with the miſerie wherein ſhe found her ſelfe plunged, onely ſome-
times her thoughts ſoftned in her, when with open wings they flewe to *Muſidorus*.
For then ſhe would thinke with her ſelf, how grieuouſly *Muſidorus* would take this
her miſerie; and ſhe, that wept not for her ſelfe, wept yet *Muſidorus* teares, which
he would weepe for her. For gentle Loue did eaſlier yeeld to lamentation, then the
conſtancie of vertue would els admitte. Then would ſhe remember the caſe where-
in ſhe had left her poore ſhepheard, and ſhe that wiſhed death for her ſelfe, feared
death for him; and ſhe that condemned in her ſelfe the feebleneſſe of ſorrow, yet
thought it great reaſon to be ſorie for his ſorrow: and ſhe that long had prayed for
the vertuous ioyning themſelues together, now thinking to die her ſelfe, hartily
prayed, that long time their fortunes might be ſeperated. Liue long my *Muſidorus*
(would ſhe ſay) and let my name liue in thy mouth, in thy heart my memorie. Liue
long, that thou maiſt loue long the chaſte loue of thy dead *Pamela*. Then would ſhe
wiſh to her ſelfe, that no other woman might euer poſſeſſe his hart: and yet ſcarce-
ly the wiſh was made a wiſh, when her ſelfe would finde fault with it, as being too
vniuſt, that ſo excellent a man ſhould be baniſhed from the comfort of life. Then
would ſhe fortifie her reſolution, with bethinking the worſt, taking the counſell of
vertue, and comfort of loue.

So theſe Diamonds of the world whom Nature had made to be preciouſly ſet in
the eyes of men, to be the chiefe workes of her workemanſhip, the chiefe orna-
ments of the world, and Princeſſes of felicitie, by rebellious iniurie were brought to
the vttermoſt diſtreſſe that an enemies heart could wiſh, or a womans ſpite inuent:
Cecropia daily in one or other ſort puniſhing them, ſtill with her cuill torments gi-
uing them feare of worſe, making the feare it ſelfe the foreſt torment of all; that in
the ende wearie of their bodies, they ſhould be content to beſtow them at her ap-
pointment. But as in labour, the more one doth exerciſe it, the more by the doing
one is enabled to do; ſtrength growing vpon the worke, ſo as what at firſt would
haue ſeemed impoſſible, after growes eaſie: ſo theſe Princeſſes ſecond to none, and
far from any ſecond, only to be matched by themſelues, with the vſe of ſuffering,
their mindes gate the habit of ſuffring ſo, as all feares and terrors were to them but

ſummons

ſummons to a battaile, wherof they knew before hand they ſhould be victorious, & which in the ſuffering was painefull, being ſuffered, was a trophee to it ſelfe: wherby *Cecropia* found her ſelfe ſtill further off: for where at firſt ſhe might perchaunce haue perſwaded them to haue viſited her ſonne, and haue giuen him ſome comfort in his ſickneſſe, drawing neere to the confines of Deaths Kingdome, now they proteſted, that they would neuer otherwiſe ſpeake to him, then as to the enemy, of moſt vniuſt cruelty towards them, that any time or place could euer make them knowe.

This made the poiſon ſwel in her cankred breaſt, perceiuing that (as in water) the more ſhe graſped the leſſe ſhe held: but yet now hauing run ſo long the way of rigor, it was too late in reaſon, & too contrary to her paſſion, to return to a courſe of meekeneſſe. And therefore, taking counſell of one of her olde aſſociates (who ſo far excelled in wickedneſſe, as that ſhe had not only loſt al feeling of conſcience, but had gotten a very glory in euill) in the end they determined, that beating, & other ſuch ſharp dealing did not ſo much pull downe a womans heart, as it bred anger, & that nothing was more enemy to yeelding, then anger; making their tender hearts take on the armour of obſtinacy: (for thus did their wicked mindes blind to the light of vertue, and owly eied in the night of wickedneſſe, interpret of it) and that therefore that was no more to be tried. And for feare of death (which no queſtion would do moſt with them) they had been ſo often threatned, as they began to be familiarly acquainted with it, and learned to eſteeme threatning words to be but words. Therefore the laſt, but beſt way now was, that the one ſeeing indeed the others death, ſhould perceiue, there was no dallying meant: and then there was no doubt, that a womans ſoule would do ſo much, rather then leaue ſo beautifull a body.

This being concluded, *Cecropia* went to *Philocles* and told her, that now ſhe was to come to the laſt part of the play: for her part, though ſhe found her hard-hearted obſtinacie ſuch, that neither the ſweetneſſe of louing meanes, nor the force of hard meanes could preuaile with her, yet before ſhe would paſſe to a further degree of extremity, ſhee had ſought to win her ſiſter; in hope that her ſonne might bee in time ſatisfied with the loue of ſo faire a Lady; but finding her alſo rather more then leſſe wilfull, ſhe was now minded that one of their deaths ſhould ſerue for an example to the other, that deſpiſing worthy folks was more hurtfull to the deſpiſer, then the deſpiſed: that yet becauſe her ſonne eſpecially affected her, and that in her owne ſelfe ſhee was more inclinable to pittie her, then ſhe had deſerued, ſhee would begin with her ſiſter; who that afternoone ſhould haue her head cut off before her face; if in the meane time one of them did not pull out their il-wrought ſtitches of vnkindneſſe, ſhe bad her looke for no other, nor longer time then ſhe told her. There was no aſſault giuen to the ſweete *Philocleas* mind, that entred ſo far, as this: for where to all paines and dangers of her ſelfe, fore-ſight (with his Lieutenant Reſolution) had made ready defence, now with the loue ſhe bare her ſiſter, ſhe was driuen to a ſtay, before ſhe determined: but long ſhe ſtayed not, before this reaſon did ſhine vnto her, that ſince in her ſelfe ſhee preferred death before ſuch a baſe ſeruitude, loue did teach her to wiſh the ſame to her ſiſter. Therefore croſſing her armes, and looking ſide-ward vpon the ground, Doe what you will (ſaid ſhee) with vs: for my part heauen ſhall melt before I be remoued. But if you will follow my counſel, for your owne ſake (for as for praiers for my ſake I haue felt how little they preuaile) let my death firſt ſerue for example to win her, who perchaunce is not ſo reſolued againſt *Amphialus*, and ſo ſhall you not onely iuſtlie puniſh mee, (who indeede do hate both you and your ſonne) but, if that may moue you,

you

you ſhall doe more vertuouſly in preſeruing one moſt worthy of life, and killing another moſt deſirous of death: laſtly, in winning her, in ſteed of peeuiſh vnhappie creature, that I am, you ſhall bleſſe your ſonne with the moſt excellent woman in all praiſe-worthy things, that the world holdeth. But *Cecropia*, (who had already ſet downe to her ſelfe vvhat ſhe vvould do) vvith bitter both termes, and countenance, told her, that ſhe ſhould not need to woo death ouer-eagerly: for if her ſiſter going before her did not teach her wit, her ſelfe ſhould quickly follow. For ſince they were not to be gotten, there was no way for her ſonnes quiet, but to knowe that they were paſt getting. And ſo ſince no intreating, nor threatning might preuaile, ſhe bad her prepare her eyes for a new play, which ſhe ſhould ſee within fewe houres in the hall of that caſtle.

A place in deed ouer fit for ſo vnfit a matter: for being ſo ſtately made, that the bottome of it being euen with the ground, the roofe reached as hie as any part of the caſtle, at either ende it had conuenient lodgings. In the one end was (one ſtorie from the ground) *Philoclea's* abode, in the other of euen height, *Pamelas*, & *Zelmanes* in a chamber aboue her: but all ſo vaulted of ſtrong and thickly built ſtone, as one could no way heare the other: each of theſe chambers had a little windowe to look into the hall, but becauſe the ſiſters ſhould not haue ſo much comfort, as to looke one to another, there was (of the outſides) curtaines drawne, which they could not reach with their hands, ſo barring the reach of their ſight. But then the houre came that the Tragedie ſhould beginne, and curtaines were withdrawne from before the windowes of *Zelmane*, and of *Philoclea*: a ſufficient challenge to call their eyes to defend themſelues in ſuch an incounter. And by and by came in at one ende of the hall, with about a dozen armed ſouldiers a Ladie, led by a couple, with her hands bound before her: from aboue her eyes to her lippes muffled with a faire kerchiefe, but from her mouth to the ſhoulders all bare: and ſo was led on to a ſcaffold raiſed a good deale from the floore, & all couered with crimſin veluet. But neither *Zelmane*, nor *Philoclea* needed to be told who ſhe was: for the apparell ſhee ware, made them too well aſſured, that it was the admirable *Pamela*. Whereunto the rare whiteneſſe of her naked necke gaue ſufficient teſtimonie to their aſtoniſhed ſenſes. But the faire Lady being come to the ſcaffold, and then made to kneele downe, and ſo left by her vnkinde ſupporters, as it ſeemed that ſhee was about to ſpeake ſomewhat (whereunto *Philoclea*, poore ſoule, earneſtly liſtned, according to her ſpeech euen minding to frame her minde, her heart neuer till then almoſt wauering to ſaue her ſiſters life) before the vnfortunate Ladie could pronounce three wordes, the executioner cut off the ones ſpeech, and the others attention, with making his ſworde do his cruell office vpon that beautifull necke. Yet the pittileſſe ſworde had ſuch pittie of ſo precious an obiect, that at firſt it did but hit flatlong. But little auailed that, ſince the Ladie falling downe aſtoniſhed withall, the cruell villaine forced the ſword with another blow to diuorce the faire marriage of the head and body.

And this was done ſo in an inſtant, that the verie act did ouerrun *Philocleas* ſorrow (ſorrow not being able ſo quickly to thunderbolt her heart thorough her ſenſes, but firſt onely oppreſt her with a ſtorme of amazement) but when her eyes ſawe that they did ſee, as condemning themſelues to haue ſeene it, they became wearie of their owne power of ſeeing: and her ſoule then drinking vp woe with great draughts, ſhee fell downe to deadly traunces: but her waiting iaylors vvith cruell pittie brought lothed life vnto her; which yet many times tooke his leaue as though

though he would indeed depart: but when he was ſtayed by force, he kept with him deadly Sorrow, which thus exerciſed her mourning ſpeech: *Pamela* my ſiſter, my ſiſter *Pamela*, woe is me for thee, I would I had died for thee. *Pamela* neuer more ſhall I ſee thee: neuer more ſhall I enioy thy ſweet company, and wiſe counſel. Alas, thou art gone to a beautified heauen, and haſt left me here, who haue nothing good in me, but that I did euer loue thee, and euer will lament thee. Let this day be noted of all vertuous folks for moſt vnfortunate: let it neuer be mentioned, but among curſes; and curſed be they that did this miſchiefe, and moſt accurſed be mine eyes that beheld it. Sweet *Pamela*; that head is ſtriken off, where only wiſedome might be ſpoken withall; that body is deſtroyed, which was the liuing booke of vertue. Deare *Pamela* how haſt thou left mee to all wretchednesſe and miſery? Yet while thou liued'ſt, in thee I breathed, of thee I hoped. O *Pamela*, how much did I for thy excellency honour thee, more then my mother, and loue thee more then my ſelfe? Neuer more ſhall I lie with thee: neuer more ſhall wee bathe in the pleaſant riuer together: neuer more ſhall I ſee thee in thy ſhepheard apparell. But thou art gone, and where am I? *Pamela* is dead; and liue I? O my God, And with that ſhee fell againe in a ſowne, ſo as it was a great while before they could bring her to her ſelf againe; but being come to her ſelfe, Alas (ſaid ſhe) vnkind women, ſince you haue giuen me ſo many deaths, torment me not now with life: for Gods ſake let me goe, & excuſe your hands of more blood. Let me follow my *Pamela*, whom euer I ſought to follow. Alas *Pamela*, they will not let me come to thee. But if they keep promiſe, I ſhall tread thine owne ſteps after thee. For to what am I borne (miſerable ſoule) but to be moſt vnhappy in my ſelfe, and yet more vnhappy in others? But O that a thouſand more miſeries had chanced vnto me, ſo thou hadd'ſt not died: *Pamela*, my ſiſter *Pamela*. And ſo like a lamentable *Philomela* complained ſhe the horrible wrong done to her ſiſter, which if it ſtird not in the wickedly cloſed minds of her tormentors, a pitie of her ſorrow, yet bred it a wearineſſe of her ſorrow: ſo as only leauing one to preuent any harme ſhe ſhould do her ſelfe, the reſt went away, conſulting againe with *Cecropia*, how to make profit of this their late bloudie act.

In the ende, that woman that vſed moſt to keepe company with *Zelmane*, tolde *Cecropia*, that ſhe found by many moſt ſenſible proofes in *Zelmane*, that there was neuer woman ſo loued another, as ſhe loued *Philoclea*: which was the cauſe that ſhe (further then the commandement of *Cecropia*) had cauſed *Zelmanes* curtains to be alſo drawne: becauſe, hauing the ſame ſpectacle that *Philoclea* had, ſhe might ſtand in the greater feare for her, whom ſhe loued ſo well: and that indeed ſhe had hit the needle in that deuiſe: for neuer ſaw ſhee creature ſo aſtoniſhed as *Zelmane*, exceedingly ſory for *Pamela*, but exceedingly exceeding that exceedingneſſe in feare for *Philoclea*. Therefore her aduiſe was, ſhe ſhould cauſe *Zelmane* to come and ſpeake with *Philoclea*. For there being ſuch vehemency of friendſhip between them, it was moſt likely both to moue *Zelmane* to perſwade, & *Philoclea* to be perſwaded. *Cecropia* liked well of the counſel, and gaue order to the ſame woman to go deale therein with *Zelmane*, & to aſſure her with oth, that *Cecropia* was determined *Philoclea* ſhold paſſe the ſame way that *Pamela* had done, without ſhe did yeeld to ſatisfie the extremity of her ſonnes affectiō: which the woman did, adding thereunto many (as ſhe thought) good reaſons to make *Zelmane* thinke *Amphialus* a fit match for *Philoclea*.

But *Zelmane* (who had from time to time vnderſtood the cruell dealing they had vſed to the ſiſters, & now had her own eyes wounded with the ſight of ones death) was ſo confuſed withal (her courage ſtil rebelling againſt her wit, deſiring ſtill with force

ſorce to do impoſſible matters) that as her deſire was ſtopped with power, ſo her conceit was darkned with a miſt of deſire. For blinde Loue, and inuincible valure ſtill would cry out, that it could not be, *Philocles* ſhould be in ſo miſerable eſtate, and ſhe not relieue her: and ſo while ſhe haled her wit to her courage, ſhe drew it from his owne limits. But novv *Philocleas* death (a vvord able to marſhall all his thoughts in order) being come to ſo ſhort a point either with ſmall delay to be ſuffred, or by the giuing her ſelfe to another to be preuented, ſhe was driuen to thinke and to deſire ſome leaſure of thinking: which the woman granted for that night vnto her. A night that was not halfe ſo blacke, as her minde; not halfe ſo ſilent, as was fit for her muſing thoughts. At laſt, he that would fain haue deſperately loſt a thouſand liues for her ſake, could not find in his heart, that ſhe ſhould looſe any life for her owne ſake; and he that deſpiſed his owne death in reſpect of honour, yet could well nie diſpence vvith honour it ſelfe in reſpect of *Philocleas* death: for once the thought could not enter into his heart, nor the breath iſſue out of his mouth, which could conſent to *Philocleas* death for any bargaine. Then how to preuent the next degree to death (which was her being poſſeſt by another) was the point of his minds labour: and in that he found no other way, but that *Philocles* ſhould pretend a yeelding vnto *Cecropias* requeſt; and ſo by ſpeaking with *Amphialus*, and making faire (but delaying) promiſes, procure liberty for *Zelmane*; who only wiſht but to come by a ſword, not doubting then to deſtroy them all, and deliuer *Philocles*: ſo little did both the men, and their forces ſeeme in her eies, looking downvpon them from the high top of affections tower.

With that minde therefore (but firſt well bound) ſhe was brought to *Philocles*, hauing already plotted out in her conceit, how ſhee would deale vvith her: and ſo came ſhe with heart and eyes, which did each ſacrifice either to Loue vpon the altar of Sorrow: and there had ſhe the pleaſing diſpleaſing ſight of *Philocles*: *Philocles*, whom already the extream ſence of ſorrow had brought to a dulnes therin, her face not without tokens that beautie had beene by manie miſeries cruellie battered, and yet ſhewed it moſt the perfection of that beautie, vvhich could remaine vnouerthrowne by ſuch enemies. But when *Zelmane* was ſet down by her, and the women gone awaie (becauſe ſhe might be the better perſwaded when no body was by, that had heard her ſay ſhe would not be perſwaded) then began firſt the eyes to ſpeake, and the hearts to crie out: Sorrow a while would needes ſpeake his owne language without vſing their tongues to be his interpreters. At laſt *Zelmane* brake ſilence, but ſpake with the onely eloquence of amazement: for all her long methodized oration was inherited onely by ſuch kinde of ſpeeches. Deare Ladie, in extreame neceſſities we muſt not. But alas vnfortunate wretch that I am, that I liue to ſee this day. And I take heauen and earth to witneſſe, that nothing: & with that her breaſt ſwelled ſo with ſpite and griefe, that her breath had no leaſure to turne it ſelfe into words. But the ſweet *Philocles* that had already dyed in *Pamela*, & of the other ſide had the heauineſſe of her heart ſomthing quickned in the moſt beloued ſight of *Zelmane*, gheſſed ſom what at *Zelmanes* mind; and therfore ſpake vnto her in this ſort: My *Pyrocles* (ſaid ſhee) I knowe this exceeding comfort of your preſence, is not brought vnto mee for any good-will that is owed vnto me: but (as I ſuppoſe) to make you perſwade me to ſaue my life with the ranſome of mine honour: although no bodie ſhould be ſo vnfit a pleader in that cauſe as your ſelfe, yet perchance you would haue me liue. Your honour? God forbid (ſaid *Zelmane*) that euer, for any cauſe, I ſhould yeeld to any touch of it. But a while to pretend ſome affection,

till

till time, or my libertie might work ſomething for your ſeruice: this, if my aſtoniſhed ſenſes would giue me leaue, I would faine haue perſwaded you.

To what purpoſe my *Pyrocles*? (ſaid *Philoclea*) of a miſerable time what gaine is there? Hath *Pamelas* example wrought no more in me? is a captiue life ſo much worth? can euer it goe out of theſe lips, that I loue any other but *Pyrocles*? ſhall my tongue be ſo falſe a traitor to my heart, as to ſay I loue any other but *Pyrocles*: And why ſhould I do all this? to liue? O *Pamela*, ſiſter *Pamela*, why ſhould I liue? onely for thy ſake *Pyrocles* I would liue: but to thee I know too well I ſhall not liue; and if not to thee, hath thy loue ſo baſe allay, my *Pyrocles*, as to wiſh me to liue? For diſſimulation, my *Pyrocles*, my ſimplicitie is ſuch, that I haue hardly bene able to keep a ſtraight way, what ſhall I do in a crooked? But in this caſe there is no meane of diſſimulation, not for the cunningeſt: preſent anſwer is required, and preſent performance vpon the anſwer. Art thou ſo terrible ô death? No my *Pyrocles*; and for that I doe thanke thee, and in my ſoule thanke thee; for I confeſſe the loue of thee is herein my chiefeſt vertue. Trouble me not therfore deare *Pyrocles*, nor double not my death by tormenting my reſolution: ſince I cannot liue with thee, I will die for thee. Only remember me, deare *Pyrocles*, and loue the remembrance of me: and if I may craue ſo much of thee, let me be thy laſt loue, for though I be not worthy of thee (who indeed art the worthyeſt creature liuing) yet remember that my loue was a worthie loue. But *Pyrocles* was ſo ouercome with ſorow (which wiſdome and vertue made iuſt in ſo excellent a Ladies caſe, full of excellent kindneſſe) that words were aſhamed to come forth, knowing how weake they were to expreſſe his mind, and her merit: and therefore ſo ſtayed in a deadly ſilence, forſaken of hope, and forſaking comfort: till the appoynted guardians came in, to ſee the fruites of *Zelmanes* labour: and then *Zelmane* warned by their preſence, fel againe to perſwade, though ſcarcely her ſelfe could tell what; but in ſumme, deſirous of delayes. But *Philoclea*, ſweetly continuing conſtant, and in the end puniſhing her importunitie with ſilence, *Zelmane* was faine to end. Yet crauing another times conference, ſhe obtained it, and diuerſe others; till at the laſt *Cecropia* found it was to no purpoſe, & therfore determined to follow her owne way. *Zelmane* yet ſtill deſirous to win (by any meanes) reſpite, euen waſted with ſorow, & vncertainty, whether in worſe caſe in her preſence, or abſence, being able to do nothing for *Philoclea's* ſuccour, but by ſubmitting the greateſt courage of the earth to fall at the feet of *Cecropia*, & craue ſtay of their ſentence till the vttermoſt was ſeene, what her perſwaſions might do.

Cecropia ſeemed much to be moued by her importunitie, ſo as diuers dayes were wonne of painefull life to the excellent *Philoclea*: while *Zelmane* ſuffered ſome hope to cheriſh her mind, eſpecially truſting vpon the helpe of *Muſidorus*, who (ſhe knew) would not be idle in this matter, till one morning a noyſe awaked *Zelmane*, from whoſe ouer-watchful mind, the tired body had ſtolne a little ſleepe: & ſtraight with the firſt opening of her eyes, Care taking his wonted place, ſhe ran to the window which looked into the hall (for that way the noyſe guided her) & there might ſhe ſee (the curtaine being left open euer ſince the laſt execution) ſeuen or eight perſons in a cluſter vpon the ſcaffold: who by and by retyring themſelues, nothing was to be ſeene thereupon, but a baſen of gold pitifully enamelled with bloud, and in the midſt of it, the head of the moſt beautifull *Philoclea*. The horribleneſſe of the miſchiefe was ſuch, as *Pyrocles* could not at firſt beleeue his owne ſenſes, but bent his wofull eyes to diſcerne it better: where too well he might ſee it was *Philocleas* ſelfe, hauing no veile, but beautie ouer her face, which ſtill appeared to be aliue;

ſo did thoſe eyes ſhine, euen as they were wont, and they were wont more then any other: and ſometimes as they moued, it might well make the beholder thinke, that death therein had borrowed her beautie, and not they any way diſgraced by death, ſo ſweet and piercing a grace they carried with them.

It was not a pitie, it was not an amazement, it was not a ſorrow which then laid hold on *Pyrocles*, but a wilde furie of deſperate agonie, ſo that he cried out, O tyrant heauen, traitor earth, blind prouidence, no iuſtice, how is this done? how is this ſuffered? hath this world a gouernment? If it haue, let it powre out all his miſchiefs vpon me, and ſee whether it haue power to make me more wretched then I am. Did ſhe excel for this? haue I prayed for this? abhominable hand that did it; deteſtable diuell that commanded it; curſed light that beheld it: & if the light be curſed, what are then mine eyes that haue ſeene it? And haue I ſeene *Philoclea* dead, and do I liue? and haue I liued, not to helpe her, but to talke of her? and ſtand I ſtil talking? And with that (carried with the madneſſe of anguiſh, not hauing a readier way to kill himſelfe) he ran as hard as euer he could with his head againſt the wall, with intention to braine himſelfe: but the haſte to do it made the doing the ſlower. For as he came to giue the blow, his foote tript, ſo as it came not with the full force: yet forcible enough to ſtrike him down; and withall to depriue him of his ſence, ſo that he lay a while comforted by the hurt, in that he felt not his diſcomfort.

And when he came againe to himſelfe, he heard, or he thought he heard a voyce which cryed, Reuenge, Reuenge vnto him; whether indeede it were his good Angell, which vſed that voyce to ſtay him from vnnaturall murdering of himſelfe, or that his wandering ſpirits lighted vpon that conceit, and by their weakneſſe (ſubiect to apprehenſions) ſuppoſed they heard it. But that indeede, helped with Vertue, & her valiant ſeruant Anger, ſtopped him from preſent deſtroying of himſelf: yeelding in reaſon and manhood, firſt to deſtroy man, woman and child, that were any way of kinne to them that were acceſſarie to this crueltie; then to raze the Caſtle, and to build a ſumptuous monument for her ſiſter, and a moſt ſumptuous for her ſelfe, and then himſelfe to die vpon her tombe. This determining in himſelfe to do, and to ſeeke all meanes how (for that purpoſe) to get out of priſon: he was content a while to beare the thirſt of death: & yet went he again to the window, to kiſs the beloued head with his eyes; but there ſaw he nothing but the ſcaffold, all couered ouer with ſcarlet, and nothing but ſolitarie ſilence to mourne this miſchiefe. But then, Sorrow hauing diſperſt it ſelfe from his heart, into all his noble parts, it proclaimed his authority, in cries and teares, and with a more gentle dolefulneſſe could powre out his inward euill.

Alas (ſaid he) and is that head taken away too, ſo ſoone from mine eyes? What, mine eyes, perhaps they enuy the excellencie of your ſorrow? Indeed, there is nothing now left to become the eyes of all mankind, but teares: and woe be to me, if any exceed me in wofulneſſe. I do coniure you all my ſenſes, to accept no obiect but of ſorrow, be aſhamed, nay, abhorre to thinke of comfort. Vnhappy eyes you haue ſeene too much, that euer the light ſhould be welcome to you: vnhappie eares, you ſhall neuer heare the muſike of muſike in her voyce: vnhappy heart that haſt liued to feele theſe pangs. Thou haſt done thy worſt, World, and curſed be thou, and curſed art thou, ſince to thine owne ſelfe thou haſt done the worſt thou couldſt doe. Exiled Beautie, let onely now thy beautie be blubbered faces. Widowed Muſike, let now thy tunes be rorings, and lamentations. Orphane Vertue, get thee wings, and flie after her into heauen; here is no dwelling place for thee

thee. Why liued I, alas? Alas why loued I? To die wretched, and to be the example of the heauens hate? And hate and spare not, for your worst blow is striken. Sweet *Philoclea*, thou art gone, and hast caried with thee my loue; and hast left thy loue in me, and I wretched man do liue; I liue, to die continually, till thy reuenge do giue me leaue to die: and then die I will, my *Philoclea*, my hart willingly makes this promise to it selfe. Surely he did not looke vpon thee, that gaue the cruell blow, for no eye could haue abidden to see such beautie ouerthrowne by such mischiefe. Alas, why should they diuide such a head from such a body? no other body is worthy of that head; no other head is worthy of that body: O yet, if I had taken my last leaue, if I might haue taken a holy kisse from that dying mouth. Where art thou Hope, which promisest neuer to leaue a man while he liueth? tel me, what canst thou hope for? nay tell me, what is there that I would willingly hope after? Wishing power (which is accounted infinite) what now is left to wish for? She is gone, and gone with her all my hope, al my wishing. Loue, be ashamed to be called loue: cruel Hate, vnspeakeable Hate is victorious ouer thee. Who is there now left, that can iustifie thy tyrannie, & giue reason to thy passion? O cruell diuorce of the sweetest mariage that euer was in Nature: *Philoclea* is dead, and dead is with her all goodnesse, all sweetnesse, all excellencie. *Philoclea* is dead, and yet life is not ashamed to continue vpon the earth. *Philoclea* is dead: ô deadlie word, which containeth in it selfe the vttermost of all misfortunes. But happie word when thou shalt be sayd of me, and long it shall not be, before it be said.

Then stopping his words with sighes, drowning his sighes in teares, and drying againe his teares in rage, he would sit a while in a wandring muse, which represented nothing but vexations vnto him: then throwing himselfe sometime vpon the floore, and sometimes vpon the bed: then vp againe, till walking was wearisome & rest loathsome: and so neither suffering food, nor sleepe to help his afflicted nature, all that day and night he did nothing but weepe *Philoclea*, sigh *Philoclea*, and crie out *Philoclea*; till as it happened (at that time vpon his bed) toward the dawning of the day he heard one stirre in his chamber, by the motion of garments; and with an angrie voice asked, Who was there. A poore Gentlewoman (answered the partie) that wish long life vnto you. And I soone death vnto you (said he) for the horrible curse you haue giuen me. Certainely (said she) an vnkind answer, and farre vnworthie the excellencie of your mind, but not vnsutable to the rest of your behauiour. For most part of this night I haue heard you (being let into your chamber, you neuer perceiuing it, so was your mind estranged from your senses) and haue heard nothing of *Zelmane*, in *Zelmane*, nothing but weake wailings, fitter for some nurse of a village, then so famous a creature as you are. O God (cried out *Pyrocles*) that thou wert a man that vsest these words vnto me. I tell thee I am sorie, I tell thee I will be sorie in despite of thee, & all them that would haue me ioyfull. And yet (replied she) perchance *Philoclea* is not dead, whom you so much bemone. I would we were both dead on that condition, said *Pyrocles*. See the folly of your passion (said she) as though you should be nearer to her, you being dead, and shee aliue; then shee being dead, and you aliue: and if she be dead, was she not borne to die? what then do you crie out for? not for her, who must haue died one time or other; but for some fewe yeares: so as it is time and this world, that seeme so louely things, and not *Philoclea* vnto you. O noble sisters (cried *Pyrocles*) now you be gone (who were the onely exalters of all womankinde) what is left in that sex, but babling and businesse? And truely (said she) I will yet a little longer trouble you. Nay, I pray you do (said

Pyrocles) for I wish for nothing in my short life but mischiefs & cumbers: and I am content you shall be one of them. In truth (said she) you would thinke your selfe a greatly priuiledged person, if since the strongest building, and lastingest monarchies are subiect to end, onely your *Philoclea* (because she is yours) should be exempted. but indeed you bemone your self, who haue lost a friend; you cannot her, who hath in one act both preserued her honour, and left the miseries of this world. O womans philosophy, childish folly (said *Pyrocles*) as though I do bemone my selfe: I haue not reason to do so, hauing lost more then any monarchie, nay then my life can be worth vnto me. Alas (said she) comfort your selfe, Nature did not forget her skill, when she had made them: you shall find many their superiours, and perchance such, as (when your eyes shall looke abroad) your selfe will like better.

But that speech put all good manners out of the conceit of *Pyrocles*; in so much, that leaping out of his bed, he ran to haue striken her: but comming neare her (the morning then winning the field of darknesse) he saw, or he thought he saw, indeed, the verie face of *Philoclea*; the same sweetnesse, the same grace, the same beautie: with which carried into a diuine astonishment, he fell downe at her feet. Most blessed Angell (said he) wel hast thou done to take that shape, since thou wouldest submit thy selfe to mortall sence; for a more Angelicall forme could not haue bin created for thee. Alas, euen by that excellent beautie, so beloued of me, let it be lawfull for me to aske of thee, what is the cause that shee, that heauenly creature, vvhose forme you haue taken, should by the heauens be destined to so vnripe an end? Why should vniustice so preuaile? Why was shee seene to the world so soone to be rauished from vs? Why was she not suffered to liue, to teach the world perfection? Do not deceiue thy selfe (answered shee) I am no Angell; I am *Philoclea*, the same *Philoclea*, so truly louing you, so truly beloued of you. If it be so (said he) that you are indeed the soule of *Philoclea*, you haue done well to keepe your owne figure: for no heauen could haue giuen you a better. Then alas why haue you taken the paines to leaue your blissefull seate to come to this place most wretched, to me, who am wretchednesse it selfe, and not rather obtaine for me, that I might come where you are, there eternally to beholde, and eternally to loue your beauties? You know (I know) that I desire nothing but death, which I onely stay, to be iustly reuenged of your vniust murtherers. Deare *Pyrocles* (said she) I am thy *Philoclea*, & as yet liuing: not murdered, as you supposed, and therefore be comforted. And with that gaue him her hand. But the sweet touch of that hand seemed to his estrayed powers so heauenly a thing, that it rather for a while confirmed him in his former beliefe: till she with vehement protestations (and desire that it might be so, helping to perswade that it was so) brought him to yeeld; yet doubtfully to yeeld to this height of all comfort, that *Philoclea* liued: which witnessing with teares of ioy, Alas (said he) how shall I beleeue mine eyes any more? or doe you yet but appeare thus vnto me, to stay me from some desperate end? For alas I saw the excellent *Pamela* beheaded: I saw your head (the head indeed, and chiefe part of all Natures works) standing in a dish of gold, too meane a shrine (God wot) for such a relike. How can this be, my only deare, and you liue? or if this be not so, how can I beleeue mine owne senses? and if I cannot beleeue them, why should I beleeue these blessed tidings they bring me?

The truth is (said she) my *Pyrocles*, that neither I (as you find) nor yet my deare sister is dead: although the mischieuously subtle *Cecropia* vsed sleights to make either of vs thinke so of other. For, hauing in vaine attempted the farthest of her wicked eloquence

eloquence to make either of vs yeeld to her ſonne: & ſeeing that neither it, accompanied with great flatteries, and rich preſents, could get any ground of vs, nor yet the violent way ſhe fell into of cruelly tormenting our bodies, could preuaile with vs, at laſt, ſhe made either of vs thinke the other dead, and ſo hoped to haue wreſted our minds to the forgetting of vertue: and firſt ſhe gaue to mine eyes the miſerable ſpectacle of my ſiſters (as I thought) death: but indeed it was not my ſiſter: it was onely *Arteſia*; ſhee who ſo cunningly brought vs to this miſery. Truly I am ſory for the poore Gentlewoman, though iuſtly ſhee be puniſhed for her double falſhood: but *Arteſia* muffled ſo, as you could not eaſily diſcerne her; and in my ſiſters apparell (which they had taken from her vnder colour of giuing her other) did they execute: And when I (for thy ſake eſpecially dear *Pyrocles*) could by no force, nor feare be won, they aſſaied the like with my ſiſter, by bringing me down vnder the ſcaffold & (making me thruſt my head vp through a hole they had made therein) they did put about my poore necka diſh of gold, whereout they had beaten the bottom, ſo as hauing ſet bloud in it, you ſawe how I played the part of death (God knowes euen willing to haue done it in earneſt) and ſo had they ſet me, that I reached but on tiptoes to the ground, ſo as ſcarcely I could breathe, much leſſe ſpeake: And truely if they had kept mee there any whit longer, they had ſtrangled me, in ſteed of beheading me: but then they tooke me away, and ſeeking to ſee their iſſue of this practiſe they found my noble ſiſter (for the deare loue ſhe vouchſafeth to beare me) ſo grieued withall, that ſhee willed them to doe their vttermoſt crueltie vnto her: for ſhee vowed neuer to receiue ſuſtenance of them that had beene the cauſers of my murther: and finding both of vs, euen giuen ouer, not like to liue many houres longer, and my ſiſter *Pamela*, rather worſe then my ſelfe, (the ſtrength of her heart worſe bearing thoſe indignities) the good woman *Cecropia* (with the ſame pitty as folkes keepe foule, when they are not fatte enough for their eating) made vs know her deceipt, and let vs come one to another; with what ioy you can well imagine, who I know feele the like; ſauing that we only thought our ſelues reſerued to miſeries, & therefore fitter for condoling, then congratulating. For my part, I am fully perſwaded, it is but with a little reſpite, to haue a more feeling ſenſe of the torments ſhe prepares for vs. True it is, that one of my guardians would haue mee to beleeue, that this proceeds of my gentle coſin *Amphialus*: who hauing heard ſome inkling that we were euill intreated, had called his mother to his bedſide, from whence he neuer roſe ſince his laſt combate, and beſought, and charged her vpon all the loue ſhe bare him, to vſe vs with all kindnes: vowing, with all the imprecations he could imagine, that if euer he vnderſtood, for his ſake that I receiued further hurt then the want of my libertie, he would not liue an houre longer. And the good woman ſware to me that he would kill his mother, if he knew how I had beene dealt with; but that *Cecropia* keepes him from vnderſtanding things how they paſſe, onely hauing heard a whiſpering, and my ſelfe named, he had (of aboundance, forſooth, of honourable loue) giuen this charge for vs; whereupon this enlargement of mine was growne: for my part I know too well their cunning (who leaue no money vnoffered that may buy mine honour) to beleeue any word they ſay, but (my deare *Pyrocles*) euen looke for the worſt, and prepare my ſelfe for the ſame. Yet I muſt confeſſe, I was content to robbe from death, and borrow of my miſerie the ſweet comfort of ſeeing my ſweete ſiſter, and moſt ſweete comfort of thee my *Pyrocles*. And ſo hauing leaue, I came ſtealing into your chamber: where (O Lord) what a ioy it was vnto me, to heare you ſolemniſe the funeralls of the poore *Philoclea*. That

I my selfe might liue to heare my death bewailed? and by vvhom? by my deere *Pyrocles*. That I saw death was not strong enough to diuide thy loue from mee? O my *Pyrocles*, I am too well paide for my paines I haue suffered: ioyfull is my woe for so noble a cause; and welcome be all miseries, since to thee I am so welcome. Alas how I pittied to heare thy pittie of mee; and yet a great while I could not find in my heart to interrupt thee, but often had euen pleasure to weepe with thee: and so kindly came forth thy lamentations, that they inforced me to lament too, as if indeed I had bene a looker on, to see poore *Philoclea* dye. Till at last I spake with you, to trie whether I could remoue thee from sorrow, till I had almost procured my selfe a beating. And with that she pretily smiled: which mingled with her teares, one could not tell whether it were a mourning pleasure, or a delightfull sorrow: but like when a few Aprill drops are scattered by a gentle *Zephyrus* among fine coloured flowers. But *Pyrocles*, who had felt (with so small distance of time) in himselfe the ouerthrow both of hope and despaire, knew not to what key he should tune his minde, either of ioy or sorrow. But finding perfite reason in neither, suffred himselfe to be carried by the tide of his imagination, and his imaginations to be raised euen by the sway, which hearing or seeing, might giue vnto them: he saw her aliue, he was glad to see her aliue: he saw her weepe, hee was sorrie to see her weepe: he heard her comfortable speeches, nothing more gladsome: he heard her prognosticating her owne destruction, nothing more dolefull. But when he had a little taken breath from the panting motion of such contrarieties in passions, he fell to consider with her of her present estate, both comforting her, that certainly the worst of this storme was past, since alreadie they had done the worst, which mans wit could imagine: and that if they had determined to haue killed her, now they would haue done it: and also earnestly counselling her, and enabling his counsels with vehement prayers, that shee would so farre second the hopes of *Amphialus*, as that shee might but procure him libertie; promising then as much to her, as the liberalitie of louing courage durst promise to himselfe.

But who could liuely describe the manner of these speeches, should paint out the lightsome colours of affection, shaded with the deepest shadowes of sorrow, finding then betweene hope and feare, a kind of sweetnesse in teares: till *Philoclea* content to receiue a kisse, and but a kisse of *Pyrocles*, sealed vp his moning lips, and closed them vp in comfort: and her-selfe (for the passage was left betweene them open) went to her sister: with vvhom shee stayed but a while, fortifying one another (while *Philoclea* tempered *Pamelas* iust disdaine, and *Pamela* ennobled *Philocleas* sweete humblenesse) when *Amphialus* came vnto them: who neuer since he had heard *Philoclea* named, could be quiet in himselfe, although none of them about him (fearing more his mothers violence then his power) would discouer what had passed: and manie messengers he sent to know her estate, which brought answers backe, according as it pleased *Cecropia* to indite them, till his heart full of vnfortunate affection, more and more misgiuing him, hauing impatiently borne the delay of the nights vnfitnesse, this morning he gat vp, and though ful of wounds (which not without danger could suffer such exercise) he apparelled himselfe, and with a countenance, that shewed strength in nothing but in griefe, he came where the sisters were; and weakely kneeling downe, he besought them to pardon him, if they had not beene vsed in that castle according to their worthinesse, and his duetie; beginning to excuse small matters, poore Gentleman, not knowing in what sort they had been handled.

But

But *Pamelas* high heart (hauing conceiued mortall hate for the iniurie offered to her and her sister) could scarcely abide his sight, much lesse heare out his excuses but interrupted him with these words. Traitor (said she) to thine owne blood, and false to the profession of so much loue as thou hast vowed, do not defile our eares with thy excuses; but pursue on thy crueltie, that thou and thy godly mother haue vsed towards vs: for my part, assure thy selfe, and so do I answer for my sister (whose mind I know) I do not more desire mine owne safetie then thy destruction. Amazed with this speech, he turned his eye, full of humble sorrowfulnesse, to *Philoclea*. And is this (most excellent Ladie) your doome of mee also? She, sweet Ladie, fate weeping: for as her most noble kinsman shee had euer fauoured him, and loued his loue, though she could not be in loue with his person: and now partly vnkindnesse of his wrong, partly pittie of his case, made her sweet mind yeeld some teares, before she could answere; and her answere was no other, but that she had the same cause as her sister had. He replied no further, but deliuering from his heart two or three (vntaught) sighes, rose, and with most low reuerence, vvent out of their chamber: and straight by threatning torture, learned of one of the women, in what terrible manner those Princesses had been vsed. But when he heard it, crying out, O God; and then not able to say any more (for his speech went backe to rebound woe vpon his heart) he needed no iudge to go vpon him: for no man could euer thinke anie other worthy of greater punishment, then hee thought himselfe. Full therefore of the horriblest despaire, vvhich a most guiltie conscience could breed, with wild looks promising some terrible issue, vnderstanding his mother was vpon the top of the leads, hee caught one of his seruants swords from him, and none of them daring to stay him, hee went vp, carried by fury, in steed of strength; where she was at that time, musing how to goe thorough with this matter, and resoluing to make much of her Neeces in shew, and secretly to impoyson them; thinking since they were not to be wonne, her sonnes loue would no otherwise bee mitigated.

But when she saw him come in with a sword drawne, and a looke more terrible then the sword, shee streight was striken with the guiltinesse of her owne conscience: yet the well knowne humblenesse of her sonne somewhat animated her, till hee comming nearer her, and crying to her, Thou damnable creature, onely fit to bring forth such a monster of vnhappinesse as I am; shee fearing he would haue striken her (though indeed he meant it not, but onely intended to kill himselfe in her presence) went backe so far, till ere she were aware, she ouerthrew her selfe from ouer the Leads, to receiue her deaths kisse at the ground: and yet was she not so happie as presently to die, but that she had time with hellish agonie to see her sonnes mischiefe (whom she loued so well) before her end; when she confest with most desperate, but not repenting mind) the purpose she had to impoyson the Princesses, and would then haue had them murdered. But euery body seeing, & glad to see her end, had left obedience to her tyranny.

And (if it could be) her ruine increased woe in the noble heart of *Amphialus*, who when he saw her fall, had his owne rage stayed a little with the sodainnesse of her destruction. And was I not enough miserable before (said he) but that before my end I must be the death of my mother? who how wicked soeuer, yet I would she had receiued her punishment by some other. O *Amphialus*, wretched *Amphialus*, thou hast liued to bee the death of thy most deare companion and friend *Philoxenus*, and of his father, thy most carefull foster-father. Thou hast liued to kill a Lady with

thine

thine owne hands, and ſo excellent and vertuous a Lady as the faire *Parthenia* was: thou haſt liued to ſee thy faithful *Iſmenus* ſlaine in ſuccouring thee, and thou notable to defend him: thou haſt liued to ſhew thy ſelfe ſuch a coward, as that one vnknown knight could ouercome thee in thy Ladies preſence: thou haſt liued to beare armes againſt thy rightfull Prince, thine own vncle: thou haſt liued to be accounted, & iuſtly accounted a traitor, by the moſt excellent perſons that this world holdeth: thou haſt liued to be the death of her, that gaue thee life. But ah wretched *Amphialus*, thou haſt liued, for thy ſake, and by thy authority, to haue *Philoclea* tormented, O heauens, in *Amphialus* cuſtle, where *Amphialus* commaunded; tormented, tormented? Torment of my ſoule, *Philoclea* tormented; and thou haſt had ſuch comfort in thy life, as to liue all this while. Perchance this hand (vſed only to miſchieuous acts) thinks it were too good a deed to kill me; or elſe filthy hand, onely worthy to kil women, thou art affraid to ſtrike a man. Feare not cowardly hand, for thou ſhalt kill but a cowardly traitor: and do it gladly; for thou ſhalt kill him whom *Philoclea* hateth. With that furiouſlie he tare open his doublet, and ſetting the pommel of the ſword to the ground, and the point to his breaſt, he fel vpon it. But the ſword more merciful then he to himſelfe, with the ſlipping of the pommel, the point ſwarued, and razed him but vpon the ſide: yet with the fall, his other wounds opened ſo, as he bled in ſuch extreamity, that *Charons* boat might very well be carried in that floud: which yet he ſought to haſten by this means. As he opened his doublet & fel, there fel out *Philocleas* kniues, which *Cecropia* at the firſt had taken from her, & deliuered to her ſonne; & he had euer worne them next his heart, as the onely relike he had of his Saint: now ſeeing them by him (his ſword being ſo, as weakeneſſe could not well draw it out from his doublet) he took the kniues, and pulling one of them out, and many times kiſſing it, and then, firſt with the paſſions of kindneſſe and vnkindneſſe melting in teares: O deare kniues, you are come in good time, to reuenge the wrong I haue done you all this while, in keeping you from her bleſſed ſide, and wearing you without your miſtreſſe leaue. Alas, be witneſſe with me, yet before I dy (and well you may, for you haue laine next my heart) that by my conſent, your excellent miſtreſſe ſhould haue had as much honour as this poore place could haue brought forth for ſo high an excellencie; and now I am condemned to die by her mouth. Alas, other, farre other hope would my deſire often haue giuen me; but other euent it hath pleaſed her to lay vpon me. Ah *Philoclea* (with that his teares guſhed out, as thogh they would ſtriue to ouerflow his bloud) I would yet thou kneweſt how I loue thee. Vnworthy I am, vnhappy I am, falſe I am; but to thee alas, I am not falſe. But what a traitor am I, any way to excuſe him, whom ſhe cõdemneth? Since there is nothing left me, wherin I may do her ſeruice, but in puniſhing him, who hath ſo offended her. Deare knife, then do your noble miſtreſſes commandement. With that, he ſtabbed himſelfe into diuerſe places of his breaſt and throte, vntill thoſe wounds (with the old, freſhly bleeding) brought him to the ſenceleſſe gate of death. By which time, his ſeruants hauing (with feare of his fury) abſtained a while from comming vnto him, one of them (preferring dutifull affection before fearefull dutie) came in, and there found him ſwimming in his owne bloud, giuing a pitifull ſpectacle, where the conqueſt was the conquerours ouerthrow, and ſelfe-ruine the onely triumph of a battaile, fought betweene him and himſelfe. The time full of daunger, the perſon full of worthineſſe, the manner full of horror, did greatly aſtoniſh all the beholders: ſo as by and by, all the towne was full of it, and then of all ages came running vp to ſee the beloued body; euery bodie thinking

their

their ſafety bled in his wounds, and their honor died in his deſtruction.

But when it came, (& quickly it came) to the eares of his proud friend *Anaxius*, (who by that time was growen well of his wound, but neuer had come abroad, diſdaining to abaſe himſelfe to the companie of anie other but of *Amphialus*) hee was exceedingly vexed either with kindneſſe, or (if a proud heart be not capable thereof) with diſdaine, that he, who had the honor to be called the friend of *Anaxius*, ſhould come to ſuch an vnexpected ruine. Therefore then comming abroad, with a face red in anger, and engrained in pride, with liddes raiſed, and eyes leuelling from top to toe of them that met him, treading, as though he thought to make the earth ſhake vnder him, with his hand vpon his ſword; ſhort ſpeeches, and diſdainfull anſwers, giuing ſtreight order to his two brothers, to goe take the oath of obedience, in his name, of all the ſouldiers, and Citizens in the towne: and withall, to ſweare them to reuenge the death of *Amphialus*, vpon *Baſilius*; hee himſelfe went to ſee him, calling for all the ſurgeons and phyſicions there; ſpending ſome time in viewing the bodie, and threatning them all to be hanged, if they did not heale him. But they (taking view of his wounds, and falling downe at *Anaxius* feet) aſſured him, that they were mortall, and no poſſible meanes to keepe him aboue two daies aliue: and he ſtood partlie in doubt, to kill, or ſaue them, betweene his owne furie, and their humbleneſſe. But vowing, with his owne hands to kill the two ſiſters, as cauſers of his friends death: when his brothers came to him, and told him they had done his commandement, in hauing receiued the oath of alleageance, with no great difficultie; the moſt part terrified by their valure, and force of their ſeruants, and manie that had been forward actors in the rebellion, willing to do any thing, rather then come vnder the ſubiection of *Baſilius* againe; and ſuch fewe as durſt gainſaie, being cut off by preſent ſlaughter.

But withall (as the chiefe matter of their comming to him) they tolde *Anaxius*, that the faire Queene *Helen* was come, with an honourable retinue, to the towne: humbly deſiring leaue to ſee *Amphialus*, whom ſhee had ſought in many places of the world; & laſtly, being returned into her own country, ſhe heard together of the late ſiege, and of his combat with the ſtrange Knight, vvho had dangerouſly hurt him. Whereupon, full of louing care (which ſhe was content euen to publiſh to the world, how vngratefully ſoeuer he dealt with her) ſhe had gotten leaue of *Baſilius*, to come by his frontiers, to carrie away *Amphialus* with her, to the excellenteſt ſurgeon then knowen, whom ſhe had in her countrey, but ſo old, as not able to trauaile: but had giuen her ſoueraigne anointments, to preſerue his bodie withall, till hee might be brought vnto him: and that *Baſilius* had graunted leaue: either naturall kindneſſe preuailing ouer all the offences done, or rather glad to make any paſſage, which might leade him out of his country, and from his daughters. This diſcourſe *Lycurgus* vnderſtanding of *Helen*, deliuered to his brother, with her vehement deſire to ſee the bodie, and take her laſt farewell of him. *Anaxius*, though he were fallen out with all womankind (in reſpect of the hate he bare the ſiſters, whom he accounted murtherers of *Amphialus*) yet at his brothers requeſt, graunted her leaue. And ſhe (poore Lady) with grieuous expectation, and languiſhing deſire, caried her faint legs to the place where he lay, either not breathing, or in all appearance breathing nothing but death.

In which pitcous plight vvhen ſhee ſaw him, though Sorrow had ſet before her minde the pitifulleſt conceit thereof that it could paint, yet the preſent ſight went beyond all the former apprehenſions: ſo that beginning to kneele by the body, her

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ſight ranne from her ſeruice, rather then abide ſuch a ſight; and ſhe fell in a ſowne vpon him, as if ſhe could not chooſe but dye of his wounds. But when her breath (aweary to be cloſed vp in woe) broke the priſon of her faire lips, and brought memorie (with his ſeruant ſenſes) to his naturall office, ſhe yet made the breath conuey theſe dolefull wordes with it. Alas (ſaid ſhe) *Amphialus*, what ſtrange diſaſters be theſe, that hauing ſought thee ſo long, I ſhould be now ſorie to finde thee? that theſe eyes ſhould looke vpon *Amphialus*, and be grieued withall? that I ſhould haue thee in my power without glorie, and embrace thee without comfort? How often haue I bleſt the meanes that might bring me neere thee? Now, woe worth the cauſe that brings me ſo neere thee. Often, alas, often haſt thou diſdained my teares: but now, my deare *Amphialus*, receiue them: theſe eyes can ſerue for nothing elſe, but to weepe for thee; ſince thou wouldeſt neuer vouchſafe them thy comfort, yet diſdaine not them thy ſorrow. I would they had bene more deare vnto thee; for then hadſt thou liued. Woe is me that thy noble heart could loue who hated thee, and hate who loued thee. Alas, why ſhould not my faith to thee couer my other defectes, who only ſought to make my Crown thy foot-ſtoole, my ſelfe thy ſeruant? that was all my ambition; and alas thou diſdainedſt it, to ſerue them, by whome thy incomparable ſelfe wert diſdained. Yet (ô *Philoclea*) whereſoeuer you are, pardon me, if I ſpeake in the bitterneſſe of my ſoule, excellent may you be in all other things (and excellent ſure you are ſince he loued you) your want of pittie, where the fault onely was infiniteneſſe of deſert, cannot be excuſed. I would, ô God, I would that you had granted his deſerued ſuite of marrying you, and that I had bene your ſeruing-maide, to haue made my eſtate the foile of your felicitie, ſo he had liued. How many wearie ſteps haue I trodden after thee, while my onely complaint was, that thou wert vnkinde? Alas I would now thou wert to be vnkinde. Alas why wouldeſt thou not commaund my ſeruice, in perſwading *Philoclea* to loue thee? Who could, or (if euery one could) who would haue recounted thy perfection ſo well as I? who with ſuch kindly paſſions could haue ſtirred pittie for thee as I? who ſhould haue deliuered not onely the words, but the teares I had of thee? and ſo ſhouldeſt thou haue exerciſed thy diſdain in me, and yet vſed my ſeruice for thee.

With that the body mouing ſomwhat, and giuing a grone full of deaths muſick, ſhe fell vpon his face, and kiſt him, and withall cryed out; O miſerable I, that haue onely fauour by miſerie: and then would ſhee haue returned to a freſh careere of complaints, when an aged and wiſe Gentleman came to her, and beſought her, to remember what was fit for her greatneſſe, wiſedome and honour: and withall, that it was fitter to ſhew her loue, in carying the body to her excellent Surgeon, firſt applying ſuch excellent medicines as ſhe had receiued of him for that purpoſe, rather then onely ſhew her ſelfa woman-louer in fruitleſſe lamentations. She was ſtreight warned with the obedience of an ouerthrowne minde, and therefore leauing ſome ſurgeons of her owne to dreſſe the body, went her ſelfe to *Anaxius*; and humbling her ſelfe to him, as lowe as his owne pride could wiſh, beſought him, that ſince the ſurgeons there had vtterly giuen him ouer, that he would let her carrie him away in her litter with her, ſince the worſt he could haue ſhould be to die, and to die in her armes that loued him aboue all things; and where he ſhould haue ſuch monuments erected ouer him, as were fit for her loue, and his worthines: beſeeching him withall, ſince ſhe was in a countrey of enemies (where ſhee truſted more to *Anaxius* valour, then *Baſilius* promiſe) that he wold conuey them ſafely out of thoſe territories.

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Her reasons something moued him, but nothing throughly perswaded him, but the last request of his help: which he straight promised, warranting all securitie, as long as that sword had his master aliue. She as happy therein as vnhappinesse could be (hauing receiued as small comfort of her owne surgeons as of the others) caused yet the body to be easily conueyed into the litter: all the people then beginning to roare and cry, as though neuer till then they had lost their Lord. And if the terror of *Anaxius* had not kept them vnder, they would haue mutinied, rather then suffered his body to be carried away.

But *Anaxius* himselfe riding before the litter, with the choyce men of that place, they were affraid euen to crie, though they were ready to crie for feare; but (because that they might do) euery body forced (euen with harming themselues) to do honour to him: some throwing themselues vpon the ground; some tearing their clothes, and casting dust vpon their heads, and some euen wounding themselues, and sprinkling their owne bloud in the aire.

The generall consort of whose mourning, per fourmed so the naturall tunes of sorrow; that euen to them (if any such were) that felt not the losse, yet others griefe taught them grief; hauing before their compassionat sense so passionate a spectacle of a yong man, of great beauty, beautified with great honor, honoured by great valure, made of inestimable value, by the noble vsing of it, to lie there languishing, vnder the arrest of death, & a death, where the maner could be no comfort to the discomfortablenes of the matter. But when the body was carried through the gate, & the people (sauing such as were appointed) not suffred to go further, then was such an vniuersall cry, as if they had all had but one life, and all receiued but one blow.

Which so moued *Anaxius* to consider the loss of his friend, that (his mind apter to reuenge, then tendernes) he presently giuing order to his brother to keep the prisoners safe, and vnuisited till his returne from conueying *Helen*, he sent a messenger to the sisters, to tel them this curteous message: that at his returne, with his owne hands, he would cut off their heads, and send them for tokens to their father.

This message was brought vnto the sisters, as they sate at that time together with *Zelmane*, conferring how to carrie themselues, hauing heard of the death of *Amphialus*. And as no expectatiō of death is so painful, as where the resolution is hindred by the intermixing of hopes, so did this new alarum, though not remoue, yet moue somwhat the constancy of their minds, which were so vnconstantly dealt with. But within a while, the excellent *Pamela* had brought her minde againe to his olde acquaintance: and then as carefull for her sister (whom she most dearely loued) Sister (said she) you see how many acts our Tragedie hath: Fortune is not yet awearie of vexing vs: but what? A ship is not counted strong by byding one storme: It is but the same trumpet of death, which now perhaps giues the last sound: & let vs make that profit of our former miseries, that in them we learned to die willingly. Truely said *Philoclea*, dear sister, I was so beaten with the euils of life, that though I had not vertue enough to despise the sweetnesse of it, yet my weaknes bredde that strength, to be weary of the pains of it: only I must confesse, that little hope, which by these late accidents was awaked in me, was at the first angry withall. But euen in the darknes of that horrour, I see a light of comfort appeare; and how can I tread amisse, that see *Pamela* steps? I would onely (O that my wish might take place) that my schoole-Mistres might liue, to see me say my lesson truly. Were that a life, my *Philoclea*? said *Pamela*. No, no (said shee) let it come, and put on his worst face: for at the worst it is but a bug beare. Ioy is it to me to see you so well resolued, and since

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the world will not haue vs, let it loſe vs. Only (with that ſhe ſtayed a little, and ſighed) onely my *Philoclea* (then ſhe bowed down, & whiſpered in her eare) only *Muſidorus*, my ſhepheard, comes between me and death, and makes me thinke I ſhould not die, becauſe I know he would not I ſhould die. With that *Philoclea* ſighed alſo, ſaying no more, but looking vpon *Zelmane*: who was walking vp and downe the chamber, hauing heard this meſſage from *Anaxius*, and hauing in time paſt heard of his nature, thought him like enough to performe it, which winded her again into the former maze of perplexitie. Yet debating with her ſelfe of the maner how to preuent it, ſhe continued her muſing humour, little ſaying, or indeede, little finding in her heart to ſay, in a caſe of ſuch extremity, where peremptorily death was threatned: and ſo ſtaied they; hauing yet that comfort, that they might carry together. *Pamela* nobly, *Philoclea* ſweetly, and *Zelmane* ſadly and deſperately; none of them entertaining ſleep, which they thought ſhould ſhortly begin neuer to awake.

But *Anaxius* came home, hauing ſafely conducted *Helen*, and ſafely hee might well do it: For though many of *Baſilius* Knights would haue attempted ſomething vpon *Anaxius*, by that meanes to deliuer the Ladies; yet *Philanax*, hauing receiued his maſters commandement, and knowing his word was giuen, would not conſent vnto it. And the black-Knight (who by then was able to carry abroad his wounds) did not know thereof; but was bringing force, by force to deliuer his Lady. So as *Anaxius*, interpreting it rather feare, then faith, and making euen chance an argument of his vertue, returned: and as ſoon as he was returned, with a felon heart calling his brothers vp with him, he went into the chamber, where they were all three together; with full intention to kill the ſiſters with his owne hands, and ſend their heads for tokens to their father: Though his brothers (who were otherwiſe enclined) diſſwaded him: but his reuerence ſtayed their perſwaſions. But when hee was come into the chamber, with the very words of cholerike threatning climing vp his throat, his eyes firſt lighted vpon *Pamela*; who hearing he was comming, and looking for death, thought ſhe would keepe her owne maieſtie in welcomming it; but the beames thereof ſo ſtrake his eyes, with ſuch a counterbuffe vpon his pride, that if his anger could not ſo quickly loue, nor his pride ſo eaſily honor, yet both were forced to finde a worthineſſe.

Which while it bred a pauſe in him, *Zelmane* (who had ready in her minde both what and how to ſay) ſtept out vnto him, and with a reſolute ſtaiednesſe (void either of anger, kindneſſe, diſdaine, or humbleneſſe) ſpake in this ſort. *Anaxius* (ſaid ſhee) if *Fame* haue not beene ouerpartiall to thee, thou art a man of exceeding valour. Therefore I do call thee euen before that vertue, & will make it the iudge betweene vs. And now I do affirme, that to the eternall blot of all the faire actes that thou haſt done, thou doeſt weakely, in ſeeking without danger to reuenge his death, whoſe life with daunger thou mightſt perhaps haue preſerued: thou doeſt cowardly in going about by the death of theſe excellent Ladies, to preuent the iuſt puniſhment that hereafter they by the powers, which they better then their father, or any other could make, might lay vpon thee, and doſt moſt baſely, in once preſenting thy ſelfe as an executioner; a vile office vpon men, and in a iuſt cauſe: beyond the degree of anie vile word, in ſo vniuſt a cauſe, and vpon Ladies, and ſuch Ladies. And therefore, as a hangman I ſay, thou art vnworthy to be counted a knight, or to be admitted into the company of Knights. Neither for what I ſay, wil I allradge other reaſons of wiſdom, or iuſtice, to proue my ſpeech, becauſe I knowe thou doſt diſdain to be tied to their rules, but euen in thine owne Vertue (whereof thou ſo much glorieſt)

glorieſt) I will make my tryall: and therfore defie thee, by the death of one of vs two to proue or diſproue theſe reproches. Chuſe thee what armes thou likeſt: I only demaund, that theſe Ladies (whom I defend) may in libertie ſee the combat.

When *Zelmane* began her ſpeech, the excellencie of her beautie and grace, made him a litle content to heare. Beſides that, a new leſſon he had read in *Pamela*, had already taught him ſome regard. But when ſhe entred into brauery of ſpeech, hee thought at firſt, a mad and rayling humour poſſeſt her: till finding the ſpeeches hold well together, and at length come to flat challenge of combat, he ſtood leaning back with his body & head, ſometimes with bent browes looking vpon the one ſide of her; ſometimes of the other, beyond meaſure marueling, that he, who had neuer heard ſuch ſpeeches from any knight, ſhould be thus rebuffed by a woman; and that meaſure made him heare out her ſpeech: which ended, he turned his head to his brother *Zoilus*, and ſaid nothing, but only lifting vp his eyes, ſmiled. But *Zelmane* finding his mind, *Anaxius* (ſaid ſhe) perchance thou diſdaineſt to anſwer me, becauſe (as a woman) thou thinkeſt me not fit to be fought withall. But I tell thee, that I haue bin trayned vp in martiall matters, with ſo good ſucceſſe, that I haue many times ouercome braue Knights then thy ſelfe: and am well knowne to be equall in feates of armes, to the famous *Pyrocles*: who ſlue thy valiant Vncle, the Giant *Euardes*. The remembrance of his Vncles death ſomething nettled him, ſo as he anſwered thus.

Indeede (ſayd he) any woman may be as valiant as that coward, and trayterly boy, who ſlue my Vncle trayterouſly, and after ranne from me in the plaine field. Fiue thouſand ſuch could not haue ouercome *Euardes*, but by falſhood. But I ſought him all ouer *Aſia*, following him ſtill from one of his cony holes to another, till comming into this Countrie, I heard of my friends being beſieged, and ſo came to blow away the wretches that troubled him. But whereſoeuer the miſerable boy flie, heauen, nor hell, ſhall keepe his heart from being torne by theſe hands. Thou lyeſt in thy throate (ſayd *Zelmane*) that boye, where euer he went, did ſo noble acts, as thy heart (as proud as it is) dares not thinke of, much leſſe performe. But to pleaſe thee the better with my preſence, I tell thee, no creature can be neerer of kinne to him, then my ſelfe: and ſo well we loued, that he would not be ſorier for his owne death then for mine: I being begotten by his father, of an Amazon Ladie. And therefore, thou canſt not deuiſe to reuenge thy ſelfe more vpon him, then by killing me: which if thou dareſt do, manfullie doo it, otherwiſe, if thou harme theſe incomparable Ladies, or my ſelfe without daring to fight with me, I proteſt before theſe Knights, and before heauen and earth (that will reuealc thy ſhame) that thou art the beggarlieſt daſtardly villaine that diſhonoureth the earth with his ſteps: and if thou letteſt me ouerliue them, ſo will I blaze thee. But all this could not mooue *Anaxius*, but that he onely ſaid, Euill ſhould it become the terrour of the world to fight, much worſe to fight with thee.

But (ſaid he) for the death of theſe fame (pointing to the Princeſſes) of my grace I giue them life. And withall, going to *Pamela*, and offering to take her by the chin, And as for you, Minion (ſaid he) yeeld but gently to my will, and you ſhall not onelie liue, but liue ſo happilie, He would haue ſaid further, when *Pamela*, diſpleaſed both with words, matter and maner, putting him away with her faire hand: Proud beaſt (ſaid ſhe) yet thou playeſt worſe thy Comedie, then thy Tragedie. For my part, aſſure thy ſelfe, ſince my deſtinie is ſuch, that each moment my life and death ſtand in equall balance, I had rather haue thee, and thinke thee farther to be

my hangman, then my husband. Pride and anger would faine haue cruellie reuenged ſo bitter an anſwer, but already *Cupid* had begun to make it his ſport, to pull his plumes: ſo that, vnuſed to a way of curteſie, and put out of his byas of pride, he haſtilie went away, grumbling to himſelfe; betweene threatning and wiſhing; leauing his brothers with them: the elder of whom *Lycurgus*, liked *Philoclea*, and *Zeilus* wold needs loue *Zelmane*, or at leaſt, entertaine themſelues with making them beleeue ſo. *Lycurgus* more braggard, and neere his brothers humour, began, with ſetting forth their blood, their deeds, how many they had deſpiſed of moſt excellent women; how much they were bound to them, that would ſeeke that of them. In ſumme, in all his ſpeeches, more like the beſtower then the deſirer of felicitie. Whom it was an excellent paſtime (to thoſe that would delight in the play of vertue) to ſee with what a wittie ignorance ſhe would not vnderſtand: and how acknowledging his perfections, ſhe would make that one of his perfections, not to be iniurious to Ladies. But when he knewe not how to replie, then would he fall to touching and toying, ſtill viewing his graces in no glaſſe but ſelf-liking. To which *Philoclea's* ſhamefaſtneſſe and humbleneſſe, were as ſtrong reſiſters as choler and diſdaine: for though ſhe yeelded not, he thought ſhe was to be ouercome: and that thought a while ſtayed him from further violence. But *Zelmane* had eye to his behauiour, and ſet it in her memorie vpon the ſcore of reuenge, while ſhe her ſelfe was no leſſe attempted by *Zeilus*; who leſſe full of brags was forwarder in offring (indeed) diſhonorable violence.

But when after their fruitleſſe labours they had gone away called by their brother, (who began to be perplexed betweene new conceiued deſires, and diſdaine to be diſdained) *Zelmane* (who with moſt aſſured quietneſſe of iudgement looked into their preſent eſtate) earneſtly perſwaded the two ſiſters, that to auoide the miſchiefes of proud outrage, they would onely ſo farre ſute their behauiour to their eſtates, as they might winne time; which as it could not bring them to worſe caſe then they were, ſo it might bring forth vnexpected reliefe. And why (ſaid *Pamela*) ſhall we anie longer flatter aduerſitie? Why ſhould we delight to make our ſelues any longer balles to iniurious Fortune, ſince our owne parents are content to be tyrants ouer vs, ſince our owne kinne are content traiterouſly to abuſe vs? Certainly in miſhap it may be ſome comfort to vs that we are lighted in theſe fellowes hands, who yet will keepe vs from having cauſe of being miſerable by our friends meanes. Nothing grieues me more, then that you, noble Ladie *Zelmane*, (to whom the world might haue made vs able to do honour) ſhould receiue onely hurt by the contagion of our miſerie. As for me and my ſiſter, vndoubtedly it becomes our birth to thinke of dying nobly, while we haue done or ſuffered nothing, which might make our ſoule aſhamed at the parture from theſe bodies. Hope is the fawning traytor of the mind, while vnder colour of friendſhip, it robs it of his chiefe force of reſolution. Vertuous and faire Ladie (ſaid *Zelmane*) what you ſay is true, and that truth may well make vp a part in the harmonie of your noble thoughts. But yet the time (which ought alwayes to be one) is not tuned for it; while that may bring forth any good, do not barre your ſelfe therof: for then will be the time to die noblie, when you cannot liue noblie. Then ſo earneſtlie ſhee perſwaded with them both, to referre themſelues to their fathers conſent (in obtaining whereof they knew ſome while would be ſpent) and by that meanes to temper the mindes of their proud wooers; that in the end *Pamela* yeelded to her becauſe ſhe ſpake reaſon; and *Philoclea* yeelded to her reaſon becauſe ſhee ſpake it.

And

And ſo when they were againe ſolicited in that little pleaſing petition, *Pamela* forced her ſelfe to make anſwere to *Anaxius*, that if her father gaue his conſent ſhe would make her ſelfe beleeue, that ſuch was the heauenly determination, ſince ſhe had no meanes to auoyde it. *Anaxius* (who was the moſt franke promiſer to himſelfe of ſucceſſe) nothing doubted of *Baſilius* conſent, but rather aſſured himſelfe, hee would be his Orator in that matter: and therefore hee choſe out an officious ſeruant (whom hee eſteemed very wiſe, becauſe he neuer found him but iuſt of his opinion) and willed him to be his Embaſſadour to *Baſilius*, and to make him know, that if he meant to haue his daughter both ſafe and happy, and deſired himſelfe to haue ſuch a ſonne in lawe, as would not onely protect him in his quiet courſe, but (if he liſted to accept it) would giue him the Monarchie of the world; that then he ſhould receiue *Anaxius*, who neuer before knew what it was to pray any thing. That if he did not, hee would make him know, that the power of *Anaxius* was in euery thing beyond his will, and yet his will not to be reſiſted by any other power. His ſeruant with ſmiling and caſt-vp looke, deſired God to make his memory able to containe the treaſure of that wiſe ſpeech; and therefore beſought him to repeate it againe, that by the oftener hearing it, his minde might be the better acquainted with the diuineneſſe therof, and that being gratiouſly granted, he then doubted not by carrying with him in his conceit, the grace wherewith *Anaxius* ſpake it, to perſwade rockie minds to their own harme: ſo little doubted he to win *Baſilius* to that, which he thought would make him thinke the heauens opened, when he heard but the proffer thereof. *Anaxius* grauely allowed the probability of his coniecture, and therefore ſent him away, promiſing him he ſhould haue the bringing vp of his ſecond ſonne by *Pamela*.

The meſſenger with ſpeede performed his Lords commaundement to *Baſilius*; who by nature quiet, and by ſuperſtition made doubtfull, was loth to take any matter of armes in hand, wherein already he had found ſo ſlowe ſucceſſe; though *Philanax* vehemently vrged him thereunto, making him ſee that his retiring backe did encourage iniuries. But *Baſilius* betwixt the feare of *Anaxius* might, the paſſion of his loue, and iealouſie of his eſtate, was ſo perplexed, that not able to determine, hee tooke the common courſe of men, to flie onely then to deuotion, when they want reſolution: therefore detayning the meſſenger with delayes, hee deferred the directing of his courſe to the counſell of *Apollo*, which becauſe himſelfe at that time could not well goe to require, he entruſted the matter to his beſt truſted *Philanax*: who (as one in whom obedience was a ſufficient reaſon vnto him) went with diligence to *Delphos*, where being entred into the ſecret place of the Temple, & hauing performed the ſacrifices vſuall, the ſpirit that poſſeſt the prophecying woman, with a ſacred furie attended not his demand, but as if it would argue him of incredulity, tolde him, not in darke wonted ſpeeches, but plainely to be vnderſtood, what he came for, and that he ſhould returne to *Baſilius*, and will him to denie his daughters to *Anaxius* & his brothers, for that they were reſerued for ſuch as were better beloued of the goddes. That he ſhould not doubt, for they ſhould returne vnto him ſafely and ſpeedily. And that he ſhould keepe on his ſolitarie courſe, till both *Philanax* and *Baſilius* fully agreed in the vnderſtanding of the former prophecie: withall commanding *Philanax* from thenceforward to giue tribute, but not oblation to humane wiſedome.

Philanax then finding that reaſon cannot ſhew it ſelfe more reaſonable, then to leaue reaſoning in things aboue reaſon, returnes to his Lord, and like one that

preferred truth before the maintayning of an opinion, hid nothing from him, nor from thenceforth durſt any more diſſwade him from that which he found by the celeſtiall prouidence directed; but he himſelfe looking to repaire the gouernement as much as in ſo broken an eſtate by ciuill diſſention he might, and fortifying with notable arte, both the Lodges, ſo as they were almoſt made vnapprochable, hee left *Baſilius* to bemone the abſence of his daughters, and to bewaile the impriſonment of *Zelmane*: yet wholly giuen holily to obey the Oracle, hee gaue a reſolute negatiue vnto the meſſenger of *Anaxius*, who all this while had waited for it, yet in good termes, deſiring him to ſhew himſelfe, in reſpect of his birth and profeſſion, ſo Princely a Knight, as without forcing him to ſeeke the way of force, to deliuer in noble ſort thoſe Ladies vnto him, and ſo ſhould the iniurie haue been in *Amphialus*, and the benefite in him.

The Meſſenger went backe with this anſwere, yet hauing euer vſed to ſuger any thing which his Maſter was to receiue, he told him, that when *Baſilius* firſt vnderſtood his deſires, he did ouer-reach ſo farre all his moſt hopefull expectations, that he thought it were too great a boldneſſe to hearken to ſuch a man, in whom the heauens had ſuch intereſt, without asking the goddes counſell, and therefore had ſent his principall Counceller to *Delphos*, who although he kept the matter neuer ſo ſecret, yet his diligence, inſpired by *Anaxius* priuiledge ouer all worldly things, had found out the ſecret, which was, that he ſhould not preſume to marry his daughters to one, who already was enrolled among the demie-goddes, and yet much leſſe he ſhould dare the attempting to take them out of his hands.

Anaxius, who till then had made Fortune his creator, and force his godde, now began to find another wiſedome to be aboue, that iudged ſo rightly of him: and where in this time of his ſeruants wayting for *Baſilius* reſolution, he & his brothers had courted their Ladies, as whom they vouchſafed to haue for their wiues, hee reſolued now to dally no longer in delayes, but to make violence his Oratour, ſince he had found perſwaſions had gotten nothing but anſwers. Which intention he opened to his brothers, who hauing all this while wanted nothing to take that away but his authority, gaue ſpurres to his running; and (vnworthy men) neither feeling vertue in themſelues, nor tendering it in others, they went headlong to make that euill conſort of loue and force, when *Anaxius* had word, that from the Tower there were deſcried ſome companies of armed men, marching towards the towne; wherefore hee gaue preſent order to his ſeruants and ſouldiers, to goe to the gates and walles, leauing none within but himſelfe and his brothers: his choughts then ſo full of their intended prey, that *Mars* his lowdeſt trumpet could ſcarcely haue awaked him.

But while he was directing what hee would haue done, his youngeſt brother *Zeiles* glad that he had the commiſsion, went in the name of *Anaxius*, to tell the ſiſters, that ſince he had anſwere from their father, that he and his brother *Lycurgus* ſhould haue them in what ſort it pleaſed them, that they would now graunt them no longer time, but preſently to determine, whether they thought it more honourable comfort to be compelled, or perſwaded. *Pamela* made him anſwere, that in a matter whereon the whole ſtate of her life depended, and wherein ſhe had euer anſwered, ſhe would not lead, but follow her parents pleaſure: ſhe thought it reaſon ſhe ſhould, either by letter, or particular meſſenger vnderſtand ſomething from themſelues & not haue their beliefe bound to the report of their partiall ſeruant, & therefore as to their words, ſhe & her ſiſter had euer a ſimple & true reſolution, ſo againſt

their

their vniuſt force, God they hoped, would either arme their liues, or take away their liues. Well Ladies (ſaid he) I will leaue my brothers, who by and by will come vnto you, to be their owne Ambaſſadors: for my part, I muſt now doe my ſelfe ſeruice. And with that turning vp his muſtachoes, and marching as if he would begin a paſſage, he went toward *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane* (hauing had all this while of the meſſengers being with *Baſilius*, much to doe to keepe thoſe excellent Ladies from ſeeking by the paſport of death, to eſcape thoſe baſe dangers whereunto they found themſelues ſubiect) ſtill hoping that *Muſidorus* would find ſome means to deliuer them; and therefore had often both by her owne example, and comfortable reaſons, perſwaded them to ouerpaſſe many inſolent indignities of their proude ſuters, who thought it was a ſufficient fauour not to do the vttermoſt iniurie, now come againe to the ſtreight ſhe moſt feared for them, eyther of death or diſhonour, if heroicall courage would haue let her, ſhe had bin beyond her ſelfe amazed: but that yet held vp her wit, to attend the vttermoſt occaſion, which euen then brought his hairie forehead vnto her: for *Zoilus* ſmacking his lippes, as for the Prologue of a kiſſe, and ſomething aduancing himſelfe, Darling (ſaid he) let thy heart be full of ioy, and let thy faire eyes be of counſell with it, for this day thou ſhalt haue *Zoilus*, whom many haue longed for; but none ſhall haue him, but *Zelmane*. And oh! how much glorie I haue to thinke what a race will be between vs! The world, by the heauens, the world will be too little for them. And with that, he would haue put his arme about her necke; but ſhe withdrawing her ſelfe from him, My Lord (ſaid ſhee) much good may your thoughts do you: but that I may not diſſemble with you, my natiuity being caſt by one that neuer failed in any of his prognoſtications, I haue bin aſſured, that I ſhould neuer be apt to beare children. But ſince you will honor me with ſo high fauour, I muſt only deſire that I may perform a vow which I made among my country-women, the famous *Amazons*, that I would neuer marry none, but ſuch one as was able to withſtand me in armes: therefore, before I make mine owne deſire ſeruiceable to yours, you muſt vouchſafe to lend me armour and weapons, that at leaſt, with a blow or two of the ſword, I may not find my ſelfe periured to my ſelfe. But *Zoilus* (laughing with a hearty lowdeneſſe) went by force to embrace her; making no other anſwere, but ſince ſhe had a minde to trie his Knighthood, ſhe ſhould quickly know what a man of armes he was: and ſo, without reuerence to the Ladies, began to ſtruggle with her.

But in *Zelmane* then Diſdaine became wiſedome, and Anger gaue occaſion. For abiding no longer aboad in the matter, ſhe that had not put off, though ſhe had diſguiſed, *Pyrocles*, being farre fuller of ſtrong nimbleneſſe, tript vp his feete, ſo that hee fell downe at hers. And withall (meaning to purſue what ſhe had begunne) puld out his ſword which he ware about him: but before ſhee could ſtrike him withall, hee gat vp, and ranne to a faire chamber, where he had left his two brethren, preparing themſelues to come downe to their Miſtreſſes. But ſhe followed at his heeles, and euen as he came to throw himſelfe into their armes for ſuccour, ſhe hit him with his owne ſword, ſuch a blow vpon the waſte, that ſhe almoſt cut him aſunder: once, ſhe ſundred his ſoule from his body, ſending it to *Proſerpina*, an angry goddeſſe againſt rauiſhers. But *Anaxius*, ſeeing before his eyes the miſerable end of his brother, fuller of deſpite then wrath, and yet fuller of wrath then ſorrow, looking with a wofull eye vpon his brother *Lycurgus*, Brother, ſaid he, chaſtiſe this vile creature, while I goe downe, and take order leaſt further miſchiefe ariſe: and ſo went downe to the Ladies, vvhom he viſited, doubting there had bin ſome further practiſe then yet he

conceiued. But finding them onely ſtrong in patience, he went and lockt a great Iron gate, by which onely any body might mount to that part of the Caſtle; rather to conceale the ſhame of his brother, ſlain by a woman, then for doubt of any other annoyance: & then went vp to receiue ſome comfort of the execution, he was ſure his brother had done of *Zelmane*. But *Zelmane* no ſooner ſaw thoſe brothers, of whom Reaſon aſſured her ſhe was to expect reuenge, but that ſhe leapt to a Targer, as one that well knew the firſt marke of valour to be defence. And then accepting the opportunity of *Anaxius* going away, ſhe wayted not the pleaſure of *Lycurgus*, but without any words (which ſhe euer thought vaine, when reſolution tooke the place of perſwaſion) gaue her owne heart the contentment to be the aſſailer. *Lycurgus*, who was in the diſpoſition of his nature hazardouſe, & by the lucky paſsing through many dangers, growne confident in himſelfe, went toward her, rather as to a ſpoyle, then to a fight; ſo farre from feare, that his aſſuredneſſe diſdained to hope. But when her ſword made demonſtrations aboue all flatterie of arguments, and that he found ſhe preaſt ſo vpon him, as ſhewed that her courage ſprang not from blinde deſpaire, but was guarded both with cunning and ſtrength: ſelfe-loue then firſt in him diuided it ſelfe from vain-glory, and made him finde that the world of worthineſſe had not his whole Globe compriſed in his breaſt, but that it was neceſſarie to haue ſtrong reſiſtance againſt ſo ſtrong aſſailing. And ſo betweene them, for a few blowes, *Mars* himſelfe might haue beene delighted to looke on. But *Zelmane*, who knew that in her caſe ſlowneſſe of victory was little better then ruine, with the bellowes of hate, blew the fire of courage; and he ſtriking a maine blow at her head, ſhe warded it with the ſhield, but ſo warded, that the ſhield was cut in two pieces while it protected her: and withall ſhe ran in to him, & thruſting at his breaſt, which he put by with his Target, as he was lifting vp his ſword to ſtrike againe, ſhe let fall the piece of her ſhield, and with her left hand catching his ſword of the inſide of the pommell, with nimble and ſtrong ſleight, ſhee had gotten his ſword out of his hand, before his ſenſe could convey to his imagination what was to bee doubted. And hauing now two ſwords againſt one ſhield, meaning not fooliſhly to be vngratefull to good fortune, while he was no more amazed with his being vnweaponed, then with the ſuddenneſs thereof, ſhe gaue him ſuch a wound vpon his head, in deſpite of the ſhields ouer-weake reſiſtance, that withall he fell to the ground, aſtoniſhed with the pain, and agaſt with feare. But ſeeing *Zelmane* ready to conclude her victory in his death, bowing vp his head to her, with a countenance that had forgotten all pride, Enough excellent Lady, ſaid he, the honor is yours: whereof you ſhall want the beſt witneſſe, if you kil me. As you haue taken from men the glory of manhood, returne ſo now againe to your owne ſex, for mercy. I will redeeme my life of you with no ſmall ſeruices; for I will vndertake to make my brother obey all your commandements. Grant life, I beſeech you, for your own honor, & for the perſons ſake that you loue beſt. *Zelmane* repreſt a while her great heart, either diſdaining to be cruel or pitiful, & therfore not cruel: & now the image of the humane condition, began to be an Orator vnto her of cõpaſsion, when ſhe ſaw, as he lifted vp his armes with a ſuppliants grace, about one of them, vnhappely tyed, a garter with a jewell, w^ch^ (giuen to *Pyrocles* by his aunt of *Theſſalia*, and greatly eſteemed by him) he had preſented to *Philoclea*, & with inward rage promiſing extreame hatred, had ſeen *Lycurgus* with a proude force, & not without ſom hurt vnto her, pull away from *Philoclea*, becauſe at intreaty ſhe would not giue it him. But the ſight of that was like a cypher, ſignifying all the iniuries w^ch^ *Philoclea* had of him ſuffred, & that remẽbrance

feeding

feeding vpon wrath, trod downe all conceits of mercy. And therefore saying no more, but No villain, die: it is *Philoclea* that sends thee this token for thy loue. With that she made her sword drink the bloud of his heart, though he wresting his body; and with a countenance prepared to excuse, would faine haue delayed the receiuing of deaths Ambassadours. But neither that stayed *Zelmanes* hand, nor yet *Anaxius* crie vnto her; who hauing made fast the iron gate, euen then came to the toppe of the staires, when, contrary to all his imaginations, he saw his brother lie at *Zelmanes* mercy. Therefore crying, promising, & threatning to her to hold her hand: the last grone of his brother was the only answer he could get to his vnrespected eloquence. But then Pitie would faine haue drawne teares, which Furie in their spring dryed; and Anger would faine haue spoken, but that Disdain sealed vp his lippes: but in his heart he blasphemed heauen, that it could haue such a power ouer him; no lesse ashamed of the victory he should haue of her, then of his brothers ouerthrow: and no more spited that it was yet vnreuenged, then that the reuenge should be no greater then a womans destruction. Therefore with no speech, but such a groning crye as often is the language of sorrowful anger, he came running at *Zelmane*; vse of fighting then seruing in stead of patient consideration what to doe. Guided therewith, though he did not with knowledge, yet did he according to knowledge, pressing vpon *Zelmane* in such a well defended manner, that in all the combats that euer she had fought, she had neuer more need of quicke senses, and ready vertue. For being one of the greatest men of stature then liuing; as hee did fully answere that stature in greatnesse of might: so did he exceed both in greatnesse of courage, which with a countenance formed by the nature both of his minde and body, to an almost horrible fiercenesse, was able to haue carried feare to any minde, that was not priuie to it selfe of a true and constant worthinesse. But *Pyrocles*, whose soule might well be separated from his body, but neuer alienated from the remembring of what was comely, if at the first he did a little apprehend the dangerousnesse of his aduersary, whom once before he had something tryed, and now perfectly sawe, as the very picture of forcible fury: yet was that apprehension quickly stayed in him, rather strengthening then weakning his vertue by that wrestling; like wine, growing the stronger by being moued. So that they both, prepared in hearts, and able in hands, did honour solitarinesse there with such a combat, as might haue demaunded, as a right of fortune, whole armies of beholders. But no beholders needed there, where man-hood blew the Trumpet, and satisfaction did whet as much as glorie. There was strength against nimblenesse; rage against resolution; fury against vertue; confidence against courage; pride against noblenesse: loue in both, breeding mutuall hatred, and desire of reuenging the iniuries of his brothers slaughter, to *Anaxius*, being like *Philocleas* captiuity to *Pyrocles*. Who had seene the one, would haue thought nothing could haue resisted: who had markt the other, would haue maruelled that the other had so long resisted. But like two contrary tides, eyther of which are able to carrie worlds of ships, & men vpon them, with such swiftnesse, as nothing seemes able to withstand them: yet meeting one another, with mingling their watrie forces, & strugling together; it is long to say whether stream gets the victory: so betweene these, if *Pallas* had beene there, shee could scarcely haue tolde, whether she had nursed better in the feates of armes. The Irish Greyhound against the English Mastiffe: the Sword-fish against the Whale: the Rhinoceros against the Elephant, might be models, and but models of this combat. *Anaxius* was better armed defensiuely: for (beside a strong caske brauely couered,

where-

wherewith he couered his head) he had a huge ſhield, ſuch perchance, as *Achilles* ſhewed to the pale walles of Troy, wherewithall that great body was couered. But *Pyrocles*, vtterly vnarmed for defence, to offend had the aduantage: for, in eyther hand he had a ſword, & with both hands nimbly performed that office. And according as they were diuerſly furniſhed, ſo did they differ in the manner of fighting: for *Anaxius* moſt by warding, and *Pyrocles* oftneſt by auoiding, reſiſted the aduerſaries aſſault. Both haſty to end, yet both often ſtaying for aduantage. Time, diſtance, and motion, cuſtome made them ſo perfect in, that as if they had bin fellow Counſellers, and not enemies, each knew the others minde, and knew how to preuent it. So as their ſtrength failed them ſooner then their skill, and yet their breath fayled them ſooner then their ſtrength. And breathleſſe indeed they grew, before eyther could complaine of any loſſe of bloud.

So that conſenting by the mediation of neceſsity, to a breathing time of truce, being withdrawne a little one from the other, *Anaxius* ſtood leaning vpon his ſword, with his grimme eye ſo ſettled vpon *Zelmane*, as is wont to be the locke of an earneſt thought. Which *Zelmane* marking, and according to the *Pyroclean* nature, fuller of gay brauerie in the midſt, then in the beginning of danger: What is it (ſaid ſhe) *Anaxius*, that thou ſo deeply muſeſt on? Doth thy brothers example make thee think of thy fault paſt, or of thy comming puniſhment? I thinke (ſaid he) what ſpitefull god it ſhould be, who enuying my glorie, hath brought me to ſuch a wayward caſe, that neyther thy death can be a reuenge, nor thy ouerthrowe a victory. Thou doeſt well indeed (ſaid *Zelmane*) to impute thy caſe to the heauenly prouidence, which will haue thy pride finde it ſelfe (euen in that whereof thou art moſt proud) puniſhed by the weake ſexe which thou moſt contemneſt.

But then, hauing ſufficiently reſted themſelues, they renewed againe their combat, farre more terrible then before: like nimble vaulters, who at the firſt and ſecond leape doe but ſtirre, and (as it were) awake the fiery and ayrie parts, which after in the other leapes they doe with more excellencie exerciſe. For in this pauſing, each had brought to his thoughts the maner of the others fighting, and the aduantages, which by that, and by the quality of their weapons they might worke themſelues; and ſo againe repeated the leſſon they had ſaid before, more perfectly, by the vſing of it. *Anaxius* oftner vſed blowes, his huge force (as it were) more delighting therin, and the large protection of his ſhield animating him vnto it. *Pyrocles*, of a more fine and deliuer ſtrength, watching his time when to giue fit thruſts; as, with the quicke obeying of his body, to his eyes quicke commandement, he ſhunned any harme *Anaxius* could do to him: ſo would he ſoon haue made an end of *Anaxius*, if he had not found him a man of wonderfull, & almoſt matchleſſe excellency in matters of arms. *Pyrocles* vſed diuers faynings to bring *Anaxius* on into ſom inconuenience: but *Anaxius* keeping a ſound manner of fighting, neuer offered but ſeeing faire cauſe, and then followed it with well gouerned violence. Thus ſpent they a great time, ſtriuing to do, and with ſtriuing to do, wearying themſelues more then with the very doing: *Anaxius* finding *Zelmane* ſo neare vnto him, that with little motion he might reach her, knitting all his ſtrength together, at that time manly foyned at her face. But *Zelmane* ſtrongly putting it by with her right hand ſword, comming in with her left foote and hand, would haue giuen a ſharpe viſitation to his right ſide, but that he was faine to leape away. Whereat aſhamed, (as hauing neuer done ſo much before in his life.)

Thus

Thus far the worthy Author had reuiſed or inlarged that firſt written Arcadia of his, which onely paſſed from hand to hand, and was neuer printed: hauing a purpoſe likewiſe to haue new ordered, augmented, and concluded the reſt, had he not bene prevented by vntymely death. So that all which followeth here of this Work, remayned as it was done and ſent away in ſeuerall looſe ſheets (beeing neuer after reviewed, nor ſo much as ſeene all together by himſelf) without any certaine diſpoſition or perfect order. Yet for that it was his, howſoeuer depriued of the iuſt grace it ſhould haue had, was held too good to be loſt: & therefore with much labor were the beſt coherencies, that could be gathered out of thoſe ſcattred papers, made, and afterwards printed as now it is, onely by hir Noble care to whoſe deare hand they were firſt committed, and for whoſe delight and intertaynement only vndertaken.

VVhat concluſion it ſhould haue had, or how far the Work haue bene extended (had it had his laſt hand thereunto) was onely knowne to his owne ſpirit, where only thoſe admirable Images were (and no where elſe) to bee caſt.

And here we are likewiſe vtterly depriued of the relation how this combat ended, and how the Ladies by diſcouery of the approching forces were deliuered and reſtored to *Baſilius*: how *Dorus* returned to his old maſter *Dametas*: all which vnfortunate mayme we muſt be content to ſuffer with the reſt.



How this combate ended, how the Ladies by the comming of the discouered forces were deliuered, and restored to Basilius, *and how* Dorus *againe returned to his old maister* Dametas *is altogether vnknowne. What afterward chaunced, out of the Authors owne writings and conceits hath beene supplied, as followeth.*

AFter that *Basilius* (according to the oracles promise) had receiued home his daughters, and settled himselfe againe in his solitary course and accustomed company, there passed not many daies ere the now fully recomforted *Dorus* hauing waited a time of *Zelmanes* walking alone towards her little Arbor, tooke leaue of his master *Dametas* hushandrie to follow her. Neere whereunto ouertaking her, and sitting down together among the sweet flowers whereof that place was verie plentifull, vnder the pleasant shade of a broad-leaued Sycamor, they recounted one to another their strange pilgrimage of passions, omitting nothing which the open hearted friendship is wont to lay forth, where there is cause to communicate both ioies & sorrows, for indeed there is no sweeter tast of friendship, then the coupling of soules in this mutualitie either of condoling or comforting: where the oppressed minde findes it selfe not altogether miserable, since it is sure of one which is feelingly sorry for his misery: & the ioyful spends not his ioy, either alone, or there where it may be enuied: but may freely send it to such a well grounded obiect, from whence hee shall be sure to receiue a sweet reflection of the same ioy, and, as in a cleere mirror of sincere good wil, see a liuely picture of his owne gladnesse. But after much discourse on either part, *Dorus* (his heart scarce seruing him to come to the point, vvhereunto his then comming had been wholly directed, as loth in the kindest sort to discouer to his friend his owne vnkindnesse) at length, one word emboldening another made knowne to *Zelmane*, how *Pamela* vpon his vehement oath to offer no force vnto her, till hee had inuested her in the Dutchie of *Thessalia*, had condiscended to his stealing her away to the next sea port. That besides the strange humors shee saw her father more and more falling into, and vnreasonable restraint of her liberty, whereof shee knew no cause but light grounded iealousies, added to the hate of that manner of life; and confidence shee had in his vertue, the chiefest reason had wonne her to this, was the late danger shee stood in of losing him, the like whereof (not vnlike to fall if this course were continued) she chose rather to die then againe to vndergoe. That now they waited for nothing else, but some fit time for their escape, by the absence of their three lothsome companions, in whom follie ingendred suspicion. And therefore now, said *Dorus*, my deere Cosin, to whome nature began my friendship, education confirmed it, and vertue hath made it eternall, here haue I discouered the very foundation whereupon my life is built; be you the Iudge betwixt mee and my fortune. The violence of loue is not vnknowne to you: And I knowe my case shall neuer want pitty in your consideration. How all the ioyes of my heart do leaue mee, in thinking I must for a time be absent from you, the eternall truth is witnesse vnto mee, I knowe I should not so sensibly feele the pangs of my last departure. But this enchantment of my restlesse desire hath such authority in my selfe aboue my selfe, that I am become a slaue vnto it, I haue no more freedome in mine owne determinations. My thoughts are now all bent how to carry away my burdenous blisse. Yet, most beloued Cosin, rather then you should thinke I doe herein violate that holie band of true friendship, wherein I vnworthy am knit vnto you, commaund mee stay. Perchaunce the force of your commandement may worke such impression into my

heart, that no reaſon of mine owne can imprint into it. For the Gods forbid, the foul word of abandoning *Pyrocles*, might euer be obiected to the faithful *Muſidorus*. But if you can ſpare my preſence, whoſe preſence no way ſerues you, and by the diuiſion of theſe two Lodges is not oft with you: nay if you can thinke my abſence may, as it ſhall, ſtand you in ſtead, by bringing ſuch an armie hither, as ſhall make *Baſilius*, willing or vnwilling, to know his owne happe, in graunting you *Philoclea*: then I will cheerefully goe about this my moſt deſired enterpriſe, and ſhall thinke the better halfe of it alreadie atchieued, being begun in the fortunate houre of my friends contentment. Theſe words, as they were not knit together with ſuch a conſtant courſe of flowing eloquence, as *Dorus* was wont to vſe: ſo was his voice interrupted with ſighes, and his countenance with enterchanging colour diſmayed. So much his own heart did finde him faultie to vnbend any way the continuall vſe of their deare friendſhip. But *Zelmane*, who had all this while gladly hearkened to the other tydings of her friends happy ſucceſſe, when this laſt determination of *Dorus* ſtrake her attentiue eares, ſhe ſtaied a great while oppreſſed with a dead amazemēt. There came ſtraight before her minde, made tender with woes, the images of her own fortune. Her tedious longings, her cauſes to deſpaire, the comberſome folly of *Baſilius*, the enraged iealouſie of *Gynecia*, her ſelfe a Prince without retinue; a man annoyed with the troubles of woman-kinde; lothſomly loued, and dangerouſly louing; And now for the perfecting of all, her friend to be taken away by himſelfe, to make the loſſe the greater by the vnkindneſſe. But within a while ſhe reſolutely paſſed ouer all inward obiections, and preferring her friends profit to her own deſire, with a quiet but heartie looke, ſhe thus anſwered him. If I bare thee this Loue vertuous *Muſidorus*, for mine owne ſake, and that our friendſhip grew becauſe I for my part, might reioyce to enioy ſuch a friend, I ſhould now ſo throughly feel mine owne loſſe, that I ſhould call the heauens and earth to witneſſe, how cruelly ye rob me of my greateſt comfort, meaſuring the breach of friendſhip by mine owne paſſion. But becauſe indeede I loue thee for thy ſelfe, and in my iudgement iudge of thy worthineſſe to be loued, I am content to build my pleaſure vpon thy comfort; And then will I deeme my hap in friendſhip great, when I ſhall ſee thee, whom I loue happy. Let mee be onely ſure, thou loueſt me ſtill, the onely price of true affection: go therefore on, worthy *Muſidorus*, with the guide of vertue, and ſeruice of fortune. Let thy loue be loued, thy deſires proſperous, thy eſcape ſafe, and thy iourney eaſie. Let euery thing yeeld his help to thy deſert: for my part abſence ſhall not take thee from mine eyes, nor afflictions ſhall barre mee from gladding in thy good, nor a poſſeſſed heart ſhall keepe thee from the place it hath for euer allotted vnto thee. *Dorus* would faine haue replied againe, to haue made a liberall confeſſion that *Zelmane* had of her ſide the aduantage of well performing friendſhip: but partly his owne griefe of parting from one he loued ſo dearely, partly the kinde care in what ſtate he ſhould leaue *Zelmane*, bred ſuch a conflict in his minde, that many times he wiſhed, hee had either neuer attempted, or neuer reuealed this ſecret enterpriſe. But *Zelmane*, who had now looked to the vttermoſt of it, and eſtabliſhed her minde vpon an aſſured determination, My only friend ſaid ſhe, ſince to ſo good towardneſſe, your curteous deſtinies haue conducted you, let not a ceremoniall conſideration of our mutuall loue, bee a barre vnto it. I ioy in your preſence, but I ioy more in your good: that friendſhip brings foorth the fruits of enmity, which preferres his owne tenderneſſe, before his friends domage. For my part, my greateſt griefe herein ſhall be, I can be no further ſeruiceable vnto you.

O *Zelmane* said *Dorus* with his eyes euen couered with water, I did not think so soone to haue displayed my determination vnto you, but to haue made my way first in your louing iudgement. But alas as your sweet disposition drew me so far: so doth it now strengthen me in it. To you therefore be the due commendation giuen, who can conquer me in Loue, and Loue in wisedome. As for mee, then shall goodnesse turne to euill, and vngratefulnes be the token of a true heart, when *Pyrocles* shall not possesse a principall seat in my soule, when the name of *Pyrocles* shall not be held of me in deuout reuerence.

They would neuer haue come to the cruell instant of parting, nor to the il-faring word of farewell, had not *Zelmane* seene a farre off the old *Basilius*, who hauing performed a sacrifice to *Apollo*, for his daughters, but principally for his mistresse happy returne, had since bene euery where to seeke her. And now being come within compasse of discerning her, he began to frame the loueliest countenance he could, stroking vp his legges, setting his beard in due order, and standing bolt vpright. Alas said *Zelmane*, behould an euill fore-token of your sorrowfull departure. Yonder see I one of my furies which doth daylie vexe me, farewell, farewell my *Musidorus*, the Gods make fortune to waite on thy vertues, and make me wade through this lake of wretchednesse. *Dorus* burst out into a flood of teares, wringing her fast by the hand. No, no, said he, I go blindfold whither the course of my ill happe carries me: for now too late my hart giues me this our separating can neuer be prosperous. But if I liue, attend me here shortly with an army. Thus both appalled with the grieuous rending of their long Combination (hauing first resolued with themselues, that what so euer fell vnto them, they should neuer vpon no occasion vtter their names for the conseruing the honour of their Royall parentage, but keepe the names of *Daphantus* & *Kalidius*, as before had been agreed betweene the) they tooke diuerse waies: *Dorus* to the lodg-ward, where his heauy eyes might be something refreshed; *Zelmane* towards *Basilius*: saying to her selfe with a skornefull smiling, Yet hath not my friendly fortune depriued me of a pleasant companion. But he hauing with much search come to her presence, *Doubt* and *Desire* bred a great quarel in his mind. For his former experience had taught him to doubt: and true feeling of Loue made doubts dangerous, but the working of his desire had ere long wonne the field. And therefore with the most submissiue maner his behauiour could yeeld: O Goddesse, said hee towardes whome I haue the greatest feeling of Religion, be not displeased at some shew of deuotion I haue made to *Apollo*: since he (if he know any thing) knowes that my heart beares farre more awfull reuerence to your self then to his, or any other the like *Deity*. You will euer be deceiued in me, answered *Zelmane*, I will make my selfe no competence with *Apollo*, neither can blasphemies to him be duties to me. With that *Basilius* tooke out of his bosome certaine verses he had written, and kneeling downe, presented them to her. They contained this:

PHoebus *farewell, a sweeter Saint I serue,*
The high conceites thy beau'ty wisdome breed,
My thoughts forget: my thoughts which neuer swerue
From her in whome is seene their freedomes seede,
And in whose eyes my dayly doome I reede.

Phoebus *farewell, a sweeter Saint I serue,*
Thou art farre off, thy kingdome is aboue:

She

She heau'n on earth with beauties doth preserue.
Thy beames I like, but her cleare eyes I loue:
Thy force I feare, her force I still do proue.

Phœbus *yeeld vp thy title in my mind:*
She doth possesse thy Image is defaste,
But if thy rage some braue reuenge will find,
On her, who hath in me thy temple raste,
Employ thy might, that she my fires may taste.
And how much more her worth surmounteth thee,
Make her as much more base by louing me.

This is my Hymne to you, said he, not left me by my aunce stors, but begun in my selfe. The temple wherein it is daylie sung, is my soule: and the sacrifice I offer to you withall, is all whatsoeuer I am. *Zelmane*, who euer thought she found in his speeches the ill taste of a medicine, and the operation of a poyson, would haue suffred a disdainfull looke to haue bene the onely witnesse of her good acceptation: but that *Basilius* began afresh to lay before her many pitifull praiers, and in the end to conclude that he was fully of opinion it was only the vnfortunateneesse of that place that hindred the prosperous course of his desires. And therefore since the hateful influence which made him embrace this solitary life, was now past ouer him (as he doubted not the iudgement of *Philanax* would agree with his) and his late mishaps had taught him how perillous it was to commit a Princes state to a place so weakely guarded: he was now inclined to returne to his palace in *Mantinea*, and there he hoped he should be better able to shew how much he desired to make all he had hers: with many other such honny words which my pen growes almost weary to set downe: This indeede neerely pierced *Zelmane*. For the good beginning she had there obtained of *Philoclea* made her desire to continue the same trade, till vnto the more perfecting of her desires: and to come to any publike plate she did deadly feare, lest her mask by many eyes might the sooner be discouered, and so her hopes stopped, and the state of her ioyes endaungered. Therefore a while she rested, musing at the dayly chaunging labyrinth of her owne fortune, but in her selfe determined it was her only best to keep him there: and with favors to make him loue the place, where the favours were receiued, as disgraces had made him apt to change the soyle.

Therefore casting a kind of corner looke vpon him, It is truly said, (said she) that age cooleth the bloud. How soone good man you are terrified before you receiue any hurt? Do you not know that daintinesse is kindly vnto vs? And that hard obtaining, is the excuse of womans graunting? Yet speake I not as though you were like to obtaine, or I to grant. But because I would not haue you imagin, I am to be wonne by courtly vanities, or esteeme a man the more, because he hath handsome men to waite of him; when he is affraid to liue without them. You might haue seene *Basilius* humbly swell, and with a lowly looke, stand vpon his tiptoes; such diuersitie her words deliuered vnto him. *O Hercules* answered he, *Basilius* afraid? Or his bloud cold, that boyles in such a fornace? Care I who is with me, while I enioy your presence? Or is any place good or bad to me, but as it pleaseth you to blesse or curse it? O let me be but armed in your good grace, and I defie whatsoeuer there is or can be against me. No, no, your loue is forcible, and my age is not without vigour. *Zelmane* thought it not good for his stomacke, to receiue a surfet of too much fauour, and therefore thinking he had enough for the time, to keepe him from any

sodaine

ſodaine remouing, with a certaine gracious bowing downe of her head toward him, ſhe turned away, ſaying, ſhee would leaue him at this time to ſee how temperately he could vſe ſo bountifull a meaſure of her kindneſſe. *Baſilius* that thought euerie drop a floud that bred any refreſhment, durſt not further preſſe her, but with an ancient modeſtie left her to the ſweet repaſt of her owne fancies. *Zelmane* aſſoone as he was departed, went toward *Pamelas* lodge in hope to haue ſeene her friend *Dorus*, to haue pleaſed her ſelfe with another painefull farewell, and further to haue taken ſome aduiſe with him touching her owne eſtate, wherof before ſorow had not ſuffered her to thinke. But being come euen neere the Lodge, ſhe ſaw the mouth of a caue, made as it ſhould ſeeme by Nature in deſpite of Arte: ſo fitlie did the rich-growing marble ſerue to beautifie the vault of the firſt entry. Vnderfoot the ground ſeemed minerall, yeelding ſuch a gliſtering ſhew of gold in it, as they ſay the riuer *Tagus* caries in his ſandy bed. The caue framed out into many goodly ſpacious roomes ſuch as the ſelf-liking men, haue with long and learned delicacie found out the moſt eaſefull; There ran through it a little ſweet riuer, which had left the face of the earth to drowne her ſelf for a ſmall way in this darke, but pleaſant manſion. The very firſt ſhew of the place entiſed the melancholy mind of *Zelmane* to yeeld her ſelfe ouer there to the floud of her owne thoughts. And therefore ſitting downe in the firſt entrie of the Caues mouth, with a ſong ſhe had lately made, ſhe gaue a dole-full way to her bitter affects, and ſung to this effect:

SInce that the ſtormie rage of paſſions dark
(Of paſſions dark, made dark by beauties light)
VVith rebell force, hath cloſde in dungeon dark
My mind, ere now led forth by ſeaſons light:

Since all the things vvhich giue my eies their light,
Do foſter ſtill the fruits of fancies dark:
So that the vvindowes of my inward light
Do ſerue, to make my inward powers dark:

Since, as I ſay, both mind and ſenſes dark
Are hurt, not helpt, vvith piercing of the light:
While that the light may ſhew the horrors dark,
But cannot make reſolued darkneſſe light:

I like this place, where at the leaſt the dark
May keep my thoughts from thought of wanted light.

Inſteed of an inſtrument, her ſong vvas accompanied with the wringing of her hands, the cloſing of her weary eyes, and euen ſometime cut off with the ſwelling of her ſighes, which did not ſuffer the voyce to haue his free and natiue paſſage. But as ſhe was a while muſing vpon her ſong, raiſing vp her ſpirits, which were ſomething falne into the weakneſſe of lamentation, conſidering ſolitarie complaints doe no good to him whoſe helpe ſtands without himſelfe, ſhe might a farre off, firſt hear a whiſpering ſound, which ſeemed to come from the inmoſt part of the caue, & being kept together with the cloſe hollowneſſe of the place, had as in a trunk the more liberall acceſſe to her eares, and by and by ſhe might perceiue the ſame voice deliuer it ſelfe into muſicall tunes, and with a baſe Lyra giue forth this ſong:

HArke plaintfull ghosts, infernall furies harke
Vnto my woes the hatefull heauens do send,
The heauens conspir'd, to make my vitall sparke
A wretched wracke, a glasse of Ruines end.

Seeing, Alas, so mighty powers bend
Their irefull shot against so weake a marke,
Come caue, become my graue, come death, and lend
Receipt to me, within my bosome darke.

For what is life to daily dying mind,
Where drawing breath, I sucke the ayre of vvoe:
Where too much sight makes all the body blind,
And highest thoughts downeward most headlong throw?
Thus then my forme, and thus my state I find,
Death wrapt in flesh, to liuing graue assign'd.

And paw sing but a little, with monefull melodie it continued this octaue:

Like those sicke folkes, in whom strange humours flowe,
Can taste no sweets, the sower only please:
So to my mind, vvhile passions daily growe,
Whose fierie chaines, vpon his freedome seaze,
Ioyes strangers seeme, I cannot bide their show,
Nor brooke ought else but well acquainted woe.
Bitter griefe tastes me best, paine is my ease,
Sicke to the death, still louing my disease.

O *Venus*, said *Zelmane*, who is this so well acquainted with me, that can make so liuely a portracture of my miseries? It is surely the spirit appointed to haue care of me, which doth now in this dark place beare part with the cõplaints of his vnhappy charge. For if it be so, that the heauens haue at all times a measure of their wrathfull harmes, surely so many haue come to my blisselesse lot, that the rest of the world hath too smal a portion, to make with cause so wailful a lamentation. But (said she) whatsoeuer thou be, I will seeke thee out, for thy musike well assures me we are at least hand fellow prentises to one vngracious maister. So rose she & went guiding herself by the still playning voice, till she saw vpon a stone a little waxe light set, and vnder it a peece of paper with these verses very lately (as it should seeme) written in it:

HOw is my Sunne, whose beams are shining bright,
Become the cause of my darke ougly night?
Or how do I captiu'd in this darke plight,
Bewaile the case, and in the cause delight?

My mangled mind huge horrors still do fright,
With sense possest, and claim'd by reasons right:
Betwixt which two in me I haue this sight,
Where vvhose winnes, I put my selfe to flight.

Come

Come clowdy feares close vp my daseled sight,
Sorrowes sucke vp the marow of my might,
Due sighes blowe out all sparks of ioyfull light,
Tyre on despaire vpon my tired sprite.
An end, an end, my dull'd pen cannot write,
Nor maz'd head thinke, nor faltring tongue recite.

And hard vnderneath the Sonnet, were these words written:

This Caue is darke, but it had neuer light.
This vvaxe doth vvaste it self, yet painles dies.
These words are full of woes, yet feele they none.

I darkned am, who once had cleerest sight.
I waste my heart, which still new torment tries.
I plaine with cause, my woes are are all mine owne.

No Caue, no wasting waxe, no words of griefe,
Can hold, shew, tell my paines without reliefe.

She did not long stay to reade the words, for not farre off from the stone shee might discerne in a darke corner, a Ladie lying with her face so prostrate vpon the ground, as she could neither know, nor be knowne. But (as the generall nature of man is desirous of knowledge, and sorrow especially glad to find fellowes) she went as softly as she could conuey her foot, neare vnto her, where she heard these words come with vehement sobbings from her. O darkneſſe (said she) which doest lightsomlie (me thinkes) make me see the picture of my inward darkneſſe: since I haue chosen thee to be the secret witneſſe of my sorrows, let me receiue a safe receipt in thee; and esteeme them not tedious, but if it be possible, let the vttering them be some discharge to my ouerloden breast. Alas sorrow, now thou hast the full sacke of my conquered spirits, rest thy selfe a while, and set not still new fire to thy owne spoyles: O accursed reason, how many eies thou hast to see thy euils, and how dim, nay blind thou art in preuenting them? Forlorne creature that I am! I would I might be freely wicked, since wickedneſſe doth preuaile: but the footsteps of my ouer-trodden vertue lie still as bitter accusations vnto me. I am diuided in my selfe, how can I stand? I am ouerthrowne in my selfe, who shall raise mee? Vice is but a nurse of new agonies, and the vertue I am diuorced from, makes the hatefull comparison the more manifest. No, no, vertue, either I neuer had but a shadow of thee, or thou thy selfe art but a shadow. For how is my soul abandoned? How are all my powers layd waste? My desire is pained, because it cannot hope, and if hope came, his best should be but mischiefe. O strange mixture of humane mindes; onely so much good left, as to make vs languish in our owne euils. Ye infernall Furies, (for it is too late for me, to awake my dead vertue, or to place my comfort in the angry Gods) ye infernall Furies I say, ayde one that dedicates her selfe vnto you, let my rage be satisfied, since the effect of it is fit for your seruice. Neither be afraid to make me too happy, since nothing can come to appease the smart of my guilty conscience. I desire but to asswage the sweltring of my hellish longing, deiected *Gynecia*. *Zelmane* no sooner heard the name of *Gynecia*, but that with a cold sweat all ouer

her, as if ſhe had been ready to tread vpon a deadly ſtinging Adder, ſhe would haue withdrawne her ſelfe, but her owne paſſion made her yeeld more vnquiet motions, then ſhe had done in comming. So that ſhe was perceiued, and *Gynecia* ſodainlie riſen vp, for indeed it was *Gynecia*, gotten into this Caue, (the ſame Caue, wherein *Dametas* had ſafely kept *Pamela* in the late vprore) to paſſe her pangs, with change of places. And as her mind ran ſtil vpon *Zelmane*, her piercing louers eye had ſoone found it was ſhe. And ſeeing in her a countenance to flie away, ſhee fell downe at her feete, and catching faſt hold of her: Alas (ſaid ſhe) whither, or from vvhom doeſt thou flie away? The ſauageſt beaſts are wonne vvith ſeruice, and there is no flint but may be mollified: How is *Gynecia* ſo vnworthy in thine eyes? or vvhom cannot aboundance of loue make worthy? O thinke not that cruelty, or vngratefulneſſe, can flowe from a good mind! O weigh, Alas weigh with thy ſelfe the new effects of this mighty paſſion, that I vnfit for my ſtate, vncomlie for my ſexe, muſt become a ſuppliant at thy feet! By the happy woman that bare thee, by all the ioyes of thy heart, and ſucceſſe of thy deſire, I beſeech thee turne thy ſelfe to ſome conſideration of me, and rather ſhew pittie in now helping mee, then in too late repenting my death, which hourely threatens me. *Zelmane* imputing it to one of her continuall miſhaps, thus to haue met with this Ladie, with a full wearie countenance; Without doubt Madame, ſaid ſhe, where the deſire is ſuch, as may be obtained, and the partie well deſeruing as your ſelfe, it muſt be a great excuſe that may well colour a deniall; but when the firſt motion caries with it a direct impoſſibility, then muſt the only anſwer be, comfort without help, and ſorrow to both parties; to you not obtaining, to me notable to graunt. O ſaid *Gynecia*, how good leiſure you haue to frame theſe ſcornefull anſwers? Is *Gynecia* thus to be deſpiſed? Am I ſo vile a worme in your ſight? no, no, truſt to it heard-hearted Tigre, I wil not be the only Actor of this Tragedie: ſince I muſt fall, I will preſſe down ſom others with my ruines: ſince I muſt burne, my ſpitefull neighbours ſhall feele my fire. Doeſt thou not perceiue that my diligent eies haue pierced through the clowdie maske of thy diſguiſement? Haue I not told thee, ô foole (if I were not much more foole) that I know thou wouldeſt abuſe vs with thy outward ſhew? Wilt thou ſtill attend the rage of loue in a womans heart? the gyrle thy well choſen miſtreſſe, perchance ſhall defend thee, vvhen *Baſilius* ſhall knowe how thou haſt ſotted his mind with falſehood, and falſely ſought the diſhonour of his houſe. Beleeue it, beleeue it vnkind creature, I vvill end my miſeries with a notable example of reuenge, & that accurſed cradle of mine ſhall feele the ſmart of my wound, thou of thy tyranny, and laſtly (I confeſſe) my ſelfe of mine owne work. *Zelmane* that had long before doubted her ſelfe to be diſcouered by her, and now plainely finding it, was as the prouerbe ſaith, like them that hold the wolfe by the eares, bitten while they hold, and ſlaine if they looſe. If ſhee held her off in theſe wonted termes, ſhe ſaw rage would make her loue work the effects of hate; to grant vnto her, her heart was ſo bound vpon *Philoclea*, it had bin worſe then a thouſand deaths. Yet found ſhe it was neceſſary for her to com to a reſolution, for *Gynecias* ſore could bide no leaſure, and once diſcouered, beſides the danger of *Philoclea*, her deſires ſhould be for euer vtterly ſtopped. She remẽbred withal the words of *Baſilius*, how apt he was to leaue this life, & returne to his court, a great bar to her hopes. Laſtly, ſhe conſidered *Dorus* enterprife might bring ſome ſtrange alteration of this their well liked fellowſhip. So that encompaſſed with theſe inſtant difficulties, ſhe bent her ſpirits to thinke of a remedie, which might at once both ſaue her from them, & ſerue her to the accompliſhment of

of her only purſuit. Laſtly, ſhe determined thus, that there was no way but to yeeld to the violence of their deſires, ſince ſtriuing did the more chafe them. And that following their owne current, at length of it ſelfe it would bring her to the other ſide of her burning deſires.

Now in the meane while the diuided *Dorus*; long diuided betweene loue and friendſhip, & now for his loue diuided from his friend, though indeed without preiudice of friendſhips loyaltie, which doth neuer barre the minde from his free ſatisfaction: yet ſtill a cruell iudge ouer himſelf, thought he was ſomewayes faultie, and applied his minde now to amend it, with a ſpeedy and behoouefull returne. But then was his firſt ſtudie, how to get away, whereto already he had *Pamelas* conſent, confirmed and concluded vnder the name of *Mopſa* in her owne preſence, *Dorus* taking this way, that whatſoeuer he would haue of *Pamela* he would aske her, whether in ſuch a caſe it were not beſt for *Mopſa* ſo to behaue her ſelfe, in that ſort making *Mopſas* enuie, an inſtrument of that ſhee did enuy. So hauing paſſed ouer his firſt and moſt feared difficultie, he buſied his ſpirits how to come to the haruеſt of his deſires, whereof he had ſo faire a ſhew. And thereunto (hauing gotten leaue for ſome dayes of his maiſter *Dametas*, who now accompted him as his ſonne in law) he romed round about the deſart, to finde ſome vnknowne way, that might bring him to the next Sea port, as much as might be out of all courſe of other paſſengers: which all very well ſucceeding him, & he hauing hired a Barke for his liues traffick, and prouided horſes to carrie her thither, returned homeward, now come to the laſt point of his care, how to go beyond the loathſome watchfulneſſe of theſe three vncomly companions, and therein did wiſely conſider, how they were to be taken with whom he had to deale, remembring that in the particularities of euery bodies mind & fortune, there are particular aduantages, by which they are to be held. The muddy mind of *Dametas*, he found moſt eaſily ſtirred with couetouſnes. The curſt miſchieuous heart of *Miſo*, moſt apt to be tickled with iealouſie, as whoſe rotten braine could thinke wel of no body. But yong miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, who could open her eyes vpon nothing, that did not all to bewonder her, hee thought curioſitie the fittеſt baite for her. And firſt for *Dametas*, *Dorus* hauing employed a whole dayes worke, about a ten mile off from the Lodge (quite contrarie way to that he meant to take with *Pamela*) in digging and opening the ground, vnder an ancient oke that ſtood there, in ſuch ſort as hee might longeſt holde *Dametas* greedy hopes, in ſome ſhew of comfort, he came to his maiſter, with a countenance mixt betweene chearfulneſſe and haſte, & taking him by the right hand, as if hee had a great matter of ſecrecie to reueale vnto him: Maiſter (ſaid he) I did neuer think that the Gods had appointed my mind freely brought vp, to haue ſo lōging a deſire to ſerue you, but that they minded thereby to bring ſome extraordinarie fruit to one ſo beloued of them, as your honeſty makes me think you are. This bindes me euen in conſcience, to diſcloſe that which I perſwade my ſelfe is alotted vnto you, that your fortune may be of equal ballance with your deſerts. He ſaid no further, becauſe he would let *Dametas* play vpon the bit awhile, who not vnderſtanding what his words intended, yet well finding they caried no euil newes, was ſo much the more deſirous to know the matter, as he had free ſcope to imagine what meaſure of good hap himſelf would. Therefore putting off his cap to him, which he had neuer done before, and aſſuring him he ſhold haue *Mopſa*, though ſhe had bin all made of cloth of gold, he beſought *Dorus* not to hold him long in hope, for that he found it a thing his heart was not able to beare. Maiſter, anſwered *Dorus*, you haue ſo ſatisfied me, with promiſing me

the vttermoſt of my deſired bliſſe, that if my duty bound me not, I were in it ſufficiently rewarded. To you therefore ſhall my good hap be conuerted, and the fruit of al my labor dedicated. Therwith he told him, how vnder an ancient oke (the place he made him eaſily vnderſtand, by ſufficient marks he gaue vnto him) he had found digging but a little depth, ſcatteringly lying a great number of rich Medailles, and that piercing further into the ground, he had met with a great ſtone, which by the hollow ſound it yeelded, ſeemed to be the couer of ſome greater vault, & vpon it a boxe of Cypreſſe, with the name of the valiant *Ariſtomenes* grauen vpon it: and that within the boxe, he found certaine verſes, which ſignified that ſome depth againe vnder that all his treaſure lay hidden, what time for the diſcord fell out in *Arcadia*, he liued baniſhed. Therewith hee gaue *Dametas* certaine Medailles of gold he had long kept about him, and asked him becauſe it was a thing much to be kept ſecret, and a matter one man in twentie houres might eaſily performe, whether he would haue him go & ſeeke the bottom of it, which he had refrained to doe till he knew his mind, promiſing he would faithfully bring him what he found, or elſe that he himſelfe would do it, and be the firſt beholder of that comfortable ſpectacle. No man need doubt which part *Dametas* would chooſe, whoſe fancie had already deuoured all this great riches, and euen now began to grudge at a partner, before hee ſaw his owne ſhare. Therfore taking a ſtrong iade, loden with ſpades and mattockes, which he meant to bring backe otherwiſe laden, hee went in all ſpeed thitherward, taking leaue of no body, only deſiring *Dorus* hee would looke well to the Princeſſe *Pamela*, promiſing him mountaines of his owne labour, which neuertheleſſe he little meant to perform, like a foole, not conſidering, that no man is to be moued with part, that neglects the whole. Thus away went *Dametas*, hauing already made an image in his fancie, what palaces he would build, how ſumptuouſly he would fare, & among all other things imagined what money to employ in making coffers to keep his money: his ten mile ſeemed twiſe ſo many leagues, and yet contrary to the nature of it, though it ſeemed long, it was not wearieſome. Many times he curſed his horſes want of cõſideration, that in ſo important a matter wold make no greater ſpeed: many times he wiſhed himſelfe the backe of an aſſe, to help to carrie away the new ſought riches (an vnfortunate wiſher, for if hee had as well wiſhed the head, it had beene graunted him.) At length being come to the tree, which he hoped ſhould beare ſo golden Acornes, down went all his inſtruments, and forthwith to the renting vp of the hurtleſſe earth, where by and by he was caught with the lime of a few promiſed Medailles, which was ſo perfect a pawne vnto him of his further expectation, that he deemed a greater number of houres well employed in groping further into it, which with logs and great ſtones was made as cumberſome as might be, till at length with ſweatie browes he came to the great ſtone. A ſtone, God knowes, full vnlike to the couer of a Monument, but yet there was the Cypreſſe box with *Ariſtomenes* grauen vpon it, and theſe verſes written in it.

A Baniſht man, long bard from his deſire
By inward lets, of them his ſtate poſſeſt,
Hid here his hopes, by which he might aſpire
To haue his harmes with wiſe dames helpe redreſt.

Seek then and ſee, vvhat man eſteemeth beſt,
All is but this, this is our labours hire:

Of this we liue, in this we finde our reſt,
Who hold this faſt no greater wealth require.
Look further then, ſo ſhalt thou finde at leaſt,
A bait moſt fit, for hungry minded gueſt.

He opened the box, and to his great comfort read them, and with freſh courage went about to lift vp that ſtone. But in the meane time: ere *Dametas* was halfe a mile gone to the treaſure-ward, *Dorus* came to *Miſo*, whom he found ſitting in the chimneis ende babbling to her ſelfe, and ſhewing by all her geſtures, that ſhee was loathſomly wearie of the world, not for any hope of a better life, but finding no one, good, neither in minde nor bodie, where-out ſhee might nouriſh a quiet thought, hauing long ſince hated each thing elſe, began now to hate her ſelfe. Before this ſweete humourd Dame, *Dorus* ſet himſelfe, and framed towards her ſuch a ſmiling countenaunce, as might ſeeme to be mixt betweene a tickled mirth, and a forced pittie. *Miſo*, to whom cheereſulneſſe in others, was euer a ſauce of enuie in her ſelfe, tooke quicklie marke of his behauiour, and with a looke full of foreworne ſpite: Now the Diuell, ſaid ſhee, take theſe villaines, that can neuer leaue grenning, becauſe I am not ſo faire as miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, to ſee how this skipiack lookes at me. *Dorus* that had the occaſion he deſired, Truely miſtreſſe aunſwered he, my ſmiling is not at you, but at them that are from you, and indeede I muſt needes a little accord my countenance with others ſport. And therewithall tooke her in his armes, and rocking her to and fro, In faith miſtreſſe, ſaid he, it is high time for you, to bid vs good night for euer, ſince others can poſſeſſe your place in your owne time. *Miſo* that was neuer voide of malice enough to ſuſpect the vttermoſt euill, to ſatisfie a further ſhrewdnes, tooke on a preſent mildnes, and gentlie deſired him, to tell her what he meant: for, ſaid ſhee, I am like enough to be knauiſhly dealt with, by that churle my husband. *Dorus* fell off from the matter againe, as if hee had meant no ſuch thing, till by much refuſing her intreatie, and vehemently ſtirring vp her deſire to knowe, he had ſtrengthened a credit in her to that he ſhould ſay. And then with a formall countenance, as if the conſcience of the caſe had touched himſelfe: Miſtreſſe, ſaid hee, I am much perplexed in mine owne determination, for my thoughts doe euer will me to doe honeſtly, but my iudgement failes mee what is honeſt: betwixt the generall rule, that entruſted ſecrecies are holilie to be obſerued, and the particular exception, that the diſhoneſt ſecrecies are to be reuealed: eſpecially there, where by reuealing they may either be preuented, or at leaſt amended. Yet in this ballance, your iudgement wayes me downe, becauſe I haue confidence in it, that you will vſe what you know moderately, and rather take ſuch faults as an aduantage to your owne good deſert, then by your bitter vſing it, be contented to be reuenged on others with your own harmes. So it is miſtreſſe, ſaid he, that yeſterday driuing my ſheepe vp to the ſtately hill, which lifts his head ouer the faire Citie of *Mantinea*, I hapned vpon the ſide of it, in a little falling of the ground which was a rampier againſt the Sunnes rage, to perceiue a young maid, truly of the fineſt ſtamp of beauty, and that which made her beautie the more admirable, there was at all no art added to the helping of it. For her apparell was but ſuch as Shepheards daughters are wont to weare: and as for her haire, it hoong downe at the free libertie of his goodly length, but that ſometimes falling before the cleare ſtarres of her ſight, ſhee was forced to put it behinde her eares, and ſo open againe the treaſure of her perfections, which that for a while had

had in part hidden. In her lap there lay a Shepheard, ſo wrapped vp in that wel-liked place, that I could diſcerne no peece of his face, but as mine eyes were attent in that her Angelike voice ſtrake mine eares with this ſong:

MY true loue hath my heart, and I haue his,
By iuſt exchange, one for the other giu'ne.
I hold his deare, and mine he cannot miſſe:
There neuer was a better bargaine driu'ne.

His hart in me, keepes me and him in one,
My hart in him, his thoughts and ſenſes guides:
He loues my hart, for once it was his owne:
I cheriſh his, becauſe in me it bides.

His hart his wound receiued from my ſight:
My hart was wounded, with his wounded hart,
For as from me, on him his hurt did light,
So ſtill me thought in me his hurt did ſmart:
Both equall hurt, in this change ſought our bliſſe:
My true loue hath my hart and I haue his.

But as if the Shepheard that lay before her, had beene organes, which were only to be blowne by her breath, ſhee had no ſooner ended with the ioyning her ſweete lips together, but that he recorded to her muſike this rurall poeſie:

O Words which fall like ſommer deaw on me,
O breath more ſweet, then is the growing beane,
O tongue in vvhich, all honyed liquors bee,
O voice that doth the Thruſh in ſhrilneſſe ſtaine,
Do you ſay ſtill, this is her promiſe due,
That ſhe is mine, as I to her am true.

Gay haire, more gay then ſtraw vvhen harueſt lies,
Lips red and plum, as cherries ruddy ſide,
Eies faire and great, like faire great oxes eyes,
O breaſt in vvhich two vvhite ſheepe ſwell in pride:
Ioyne you vvith me, to ſeale this promiſe due,
That ſhe be mine, as I to her am true.

But thou vvhite skinne, as vvhite as cruddes well preſt,
So ſmooth as ſleekeſtone, like it ſmoothes each part,
And thou deare fleſh, as ſoft as wooll new dreſt,
And yet as hard, as brawne made hard by art:
Firſt fower but ſay, next fower their ſaying ſeale,
But you muſt pay the gage of promiſt vveale.

And with the concluſion of his ſong, he embraced her about the knees, O ſweet *Charita* ſaid he, when ſhall I enioy the reſt of my toyling thoughts? And when ſhall your

your blisfull promise now due, be verified with iust performance? with that I drew neerer to them, and saw (for now he had lifted vp his face to glasse himselfe in her faire eyes) that it was my maister *Damætas*: but here *Miso* interrupted his tale, with rayling at *Damætas*, with all those exquisite termes, which I was neuer good skold enough to imagine. But *Dorus*, as if he had bin much offended with her impacience, vvould proceed no further till she had vowed more stilnesse. For said he, if the first drumme thus chafe you, vvhat will you be when it comes to the blowes? Then he told her, how after many familiar entertainments betwixt them, *Damætas*, laying before her, his great credit with the Duke, and withal giuing her very faire presents with promise of much more, had in the end concluded together to meete as that night at *Mantinea*, in the *Oudemian* streete, at *Charitas* vncles house, about tenne of the clocke. After which bargaine *Damætas* had spied *Dorus*; and calling him to him, had with great brauery told him all his good happe; willing him in any case to returne to the old witch *Miso* (for so in deede mistresse of liuelinesse, and not of ill will he termed you) and to make some honest excuse of his absence, for sayde hee, kissing *Charita*, if thou didst knowe what a life I lead vvith that driuell, it would make thee euen of pittie, receiue mee into thy onely comfort. Now Mistresse sayde he, exercise your discretion, which if I were well assured of, I would wish you to goe your selfe to *Mantinea*, and (lying secret in some one of your gossyps houses, till the time appointed come) so may you finde them together, and vsing mercy, reforme my Maister from his euill wayes. There had nothing more enraged *Miso*, then the prayses *Dorus* gaue to *Charitas* beautie, which made her iealousie swell the more, with the poyson of enuie. And that being increased with the presents shee heard *Damætas* had giuen her (which all seemed torne out of her bowells) her hollow eyes, yeelded such wretched lookes, as one might well thinke *Pluto* at that time, might haue had her soule very good cheape. But when the fire of spite had fully caught hold of all her inward parts, then whosoeuer would haue seene the picture of *Alecto*; or with what manner of countenance *Medea* kild her owne children, needed but take *Miso* for the full satisfaction of that point of his knowledge. She that could before scarce go, but supported by crutches, now flew about the house, borne vp with the wings of Anger: there was no one sort of mortall reuenge, that had euer come to her eares, but presented it selfe now to her gentle mind. At length with few words, for her words were choakt vp with the rising of her reuengeful heart, she ran downe, and with her owne hands sadled a mare of hers, a mare that 7. yeer before had not been acquainted with the sadle, and so to *Mantinea* she went, casting with her self, how she might couple shame with the punishment of her accursed husband: but the person is not worthy in whose pasion I should too long stand. Therefore now must I tell you that Mistresse *Mopsa* (who was the last party *Dorus* was to practise his cunning withal) was at the parting of her parents, attending vpon the Princesse *Pamela*, whom because she found to be placed in her fathers house, she knew it was for suspicion the Duke had of her. This made *Mopsa* with a right base nature (which ioyes to see any hard hap happen to them they deeme happy) grow proud ouer her, and vse great ostentation of her own diligēce, in prying curiously into each thing that *Pamela* did. Neither is there any thing sooner ouerthrowes a weak hart, then opiniō of authority, like too strōg a liquor for so feeble a glass, which ioined it self to the humor of enuying *Pamelas* beauty, so far, that oft she would say to her selfe, if she had bin borne a Princesse as well as *Pamela*, her perfections then should haue been as well seene as *Pamelas*. With this manner

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of woman, and placed in theſe termes, had *Dorus* to play his laſt part, which hee would quickly haue diſpatched in tying her vp in ſuch a maner, that ſhe ſhould little haue hindred his enterpriſe. But that the vertuous *Pamela* (whē ſhe ſaw him ſo minded) by countenance abſolutelie forbad it, reſolutely determining, ſhe would not leaue behind her any token of wrong, ſince the wrong done to her ſelfe was the beſt excuſe of her eſcape. So that *Dorus* was compelled to take her in the maner he firſt thought of, and accordingly *Pamela* ſitting muſing at the ſtrange attempt ſhee had condiſcended vnto, and *Mopſa* hard by her, (looking in a glaſſe with very partiall eyes) *Dorus* put himſelfe between them, and caſting vp his face to the top of the houſe, ſhrugging all ouer his bodie, and ſtamping ſomtimes vpon the ground, gaue *Mopſa* occaſiō (who was as buſie as a Bee to know anie thing) to aske her louer *Dorus* what ailed him, that made him vſe ſo ſtrange a behauiour: he, as if his ſpirits had beene rauiſhed with ſome ſupernaturall contemplation, ſtood ſtill mute, ſomtimes rubbing his forhead, ſomtimes ſtarting in himſelfe, that he ſet *Mopſa* in ſuch an itche of inquirie, that ſhe would haue offered her maidenhead, rather then be long kept from it. *Dorus* not yet aunſwering to the purpoſe, ſtill keeping his amazement; O *Hercules*, ſaid he, reſolue me in this doubt. A tree to graunt ones wiſhes? Is this the cauſe of the Kinges ſolitarie life? Which part ſhall I take? Happie in either, vnhappie becauſe I cannot know which were my beſt hap. Theſe doubtfull ſelfe ſpeaches, made *Mopſa* yet in a further longing of knowing the matter: ſo that the pretie pigge, laying her ſweete burthen about his neck, my *Dorus*, ſaid ſhe, tell mee theſe words, or els I know not what will befall me, honny *Dorus* tell them me. *Dorus* hauing ſtretched her minde vpon a right laſt, extremely loued *Mopſa*, ſaid he, the matters be ſo great, as my heart faile me in the telling them: but ſince you hold the greateſt ſeat in it, it is reaſon your deſire ſhould adde life vnto it. Therewith he told her a farre fet tale; how that many millions of yeers before, *Iupiter* fallen out with *Apollo* had throwne him out of heauen, taking from him the priuiledge of a God. So that poore *Apollo* was faine to lead a verie miſerable life, vnacquainted to worke and neuer vſed to begge, that in this order hauing in time learned to be *Admetus* heardman, he had vpon occaſion of fetching a certaine breede of beaſts out of *Arcadia*, come to that very deſart; where wearied with trauaile, and reſting himſelfe in the boughes of a pleaſant Aſh tree, ſtoode little off from the lodge, he had with pittifull complaints gotten his father *Iupiters* pardon, and ſo from that tree was receiued againe to his golden ſpheare. But hauing that right of nature of a God, neuer to be vngratefull, to *Admetus* he had graunted a double life: and becauſe that tree was the chappel of his proſperous prayers, he had giuen it this quality, that whatſoeuer of ſuch eſtate, and in ſuch maner as he then was, ſate downe in that tree, they ſhould obtaine whatſoeuer they wiſhed. This *Baſilius* hauing vnderſtood by the oracle, was the only cauſe which had made him trie, whether framing himſelfe to the ſtate of an heardman, he might haue the priuiledge of wiſhing onely graunted to that degree; but that hauing often in vaine attempted it, becauſe indeede he was not ſuch, he had now opened the ſecret to *Dametas*, making him ſweare he ſhould wiſh according to his direction. But becauſe ſaide *Dorus*, *Apollo* was at that time with extreame griefe muffled round about his face, with a skarlet cloake *Admetus* had giuen him, and becauſe they that muſt wiſh muſt be muffled in like ſort, and with like ſtuffe, my maſter *Dametas* is gone I know not whither, to prouide him a skarlet cloake, and to morrow doth appoint to returne with it. My Miſtreſſe I cannot tell how, hauing gotten ſome inkling of it, is trudged to *Mantinea*, to get her

ſelfe

ſelfe a cloake before him: becauſe ſhee would haue the firſt wiſh. My maiſter at his parting, of great truſt told me this ſecret, commaunding me to ſee no bodie ſhould clime that tree. But now my *Mopſa*, ſaid he, I haue here the like cloak of mine owne, and am not ſo very a foole as though I keep his commandement in others, to barre my ſelfe. I reſt onely extreamely perplexed, becauſe hauing nothing in the world I wiſh for, but the enioying you & your fauour, I think it a much pleaſanter conqueſt to come to it by your own conſent, then to haue it by ſuch a charming force as this is. Now therefore chooſe ſince haue you I will, in what ſort I ſhall haue you. But neuer child was ſo deſirous of a gay puppet, as *Mopſa* was to be in the tree, & therefore without ſqueamiſhneſſe, promiſing all hee would, ſhee coniured him by all her precious Loues, that ſhe might haue the firſt poſſeſſion of the wiſhing tree, aſſuring him that for the enioying her he ſhould neuer neede to clime farre. *Dorus* to whom time was precious, made no great ceremonies with her: but helping her vp to the top of the tree, frō whence likewiſe ſhe could ill come down without help, he muffled her round about the face, ſo truely that ſhe her ſelfe could not vndoe it. And ſo he told her the manner was, ſhe ſhould hold her mind in continuall deuotion to *Apollo*, without making at all any noiſe, till at the fartheſt within twelue houres ſpace, ſhe ſhould heare a voice call her by name three times, and that till the third time ſhee muſt in no wiſe anſwere; & then you ſhall not need to doubt your comming down, for at that time ſaid he, be ſure to wiſh wiſely, and in what ſhape ſoeuer he come vnto you, ſpeake boldly vnto him, and your wiſh ſhall haue as certaine effect, as I haue a deſire to enioy your ſweet Loues: in this plight did he leaue *Mopſa*, reſolued in her heart, to be the greateſt Lady in the world, & neuer after to ſeed of worſe then furmentie. Thus *Dorus* hauing deliuered his hands of his three tormentors, took ſpeedily the benefit of his deuiſe, and mounting the gracious *Pamela* vpon a faire horſe he had prouided for her, he thruſt himſelfe forthwith into the wildeſt part of the deſart, where he had left marks to guide him from place to place to the next ſea port, diſguiſing her very fitly with ſcarfs; although he reſted aſſured, he ſhould meet that way with no body, till he came to his barke, into which he meant to enter by night. But *Pamela*, who all this while, tranſported with deſire & troubled with fear had neuer free ſcope of iudgement to look with perfect conſideration into her own enterpriſe, but euen by the lawes of loue, had bequeathed the care of her ſelfe vpon him to whom ſhe had giuen her ſelfe; now that the pang of deſire with euident hope was quieted, and moſt part of the feare paſſed, reaſon began to renew his ſhining in her hart, & make her ſee her ſelf in her ſelf; & weigh with what wings ſhe flew out of her natiue country; & vpon what ground ſhe built ſo ſtrange a determination. But loue fortified with her louers preſence kept ſtil his own in her heart. So that as they ridde together with her hand vpō her faithful ſeruants ſhoulder, ſodainly caſting her baſhful eies to the ground, & yet bending her ſelf towards him (like the clyent that commits the cauſe of all his worth to a well truſted aduocate) from a milde ſpirit ſaid vnto him theſe ſweetly deliuered words: Prince *Muſidorus*, (for ſo my aſſured hope is I may iuſtly call you, ſince with no other my heart would euer haue yeelded to goe; And if ſo I doe not rightly tearme you, all other words are as bootleſſe, as my deede miſerable, and I as vnfortunate, as you wicked) my Prince *Muſidorus* I ſaie now that the vehement ſhewes of your faithfull Loue towardes mee, haue brought my minde to aunſwere it, in ſo due a proportion, that contrary to all generall rules of reaſon, I haue laide in you, my eſtate, my life, my honour: it is your part to double your former care, and make me ſee your vertue no leſſe in preſeruing

then

then in obtaining: and your faith to be a faith asmuch in freedome, as bondage. Tender now your owne workemanshippe, and so gouerne your loue towards me, as I may still remaine worthy to be loued. Your promise you remember, which here by the eternall giuers of vertue, I coniure you to obserue, let me be your owne as I am, but by no vniust conqueste; let not our ioyes which ought euer to last, be stayned in our owne consciences, let no shadow of repentance steale into the sweete consideration of our mutuall happinesse. I haue yeelded to be your wife, stay then till the time that I may rightly be so; let no other defiled name burden my heart. What should I more saie? If I haue chosen well, all doubt is past, since your action onely must determine, whether I haue done vertuously or shamefully in following you. *Musidorus* that had more aboundance of ioie in his heart, then *Vlysses* had what time with his owne industrie he stale the fatall *Palladium*, imagined to be the only relike of *Troyes* safety, taking *Pamelas* hand, & many times kissing it, What I am, said he, the Gods I hope will shortly make your owne eyes Iudges; and of my mind towards you, the meane time shalbe my pledge vnto you, your contentment is dearer to me then mine owne, & therefore doubt not of his mind, whose thoughts are so thralled vnto you, as you are to bend or slack them as it shall seeme best vnto you. You do wrong to your selfe, to make any doubt that a base estate could euer vndertake so high an enterprise; or a spotted minde bee able to behold your vertues. Thus much onely I must confesse, I can neuer doe, to make the world see you haue chosen worthily, since all the world is not worthy of you. In such delightfull discourses, kept they on their iourney, maintaining their hearts in that right harmony of affection, which doth enterchangeably deliuer each to other the secret workings of their soules, till with the vnused trauaile, the Princesse being wearie, they lighted downe in a faire thicke wood, which did entise them with the pleasantnes of it to take their rest there. It was all of Pine trees, whose broud heads, meeting together, yeelded a perfit shade to the ground, where their bodies gaue a spacious and pleasant roome to walke in, they were set in so perfit an order, that euery waie the eye being full, yet no way was stopped. And euen in the middest of them, were there many sweete springs, which did loose themselues vpon the face of the earth. Here *Musidorus* drew out such prouision of fruits, & other cates, as he had brought for that dayes repast, and laid it downe vpon the faire Carpet of the greene grasse. But *Pamela* had much more pleasure to walke vnder those trees, making in their barkes prettie knottes, which tyed together the names of *Musidorus* and *Pamela*, sometimes intermixedly changing them, to *Pammedorus* and *Musimela*, with twentie other flowers of her trauailing fancies, which had bound themselues to a greater restraint, then they could without much paine well endure, and to one tree more beholding to her then the rest, shee entrusted the treasure of her thoughts in these verses:

DO not disdaine, ô streight vp-raised Pine,
That wounding thee, my thoughts in thee I graue:
Since that my thoughts, as streight as streightnesse thine
No smaller wound, alas! far deeper haue.

Deeper engraud, which salue nor time can saue,
Giu'n to my heart, by my fore wounded eyne:
Thus cruell to my selfe, how canst thou craue
My inward hurt should spare thy outward rine?

Yet

Yet ſtill faire tree, liſt vp thy ſtately line,
Liue long, and long witneſſe my choſen ſmart,
Which barde deſires, (barde by my ſelfe) impart.

And in this growing barke growe verſes myne.
My heart my word, my word hath giu'n my hart.
The giuer giu'n from gift ſhall neuer part.

Vpon a roote of the tree, that the earth had left ſomething barer then the reſt, ſhe wrate this couplet:

SWeete roote ſay thou, the roote of my deſire
Was vertue cladde in conſtant loues attire.

Muſidorus, ſeing her fancies drawne vp to ſuch pleaſaunt contemplations, accompanied her in them, and made the trees aſwell beare badges of his paſſions; as this ſong engraued in them did teſtifie:

YOu goodly pines, which ſtill with braue aſcent,
In natures pride your heads to heau'nward heaue,
Though you beſides ſuch graces earth hath lent,
Of ſome late grace a greater grace receiue,

By her who was (O bleſſed you) content
With her faire hand, your tender barkes to cleaue,
And ſo by you (O bleſſed you) hath ſent,
Such piercing words as no thoughts els conceaue:

Yet yeeld your graunt, a baſer hand may leaue
His thoughts in you, where ſo ſweete thoughts were ſpent,
For how would you the miſtreſſe thoughts bereaue
Of waiting thoughts all to her ſeruice ment?

Nay higher thoughts (though thralled thoughts) I call
My thoughts then hers, who firſt your ryne did rent.
Then hers, to whom my thoughts a lonely thrall
Ryſing from lowe, are to the higheſt bent;
Where hers, whom worth makes higheſt ouer all
Comming from her, cannot but downward fall.

While *Pamela* ſitting her downe vnder one of them, and making a poſie of the fayre vndergrowing flowers, filled *Muſidorus* eares with the heauenly ſound of her muſicke, which before he had neuer heard, ſo that it ſeemed vnto him a new aſſault giuen to the caſtle of his heart, already conquered: which to ſignifie, and withall replie to her ſweete notes, hee ſang in a kinde of ſtill, but rauiſhing tune a fewe verſes, her ſong was this, and his replie followes:

Pamela. *Like diuers flowers, whose diuers beauties serue*
To decke the earth with his well colour weede,
Though each of them his priuate forme preserue,
Yet ioyning formes one sight of beautie breede.

Right so my thoughts, wherein my hart I feede:
Right so my inward parts, and outward glasse,
Though each possesse a diuers working kinde,
Yet all well knit to one faire end do passe:
That he to whome these sundrie gifts I binde,
All what I am, still one, his owne, do finde.

Musidorus. *All what you are still one, his owne to finde,*
You that are borne to be the worldes eye,
What were it els, but to make each thing blinde?
And to the sunne with waxen wings to flie?

No no, such force with my small force to trye
Is not my skill, or reach of mortall minde.
Call me but yours, my title is most hye:
Hold me most yours, then my long suite is signde.

You none can claime but you your selfe aright,
For you do passe your selfe in vertues might,
So both are yours: I bound with gaged hart:
You only yours, too farre beyond desart.

In this vertuous wantonnesse, suffring their minds to descend to ech tender enioying their vnited thoughts, *Pamela* hauing tasted of the fruits, and growing extreame sleepie, hauing bin long kept from it, with the perplexitie of her dangerous attempt, laying her head in his lap, was inuited by him to sleepe with these softly vttered verses:

Lock vp, faire liddes, the treasure of my heart,
Preserue those treames, this ages onely light:
To her swete sence, swete sleepe some ease impart,
Her sence too weake to beare her spirits might.

And whilc ô sleepe thou closest vp her sight,
(Her sight where loue did forge his faireſt dart,)
O harbour all her parts in casefull plight:
Let no strange dreame make her faire body start.

But yet ô dreame, if thou wilt not depart
In this rare subiect from thy common right,
But wilt thy selfe in such a seate delight,

Then take my shape, and play a louers part:
Kisse her from me, and say vnto her spirit,
Till her eyes shine, I liue in darkest night.

The

The ſweete *Pamela* was brought into a ſweete ſleepe with this ſong, which gaue *Muſidorus* opportunitie at leaſure to behold her excellent beauties. He thought her faire forehead was a field where all his fancies fought; and euery haire of her head ſeemed a ſtrong chaine that tied him. Her fairer liddes then hiding her fairer eyes, ſeemed vnto him ſweete boxes of mother of pearle, rich in themſelues, but containing in them farre richer Iewels. Her cheekes with their colour moſt delicately mixed would haue entertained his eyes ſomewhile, but that the roſes of her lippes (whoſe ſeparating was wont to be accompanied with moſt wiſe ſpeeches) now by force drew his ſight to marke how pretily they lay one ouer the other, vniting their diuided beauties: and thorough them the eye of his fancy deliuered to his memorie the lying (as in ambuſh) vnder her lippes of thoſe armed rankes, all armed in moſt pure white, and keeping the moſt preciſe order of militarie diſcipline. And leaſt this beautie might ſeeme the picture of ſome excellent artificer, ſooth there ſtale a ſoft breath carrying good teſtimonie of her inward ſweetneſſe: and ſo ſtealingly it came out, as it ſeemed loath to leaue his contentfull manſion, but that it hoped to be drawne in againe to that well cloſed paradiſe, which did ſo tyrannize ouer *Muſidorus* affects, that he was compelled to put his face as lowe to hers, as he could, ſucking the breath with ſuch ioy, that he did determine in himſelfe, there had bene no life to a *Chamaleons*, if he might be ſuffered to enioy that food. But long he was not ſuffered, being within a while interrupted by the comming of a companie of clowniſh villaines, armed with diuers ſorts of weapons, and for the reſt both in face and apparell ſo forewaſted, that they ſeemed to beare a great conformitie with the ſauages; who miſerable in themſelues, taught to encreaſe their miſchiefes in other bodies harmes, came with ſuch cries as they both awaked *Pamela*, and made *Muſidorus* turne vnto them full of a moſt violent rage, with the looke of a ſhee *Tiger* when her whelpes are ſtolne away.

But *Zelmane* whome I left in the Caue hardly beſtead, hauing both great wittes and ſtirring paſſions to deale with, makes me lend her my penne awhile to ſee with what dexteritie ſhe could put by her dangers. For hauing in one inſtant both to reſiſt rage and go beyond wiſedome, being to deale with a Ladie that had her wits awake in euery thing, but in helping her owne hurt, ſhe ſaw now no other remedie in her caſe, but to qualifie her rage with hope, and to ſatisfie her wit with plainneſſe. Yet leſt too abrupt falling into it, ſhould yeeld too great aduantage vnto her, ſhe thought good to come to it by degrees with this kind of inſinuation. Your wiſe, but very darke ſpeeches, moſt excellent Lady, are wouen vp in ſo intricate a maner, as I knovv not how to proportiõ mine anſwer vnto them; ſo are your prayers mixt with threates, and ſo is the ſhew of your loue hidden with the name of reuenge, the naturall effect of mortall hatred. You ſeeme diſpleaſed with the opinion you haue of my diſguiſing, and yet if I be not diſguiſed, you muſt needes be much more diſpleaſed. Hope then (the onely ſuccour of perplexed mindes) being quite cut off, you deſire my affection, and yet you your ſelfe thinke my affection alreadie beſtowed. You pretend crueltie, before you haue the ſubiection, and are iealous of keeping that, which as yet you haue not gotten. And that which is ſtrangeſt in your iealouſie, is both the vniuſtice of it, in being loath that ſhould come to your daughter, which you deeme good; and the vaynneſſe, ſince you two are in ſo diuers reſpects, that there is no neceſſitie one of you ſhould fall to be a barre to the other. For neither (if I be ſuch as you fancie) can I marrie you, which muſt needes be the onely end I can aſpire to in her: neither needs the marrying of her keepe me from a gratefull

conſideration how much you honor me in the loue you vouchſafe to beare me. *Gynecia*, to whom the fearefull agonies ſhee ſtill liued in, made any ſmall repriuall ſweete, did quickly finde her words falling to a better way of comfort, and therefore with a mind readie to ſhew nothing could make it rebellious againſt *Zelmane*, but too extreme tyrany, ſhe thus ſaid: Alas too much beloued *Zelmane*, the thoghts are but outflowings of the mind, and the tongue is but a ſeruant of the thoughts, therefore maruaile not that my words ſuffer contrarieties, ſince my minde doth hourely ſuffer it in ſelfe whole armies of mortall aduerſaries. But, alas, if I had the vſe of mine own reaſon: then ſhould I not needs, for want of it, to finde my ſelfe in this deſperate miſchiefe: but becauſe my reaſon is vaniſhed, ſo haue I likewiſe no power to correct my vnreaſonableneſſe. Do you therfore accept the protection of my mind, which hath no other reſting place: and driue it not, by being vnregarded to put it ſelfe into vnknowne extremities. I deſire but to haue my affection anſwered, and to haue a right reflection of my loue in you. That graunted, aſſure your ſelfe mine owne loue will eaſily teach mee to ſeeke your contentment: and make me thinke my daughter a verie meane price to keepe ſtill in mine eyes the foode of my ſpirits. But take heede that contempt driue me not into deſpaire, the moſt violent cauſe of that miſerable effect. *Zelmane* that already ſawe ſome fruit of her laſt determined fancie (ſo farre as came to a mollifying of *Gynecias* rage) ſeeing no other way to ſatisfie ſuſpicion, which was held open with the continuall prickes of loue, reſolued now with plainneſſe to winne truſt, which truſt ſhee might after deceiue with a greater ſubtletie. Therefore looking vpon her with a more relenting grace, then euer ſhe had done before, pretending a great baſhfulneſſe before ſhe could come to confeſſe ſuch a fault, ſhe thus ſayd vnto her. Moſt worthy Lady, I did neuer thinke, till now, that pitie of another could make me betray my ſelfe, nor that the ſound of words could ouerthrow any wiſe bodies determination. But your words (I thinke) haue charmed me, and your grace bewitched me. Your compaſſion makes me open my hart to you, and leaue vnharboured mine owe thoughts. For proofe of it, I will diſcloſe my greateſt ſecret, which well you might ſuſpect, but neuer know, and ſo haue your wandring hope in a more painfull wilderneſſe, being neither way able to be lodged in a perfect reſolution. I will, I ſay, vnwrap my hidden eſtate, and after make you iudge of it, perchance director. The truth is, I am a man: nay, I will ſay further to you, I am borne a Prince. And to make vp your minde in a through vnderſtanding of me ſince I came to this place, I may not deny I haue had ſome ſprinkling of I know not what good liking to my Lady *Philoclea*. For how could I euer imagine, the heauens would haue rayned down ſo much of your fauour vpon me? and of that ſide there was a ſhew of poſſible hope, the moſt comfortable Counſellor of loue. The cauſe of this my changed attyre, was a iourney two yeares agoe I made among the *Amaſons*, where hauing fought to trye my vnfortunate valure, I mett not one in all the Country but was too hard for me, till in the end in the preſence of their Queene *Marpeſia*, I hoping to preuayle againſt her, challenged an old woman of foureſcore yeares, to fight on horſebacke to the vttermoſt with me. Who hauing ouerthrowne me, for the ſauing of my life, made me ſweare I ſhould go like an vnarmed *Amazon*, till the comming of my beard did, with the diſcharge of my oath, deliver me of that bondage. Here *Zelmane* ended, not comming to a full concluſion, becauſe ſhe would ſee what it wrought in *Gynecias* mind, hauing in her ſpeech ſought to winne a beliefe of her, and, if it might be, by diſgrace of her ſelf to diminiſh *Gynecias* affection.

For

For the first it had much prevailed. But *Gynecia* whose end of louing her, was not her fighting, neither could her loue too deepely grounded receiue diminishment, and besides shee had seene her selfe, sufficient proofes of *Zelmanes* admirable prowesse. Therefore sleightly passing ouer that point of her fained dishonor, but taking good hold of the confessing her manly sexe, with the shamefast looke of that suitor, who hauing alreadie obtained much, is yet forced by want to demaund more, put foorth her sorrowfull suite in these words. The gods said shee reward thee for thy vertuous pittie of my ouerladen soule; who yet hath receyued some breath of comfort, by finding thy confession to maintaine some possibilitie of my languishing hope. But alas! as they who seeke to enrich themselues by mineral industrie, the first labour is to finde the myne, which to their cheerefull comfort being found, if after any vnlooked for stop, or casuall impediment keepe them from getting the desired vre, they are so much the more greeued, as the late conceiued hope addes torment to their former want. So falles it out with mee happie or hapleese woman (as it pleaseth you to ordayne) who am now either to receyue some guerdon of my most woefull labours, or to returne into a more wretched darknesse, hauing had some glimmering of my blisfull Sunne. O *Zelmane*, tread not vpon a soule that lyes vnder your foote: let not the abasing of my selfe make me more base in your eyes, but iudge of me according to that I am, and haue bene, and let my errors be made excusible by the immortall name of loue. With that, vnder a fained rage, tearing her clothes, she discouered some parts of her faire body, which if *Zelmanes* hart had not beene so fully possest as there was no place left for any new guest, no doubt it would haue yeelded to that gallant assault. But *Zelmane* so much the more arming her determination, as she sawe such force threatned, yet still remembring she must wade betwixt constancie and curtesy, embracing *Gynecia*, and once or twise kissing her, Deare Ladie, sayed she, he were a great enemy to himselfe, that would refuse such an offer, in the purchase of which a mans life were blessedly bestowed. Nay, how can I euer yeeld due recompence for so excessiue a fauour? but hauing nothing to giue you but my selfe, take that: I must confesse a small, but a very free gift: what other affection soeuer I haue had, shall giue place to as great perfection, working besides vpon the bond of gratefulnesse. The gods forbid I should be so foolish, as not to see, or so wicked as not to remember, how much my smal deserts are ouerballanced by your vnspeakable goodnesse. Nay happy may I well accompt my mis-hap among the *Amazons*, since that dishonor hath bene so true a path to my greatest honor, and the changing of my outward rayment, hath clothed my minde in such inward contentation. Take therefore noble Lady as much comfort to your hart, as the full commandement of me can yeeld you: wipe your faire eyes, and keepe them for nobler seruices. And now I wil presume thus much to say vnto you, that you make of your selfe for my sake, that my ioyes of my new obtained riches may be accomplished in you. But let vs leaue this place, least you be too long missed, and hencefoorward quiet your mind from any further care, for I will now (to my too much ioy) take the charge vpon me, within fewe dayes to worke your satisfaction, and my felicitie. Thus much she sayde, and withall led *Gynecia* out of the Caue, for well she sawe the boyling minde of *Gynecia* did easily apprehend the finesse of that lonely place. But indeede this direct promise of a short space, ioyned with the cumbersome familiar of womankind, I meane modestie, stayed so *Gynecias* minde, that she tooke thus much at that present for good payment: remaining with a painefull ioy, and a weary-some kinde of

comfort, not vnlike to the condemned prisoner, whose mind still running vpon the violent arriuall of his cruell death, heares that his pardon is promised, but not yet signed. In this sort they both issued out of that obscure mansion: *Gynecia* alreadie halfe perswaded in her selfe (ô weaknesse of humane conceit) that *Zelmanes* affection was turned towards her. For such alas! we are all, in such a mould are we cast, that with the too much loue we beare our selues, being first our own flatterers, wee are easily hooked with others flattery, we are easily perswaded of others loue.

But *Zelmane* who had now to play her prize, seeing no way things could long remaine in that state, and now finding her promise had tyed her tryal to a small compasse of time, began to throw her thoughts into each corner of her inuention, how she might atchieue her liues enterprise: for well shee knew deceit cannot otherwise be maintained but by deceit: and how to deceiue such heedfull eyes, and how to satisfie, and yet not satisfie such hopefull desires, it was no small skill. But both their thoughts were called from themselues, with the sight of *Basilius*, who then lying down by his daughter *Philoclea*, vpon the faire, though naturall, bed of greene grasse, seeing the sunne what speede he made, to leaue our West to do his office in the other *Hemisphere*, his inward Muses made him in his best musicke, sing this Madrigall.

WHy doest thou haste away
O Titan faire the giuer of the day?
Is it to carrie newes
To Westerne wights, what starres in East appeare?
Or doest thou thinke that here
Is left a Sunne, whose beames thy place may vse?
Yet stay and well peruse,
What be her gifts, that make her equall thee,
Bend all thy light to see
In earthly clothes enclosde a heauenly sparke.
Thy running course cannot such beauties marke:
No, no, thy motions be
Hastened from vs with barre of shadow darke,
Because that thou the author of our sight
Disdainst we see thee staind with others light.

And hauing ended, Deere *Philoclea*, said he, sing something that may diuert my thoughts from the continuall taske of their ruinous harbour: She obedient to him, and not vnwilling to disburden her secret passion, made her sweete voice be heard in these words:

O Stealing time the subiect of delaie,
(Y Delay, the ruine of vnrefrain'd desire)
What strange deceiu'st thou my hopes to staie,
My hopes which do but to mine owne aspire?
Mine owne? O word on whose sweet sound doth pray
My greedy soule, with gripe of inward fire:
Thy title great I iustly challenge may,
Since in such phrase his faith he did attire.

O time, become the chariot of my ioyes:
As thou draweſt on, ſo let my bliſſe draw neere.
Each moment loſt, part of my hap deſtroyes.

Thou art the father of occaſion deare:
Ioine with thy ſonne, to eaſe my long annoyes,
In ſpeedie helpe, thanke-worthie friends appeare.

Philoclea brake off her ſong, aſſoone as as her mother with *Zelmane* came neere vnto them, riſing vp with a kindly baſhfulneſſe, being not ignorant of the ſpite her mother bare her, and ſtriken with the ſight of that perſon, whoſe loue made all thoſe troubles ſeeme faire flowers of her deareſt garland, nay rather all thoſe troubles made the loue increaſe. For as the arriuall of enemies makes a towne ſo fortifie it ſelfe, as euer after it remaines ſtronger, ſo that a man may ſay, enemies were no ſmal cauſe to the townes ſtrength: So to a mind once fixed in a well pleaſing determination, who hopes by annoyance to ouerthrow it, doth but teach it to knit together all his beſt grounds, and ſo perchaunce of a chanceable purpoſe, make an vnchangeable reſolution. But no more did *Philoclea* ſee the wonted ſignes of *Zelmanes* affection towards her; ſhe thought ſhe ſaw another light in her eyes, with a bold and careleſſe looke vpon her, which was wont to be dazeled with her beautie; and the framing of her curteſies rather ceremonious then affectionate, and that which worſt liked her, was, that it proceeded with ſuch quiet ſetledneſſe, as it rather threatned a full purpoſe, then any ſodaine paſſion. She found her behauiour bent altogether to her mother, and preſumed in her ſelfe, ſhe diſcerned the well acquainted face of his fancies now turned to another ſubiect. She ſaw her mothers worthines, and too well knew her affection. Theſe ioyning their diuerſe working powers together in her mind, as yet a prentiſe in the painefull myſterie of paſſions, brought *Philoclea* into a new trauerſe of her thoughts, and made her keepe her carefull looke the more attentiue vpon *Zelmanes* behauiour, who indeed (though with much paine, and condemning her ſelfe to commit a ſacrilege againſt the ſweet Saint that liued in her inmoſt temple) yet ſtrengthening her ſelfe in it, being the ſureſt way to make *Gynecia* bite of her other baites, did ſo quite ouer-rule all wonted ſhewes of loue to *Philoclea*, and conuert them to *Gynecia*, that the part ſhe played did worke in both a full and liuely perſwaſion: to *Gynecia* ſuch exceſſiue comfort, as the being preferred to a riuall doth deliuer to ſwelling deſire: But to the delicate *Philoclea*, whoſe calme thoughts were vnable to nouriſh any ſtrong debate, it gaue ſo ſtinging a hurt, that fainting vnder the force of her inward torment, ſhee withdrew her ſelfe to the Lodge, and there wearie of ſupporting her owne burthen, caſt her ſelfe vpon her bed, ſuffering her ſorow to melt it ſelfe into abundance of teares; at length cloſing her eyes, as if each thing ſhe ſaw was a picture of her miſhap, and turning vpon her heart ſide, which with vehement panting, did ſummon her to conſider her fortune, ſhe thus bemoned her ſelfe.

Alas *Philoclea*, is this the price of all thy paynes? Is this the reward of thy giuen-away libertie? Hath too much yeelding bred crueltie? Or can too great acquaintance make mee beld for a ſtraunger? Hath the chooſing of a companion made mee left alone? Or doth graunting deſire, cauſe the deſire to bee neglected? Alas, deſpiſed *Philoclea*, why diddeſt thou not holde thy thoughtes in

in their simple course,& content thy selfe with the loue of thine owne vertue, which would neuer haue betrayed thee? Ah fillie foole, didst thou looke for truth in him, that with his owne mouth confest his falshood? for plaine proceeding in him, that still goes disguised? They say the falsest men will yet beare outward shewes of a pure mind. But he that euen outwardly beares the badge of trecherie, what helles of wickednesse must needs in the depth be contained? But ô wicked mouth of mine how darest thou thus blaspheme the ornament of the earth, the vessell of all vertue? O wretch that I am that wil anger the Gods in dispraising their most excellēt work! O no, no, there was no fault but in me, that could euer thinke so high eyes would looke so low, or so great perfections would staine themselues with my vnworthinesse. Alas, why could I not see, I was too weake a band to tie so heauenlie a heart? I was not fit to limit the infinite course of his wonderfull destinies. Was it euer like that vpon onelie *Philocles* his thoughts should rest? Ah fillie soule that couldest please thy selfe with so impossible an imagination! An vniuersall happinesse is to flowe from him. How vvas I so inueigled to hope, I might be the marke of such a mind? He did thee no vvrong, O *Philocles*, he did thee no vvrong, it vvas thy vveaknesse to fancie the beames of the sunne should giue light to no eyes but to thine! And yet ô Prince *Pyrocles*, for vvhom I may vvell begin to hate my selfe, but can neuer leaue to loue thee, vvhat triumph canst thou make of this conquest? What spoyles vvilt thou carie avvay of this my vndeserued ouerthrovv? could thy force find out no fitter field then the feeble mind of a poore mayd, vvho at the first sight did vvish thee all happinesse? Shall it be said the mirror of mankind hath bene employed to destroy a hurtlesse Gentlevvoman? O *Pyrocles*, *Pyrocles*, let me yet call thee before the iudgement of thine ovvne vertue, let me be accepted for a plaintiffe in a cause vvhich cōcerns my life: vvhat need hadst thou to arme thy face with the inchāting maske of thy painted passions? what need hadst thou to fortifie thy excellencies with so exquisite a cunning, in making our owne arts betray vs? what neededst thou descend so far from thy incomparable worthinesse, as to take on the habite of weake womankind? Was all this to winne the vndefended Castle of a friend, which being wonne, thou wouldest after raze? Could so small a cause allure thee? or did not so vniust a cause stop thee? O me, what say I more, this is my case, my Loue hates me, vertue deales wickedlie with me, and he does me wrong whose doing I can neuer account a wrong. With that the sweete Lady turning her selfe vpon her wearie bed, she happely saw a lute, vpon the bellie of which *Gynecia* had written this song, what time *Basilius* imputed her iealous motions to proceed of the doubt she had of his vntimely loues. Vnder which vaile she contented to couer her neuer ceasing anguish, had made the Lute a monument of her mind, which *Philocles* had neuer much marked, til now the feare of a competitor more stirred her, then before the care of a mother. The verses were these:

MY Lute within thy selfe thy tunes enclose,
Thy mistresse song is now a sorow's crie,
Her hand benumb'd with fortunes daylie blowes,
Her mind amaz'd can neither helpe apply.
Weare these my words as mourning weeds of woes,
Blacke inke becomes the state wherein I die.
And though my meanes be not in musike bound,
Of written griefes, yet be the silent ground.

The

The world doth yeeld ſuch ill conſorted ſhowes,
With circled courſe, which no wiſe ſtay can trie,
That childiſh ſtuffe which knowes not friends from foes,
(Better deſpiſde) bewonder gaſing eye.
Thus noble gold, downe to the bottome goes,
When worthleſſe corke, aloft doth floting lie.
Thus in thy ſelfe, leaſt ſtrings are lowdeſt ſound,
And loweſt ſtops do yeeld the higheſt ſound.

Philoclea read them, and throwing downe the Lute, Is this the legacie you haue bequeathed me, ô kinde mother of mine, ſaid ſhe? did you beſtow the light vpon me for this? or did you beare me to be the Author of my buriall? A trim purchaſe you haue made of your owne ſhame; robbed your daughter to ruine your ſelfe? The birds vnreaſonable, yet vſe ſo much reaſon, as to make neaſts for their tender young ones; my cruell mother turnes me out of mine owne harbour; alas, plaint bootes not, for my caſe can receiue no help, for who ſhould geue mee helpe? ſhall I flie to my parents? they are my murtherers; ſhall I go to him, who alreadie being wonne and loſt, muſt needs haue killed all pitie? Alas, I can bring no new incercessions, he knowes already what I am is his. Shall I come home againe to my ſelfe? O me contemned wretch; I haue giuen away my ſelfe. With that the poore ſoule beat her breaſt, as if that had beene guilty of her faults, neither thinking of reuenge, nor ſtudying for remedy, but (ſweet creature) gaue griefe a free dominion, keeping her chamber a few dayes after, not needing to faine her ſelfe ſicke, feeling euen in her ſoule the pangs of extreme paine. But little did *Gynecia* recke that, neither when ſhe ſaw her go away from them, neither when ſhe after found that ſickneſſe made her hide her faire face: ſo much had fancie preuayled againſt nature. But ô you that haue euer knowne, how tender to euery motion loue makes the louers heart, how he meaſures all his ioyes vpon her contentment: and doth with reſpectful eye hang all his behauiour vpon her eyes: iudge I pray you now of *Zelmanes* troubled thoughts, when ſhe ſaw *Philoclea*, with an amazed kind of ſorow, carie away her ſweete preſence, and eaſily found (ſo happie a coniecture vnhapple affection hath) that her demeanour was guilty of that treſpaſſe. There was neuer fooliſh ſoft hearted mother, that forced to beate her child, did weepe firſt for his paines, and doing that ſhe was loth to do, did repent before ſhe began, did find halfe that motion in her weake mind, as *Zelmane* did, now that ſhe was forced by reaſon to giue an outward blow to her paſſions, and for the lending of a ſmall time, to ſeeke the vſurie of all her deſires. The vnkindneſſe ſhe conceiued, *Philoclea* might conceiue, did wound her ſoule, each teare ſhe doubted ſhe ſpent, drowned all her comfort. Her ſickeneſſe was a death vnto her. Often would ſhe ſpeake to the image of *Philoclea* which liued and ruled in the higheſt of her inward part, and vſe vehement othes and proteſtations vnto her; that nothing ſhould euer falſifie the free choſen vow ſhe had made. Often would ſhe deſire her that ſhe would looke well to *Pyrocles* hart, for as for her ſhe had no more intereſt in it to beſtow it any way. Alas would ſhe ſay, onlie *Philoclea* haſt thou not ſo much feeling of thine own force, as to know no new Conquerour can preuaile againſt thy conqueſts? Was euer any dazeled with the Moone, that had vſed his eyes to the beames of the Sunne? Is he caried away with a greedie deſire of Acornes, that hath had his ſenſes rauiſhed with a garden of moſt delightfull fruits? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, be thou but as mercifull a princeſſe to my

my mind, as thou art a true possessour, and I shall haue as much cause of gladnesse as thou hast no cause of misdoubting. O no, no, when a mans owne hart is the gage of his debt, when a mans owne thoughts are willing witnesses to his promise; lastly, when a man is the layer ouer himselfe; there is little doubt of breaking credite, and lesse doubt of such an escape. In this combate of *Zelmanes* doubtfull imaginations, in the end reason well backed with the vehement desire to bring her matters soone to the desired hauen, did ouer-rule the boyling of her inward kindnesse, though as I say with such a manifest strife, that both *Basilius* and *Gynecias* well waiting eyes, had marked her muses had labored in deeper subiect then ordinarie: which she likewise perceiuing they had perceiued, awaking her selfe out of those thoughts, and principallie caring how to satisfie *Gynecia* (whose iudgement and passion she stood most in regard of) bowing her head to her attentiue eares, Madome (said she) with practise of my thoughts, I haue found out a way by which your contentment shal draw on my happinesse. *Gynecia* deliuering in her face as thankefull a ioyfulnesse as her heart could hold, said, it was then time to retire themselues to their rest, for what with riding abroad the day before, and late sitting vp for Eclogues, their bodies had dearelie purchased that nights quiet. So went they home to their Lodge, *Zelmane* framing of both sides bountifull measures of louing countenances to eithers ioy, and neithers iealousie; to the especiall comfort of *Basilius*, whose weaker bowels were straight full with the least liquor of hope. So that still holding her by the hand and sometimes tickling it, he went by her with the most gay conceits that euer had entred his braines, growing now so hearted in his resolution, that he little respected *Gynecias* presence. But with a lustier note then wonted, clearing his voice, and chearing his spirits, looking still vpon *Zelmane* (whom now the Moone did beautifie with her shining almost at the full) as if her eyes had bene his song-Booke, hee did the message of his mind in singing these verses:

When two Sunnes do appeare,
Some say it doth betoken wonders neare,
As Princes losse or change:
Two gleaming Sunnes of splendour like I see,
And seeing feele in me
Of Princes heart quite lost the ruine strange.

But now each where doth range
With vglie cloke the darke enuious night:
Who full of guiltie spite,
Such lining beames should her blacke seat assaile,
Too weake for them our weaker sight doth vaile.

No sayes faire Moone, my light
Shall barre that wrong, and though it not preuaile
Like to my brothers rayes, yet those I send
Hurt not the face, which nothing can amend.

And by that time being come to the Lodge, and visited the sweet *Philoclea*, with much lesse then naturall care of the Parents, & much lesse then wonted kindnesse of *Zelmane*, each party full fraught with diuerslie working fancies, made their pillowes weake

weak props of their ouer-loden heads. Yet of all other were *Zelmanes* braines most turmoyled, troubled with loue both actiue and passiue; and lastlie, and especially with care, how to vse her short limited time to the best purpose, by some wise and happy diuerting her two louers vnwelcome desires. *Zelmane* hauing had the night her onely counseller in the busie enterprise she was to vndertake, & hauing all that time mused, and yet not fully resolued, how she might ioyne preuailing with preuenting, was offended with the dayes bold entrie into her chamber, as if he had now by custome growne an assured bringer of euill newes. Which she taking a Citterne to her, did lay to *Auroras* charge with these well sung verses:

AVrora now thou shewest thy blushing light,
(Which oft to hope layes out a guilefull baite,
That trusts in time, to finde the way aright
To ease those paines, vvhich on desire do vvaite.

Blush on for shame: that still with thee do light
On pensiue soules (in steed of restfull baite)
Cure vpon care (in steed of doing right)
To ouer-pressed breasts, more grieuous waight.

As oh! my selfe, whose woes are neuer light,
(Tide to the stake of doubt) strange passions baite;
While thy knowne course, obseruing natures right,
Stirres me to thinke what dangers lie in waite.
For mischiefes great, day after day doth show:
Make me still feare, thy faire appearing slow.

Alas said she, am not I runne into a strange gulfe, that am faine for loue to hurt her I loue? And because I detest the others, to please them I detest? O only *Philoclea*, whose beautie is matched with nothing, but vvith the vnspeakeable beauty of thy fairest mind, if thou didst see vpon what racke my tormented soule is set, little would you thinke I had any scope now to leape to any new change; with that with hastie hands she got her selfe vp, turning her sight to euery thing, as if change of obiect might help her inuention. So went she againe to the Caue, where forthwith it came into her head, that should be the fittest place to performe her exploit, of which she had now a kind of confused conceit, although shee had not set downe in her fancy, the meeting with each particularity that might fall out. But as the painter doth at the first but shew a rude proportion of the things he imitates, which after with more curious hand he drawes to the representing each lineament: so had her thoughts beating about it continually, receiued into them a ground-plot of her deuise, although she had not in each part shapte it according to a full determination. But in this sort hauing early visited the mornings beauty, in those pleasant desarts, she came to the King and Queene and told them, that for the performance of certaine her countrie deuotions, which onely were to bee exercised in solitarinesse, she did desire their leaue she might for a few daies lodge her selfe in the caue, the fresh sweetnesse of which did greatly delight her, in that hot countrey; and that for that small space, they would not otherwise trouble themselues in visiting her, but at such times as she would come to waite vpon them, which should be euerie

day

day at certaine houres, neither ſhould it be long, ſhe would deſire this priuiledged abſence of them. They whoſe minds had already taken out that leſſon, perfectly to yeeld a willing obedience to all her deſires, with conſenting countenance made her ſoone ſee her pleaſure was a law vnto them. Both indeed inwardlie glad of it, *Baſilius* hoping that her diuiding her ſelfe from them, might yet giue him ſome freer occaſion of comming in ſecret vnto her, whoſe fauourable face had lately ſtrengthened his fainting courage. But *Gynecia* of all other moſt ioyous, holding her ſelfe aſſured that this was but a prologue to the play ſhe had promiſed her. Thus both flattering themſelves with diuerſlie grounded hopes, they rang a bell which ſerued to call certaine poore women which euer lay in cabins not farr off, to do the houſhold ſeruices of both Lodges, and neuer came to either but being called for, and commanded them to cary forth with *Zelmanes* bed and furniture of her chamber into the pleaſant caue: and to decke it vp as finely as it was poſſible for them, that their ſoules reſt might reſt her bodie to her beſt pleaſing maner: that was with all diligence perfourmed of them, and *Zelmane* already in poſſeſſion of her new choſen lodging, where ſhe like one of *Veſtaes* nunnes, entertaind her ſelfe for a few dayes in all ſhew of ſtraightneſſe, yet once a day comming to do her dutie to the King and Queene, in whom the ſeldomneſſe of the ſight encreaſed the more vnquiet longing, though ſomewhat qualified, as her countenaunce was decked to either of them with more comfort then wonted. Eſpeciallie to *Gynecia*, who ſeeing her whollie neglecting her daughter *Philoclea*, had now promiſed her ſelfe a full poſſeſſion of *Zelmanes* heart, ſtil expecting the fruit of the happie and hoped for inuention. But both ſhe and *Baſilius* kept ſuch a continuall watch about the precincts of the Caue, that either of them was a bar to the other from hauing any ſecret communing with *Zelmane*. While in the meane time the ſweete *Philoclea* forgotten of her father, deſpiſed of her mother, and in apparance left of *Zelmane*, had yeelded vp her ſoule to be a pray to ſorow and vnkindneſſe, not with raging conceit of reuenge as had paſſed through the ſtout and wiſe heart of her mother, but with a kindlie meekneſſe taking vpon her the weight of her owne woes, and ſuffering them to haue ſo full a courſe as it did exceedinglie weaken the eſtate of her bodie: aſwell for which cauſe, as for that ſhe could not ſee *Zelmane*, without expreſſing (more then ſhe would) how far now her loue was impriſoned in extremitie of ſorow, ſhe bound her ſelfe firſt to the limits of her owne chamber, and after, (griefe breeding ſickneſſe) of her bed. But *Zelmane* hauing now a full libertie to caſt about euerie way how to bring her conceiued attempt to a deſired ſucceſſe, was oft ſo perplexed with the manifould difficultie of it, that ſometimes ſhe reſolued by force to take her away, though it were with the death of her parents, ſometimes to go away her ſelfe with *Muſidorus* & bring both their forces, ſo to win her. But laſtlie, euen the ſame day that *Muſidorus* by feeding the humour of his three lothſome gardiens, had ſtolne away the Princeſſe *Pamela* (whether it were that loue meant to match them euery way, or that her friends example had holpen her inuention, or that indeed *Zelmane* for bare to practiſe her deuiſe till ſhee found her friend had paſſed through his.) The ſame day, I ſay, ſhe reſolued on a way to rid out of the the Lodge her two cumberſom louers, & in the night to carie away *Philoclea*: whereunto ſhe was aſſured her owne loue no leſſe then her ſiſters, would eaſilie winne her conſent. Hoping that although their abrupt parting had not ſuffered her to demād of *Muſidorus* which way he meāt to direct his iourney; yet either they ſhold by ſom good fortune, find him: or if that courſe fayled, yet they might well recouer ſome towne of the *Helots*, neare the frontiers of *Arcadia*, who being newlie againe vp in armes

armes against the Nobilitie, she knew would be as glad of her presence, as she of their protection. Therefore having taken order for all things requisite for their going, and first put on a slight vnder-sute of mans apparell, which before for such purposes she had prouided, she curiously trimmed her selfe to the beautifying of her beauties, that being now at her last triall, she might come vnto it in her braueſt armour. And so putting on that kinde of milde countenance, which doth encourage the looker on to hope for a gentle answer, according to her late receiued maner, she left the pleasant darkneſſe of her melancholie caue, to go take her dinner of the king and Queene, and giue vnto them both a pleasant food of seeing the owner of their desires. But euen as the *Persians* were anciently wont to leaue no rising Sun vnsaluted, but as his faire beames appeared clearer vnto them, would they more hartilie reioyce, laying vpon them a great foretoken of their following fortune: So was there no time that *Zelmane* encountred their eyes with her beloued presence, but that it bred a kind of burning deuotion in them, yet so much the more gladding their greedy soules, as her countenance were cleared with more fauour vnto them: which now being determinately framed to the greateſt descent of kindneſſe, it took such hold of her infortunate louers, that like children about a tender father, from a long voyage returned, with louelie childishneſſe hang about him, and yet with simple feare measure by his countentenance, how farre he accepts their boldneſſe: so were these now throwne into so seruiceable an affection, that the turning of *Zelmanes* eye was a strong sterne enough to all their motions, wending no way but as the inchanting force of it guided them. But hauing made a light repast of the pleasant fruits of that countrie, enterlarding their food with such maner of generall discourses, as louers are wont to couer their passions in, when respect of a third person keepes them from plaine particulars, at the earneſt entreatie of *Basilius*, *Zelmane*, first saluting the Muses with a base Viall hung hard by her, sent this ambassade in versified muſike to both her ill-requited louers.

Beautie hath force to catch the humane sight:
Sight doth bewitch the fancie euill awaked.
Fancie we feele, includes all passions might,
Passion rebeld oft reasons strength hath shaked.

No wonder then, though sight my sight did taint,
And though thereby my fancie was infected,
Though (yoked so) my mind with sickneſſe faint,
Had reasons weight for passions ease reiected.

But now the fit is past: and time hath giu'n
Leasure to weigh what due deſert requireth.
All thoughts so sprung, are from their dwelling driu'n,
And wisdom to his wonted seate aspireth,
Crying in me: eye-hopes deceitfull proue:
Things rightlie priz'd, loue is the band of loue.

And after her song with an affected modeſtie, she threw downe her eye, as if the conscience of a secret graunt her inward mind made, had sodainly cast a bashfull vayle ouer her. Which *Basilius* finding, and thinking now was the time to vrge

his painfull petition, beſeeching his wife with more carefull eye to accompanie his ſicklie daughter *Philoclea*, being rid for that time of her, who was content to graunt him any ſcope, that ſhe might after haue the like freedome, with a geſture gouerned by the force of his paſsions, making his knees his beſt ſupporters he thus ſaid vnto her.

If either, ſaid he, ô Lady of my life, my deadly pangues could beare delay, or that this were the firſt time the ſame were manifeſted vnto you, I would now but maintaine ſtill the remembrance of my misfortune, without vrging any further reward, then time and pitie might procure for me. But (alas) ſince my martyrdome is no leſſe painefull, then manifeſt, and that I no more feele the miſerable danger, then you know the aſſured truth thereof: why ſhould my tongue denie his ſeruice to my heart? Why ſhould I feare the breath of my words who dayly feele the flame of your works? Embrace in your ſweet conſideration I beſeech you, the miſerie of my caſe, acknowledge your ſelfe to be the cauſe, and thinke it is reaſon for you to redreſſe the effects. Alas, let not certaine imaginatiue rules, whoſe truth ſtands but vpon opinion, keepe ſo wiſe a mind from gratefulneſſe and mercie, whoſe neuer fayling lawes nature hath plãted in vs. I plainly lay my death vnto you, the death of him that loues you, the death of him whoſe life you may ſaue, ſay your abſolute determination, for hope it ſelf is a paine, while it is ouermaſtered with feare, and if you do reſolue to be cruell, yet is the ſpeedieſt condemnation, as in euils, moſt welcome. *Zelmane* who had fullie ſet to her ſelfe the traine ſhe ſhould keepe, yet knowing that who ſooneſt means to yeeld doth well to make the braueſt parlie, keeping countenance aloft. Noble Prince (ſaid ſhe) your words are too well couched to come out of a reſtleſſe mind, and thanked be the Gods, your face threatens no daunger of death. Theſe are but thoſe ſwelling ſpeeches, which giue the vttermoſt name to euery trifle, which all were worth nothing, if they were not enamelled with the goodly outſide of loue. Truly loue were very vnlouely, if it were halfe ſo deadly, as you louers (ſtill liuing) tearme it. I thinke well it may haue a certaine childiſh vehemencie, which for the time to one deſire will engage all the ſoule, ſo long as it laſteth. But with what impatience, you your ſelfe ſhew, who confeſſe the hope of it a paine, & think your own deſire ſo vnworthy, as you would faine be rid of it, & ſo with ouer much loue ſue hard for a haſtie refuſall. A refuſall! (cried out *Baſilius*, amazed withall, but pierced with the laſt.) Now aſſure your ſelfe, whenſoeuer you vſe that word definitiuely, it will be the vndoubted doome of my approching death. And then ſhal your owne experience know in me, how ſoone the ſpirits dried vp with anguiſh, leaue the performance of their miniſterie, whereupon our life dependeth. But alas what a crueltie is this, not only to torment, but to thinke the torment ſleight? The terribleſt tyrants would ſay by no man they killed, he dyed not; nor by no man they puniſhed, that he eſcaped free; for of all other, there is leaſt hope of mercy where there is no acknowledging of the paine: and with like cruelty are my words breathed out from a flamie heart, accounted as meſſengers of a quiet mind. If I ſpeake nothing, I choake my ſelfe, and am in no way of reliefe: if ſimplie, neglected: if confuſedly not vnderſtood: if by the bending together all my inward powers, they bring forth any liuely expreſsing of that they truly feele, that is a token, foorſooth, the thoughts are at too much leaſure. Thus is ſilence deſperate, follie puniſhed, and wit ſuſpected. But indeed it is vaine to ſay any more, for words can bind no beliefe. Lady, I ſay, determine of me, I muſt confeſſe I cannot beare this battell in my mind, & therefore let me ſoone know what I may account of my ſelf, for it is a hell of dolours when the mind ſtill in doubt for want of reſolution, can make no reſiſtance.

Indeed

Indeede (anſwered *Zelmane*) if I ſhould graunt to your requeſt, I ſhould ſhew an example in my ſelfe that I eſteeme the holy band of chaſtitie to be but an imaginatiue rule, as you termed it: & not the trueſt obſeruance of nature, the moſt noble commandement that mankind can haue ouer them ſelues, as indeede both learning teacheth, and inward feeling aſſureth. But firſt ſhal *Zelmanes* graue become her mariage bed, before my ſoule ſhall conſent to his owne ſhame, before I will leaue a marke in my ſelfe of an vnredeemeable treſpaſſe. And yet muſt I confeſſe that if euer my heart were ſtirred, it hath bene with the manifeſt and manifold ſhewes of the miſerie you liue in for me. For in trueth ſo it is, nature giues not to vs her degenerate children, any more generall precept, then one to help the other, one to feele a true compaſsion of the others miſhap. But yet if I were neuer ſo contented to ſpeake with you (for further neuer ô *Baſilius* neuer looke for at my hands) I know not how you can auoid your wiues iealous attendance, but that her ſuſpicion ſhall bring my honour into queſtion. *Baſilius* whoſe ſmall ſailes the leaſt wind did fill, was forthwith as far gone into a large promiſing himſelfe his deſire, as before he was ſtriken down with a threatned deniall. And therefore bending his browes as though he were not a man to take the matter as he had done; What (ſaid he) ſhall my wife become my miſtreſſe? Thinke you not that thus much time hath taught me to rule her? I will mew the Gentlewoman till ſhe haue caſt all her feathers, if ſhe rouſe her ſelfe againſt me. And with that he walked vp and downe, nodding his head, as though they miſtooke him much that thought he was not his wiues maiſter. But *Zelmane* now ſeeing it was time to conclude; Of your wiſdome & manhood (ſaid ſhe) I doubt not, but that ſufficeth not me, for both they can hardly tame a malicious tongue, and impoſsibly bar the freedome of thought, which be the things that muſt be only witneſſes of honor, or iudges of diſhonor. But that you may ſee I do not ſet light your affection, if to night after your wife be aſſuredly aſleep, wherof by your loue I coniure you to haue a moſt preciſe care, you will ſteale handſomly to the caue vnto me, there do I grant you as great proportion as you wil take of free conference with me, euer remembring you ſeeke no more, for ſo ſhall you but deceiue your ſelf, and for euer loſe me. *Baſilius* that was old enough to know that women are not wont to appoint ſecret night meetings for the purchaſing of land, holding him ſelfe alreadie an vndoubted poſſeſſor of his deſires, kiſsing her hand, and lifting vp his eyes to heauen, as if the greatneſſe of the benefit did go beyond all meaſure of thanks, ſaid no more, leaſt ſtirring of more words, might bring forth ſome perhaps contrarie matter. In which trance of ioy, *Zelmane* went frō him, ſaying ſhe would leaue him to the remembrance of their appointment, and for her ſhe would go viſite the Lady *Philoclea*, into whoſe chamber being come, keeping ſtill her late taken on grauity, and aſking her how ſhe did, rather in the way of dutifull honor, then any ſpeciall affection, with extreame inward anguiſh to them both, ſhe turned frō her, & taking the Queene *Gynecia*, led her into a bay window of the ſame chamber, determining in her ſelfe, not to vtter to ſo excellent a wit as *Gynecia* had, the vttermoſt point of her pretended deuiſe, but to keepe the clauſe of it for the laſt inſtant, when the ſhorteneſſe of the time ſhould not giue her ſpirits leaſure to looke into all thoſe doubts, that eaſily enter to an open inuention. But with ſmiling eyes, and with a deliuered ouer grace, fayning as much loue to her, as ſhe did counterfeit little loue to *Philoclea*, ſhe began with more credible then eloquent ſpeech to tell her, that with much conſideration of a matter ſo nearely importing her own fancie, and *Gynecias* honor, ſhe had now concluded that the night following ſhould be the fitteſt time for the ioyning toge-

ther their ſeuerall deſires, what time ſleepe ſhould perfectly do his office vpon the King her husband, and that the one ſhould come to the other into the caue. Which place, as it was the firſt receit of their promiſed loue, ſo it might haue the firſt honour of the due performance. That the cauſe why thoſe few dayes paſt, ſhe had not ſought the like, was, leaſt the new change of her lodging, might make the King more apt to marke any ſodaine euent: which now the vſe of it would take out of his mind. And therefore now moſt excellent Lady (ſaid ſhe) there reſteth nothing but that quicklie after ſupper, you traine vp the king to viſite his daughter *Philoclea*, and then faining your ſelfe not well at eaſe, by your going to bed, draw him not long to be after you. In the meane time I will be gone home to my lodging, where I will attend you, with no leſſe deuotion, but as I hope with better fortune, then *Thisbe* did the too much louing and too much loued *Pyramus*. The bloud that quickely came into *Gynecias* faire face, was the only anſwer ſhe made, but that one might eaſily ſee, contentment and conſent were both to the full in her; which ſhe did teſtifie with the wringing *Zelmane* faſt by the hand, cloſing her eyes, and letting her head fall; as if ſhe would giue her to know, ſhe was not ignorant of her fault, although ſhe were tranſported with the violence of her euil. But in this triple agreement did the day ſeeme tedious of all ſides, till his neuer erring courſe, had giuen place to the nights ſucceſsion: And the ſupper by each hand haſted, was with no leſſe ſpeed ended, when *Gynecia* preſenting a heauie ſleepineſſe in her countenance, brought vp both *Baſilius* and *Zelmane* to ſee *Philoclea*, ſtill keeping her bed, and farre more ſicke in mind then bodie, and more grieued then comforted with any ſuch viſitation. Thence *Zelmane* wiſhing eaſefull reſt to *Philoclea*, did ſeeme to take that nights leaue of this princelie crue, when *Gynecia* likewiſe ſeeming ſomewhat diſeaſed, deſired *Baſilius* to ſtay a while with his daughter, while ſhe recommended her ſickneſſe to her beds comfort, indeed deſirous to determine againe of the manner of her ſtealing away; to no leſſe comfort to *Baſilius*, who the ſooner ſhe was aſleepe, the ſooner hoped to come by his long purſued praye. Thus both were bent to deceiue each other, and to take the aduantage of either others diſaduantage. But *Gynecia* hauing taken *Zelmane* into her bed-chamber, to ſpeake a little with her of their ſweet determination: *Zelmane* vpon a ſodaine (as though ſhe had neuer thought of it before) Now the Gods forbid (ſaid ſhe) ſo great a Ladie as you are ſhould come to me: or that I ſhould leaue it to the hands of fortune, if by either the ill gouerning of your paſsion, or your husbands ſodaine waking, any daunger might happen vnto you. No if there be any ſuperioritie in the points of true loue, it ſhall be yours: if there be anie daunger, ſince my ſelfe am the author of this deuiſe, it is reaſon it ſhould be mine. Therefore do you but leaue with me the keyes of the gate, and vpon your ſelfe take my vpper garment, that if any of *Dametas* houſe ſee you, they may thinke you to be my ſelf, and I will preſently lie downe in your place, ſo muffled for your ſuppoſed ſickneſſe, as the King ſhall nothing know me. And then as ſoone as he is aſleepe, will I (as it much better becomes me) waite vpon you. But if the vttermoſt of miſchiefes ſhould happen, I can aſſure you the kings life ſhall ſooner pay for it, then your honour. And with the ending of her wordes, ſhe threw off her mantell, not giuing *Gynecia* any ſpace to take the full image of this new chaunge into her fancie. But ſeeing no readie obiection againſt it in her heart, and knowing that there was no time then to ſtand long diſputing; beſides remembring the giuer was to order the maner of his gift, yeelded quicklie to this conceit, indeed not

among

among the ſmalleſt cauſes, tickled thereunto by a certaine wanton deſire, that her husbands deceit might be the more notable. In this ſort did *Zelmane* nimbly diſaraying her ſelfe, poſſeſſe *Gynecias* place, hiding her head in ſuch a cloſe maner, as grieuous and ouerwatched ſickneſſe is wont to inuite to it ſelfe the ſolace of ſleepe. And of the other ſide the Queene putting on *Zelmanes* outmoſt apparell, went firſt into her cloſet, there quickly to beautifie her ſelfe with the beſt and ſweeteſt night deckings. But there caſting an haſty eye ouer her precious things, which euer ſince *Zelmanes* comming, her head otherwiſe occupied had left vnſeene, ſhe hapned to ſee a bottle of gold, vpon which downealong were graued theſe verſes:

Let him drinke this, whom long in armes to fold
Thou doeſt deſire, and with free powre to hold.

She remembred the bottle, for it had bene kept of long time by the kings of *Cyprus*, as a thing of rare vertue, and giuen to her by her mother, when ſhe being verie young maried to her husband of much greater age, her mother perſwaded it was of propertie to force loue with loue effects, had made a precious preſent of it to this her beloued child, though it had bene receiued rather by tradition to haue ſuch a qualitie, then by any approued experiment. This *Gynecia* (according to the common diſpoſition, not only (though eſpecially) of wiues, but of all other kinds of people, not to eſteeme much ones owne, but to thinke the labour loſt, employed about it) had neuer cared to giue to her husband, but ſuffered his affection to run according to his owne ſcope. But now that loue of her particular choiſe had awaked her ſpirits, and perchance the verie vnlawfulneſſe of it had a little blowne the coale; among her other ornaments with glad mind ſhe tooke moſt part of this liquor, putting it into a faire cup, all ſet with diamonds; for what dares not loue vndertake, armed with the night, and prouoked with luſt? And thus downe ſhe went to the Caue-ward, guided onely by the Moones faire ſhining, ſuffering no other thought to haue any familiarity with her braines, but that which did preſent vnto her a picture of her aproching contentment. She that had long diſdained this ſolitary life her husband had entred into, now wiſhed it much more ſolitarie, ſo ſhe might only obtaine the priuate preſence of *Zelmane*. She that before would not haue gone ſo farre, eſpeciallie by night, and to ſo darke a place, now tooke a pride in the ſame courage, and framed in her mind a pleaſure out of the paine it ſelfe. Thus with thicke doubled paſes ſhe went to the Caue, receiuing to her ſelf, for her firſt contentment, the only lying where *Zelmane* had done; whoſe pillow ſhe kiſt a thouſand times, for hauing born the print of that beloued head. And ſo keeping with panting heart her trauelling fancies ſo attentiue, that the wind could ſtirre nothing, but that ſhe ſtirred her ſelfe, as if it had bene the paſe of the longed for *Zelmane*, ſhee kept her ſide of the bed; defending onely and cheriſhing the other ſide with her arme, till after a while waiting, counting with her ſelfe how many ſteppes were betwixt the Lodge and the Caue, and oft accuſing *Zelmane* of more curious ſtay then needed, ſhe was viſited with an vnexpected gueſt.

For *Baſilius*, after his wife was departed to her fained repoſe, as long as hee remayned with his daughter, to giue his wife time of vnreadying her ſelfe, it was eaſily ſeene it was a verie thorny abode he made there: and the diſcourſes with which he entertained his daughter, not vnlike to thoſe of earneſt players, when, in the middeſt of their game, trifling queſtions be put vnto them, his eyes ſtill looking

about, and himſelfe ſtill changing places begin to ſpeake of a thing, and breake it off before it were halfe done. To any ſpeech *Philoclea* miniſtred vnto him, with a ſodaine ſtarting and caſting vp his head, make an anſwer farre out of all Grammer: a certaine deepe muſing, and by and by out of it: vncertaine motions, vnſtayed graces. Hauing borne out the limit of a reaſonable time with as much paine as might be, he came darkeling into his chamber, forcing himſelfe to tread as ſoftly as hee could. But the more curious he was, the more he thought euery thing creaked vnder him: and his mind being out of the way with another thought, and his eyes not ſeruing his turne in that darke place, each Coffer or Cupbord he met, one ſaluted his ſhinnes, another his elbowes: ſometimes readie in reuenge to ſtrike them againe with his face. Till at length, fearing his wife were not fullie aſleepe, he came lifting vp the cloathes as gently as (I thinke) poore *Pan* did, when, in ſteed of *Ioles* bed he came into the rough embracings of *Hercules*; and laying himſelfe downe, as tenderly as a new Bride, reſted awhile with a verie open eare, to marke each breath of his ſuppoſed wife. And ſometimes he himſelfe would yeeld a long fetched ſigh, as though that had bene a muſike to drawe on another to ſleep, till within a verie litle while, with the other parties well counterfeit ſleepe (who was as willing to be rid of him, as he was to be gone thence) aſſuring himſelfe hee left all ſafe there, in the ſame order ſtale out againe, and putting on his night gowne, with much groping and ſcrambling, he gat himſelfe out of the litle houſe, and then did the Moone-light ſerue to guide his feet. Thus with a great deale of paine, did *Baſilius* go to her whome he fled, and with much cunning left the perſon for whom he had employed all his cunning. But when *Baſilius* was once gotten (as he thought) into a cleare coaſt, what ioy he then made, how each thing ſeemed vile in his ſight, in compariſon of his fortune, how farre already he deemed himſelfe in the chiefe tower of his deſires, it were tedious to tell: once his heart could not chooſe but yeeld this ſong, as a fairing of his contentment.

GEt hence foule Griefe, the canker of the minde:
Farewell Complaint, the miſers only pleaſure,
Away vaine Cares, by which few men do find
Their ſought-for treaſure.

Ye helpleſs Sighes, blow out your breath to nought,
Teares, drowne your ſelues, for woe (your cauſe) is waſted,
Thought, thinke to end, too long the fruit of thought
My mind hath taſted.

But thou, ſure Hope, tickle my leaping heart,
Comfort, ſtep thou in place of wonted ſadneſs:
Fore-felt Deſire, begin to ſauour part
Of comming gladneſs.

Let voyce of Sighes into cleare muſicke run:
Eyes, let your Teares with gazing now be mended,
In ſteed of Thought, true pleaſure be begun,
And neuer ended.

Thus

Thus imagining as then with him ſelfe, his ioyes ſo held him vp, that he neuer touched ground. And like a right old beaten ſouldiour, that knew well enough the greateſt Captaynes do neuer vſe long Orations, when it comes to the very point of execution, as ſoone as he was gotten into the Caue, and to the ioyfull (though ſilent) expectation of *Gynecia*, come cloſe to the bed, neuer recking his promiſe to looke for nothing but conference, he lept into that ſide reſerued for a more welcome gueſt. And laying his louingſt hold vpon *Gynecia*: O *Zelmane*, ſaid he, embrace in your fauor this humble ſeruant of yours: hold within me my heart, which pants to leaue his maiſter to come vnto you. In what caſe poore *Gynecia* was, when ſhe knew the voice, and felt the bodie of her husband, faire ladies, it is better to knowe by imagination then experience. For ſtreight was her minde aſſaulted, partly with the being depriued of her vnquenched deſire, but principallie with the doubt that *Zelmane* had betrayed her to her husband, beſides the renewed ſting of iealouſie, what in the meane time might befal her daughter. But of the other ſide, her loue with a fixed perſwaſion ſhe had, taught her to ſeeke all reaſon of hopes. And therein thought beſt before diſcouering of her ſelfe, to marke the behauiour of her husband; who, both in deedes and wordes ſtill vſing her, as taking her to be *Zelmane*, made *Gynecia* hope that this might be *Baſilius* owne enterpriſe, which *Zelmane* had not ſtayed, leaſt ſhe ſhould diſcouer the matter which might be perfourmed at another time. Which hope accompanyed with *Baſilius* maner of dealing, (he being at that time fuller of liuelier fancies, then many yeares before he had bene) beſides the remembrance of her daughters ſickneſſe, and late ſtrange countenance betwixt her and *Zelmane*, all comming together into her mind, which was loath to condemne it ſelfe of an vtter ouerthrow, made her frame her ſelfe, not truly with a ſugred ioy, but with a determinate patience to let her husband thinke he had found a verie gentle and ſupple-minded *Zelmane*; which he good man making full reckening of, did melt in as much gladneſſe as ſhee was oppreſſed with diuers vngratefull burthens.

But *Pyrocles* who had at this preſent no more to play the part of *Zelmane*, hauing ſo naturally meaſured the maner of his breathing, that *Baſilius* made no doubt of his ſound ſleeping, and laine a preatie while with a quiet vnquietneſſe to performe his entended enterpriſe, as ſoone as by the debate betwixt *Baſilius* ſhinnes and the vnregarding formes, he perceiued that he had fully left the Lodge: after him went he with ſtealing ſteps, hauing his ſword vnder his arme (ſtill doubting leſt ſome miſchaunce might turne *Baſilius* backe againe) downe to the gate of the Lodge. Which not content to locke faſt, he barred and fortified with as many deuiſes, as his wit and haſte would ſuffer him, that ſo he might haue full time both for making readie *Philoclea*, and conueying her to her horſe, before any might come in to finde them miſſing. For further ends of thoſe ends, and what might enſue of this action, his loue and courage well matched neuer looked after, holding for an aſſured ground, that whoſoeuer in great things will thinke to preuent all obiections, muſt lye ſtill, and do nothing. This determination thus wayed, the firſt part thus performed, vp to *Philocleas* chamber dore went *Pyrocles*, rapt from himſelfe with the exceſſiue fore-feeling of his (as he aſſured himſelfe) neere comming contentment. What euer paines he had taken, what daungers he had runne into, and eſpecially thoſe ſawcie pages of loue, doubts, griefes, languiſhing hopes, and threathing deſpaires, came all now to his minde, in one ranke to beautifie his expected bliſfulneſſe, and to ſerue for a moſt fit ſawce, whoſe ſoureneſſe might

might giue a kinde of life to the delightfull cheare his imagination fed vpon. All the great eſtate of his father, all his owne glorie, ſeemed vnto him but a trifling pompe, whoſe good ſtands in other mens conceit, in compariſon of the true comfort he found in the depth of his mind, and the knowledge of any miſerie that might enſue this ioyous aduenture, was recked of but as a ſlight purchaſe of poſſeſsing the top of happineſſe: for ſo farre his thoughts paſt through all perils, that already hee conceiued himſelfe ſafely arriued with his Lady at the ſtately palace of *Pella*, among the exceeding ioyes of his father, and infinite congratulations of his friends, giuing order for the royall entertayning of *Philoclea*, and for ſumptuous ſhewes and triumphes againſt their mariage. In the thought wherof as he found extremitie of ioy, ſo well found he that extremitie is not without a certaine ioyfull paine, by extending the heart beyond his wonted limits, and by ſo forcible a holding all the ſenſes to one obiect, that it confounds their mutuall working, not without a charming kind of rauiſhing them, from the free vſe of their owne function. Thus grieued onely with too much gladneſſe, being come to the doore which ſhould be the entrie to his happineſſe, he was met with the latter end of a ſong, which *Philoclea* like a ſolitarie Nightingale, bewailing her guiltleſſe puniſhment, and helpleſſe miſfortune, had newly deliuered ouer, meaning none ſhould be iudge of her paſſion, but her owne conſcience. The ſong hauing bene accorded to a ſweetly played on Lute, contained theſe verſes, which ſhe had lately with ſome art curiouſly written, to enwrap her ſecret and reſolute woes.

VErtue, beautie, and ſpeach, did ſtrike, wound, charme,
My heart, eyes, eares, with wonder, loue, delight:
Firſt, ſecond, laſt did binde, enforce, and arme,
His workes, ſhowes, ſuites, with wit, grace, and vow's might,

Thus honor, liking, truſt, much, farre, and deepe,
Held, pearſt, poſſeſt, my iudgement, ſenſe, and will,
Till wrong, contempt, deceit, did growe, ſteale, creepe,
Bandes, fauour, faith, to breake, defile, and kill.

Then griefe, vnkindneſſe, proofe, tooke, kindled, fought
Well grounded, noble, due, ſpite, rage, diſdaine,
But ah, alas! (In vayne) my mind, ſight, thought,
Doth him, his face, his words, leaue, ſhunne, refraine,
For no thing, time, nor place, can looſe, quench, eaſe
Mine owne, embraced, ſought, knot, fire, diſeaſe.

Then force of loue to thoſe poore folke that feele it, is many wayes verie ſtrange but no way ſtranger, then that it doth ſo enchaine the louers iudgement vpon her that holdes the raines of his mind, that whatſoeuer ſhe doth is euer in his eyes beſt,

And that beſt, being by the continuall motion of our changing life, turned by her to any other thing, that thing againe becommeth beſt. So that nature in each kinde ſuffring but one ſuperlative, the louer only admits no poſitiue. If ſhe ſit ſtill, that is beſt, for ſo is the conſpiracie of her ſeuerall graces held beſt together to make one perfect figure of beauty. If ſhe walke, no doubt that is beſt, for beſides the making happie the more places by her ſteps, the very ſturring addes a pleaſing life to her natiue perfections. If ſhe be ſilent, that without comparion is beſt, ſince by that meanes the vntroubled eye moſt freely may deuour the ſweetneſſe of his obiect. But if ſhee ſpeake, he will take it vpon his death that is beſt, the quinteſſence of each word, being diſtilled downe into his affected ſoule: Example of this was well to be ſeene in the giuen-ouer *Pyrocles*, who with panting breath, and ſomtime ſighes, not ſuch as ſorowe reſtrayning the inward parts doth make them glad to deliuer, but ſuch as the impacience of delay, with the vnſurtie of neuer ſo ſure hope, is wont to breath out. Now being at the doore, of the one ſide hearing her voice, which he thought if the Philoſophers ſaid true of the heauenly ſeuen ſphered harmony, was by her not only repreſented, but farre ſurmounted, and of the other hauing his eyes ouerfilled with her beautie, (for the king at his parting had left the chamber open, and ſhe at that time lay, as the heate of that countrie did well ſuffer, vpon the top of her bed, hauing her beauties eclipſed with nothing but with a faire ſmocke, wrought all in flames of aſh-colour ſilke and gold, lying ſo vpon her right ſide, that the left thigh downe to the foot, yeelded his delightfull proportion to the full view, which was ſeene by the help of a rich lampe, which thorow the curtaines a litle drawne caſt forth a light vpon her (as the Moone doth when it ſhines into a thinne wood;) *Pyrocles* I ſay was ſtopped with the violence of ſo many darts, caſt by *Cupid* altogether vpon him, that quite forgetting him ſelfe, and thinking therein alreadie he was in the beſt degree of felicitie, he would haue loſt much of his time, and with too much loue omitted the enterpriſe vndertaken for his loue, had not *Philocleas* pitifull accuſing of him forced him to bring his ſpirits againe, to a new bias, for ſhe laying her hand vnder her faire cheek, vpon which there did priuily tickle the ſweet drops of her delightfull though ſorowfull teares, made theſe words waite vpon her moanefull ſong. And hath that cruell *Pyrocles* ſaid ſhe, deſerued thus much of me, that I ſhould for his ſake liſt vp my voice in my beſt tunes, and to him continually, with powring out my plaint, make a diſdained oblation? Shall my ſoule ſtill do this honour to his vnmercifull tyrannie, by my lamenting his loſſe, to ſhew his worthineſſe and my weakneſſe? He heares thee not ſimple *Philoclea*, he heares thee not; and if he did, ſome harts grow the harder the more they find their aduantage. Alas what a miſerable conſtitution of minde haue I! I diſdaine my fortune, and yet reuerence him that diſdaines me. I accuſe his vngratefulneſſe, and haue his vertue in admiration. O yee deafe heauens, I would either his iniurie could blot out mine affection, or my affection could forget his iniury. With that giuing a pitifull but ſweet ſhriche, ſhee tooke againe the lute, and began to ſing this Sonnet, which might ſerue as an explaning to the other:

THe loue which is imprinted in my ſoule
With beauties ſeale, and vertue faire diſguiſde,
With inward cries puts vp a bitter role
Of huge complaints, that now it is deſpiſde.

Thus

Thus thus the more I loue, the wrong the more
Monſtrous appeares, long truth receiued late,
Wrong ſturres remorſed griefe, griefs deadly ſore
Vnkindneſſe breeds, vnkindneſſe foſtreth hate.

But ah the more I hate, the more I thinke
Whom I doe hate, the more I thinke on him,
The more his matchleſs gifts do deepely ſink
Into my breſt, and loues renewed ſwimme,
What medcine then, can ſuch diſeaſe remoue,
Where loue drawes hate, and hate engendreth loue?

But *Pyrocles* that had heard his name accuſed, & cõdemned by the mouth, which of all the world, and more then all the world, he moſt loued: had then cauſe enough to call his minde to his home, & with the moſt haſte he could (for true loue feares the accident of an inſtant) to match the excuſing of his fault, with declaration of his arrand thither. And therefore blowne vp & downe with as many contrary paſſions, as *Æolus* ſent out windes vpon the Troian reliques, guided vpõ the ſea by the valiant *Æneas*, he went into her chamber with ſuch a paſe as reuerent feare doth teach, where kneeling downe, & hauing prepared a long diſcourſe for her, his eyes were ſo filled with her ſight, that as if they would haue robbed all their fellowes of their ſeruices, both his hart fainted, and his toung fayled in ſuch ſort, that he could not bring forth one word, but referred her vnderſtanding to his eyes language. But ſhe in extremitie amazed to ſee him there, at ſo vndue a ſeaſon, & aſhamed that her beautifull body made ſo naked a proſpect, drawing in her delicate limmes into the weake guard of the bed, and preſenting in her face to him ſuch a kinde of pitifull anger, as might ſhew, this was only a fault, therfore becauſe ſhe had a former grudge vnto him, turning away her face from him ſhe thus ſayd vnto him: O *Zelmane* or *Pyrocles*, (for whether name I vſe it much skils not, ſince by the one I was firſt deceiued & by the other now betrayed) what ſtrange motion is the guide of thy cruel minde hither? Doſt thou not thinke the day torments thou haſt giuen me ſufficient, but that thou doeſt enuie me the nights quiet? Wilt thou giue my ſorrowes no truce, but by making me ſee before mine eyes how much I haue loſt, offer me due cauſe of confirming my plaint? Or is thy hart ſo full of rancour, that thou doſt deſire to feed thine eyes with the wretched ſpectacle of thine ouerthrowne enemie, & ſo to ſatiſfie the full meaſure of thy vndeſerued rage, with the receiuing into thy ſight the vnreleuable ruines of my deſolate life? *O Pyrocles, Pyrocles* for thine owne vertues ſake, let miſeries be no muſique vnto thee, & be content to take to thy ſelfe ſome colour of excuſe, that thou didſt not know to what extremitie thy inconſtancie, or rather falſhood hath brought me. *Pyrocles* to whom euery ſyllable ſhe pronounced, was a thunderbolt to his hart, equally diſtraught betwixt amaſement & ſorow, abaſhed to ſee ſuch a ſtop of his deſires, grieued with her paine, but tormented to find himſelfe the author of it, with quaking lips, & pale cheere, alas diuine Lady ſaid he, your diſpleaſure is ſo contrary to my deſert, & your words ſo farre beyond all expectations, that I haue leaſt abilitie now I haue moſt need, to ſpeake in the cauſe vpon which my life dependeth. For my troth is ſo vndoubtedly conſtant vnto you, my hart is ſo aſſured a witneſſe to it ſelfe, of his vnſpotted faith, that hauing no one thing in me, whereout any ſuch ſacriledge might ariſe, I haue likewiſe nothing in ſo direct a

thing

thing to say for my selfe, but sincere and vehement protestations, for in truth; there may most words be spent, where there is some probablitie, to breed of both sides coniectural allegations. But so perfect a thing as my loue is of you, as it suffers no question, so it seemes to receiue iniury by addition of any words vnto it. If my soule could haue bene polluted with trechery, it would likewise haue prouided for it selfe, due furniture of colourable answers, but as it stood vpon the naked conscience of his vntouched duty, so I must confesse it is altogether vnarmed against so vniust a violence as you lay vpon me: alas! let not the paines I haue taken to serue you, be now accounted iniurious vnto you, let not the dangerous cunning I haue vsed to please you be deemed a treason against you, since I haue deceiued them whom you feare for your sake, do not you destroy me for their sake; what can I without you further do? Or to what more forwardnesse can any counsel bring our desired happinesse? I haue prouided what soeuer is needful for our going, I haue rid them both out of the lodge, so that there is none here to be hinderers or knowers of our departure, but onely the almightie powers, whom I inuoke as triers of mine innocencie, and witnesses of my wel meaning. And if euer my thoughts did receiue so much as a fainting in their affections: if they haue not continually with more and more ardour, from time to time pursued the possession of your sweetest fauour; if euer in that possession they receiued either spot, or falshood: then let their most horrible plagues fall vpon me, let mine eyes be depriued of the light which did abase the heauenly beames that strake them, let my falsified toung serue to no vse but to bemone mine own wretchednes, let my hart impoisoned with detestable treason, be the seate of infernall sorrow, let my soule with the endlesse anguish of his conscience become his owne tormentor. O false mankind cried out the sweet *Philoclea*. How can an impostumed hart but yeld forth euil matter by his mouth? Are oathes there to be beleeued, where vowes are broke? No no, who doth wound the eternall iustice of the Gods, cares little for abusing their names: & who in doing wickedly doth not feare due recompēcing plagues doth little feare that inuoking of plagues, wil make them come euer a whit the sooner. But alas what aileth this new conuersion, haue you yet another sleight to play, or do you think to deceiue me in *Pyrocles* forme, as you haue done in *Zelmanes*? Or rather now you haue betrayed me in both, is some third sex left you, into which you can transforme your selfe to inueigle my simplicitie? Enioy the conquest you haue already wonne: and assure your selfe you are come to the farthest point of your cunning. For my part vnkind *Pyrocles*, my onely defence shalbe beleefe of nothing, my comfort my faithfull innocencie, and the punishment I desire of you shalbe your own conscience. *Philocleas* hard perseuering in this vniust condemnation of him, did so ouerthrowe all the might of *Pyrocles* minde (who saw that time would not serue to proue by deeds, and that the better words he vsed, the more they were suspected of deceitfull cunning.) That voide of all counsell, and depriued of all comfort, finding best deserts punished, and neareſt hopes preuented, he did abandon the succour of himselfe, and suffered griefe so to close his hart, that his breath fayling him with a deathfull shutting of his eyes, he fell downe at her bedside, hauing had time to say no more, but oh! whom doest thou kill *Philoclea*? She that little looked for such an extreame euent of her doings, start out of her bed, like *Venus* rising from her mother the sea, not so much stricken downe with amazement, and griefe of her fault, as lifted vp with the force of loue and desire to helpe, she laide her faire body ouer his breſt, and throwing no other water in his face, but the streame of her teares, nor giuing him other blowes but the kissing of her welformed mouth, her onely

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cries were theſe lamentations: O vnfortunate ſuſpicion, ſaid ſhe, the verie meane to loſe that we moſt ſuſpect to loſe. O vnkind kindneſſe of mine, which returnes an imagined wrong with an effectuall iniury. O foole to make quarell my ſupplication, or to vſe hate as the mediator of loue: childiſh *Philoclea*, haſt thou thrown away the Iewell wherein all thy pride conſiſted? Haſt thou with too much haſt ouerrun thy ſelfe? Then would ſhe renew her kiſſes: And yet not finding the life returne, redouble her plaints in this manner: O diuine ſoule, ſaid ſhe, whoſe vertue can poſſeſſe no leſſe then the higheſt place in heauen, if for mine eternall plague, thou haſt vtterly left this moſt ſweet manſion, before I follow thee with *Thisbes* puniſhment for my raſh vnwarineſſe, heare this proteſtation of mine: That as the wrong I haue done thee proceeded of a moſt ſincere, but vnreſiſtable affection, ſo led with this pitifull example, it ſhall end in the mortall hate of my ſelfe, and (if it may be) I will make my ſoule a tombe of thy memorie. At that word with anguiſh of minde and weakneſſe of bodie encreaſed one by the other, and both augmented by this fearefull accident, ſhe had falne downe in a ſound, but that *Pyrocles* then firſt ſeuering his eye liddes, and quickly apprehending her danger, to him more then death, beyond all powers ſtriuing to recouer the commandement of all his powers, ſtayed her from falling: and then lifting the ſweet burthen of her body in his armes, laid her againe in her bed. So that ſhe, but then the Phyſition, was now become the patient: and he, to whom her weakneſſe had bene ſeruicable, was now enforced to do ſeruice to her weakneſſe: which performed by him with that hartie care which the moſt carefull loue on the beſt loued ſubiect in greateſt extremitie could employ, preuailed ſo farre, that ere long ſhe was able (though in ſtrength exceedingly deiected) to cal home her wandering ſenſes, to yeeld attention to that her beloued *Pyrocles* had to deliuer. But he lying downe on the bed by her, holding her hand in his, with ſo kind an accuſing her of vnkindneſſe, as in accuſing her he condemned himſelfe, began frō point to point to diſcouer vnto her all that had paſſed betweene his loathed louers and him. How he had entertained, & by entertaining deceiued, both *Baſilius* & *Gynecia*: and that with ſuch a kind of deceipt, as either might ſee the cauſe in the other, but neither eſpie the effect in themſelues. That all his fauors to them had tended onely to make them ſtrangers to this his action: & al his ſtrangeneſſe to her, to the final obtaining of her long promiſed, and now to be performed fauor. Which deuiſe ſeeing it had ſo well ſucceeded to the remouing all other hinderances, that onely her reſolution remained for the taking their happie iourny, he coniured her by all the loue ſhe had euer borne him, ſhe would make no longer delay to partake with him what ſoeuer honors the noble kingdome of *Macedon*, & al other *Euarchus* dominions might yeeld him, ſpecially ſince in this enterpriſe he had now waded ſo far, as he could not poſsibly retire himſelf back, without being ouerwhelmed with danger and diſhonor. He needed not haue vſed further perſwaſion: for that only coniuratiō had ſo forcibly bound al her ſpirits, that could her body haue ſeconded her mind, or her mind haue ſtrengthened her body, without reſpect of any worldly thing, but only feare to be againe vnkind to *Pyrocles*, ſhe had condiſcended to go with him. But raiſing her ſelf a little in her bed, and finding her own vnabilitie in any ſort to endure the aire: My *Pyrocles* ſaid ſhe (with teareful eyes and a pitiful countenance, ſuch as wel witneſſed ſhe had no will to deny any thing ſhee had power to performe) if you can conuey me hence in ſuch plight as you ſee me; I am moſt willing to make my extreameſt danger a teſtimonie, that I eſteeme no danger in regard of your vertuous ſatisfaction. But ſhee fainted ſo faſt, that ſhe was not able to vtter the reſt of her conceiued ſpeech: which

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also turned *Pyrocles* thoughts from expecting further answer, to the necessary care of reuiuing her, in whose fainting himselfe was more then ouerthrown. And that hauing effected with all the sweet meanes his wits could deuise, though his highest hopes were by this vnexpected downfall sunke deeper then any degree of despaire: yet lest the appearance of his inward griefe might occasion her further discomfort, hauing racked his face to a more comfortable semblance, he sought some shewe of reason, to shew she had no reason, either for him, or for her selfe so to be afflicted. Which in the sweete minded *Philoclea*, whose consideration was limited by his words, & whose conceit pierced no deeper then his outward countenance, wrought within a while such quietnesse of mind, and that quietnesse againe such repose of bodie, that sleep by his harbingers weaknesse, wearinesse, and watchfulnesse, had quickly taken vp his lodging in all her senses. Then indeed had *Pyrocles* leasure to sit in iudgement on himselfe, and to heare his reason accuse his rashnesse, who, without forecast of doubt, without knowledge of his friend, without acquainting *Philoclea* with his purpose, or being made acquainted with her present estate, had falne headlong into that attempt, the successe whereof he had long since set downe to himselfe as the measure of all his other fortunes. But calling to minde how weakely they do, that rather finde fault with what cannot be amended, then seeke to amend wherein they haue bene faultie: he soone turned him from remembring what might haue bene done, to considering what was now to be done, and when that consideration failed what was now to be expected. Wherein hauing runne ouer all the thoughts, his reason called to the strictest accounts, could bring before him, at length he lighted on this: That as long as *Gynecia* bewraied not the matter (which he thought she wold not doe, aswell for her owne honour and safetie, as for the hope she might still haue of him, which is loth to die in a louers heart) all the rest might turne to a pretie merryment, and enflame his louer *Basilius*, againe to cast about for the misled fauour. And as naturally the heart stuffed vp with wofulnesse, is glad greedilie to sucke the thinnest aire of comfort: so did he at first, embrace this conceit as offering great hope, if not assurance of well doing, till looking more nearely into it, and not able to answer the doubts and difficulties he saw therin more and more arising, the night being also far spent, his thoughts euen wearie of his owne burthens, fell to a straying kind of vncertaintie: and his mind standing only vpon the nature of inward intelligences, left his body to giue a sleeping respite to his vitall spirits, which he, according to the qualitie of sorow receiued with greater greedinesse then euer in his life before: according to the nature of sorow, I say, which is past cares remedie. For care stirring the braines, and making thin the spirits, breaketh rest: but those griefs wherein one is determined there is no preuenting, do breed a dul heauinesse which easily clothes it selfe in sleepe. So as laid downe so neare the beautie of the world *Philoclea*, that their necks were subiect each to others chaste embracements, it seemed loue had come thither to lay a plot in that picture of death, how gladly, if death came, their soules would go together.

The third Eclogues.

THyrsis not with many painted words nor falsified promises had won the consent of his beloued *Kala*, but with a true and simple making her know he loued her, not forcing himselfe beyond his reach to buy her affection, but giuing her such pretie presents, as neither could weane him with the giuing, nor shame her for

for the taking. Thus, the first Strawberies he could find, were euer in a cleane washt dish sent to *Kala*, thus posies of the spring flowers were wrapt vp in a litle greene silke and dedicated to *Kalas* breasts, thus sometimes his sweetest Creame, sometimes the best Cakebread his mother made, were reserued for *Kalas* taste. Neither would hee stick to kil a lamb when shee would be content to come ouer the way vnto him. But then lo, how the house was swept, & rather no fire then any smoke left to trouble her. Then loue songs were not dainty, when she would heare them, and as much manerlie silence when shee would not: in going to Church great worship to *Kala*. So that all the parish said, neuer a maide they knew so well wayted on: and when daūcing was about the Maypole, no body taken out but she, and he after a leape or two to shewe her his owne actiuitie, would frame all the rest of his daūcing, only to grace her. As for her fathers sheepe, he had no lesse care of them then his owne: so that she might play her as she would, warranted with honest *Thyrsis* carefulnesse. But if he spied *Kala* fauourd any one of the flocke more then his fellowes, then that was cherished: shearing him so (when shorne he must be) as might most become him: but while the wooll was on, wrapping within it some verses, wherein *Thyrsis* had a special gift, and making the innocent beast his vnweeting messenger. Thus constantly continuing though he were none of the fayrest, at length he wanne *Kalas* heart, the honestest wench in all those quarters. And so with consent of both parents (without which neither *Thyrsis* would ask, nor *Kala* grant) their marying day was appointed, which because it fell out in this time, I thinke it shall not be impertinent, to remember a little our shepheards, while the other greater persons, are either sleeping or otherwise troubled. *Thyrsis* mariage time once knowne, there needed no inuiting of the neighbours in that valley, for so well was *Thyrsis* beloued, that they were all ready to doe him credit, neither yet came they like Harpies to deuour him: but one brought a fat pigge, the other a tender kidd, the third a great goose: as for cheese, milke, and butter, were the gossips presents. Thither came of strange shepheards only the melancholy *Philisides*, for the vertuous *Ceridon* had long since left off all ioyfull solemnities. And as for *Strephon* and *Klaias*, they had lost their mistresse, which put them into such extreme sorrowes as they could scarcely abide the light of the day, much lesse the eyes of men. But of the *Arcadian* borne shepheards, thither came good old *Geron*, young *Histor*, though vnwilling, and vpright *Dicus*, merie *Pas* and iolly *Nico*. As for *Dametas* they durst not presume (his pride was such) to inuite him: and *Dorus* they found might not be spared. And there vnder a bower was made of bowes (for *Thyrsis* house was not able to receiue them) euery one placed according to his age. The women (for such was the maner of the country) kept together to make good cheare among themselues, from which other wise a certaine painful modestie restraines them, and there might the sadder matrons giue good counsell to *Kalas* who poore soule wept for feare of that she desired. But among the shepheards was all honest libertie, no feare of dangerous tel-tales, who hunt greater preyes, nor indeede mindes in them to giue tel-tales any occasion; but one questioning with another of the manuring his ground, and gouerning his flock, the highest point they reached to was, to talke of the holinesse of mariage, to which purpose assoone as their sober dinner was ended, *Dicus* in steede of thanks sang this song with a cleare voice and cheerfull countenance.

LEt mother earth now decke her selfe in flowers,
To see her of spring seeke a good increase,

Where iuſteſt loue doth vanquiſh Cupids *powers,*
And war of thoughts is ſwallowed vp in peace,
Which neuer may decreaſe,
But like the turtles faire,
Liue one in two, a well vnited paire,
Which that no chance may ſtaine,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

O heau'n awake, ſhew forth thy ſtately face,
Let not theſe ſlumbring clouds thy beauties hide,
But with thy cheerefull preſence help to grace
The honeſt Bridegrome and the baſhfull Bride,
Whoſe loues may euer bide,
Like to the Elme and Vine,
With mutuall embracements them to twyne:
In which delightfull paine,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintain.*

Yee Muſes all which chaſte affects allow,
And haue to Thyrſis *ſhewd your ſecret skill,*
To this chaſte loue your ſacred fauours bow,
And ſo to him and her your gifts diſtill,
That they all vice may kill:
And like to lillies pure,
May pleaſe all eyes, and ſpotleſſe may endure,
Where that all bliſſe may raigne,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

Yee Nymphes which in the waters empire haue,
Since Thyrſis *muſike oft doth yeeld your praiſe,*
Graunt to the thing which we for Thyrſis *craue.*
Let one time (but long firſt) cloſe vp their daies,
One graue their bodyes ſeaze:
And like two riuers ſweet,
When they though diuers do together meet:
One ſtreame both ſtreames containe,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

Pan, *father* Pan, *the god of ſilly ſheep,*
Whoſe care is cauſe that they in number growe,
Haue much more care of them that them do keep,
Since from theſe good the others good doth flow,
And make their iſſue ſhow
In number like the heard
Of yonglings, which thy ſelfe with loue haſt reard.
Or like the drops of raine.
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

Vertue (if not a God) yet Gods chiefe part,
Be thou the knot of this their open vow,
That ſtill he be her head, ſhe be his hart,
He leane to her, ſhe vnto him do bow:
Each other ſtill allow:
Like Oke and Miſtletoe.
Her ſtrength from him, his praiſe from her do growe.
In vvhich moſt louely traine,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

But thou foule Cupid *fyre to lawleſſe luſt,*
Be thou farre hence vvith thy empoyſon'd dart,
Which though of glittering golde, ſhall heere take ruſt,
Where ſimple loue, which chaſtneſſe doth impart,
Auoides thy hurtful arte;
Not needing charming skill,
Such mindes vvith ſweet affections for to fill,
Which being pure and plaine,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

All churliſh words, ſhrewd anſwers, crabbed lookes,
All priuateneſſe, ſelfe-ſeeking, inward ſpite,
All waiwardneſſe, vvhich nothing kindly brookes.
All ſtrife for toyes, and clayming maſters right.
Be hence aye put to flight:
All ſtyrring husbands hate
Gainſt neighbors good for womaniſh debate,
Be fled as things moſt vaine,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

All peacock pride, and fruits of peacocks pride,
Longing to be vvith loſſe of ſubſtance gay,
With retchleſneſſe what may the houſe betide,
So that you may on hyer ſlippers ſtay,
For euer hence away:
Yet let not ſluttery,
The ſinke of filth, be counted huſwifery:
But keeping whole your meane,
O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

But aboue all, away vile iealouſie,
The euill of euils iuſt cauſe to be vniuſt,
(How can he loue ſuſpecting treacherie?
How can ſhe loue vvhere loue cannot win truſt?)
Goe ſnake hide thee in duſt,
Ne dare once ſhew thy face,
Where open hearts do hold ſo conſtant place,
That they thy ſting reſtraine,

O Hymen *long their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

The earth is deckt with flowers, the heau'ns displaid,
Muses grant gifts, Nymphes long and ioyned life,
Pan *store of babes, vertue their thoughts well staid,*
Cupids *lust gone, and gone is bitter strife,*
Happy man, happy vvife.
No pride shall them oppresse,
Nor yet shall yeeld to lothsome sluttishnesse,
And iealousie is slaine:
For Hymen *will their coupled ioyes maintaine.*

Truly *Dicus*, said *Nico*, although thou didst not graunt me the prize the last day, when vndoubtedly I wan it, yet must I needes say, Thou for thy part hast sung well and thriftilie. *Pas* straight desired all the companie they would beare vvitnesse, that *Nico* had once in his life spoken wisely; for, said hee, I will tell it his father, vvho will be a glad man when he heares such newes. Very true, said *Nico*, but indeede so would not thine in like-case, for hee would looke thou shouldest liue but one houre longer, than a discreete word wandred out of thy mouth. And I pray thee, said *Pas*, gentle *Nico*, tell mee what mischaunce it was that brought thee to taste so fine a meate? Mary goodman blockehead, said *Nico*, because hee speakes against iealousie, the filthy traytor to true affection, and yet disguising it selfe in the rayment of loue. Sentences, Sentences, cried *Pas*. Alas, how ripe witted these young folkes be now adayes! But well counselled shall that husband be, vvhen this man comes to exhort him not to be iealous. And so shall hee, answered *Nico*, for I haue seene a fresh example, though it be not very fit to be knowne. Come, come, said *Pas*, bee not so squeamish, I knowe thou longest more to tell it, then wee to heare it. But for all his wordes, *Nico* would not bestowe his voice till hee was generally entreated of all the rest. And then with a mery mariage looke hee sang this following discourse, for with a better grace he could sing then tell:

A *Neighbour mine not long ago there was,*
(But nameless he, for blameless he shall be)
That maried had a tricke and bonny lasse
As in a sommer day a man might see:
But he himselfe a foule vnhandsome groome,
And farre vnfit to hold so good a roome.

Now whether moou'd with selfe vnworthinesse,
Or with her beautie fit to make a pray,
Fell iealousie did so his braine oppresse,
That if he absent were but halfe a day,
He ghest the worst (you wot what is the worst)
And in himselfe new doubting causes nurst.

While thus he fear'd the silly innocent,
Who yet was good, because shee knew none ill,

Vnto his houſe a iollie ſhepheard vvent,
To vvhom our prince did beare a great good will,
Becauſe in wreſtling and in paſterall
He farre did paſſe the reſt of ſhepheards all.

And therefore he a courtier was benamed,
And as a courtier was with cheere receiued,
(For they haue tongues to make a poore man blamed,
If he to them his duty miſconceiued)
And for this Courtier ſtould vvell like his table,
The goodman bad his vvife be ſeruiceable.

And ſo ſhe was, and all vvith good intent,
But fewe dayes paſt vvhile ſhe good manner vſde,
But that her husband thought her ſeruice bent
To ſuch an end as he might be abuſde.
Yet like a coward feering ſtrangers pride,
He made the ſimple vvench his vvrath abide.

With chumpiſh lookes, hard vvords, and ſecret nips,
Grumbling at her vvhen ſhe his kindneſſe ſought,
Asking her how ſhe taſted Courtiers lips,
He forſt her thinke that vvhich ſhe neuer thought.
In fine he made her gheſſe, there was ſome ſweet,
In that vvhich he ſo fear'd that ſhe ſhould meet.

When once this entred was, in vvomans hart,
And that it had enflam'd a new deſire,
There reſted then, to play a womans part,
Fuell to ſeeke and not to quench the fire:
But (for his iealous eye ſhe well did finde)
She ſtudied cunning how the ſame to blinde.

And thus ſhe did. One day to him ſhe came,
And (though againſt his will) on him ſhe leand,
And out gan cry, ah well away for ſhame,
If you help not our vvedlock will be ſtaind.
The goodman ſtarting, askt vvhat her did moue?
She ſigh'd and ſaide, the bad gueſt ſought her loue.

He little looking that ſhe ſhould complaine
Of that, whereto he fear'd ſhe was enclinde,
Buſſing her oft and in his heart full faine,
He did demaund what remedy to finde;
How they might get that gueſt, from them to wend,
And yet the prince (that lov'd him) not offend.

Husband, quoth ſhe, go to him by and by,

And

And tell him you do find I do him loue:
And therefore pray him that of curteſie
He will abſent himſelfe, leaſt he ſhould moue
A young girles heart, to that were ſhame for both,
Whereto you know, his honeſt heart vvere loath.

Thus ſhall you ſhew that him you do not doubt,
And as for me (ſweet husband) I muſt beare.
Glad was the man vvhen he had heard her out,
And did the ſame, although vvith mickle feare.
For feare he did, leaſt he the young man might
In choller put, vvith vvhom he vvould not fight.

The Courtly Shepheard much agaſt at this,
Not ſeeing earſt ſuch token in the vvife,
Though full of ſcorne, vvould not his dutie miſſe,
Knowing that euill becomes a houſhold ſtrife,
Did go his vvay, but ſoiourn'd neare thereby,
That yet the ground hereof he might eſpie.

The vvife thus hauing ſettled husbands braine,
Who would haue ſworne his ſpouſe Diana was,
Watched vvhen ſhe a further point might gaine,
Which little time did fitly bring to paſſe.
For to the Court her man was call'd by name.
Whither he needs muſt go for feare of blame.

Three dayes before that he muſt ſure depart,
She vvritten had (but in a hand diſguiſde)
A letter ſuch, vvhich might from either part
Seem to proceed, ſo well it was deuiſde.
She ſeald it firſt, then ſhe the ſealing brake,
And to her iealous husband did it take.

With vveeping eyes (her eyes ſhe taught to weep)
She tolde him that the Courtier had it ſent:
Alas (quoth ſhe) thus womens ſhame doth creepe.
The goodman read on both ſides the content,
It little had, Vnto my only Loue:
Subſcription was, Yours moſt, if you will proue.

The piſtle ſelfe ſuch kind of words it had,
My ſweeteſt ioy, the comfort of my ſpirite,
So may thy flockes increaſe thy deare heart glad,
So may each thing, euen as thou wiſheſt light,
As thou wilt deigne to reade, and gently reed
This mourning inke, in vvhich my heart doth bleed.

Long

Long haue I lov'd (alas thou worthy art)
Long haue I lov'd, (alas loue craueth loue)
Long haue I lov'd thy ſelfe, alas my heart
Doth breake, now tongue vnto thy name doth moue,
And thinke not that thy anſwer anſwer is,
But that it is my doome of bale or bliſſe.

The iealous wretch muſt now to Court be gone:
Ne can he faile, for Prince hath for him ſent:
Now is the time we may be here alone,
And giue a long deſire a ſweet content.
Thus ſhall you both reward a louer true,
And eke reuenge his wrong ſuſpecting you.

And this was all, and this the husband read
With chafe enough, till ſhe him pacified:
Deſiring, that no griefe in him be bread,
Now that he had her words ſo truly tried:
But that he would, to him the letter ſhow,
That with his fault he might her goodneſſe know.

That ſtraight was done with manie a boyſtrous threat,
That to the King he vvould his ſinne declare,
But now the Courtier gan to ſmell the feat,
And with ſome vvords which ſhewed little care,
He ſtaid vntill the goodman was departed,
Then gaue he him the blowe vvhich neuer ſmarted.

Thus may you ſee, the iealous wretch was made
The Pandar of the thing he moſt did feare.
Take heede therefore, how you enſue that trade,
Leaſt the ſame markes of iealouſie you beare.
For ſure, no iealouſie can that preuent,
Whereto two parties once be full content.

Behold, ſaid *Pas*, a whole dicker of wit: he hath pickt out ſuch a tale with intention to keepe a husband from iealouſie, which were enough to make a ſanctified husband iealous, to ſee ſubtilties ſo much in the feminine gender. But, ſaid hee, I will ſtrike *Nico* dead, with the wiſe words ſhall flow out of my gorge. And without further entreatie thus ſang:

WHo doth deſire that chaſte his wife ſhould be,
Firſt be he true, for truth doth truth deſerue:
Then ſuch be hee, as ſhe his worth may ſee,
And one man ſtill credit with her preſerue.

Not toying kinde, nor cauſeleſſie vnkinde,
Not ſtirring thoughts, nor yet denying right,

Not

Not ſpying faults, nor in plaine errors blind,
Neuer hard hand, nor euer raines too light.

As farre from want, as farre from vaine expence,
(The one doth force, the latter doth entice)
Allow good company, but keep from thence
All filthy mouthes that glory in their vice.
This done, thou haſt no more, but leaue the reſt
To vertue, fortune, time and womans breſt.

Well cõcluded, ſaid *Nico*, when he hath done al, he leaues the matter to his wiues diſcretion. Now whenſoeuer thou marieſt, let her diſcretion decke thy head vvith *Actæons* ornament. *Pas* was ſo angry vvith his wiſh, being indeed towards mariage, that they might perchance haue fallen to buffets, but that *Dicus* deſired *Philiſides* (who as a ſtranger ſate among them, reuoluing in his mind all the tempeſts of euill fortunes he had paſſed) that he would do ſo much grace to the company, as to ſing one of his countrie ſongs. *Philiſides* knowing it no good maners to be ſqueamiſh of his cunning, hauing put himſelf in their company, without further ſtudy began to vtter that, wherewith his thoughts were then (as alwaies) moſt buſied: and to ſhew what a ſtranger he was to himſelfe, ſpake of himſelfe as of a third perſon, in this ſort:

THe lad Philiſides
Lay by a riuer ſide,
In flowry field a gladder eye to pleaſe:
His pipe was at his foot,
His lambes vvere him beſide,
A widdow turtle neare on bared root
Sate wayling vvithout boot.
Each thing both ſweet and ſad
Did draw his boyling braine
To thinke, and thinke vvith paine
Of Mira's *beames eclipſt by abſence bad.*
And thus, with eyes made dimme
With teares, he ſaid, or ſorrow ſaid for him:
O earth, once anſwer giue,
So may thy ſtately grace
By North, or South ſtill rich adorned liue.
So Mira *long may be*
On thy then bleſſed face,
Whoſe foot doth ſet a heav'n on curſed thee,
I aske, now anſwer me.
If th'author of thy bliſſe
Phœbus, *that ſhepheard high*
Do turne from thee his eye,
Doth not thy ſelfe, when he long abſent is,
Like rogue, all ragged go,
And pine away with dayly waſting woe?
Tell me you vvanton brooke,

So

So may your ſliding race
Shun loathed-louing bankes with cunning crooke:
So in you euer new
Mira may looke her face,
And make you faire with ſhadow of her hue:
So when to pay your due
To mother ſea you come,
She chide you not for ſtay,
Nor beat you for your play,
Tell me if your diuerted ſprings become
Abſented quite from you,
Are you not dried? Can your your ſelues renew?
Tell me you flowers faire
Cowſlop and Columbine,
So may your Make this wholſome ſpring time aire
With you embraced lie,
And lately thence vntwine:
But with dewe drops engender children hie:
So may you neuer die,
But pull'd by Miras hand,
Dreſſe boſome hers, or head,
Or ſcatter on her bed.
Tell me, if husband ſpring time leaue your land,
When he from you is ſent,
Wither not you, languiſht with diſcontent?
Tell me, my ſilly pipe,
So may thee ſtill betide
A cleanly cloth thy moiſtneſſe for to wipe:
So may the cherries red
Of Miras lips diuide
Their ſugred ſelues to kiſſe thy happy head;
So may her eares be led,
Her eares where Muſike liues,
To heare and not deſpiſe
Thy liriblîring cries:
Tell, if that breath, which thee thy ſounding giues,
Be abſent farre from thee,
Abſent alone canſt thou then piping be?
Tell me my lambe of gold,
So maiſt thou long abide
The day well fed, the night in faithfull folde:
So growe thy wooll of note,
In time that richly dy'd
It may be part of Miras peticote,
Tell me, if wolues the throte
Haue caught of thy deare damme,
Or ſhe from thee be ſtayd,
Or thou from her be ſtrayd,

Canſt

Canſt thou poore lambe, become anothers lamme?
Or rather till thou die
Still for thy Dam with bea-waymenting crie?
Tell me ô Turtle true,
Some one ne fortune breed
To make thee nar thy better-loued rue:
So may thy bleſsings ſwarme
That Mira may thee feede
With hand and mouth; with lap and breaſt keep warme.
Tell me if greedy arme,
Do fondly take away
With traitour lime the one,
The other left alone:
Tell me poore wretch, parted from wretched pray
Diſdaine not you the greene,
Wayling till death ſhow you not to be ſeene?
Earth, brooke, flowr's, pipe, lambe, Deane
Say all and I with them,
Abſence is death or worſe, to them that laue.
So I vnlucky lad
Whom hilles from her do hemme,
What fits me now but teares, and ſighings ſad?
O fortune too too bad,
I rather would my ſheepe
Thad'ſt killed with a ſtroke,
Burnt Caban loſt my cloke,
Then want one hower theſe eyes which my ieyes keepe.
Oh! what doth wailing winne?
Speech without end were better not beginne.
My ſong climbe thou the wind,
Which Ciprus ſweet now gently ſendeth in,
That on his wings the leauell thou maiſt find
To hit, but Kiſsing hit
Her ear's the weights of wit.
If thou know not for whom thy Maiſter dies,
Theſe markes ſhall make thee wiſe:
She is the heardeſſe faire that ſhines in darke,
And giues her kids no food, but willow's barke.
This ſaid, at length he ended
His oft ſigh-broken dittie,
Then raiſe, but raiſe on legs with faintneſſe bended,
With skinne in ſorow died,
With face the plot of pitie,
With thoughts which thoughts their own tormentors tried,
He raſe, and ſtreight eſpied
His Ramme, who to recouer
The Ewe another loued,
With him proud battell proued.

He enuied ſuch a death in ſight of louer,
And alwayes weſtward eying,
More enuyed Phœbus *for his weſterne flying.*

The whole companie would gladlie haue taken this occaſion of requeſting *Philiſides* in plainer ſort to diſcouer vnto them his eſtate. Which he willing to preuent (as knowing the relation thereof more fit for funerals then the time of a mariage) began to ſing this ſong he had learned before he had euer ſubiected his thoughts to acknowledge no Maiſter, but a Miſtreſſe.

AS I my little flocke on Iſter *banke*
(A litle flocke; but well my pipe they couth)
Did piping leade, the Sunne alreadie ſanke
Beyond our world, and ere I got my booth,
Each thing with mantle blacke the night doth ſcoth;
Sauing the glow worme, which would curteous be
Of that ſmall light oft watching ſhepheards ſee.

The welkin had full niggardly encloſed
In coffer of dimme cloudes his ſiluer groates,
Icleped ſtarres; each thing to reſt diſpoſed,
The caues were full, the mountaines vaide of goates:
The birds eyes cloſd, cloſed their chirping notes.
As for the Nightingale wood-muſikes King,
It Auguſt was, he daind not then to ſing.

Amid my ſheepe, though I ſaw naught to feare,
Yet (for I nothing ſaw) I feared ſore;
Then found I which thing is a charge to beare,
As for my ſheepe I dradded mickle more
Then euer for my ſelfe ſince I was bore.
I ſate me downe: for ſee to goe ne could,
And ſang vnto my ſheepe leaſt ſtray they ſhould.

The ſong I ſang old Lanquet *had me taught,*
Lanquet, *the ſhepheard beſt* ſwift Iſter *knew,*
For clearkly reed, and hating what is naught,
For faithful heart, cleane hands, and mouth as true:
With his ſweet skill my skilleſſe youth he drew,
To haue a feeling taſte of him that ſits
Beyond the heauen, far more beyond our wits.

He ſaid, the Muſike beſt thilke powers pleaſ'd
Was iump concord betweene our wit and will;
Where higheſt notes to godlineſſe are raiſed,
And loweſt ſinke not downe to iote of ill:
With old true tales he wont mine eares to fill,
How ſhepheards did of yore, how now they ſhrine,

Spoiling

Spoiling their flock, or while twixt them they strive.
He liked me, but pitied lustfull youth:
His good strong staffe my slippry yeares vphore:
He still hop'd well because I loued truth;
Till forste to part, with heart and eyes euen sore,
To worthy Coridon he gaue me ore,
But thus in okes true shade recounted he,
Which now in nights deepe shade sheep heard of me.

Such manner time there was (what time In'ot)
When all this Earth, this damme or mould of ours
Was only won'd with such as beasts begot:
Vnknowne as then were they that builded towers:
The cattell wilde, or tame, in natures bowers
Might freely rome, or rest, as seemed them:
Man was not man their dwellings into hem.

The beastes had sure some beastly policie:
For nothing can indure where order n'is.
For once the Lion by the Lambe did lie.
The fearefull Hinde the Leopard did kisse.
Hurtlesse was Tygers pawe and Serpents hisse.
This think I well, the beast with courage clad,
Like Senators a harmelesse empire had.

At vvhich vvhether the others did repine,
(For enuy harbreth most in feeblest hearts)
Or that they all to changing did incline,
(As euen in beasts their dammes leane changing parts)
The multitude to Ioue a suite imparts,
With neighing, blaying, braying, and barking,
Roring, and howling for to haue a King.

A King, in language theirs they said they would:
(For then their language was a perfect speech)
The birdes likewise with chirps, and puing could
Cackling, and chattering, that of Ioue beseech.
Onely the owle still warnd them not to seech
So hastily that vvhich they vvould repent:
But saw they would, and he to deserts went.

Ioue wisely said (for wisdome wisely sayes)
O beasts, take heed what you of me desire.
Rulers will thinke all things made them to please,
And soone forget the swinke due to their hire:
But since you will, part of my heau'nly fire
I will you lende; the rest your selues must giue,
That it both seene and felt may vvith you liue.

Full glad they were and tooke the naked ſprite,
Which ſtraight the Earth ycloathed in his clay:
The Lion, hart; the Ounce gaue actiue might;
The Horſe, good ſhape; the Sparrow, luſt to play;
Nightingale, voice, entiſing ſongs to ſay.
Elephant gaue a perfect memory:
And Parot, ready tongue, that to apply.

The Foxe gaue craft; the Dog gaue flattery;
Aſſe, patience; the Mole, a working thought;
Eagle, high looke; Wolfe ſecret cruelty:
Monkie, ſweet breath; the Cow, her faire eyes brought;
The Ermion, vvhiteſt skin, ſpotted vvith nought;
The ſheepe, mild-ſeeming face; climing, the Beare;
The Stagge did giue the harme-eſchewing feare.

The Hare, her ſleights; the Cat, his melancholy;
Ante, induſtry; and Conny, skill to build;
Cranes, order; Storkes, to be appearing holy;
Chamaleon, eaſe to change; Ducke, eaſe to yeeld;
Crocodile, teares, vvhich might be falſely ſpild:
Ape great thing gaue, though he did mowing ſtand,
The inſtrument of inſtruments, the hand.

Each other beaſt likewiſe his preſent brings:
And (but they drad their Prince they ought ſhould vvant)
They all conſented vvere to giue him vvings;
And ay more awe towards him for to plant,
To their owne vvork this priuiledge they grant,
That from thenceforth to all eternity,
No beaſt ſhould freely ſpeake, but only he.

Thus Man was made; thus Man their Lord became:
Who at the firſt, vvanting, or hiding pride,
He did to beaſts beſt vſe his cunning frame;
With vvater drinke, hearbs meat, and naked hide.
And fellow-like let his dominion ſlide;
Not in his ſayings, ſaying I, but we:
As if he meant his Lordſhip common be.

But vvhen his ſeate ſo rooted he had found,
That they now skild not, how from him to vvend;
Then gan in guiltleſſe earth full many a wound,
Iron to ſeeke, vvhich gainſt it ſelfe ſhould bend,
To teare the bowels, that good corne ſhould ſend.
But yet the common Damme none did bemone;
Becauſe (though hurt) they neuer heard her grone.

Then

Then gan the factions in the beasts to breed;
Where helping vveaker sort, the nobler beasts,
(As Tygers, Leopards, Beares, and Lions seed)
Disdaind with this, in deserts sought their restes;
Where famine ruine taught their hungry chests,
That craftily he forst them to do ill,
Which being done he afterwards would kill.

For murther done, which neuer earst was seene,
By those great beasts, as for the weakers good,
He chose themselues his guarders for to been,
Gainst those of might, of whom in feare they stood,
As horse and dogge, not great, but gentle blood:
Blith were the commons cattell of the field,
Tho when they saw their foen of greatnesse kild.

But they or spent, or made of slender might,
Then quickly did the meaner cattell find,
The great beames gone, the house on shoulders light:
For by and by the horse faire bitts did bind:
The dogge was in a coller taught his kinde.
As for the gentle birds like case may rewe,
When falcon they, and gosse hauke saw in mew.

Worst fell to smallest birds, and meanest heard,
Whom now his owne, full like his owne he vsed.
Yet first but wooll, or feathers off he teard:
And when they were well vs'de to be abused,
For hungry teeth their flesh with teeth he brused:
At length for glutton taste he did them kill:
At last for sport their silly lines did spill.

But yet ô man, rage not beyond thy neede:
Deeme it no glory to swell in tyranny.
Thou art of blood; ioy not to see things bleede:
Thou fearest death; thinke they are loth to die.
A plaint of guiltlesse hurt doth pierce the skie.
And you poore beasts, in patience bide your hell,
Or know your strengths, and then you shall do well.

Thus will I sing, and pipe eight sullen houres
To sheepe, whom loue, not knowledge made to heare,
Now fancies fits, now fortunes balefull stowres:
But then I homewards call'd my lambkins deare:
For to my dimmed eyes began t'appeare
The night growne old, her blacke head waxen gray,
Sure shepheards signe, that morne should soone fetch day.

According to the nature of diuerse eares, diuerse iudgements streight followed: some praising his voice, others his words fit to frame a pastorall stile, others the strangenesse of the tale, and scanning vvhat he should meane by it. But old *Geron*

who had borne him a grudge euer since in one of their Eclogues he had taken him vp ouer-bitterlie) tooke hold of this occasion to make his renenge, & said, He neuer saw thing worse proportioned, then to bring in a tale of he knew not what beastes at such a sport-meeting, when rather some song of loue, or matter for ioyfull melody was to be brought forth. But said he, This is the right conceipt of young men, who thinke, then they speake wiselieſt, when they cannot vnderstand themselues. But little did the melancholike shephearde regard either his dispraises, or the others praises, who had set the foundation of his honour there, where he was most despised. And therefore he returning againe to the traine of his desolate pensiueneſſe, *Geron* inuited *Histor* to answere him in Eclogue-wise; who indeed hauing bene long in loue with the faire *Kala*, and now by *Lalus* ouergone; was growne into a detestation of mariage. But thus it was.

Geron. Histor.

Geron. *IN faith good* Histor, *long is your delay,*
From holy mariage sweete and sureſt meane:
Our foolish lust in honeſt rules to stay,
I pray thee doe to Lalus *sample leane:*
Thou seeſt, how frisk, and iolly now he is,
That laſt day seem'd, he could not chew a beane.
Beleeue me man, there is no greater bliſſe,
Then is the quiet ioy of louing wife;
Which who so wants, halfe of himselfe doth misse.
Friend without change, playfellow without strife,
Foode without fulneſſe, counsaile without pride,
Is this sweet doubling of our single life.

Histor. *No doubt to whom so good chance did betide,*
As for to find a paſture strawed with gold,
He were a foole if there he did not bide.
Who would not haue a Phœnix *if he could?*
The humming Waspe, if it had not a sting,
Before all flies the vvaspe accept I would.
But this bad world, few golden fields doth bring,
Phœnix *but one, of Crowes we millions haue.*
The Waspe seemes, gay, brt is a combrous thing.
If many Kalaes *our* Arcadia *gaue,*
Lalus *example I would soone ensue,*
And thinke, I did my selfe from sorrow saue.
But of such wiues we finde a slender crew;
Shrewdneſſe so stirres, pride so puffes vp the heart,
They seldome ponder what to them is due.
With meager lookes, as if they still did smart;
Puiling, and whimpring, or elſe scolding flat,
Make home more paine then following of the cart.
Either dull silence, or eternall chat:
Still contrary to what her husband sayes;
If he do praiſe the dog, she likes the cat.
Auſtere she is, when he would honeſt playes;
And game some then, when he thinks on his sheep;

Shee

Shee bids him goe, and yet from iourney ſtayes,
Shee warre doth euer with his kinsfolke keep,
And makes them fremb'd, who friends by nature are,
Enuying ſhallow toyes vvith malice deepe.
And if forſooth there come ſome new found ware,
The little coyne his ſweating browes haue got,
Muſt goe for that, if for her lowres he care:
Or els; Nay faith, mine is the luckleſt lot,
That euer fell to honeſt woman yet:
No wife but I hath ſuch a man, God wot:
Such is their ſpeech, who be of ſober vvit;
But, who do let their tongues ſhew vvell their rage,
Lord, vvhat bywords they ſpeake, vvhat ſpite they ſpit?
The houſe is made a very lothſome cage,
Wherein the birde doth neuer ſing but cry,
With ſuch a will as nothing can aſſwage.
Deerely the ſeruants do their wages buy,
Reuil'd for each ſmall fault, ſometimes for none:
They better liue that in a gaile do lie.
Let other fowler ſpots away be blowne;
For I ſeek not their ſhame, but ſtill me thinkes,
A better life it is to lie alone.

Geron. Who for each fickle feare from vertue ſhrinks,
Shall in his life embrace no vvorthy thing:
No mortall man the cuppe of ſuretie drinks.
The heau'ns do not good haps in handfuls bring,
But let vs pike our good from out much bad:
That ſtill our little world may know his king.
But certainly ſo long we may be glad,
While that we doo what nature doth require,
And for th'euent we neuer ought be ſad.
Man oft is plagu'd with aire, is burnt with fire,
In water drownd, in earth his buriall is;
And ſhall we not therefore their vſe deſire?
Nature aboue all things requireth this,
That vve our kind doo labour to maintaine;
Which drawne-out line doth hold all humane bliſſe.
Thy father iuſtly may of thee complaine,
If thou do not repay his deeds for thee,
In granting vnto him a grandſires gaine.
Thy common-wealth may rightly grieued be,
Which muſt by this immortall be preſerued,
If thus thou murther thy poſteritie.
His very being he hath not deſerued,
Who for a ſelfe-conceipt will that forbeare,
Whereby that being aye muſt be conſerued.
And God forbid, women ſuch cattell vvere,

As you paint them: but well in you I finde,
No man doth ſpeak aright, who ſpeaks in feare.
Who only ſees the ill is worſe then blind.
Theſe fiftie winters maried haue I been;
And yet finde no ſuch faultes in womankind.
I haue a wife worthy to be a Queene,
So well ſhe can commaund, and yet obay;
In ruling of a houſe ſo well ſhee's ſeen.
And yet in all this time betwixt vs tway,
We beare our double yoke with ſuch conſent,
That neuer paſt foule word, I dare well ſay,
But theſe are your loue-toyes, which ſtill are ſpent
In lawleſſe games, and loue not as you ſhould,
But with much ſtudie learne late to repent.
How well laſt day before our Prince you could
Blinde Cupids *workes with wonder teſtifie?*
Yet now the root of him abaſe you would.
Goe to, goe to, and Cupid *now apply,*
To that where thou thy Cupid *maiſt auowe,*
And thou ſhalt finde, in vvomen vertues lie.
Sweet ſupple mindes vvhich ſoon to vviſdome bow
Where they by vviſdomes rule directed are,
And are not forſt fond thraldome to allow.
As vve to get are fram'd, ſo they to ſpare:
We made for paine, our paines they made to cheriſh:
We care abroade, and they of home haue care.
O Hiſtor, *ſeeke vvithin thy ſelfe to flouriſh:*
Thy houſe by thee muſt liue, or els be gone:
And then vvho ſhall the name of Hiſtor *nouriſh?*
Riches of children paſſe a Princes throne;
Which touch the fathers heart vvith ſecret ioy,
When vvithout ſhame he ſaith; theſe be mine owne.
Marrie therefore; for mariage will deſtroy
Thoſe paſſions vvhich to youthfull head doo clime,
Mothers and Nurſes of all vaine annoy.
Perchance I will, but now me thinks it time,
To goe vnto the Bride, and vſe this day:
To ſpeake vvith her vvhile freely ſpeake vve may.

He ſpake theſe words with ſuch affection, as a curious eye might eaſily haue perceiued he liked *Lalus* fortune better then he loued his perſon. But then indeede did all ariſe, and went to the women, where ſpending all the day, and good part of the night in dauncing, carolling and waſſalling, laſtly, they left *Lalus*, where he long deſired to be left, and with many vnfained thanks returned euery man to his home. But ſome of them hauing to croſſe the way of the two Lodges, might ſee a Lady making dolefull lamentations ouer a bodie which ſeemed dead vnto them. But me thinks *Dametas* cries vnto me, if I come not the ſooner to comfort him, he will leaue off his golden worke, that hath alreadie coſt him ſo much labour and longing.

The end of the third Book.

THE FOVRTH BOOK OF THE COVNTESSE OF *Pembrokes Arcadia.*

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THe almighty wiſdom euermore delighting to ſhew the world, that by vnlikelieſt meanes greateſt matters may come to concluſion: that humane reaſon may be the more humbled, and more willingly giue place to diuine prouidence: as at the firſt it brought *Dametas* to play a part in this royal pageant, ſo hauing continued him ſtill an actor, now that all things were growne ripe for an end, made his folly the inſtrument of reuealing that, which ſarre greater cunning had ſought to conceale. For ſo it fell out that *Dametas* hauing ſpent the whole day in breaking vp the cumberſome worke of the Paſtor *Dorus*, and feeling in all his labour no paine ſo much, as that his hungry hopes receiued any ſtay, hauing with the price of much ſweat and wearineſſe gotten vp the huge ſtone, which hee thought ſhould haue ſuch a golden lining, the good man in the great bed that ſtone had made, found nothing but theſe two verſes, written vpon a broad peece of velame:

Who hath his hire, hath well his labour plaſt:
Earth thou didſt ſeeke, and ſtore of earth thou haſt.

What an inward diſcontentment it was to maiſter *Dametas*, to finde his hope of wealth turned to poor verſes, for which he neuer cared much, nothing can deſcribe but either the feeling in ones ſelfe the ſtate of ſuch a minde *Dametas* had, or at leaſt the bethinking what was *Midas* fancie, when after the great pride he conceiued to be made Iudge betweene Gods, hee was rewarded with the ornament of an Aſſes eares. Yet the deepe apprehenſion hee had receiued of ſuch riches, could not ſo ſodainly loſe the colour that had ſo throughly died his thicke braine, but that he turned and toſſed the poore bowells of the innocent earth, till the comming on of the night, and the tedioufneſſe of his fruitleſſe labour made him content rather to exerciſe his diſcontentation at home then there. But forced he was (his horſe being otherwiſe burthened with digging inſtruments) to returne as he came, moſt part of the way on foot: with ſuch grudging lamentations as a nobler minde would (but more noblie) make for the loſſe of his miſtreſſe. For ſo far had hee fed his fooliſh ſoule with the expectation of that which he reputed felicity, that he no leſſe accounted himſelfe miſerable, then if hee had fallen from ſuch an eſtate his fancie had

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embraced. So then home againe went *Dametas*, puniſhed in conceit, as in conceit he had erred, till he found himſelfe there from a fancied loſſe falne to eſſentiall miſerie. For entring into his houſe three houres before night, in ſteed of the lightſom countenance of *Pamela*, which gaue ſuch an inwarde decking to that Lodge, as proudeſt palaces might haue cauſe to enuie it; and of the gratefull conuerſation of *Dorus*, whoſe witty behauior made that lonelines to ſeeme full of good company: in ſteed of the loud ſcolding of *Miſo*, and the buſie rumbling vp and down of *Mopſa*, which though they were ſo ſhort, as quite contrary to the others praiſe-worthineſſe, yet were they farre before them in filling of a houſe; hee found nothing but a ſolitarie darknes: which as naturally it breeds a kinde of irkſome gaſtfulneſſe, ſo it was to him a moſt preſent terrour, remembring the charge he had left behinde, which hee well knew imported no leſſe then his life vnto him. Therfore lighting a candle, there was no place a mouſe could haue dwelled in, but that hee with quaking diligence ſought into. But when he ſaw he could ſee nothing of that he moſt cared for, then became he the right patterne of a wretch deiected with feare: for, crying and howling, knocking his head to the wall he began to make pitifull complaints, where no body could hear him: and (with too much dread he ſhould not recouer her) leaue all cõſideration how to recouer her. But at length looking like a ſhe goat, when ſhe caſts her kid, for very ſorrow he took in his own behalf, out of the Lodge he went running as hard as he could, hauing now receiued the very forme of hanging into his conſideration. Thus running as a man that would gladly haue run from himſelf, it was his fooliſh fortune to eſpie, by the glimmering light the moon did then yeeld him, one ſtanding aloft among the boughs of a faire Aſh. He that would haue asked counſell at that time of a dog, caſt vp his face, as if his tooth had bin drawing: and with much bending his ſight, perceiued it was miſtreſſe *Mopſa*, fitly ſeated there for her wit and dignitie. There (I will not ſay with ioy, for how could he taſte of ioy, whoſe imagination was fallen from a palace to a gallowes?) but yet with ſom refreſhing of comfort in hope hee ſhould learne better tidings of her: he began to cry out; O *Mopſa*, my beloued chicken, here am I thine owne father *Dametas*, neuer in ſuch a towardneſſe of hanging, if thou canſt not helpe mee. But yet neuer a word could his eloquence procure of *Mopſa*, who indeed was there attending for greater matters. This was yet a new burthen to poor *Dametas*, who thought all the world was conſpired againſt him: and therfore with a ſilly choler he began another tune. Thou vile *Mopſa*, ſaid hee, now the vengeance of my fatherly curſe light ouerthwart thee, if thou do not ſtraight anſwer me. But neither bleſſing nor curſing could preuaile. *Mopſa*, who was now great with childe with the expectation of her May-game hopes, did long to be deliuered with the third time being named. Which by and by followed. For *Dametas* rubbing his elbow, ſtamping & whining, ſeeing neither of theſe take place, began to throw ſtones at her, and with all to coniure her by the name of helliſh *Mopſa*. But when hee had named her the third time, no chime can more ſodainly follow the ſtriking of a clock, then ſhe verely thinking it was the God, that vſed her fathers voyce; throwing her armes abroad, and not conſidering ſhee was muffled vpon ſo high a tree, came fluttring downe like a hooded hawke, like enough to haue broken her neck, but that the tree ful of boughes toſſed her from one bough to another, and laſtly well bruiſed brought her to receiue an vnfriendly ſalutation of the earth. *Dametas*, as ſoone as ſhee was downe, came running to her, and finding her ſo cloſe wrapt, pulled off the ſcarlet cloake: in good time for her, for with the ſorenеſſe of the fall, if ſhe had not had breath giuen her, ſhe had deliuered a fooliſh

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ſoule to *Pluto*. But then *Dametas* began afreſh to deſire his daughter not to forget the paines he had taken for her in her childhood (which hee was ſure ſhe could not remember) and to tell where *Pamela* was. O good *Apollo*, ſayd *Mopſa*, if euer thou didſt beare loue to *Phaetons* mother, let me haue a king to my husband. Alas, what ſpeakeſt thou of *Phaeton*, ſayd *Dametas*? If by thy circumſpect meanes I find not out *Pamela*, thy father will be hanged to morrow. It is no matter though he be hanged, anſwered *Mopſa*: do but thou make *Dorus* a king, and let him be my husband, good *Apollo*, for my courage doth much pricke me toward him. Ah *Mopſa*, cried out *Dametas*, where is thy wit? Doſt thou not know thy father? How haſt thou forgotten thy ſelfe? I doe not aske wit of thee, mine owne God, (ſaid ſhe) but I ſee thou wouldeſt haue mee remember my father, and indeede forget my ſelfe. No, no, a good husband. Thou ſhalt haue thy fill of husbands (ſaid *Dametas*) and doe but anſwere me my queſtion. O I thanke thee (ſaid *Mopſa*) with all my heart hartily; but let them be all kings. *Dametas* ſeeing no other way preuaile, fell downe on his knees, *Mopſa*, *Mopſa*, (ſaid he) do not thus cruelly torment me: I am already wretched enough, alas either help me, or tell mee thou cañſt not. Shee that would not be behind *Apollo* in curteſie, kneeled downe on the other ſide, I will neuer leaue tormenting thee (ſaid *Mopſa*) vntill thou haſt ſatisfied my longing, but I will proclaime thee a promiſe-breaker, that euen *Iupiter* ſhall heare it. Now by the foſtering thou haſt receiued in this place ſaue my life (ſaid *Dametas*). Now by the faire Aſh (anſwered *Mopſa*) where thou didſt receiue ſo great a good turne, graunt poſt haſte to my burning fancie. O where is *Pamela*, ſaid *Dametas*? O a luſtie husband, ſaid *Mopſa*. *Dametas* that now verily aſſured himſelfe, his daughter was mad, began vtterly to deſpaire of his life, and therefore amazedly catching her in his armes, to ſee whether he could bring her to herſelfe, hee might feele the waight of a great cudgell light vpon his ſhoulders, and for the firſt greeting he knew his wife *Miſos* voyce, by the calling him ribalde villaine, and asking him whether ſhee could not ſerue his turne as well as *Charita*? For *Miſo* hauing according to *Dorus* counſell, gone to *Mantinea*, and there harboured her ſelfe in an old acquaintance houſe of hers, as ſoone as ten of the clocke was ſtricken (where ſhe had remained cloſely all that while, I thinke with ſuch an amiable cheare, as when iealous *Iuno* ſate croſſe-legged, to hinder the child-birth of her husbands loue) with opē mouth ſhe went to the Magiſtrate appointed ouer ſuch matters, and there with the moſt ſcolding inuectiue, her rage rather then eloquence could bring forth, ſhee required his aide to take *Dametas*, who had left his dutie to the king and his daughter, to commit adultery in the houſe of *Charitas* vncle, in the Oudemian ſtreet. But neither was the name of *Charita* remembred, nor any ſuch ſtreet knowne. Yet ſuch was the generall miſlike all men had of *Dametas* vnworthy aduancement, that euery man was glad to make himſelfe a miniſter of that, which might redound to his ſhame, and therefore with *Panike* cries and laughters, there was no ſuſpected place in all the city but was ſearched for vnder the title of *Dametas*; *Miſo* euer for moſt encouraging them with all the ſhamefull blaſings of his demeanour, encreaſing the ſport of hunting her husband, with her diligent barking, till at length hauing alreadie done both him and her ſelfe as much infamous ſhame, as ſuch a tongue in ſuch an action might performe, in the end not being able to find a thing that was not, to her mare again ſhe went, hauing neither ſuſpicion nor rage any thing mitigated. But (leauing behind her a ſufficient comedie of her tragicall fancies) away homeward ſhe came, imputing the not finding her husband, to any chaunce rather then to his

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innocencie. For her heart being apt to receiue and nourish a bitter thought, it had so swallowed vp a determinate condemnation, that in the very anatomy of her spirits one should haue found nothing but diuelish disdaine, and hatefull iealousie. In this sort grunting out her mischieuous spite, she came by the tree, euen as *Dametas* was making that ill-vnderstood intercession to his foolish *Mopsa*. As soone as she heard her husbands voyce, she verily thought she had her play: and therfore stealing from her mare as softly as she could, she came creeping and halting behinde him, euen as he (thinking his daughters little wits had quite left her great nowle) began to take her in his armes; thinking perchance her feeling sense might call her mind-parts vnto her. But *Miso* who saw nothing but thorough the colour of reuengefull anger, established vpon the fore-iudgement of his trespasse, vndoubtedlie resoluing that *Mopsa* was *Charita*, *Dorus* had told her of, mumping out her hoarse chafe, she gaue him the woodden salutation you heard of. *Dametas* that was not so sensible in any thing as in blowes, turned vp his blubbered face like a great lowt new whipt: Alas thou woman, said he, what hath thy poore husband deserued to haue his owne ill lucke loaden with thy displeasure? *Pamela* is lost, *Pamela* is lost. *Miso* still holding on the course of her former fancie, what telleſt thou me naughtie varlet of *Pamela*, doest thou thinke that doth answere me, for abusing the lawes of mariage? Haue I brought thee children, haue I beene a true wife vnto thee, to be despised in mine old age? And euer among she would sauce her speeches with such Bastonados, that poore *Dametas* began now to thinke, that either a generall madding was faine, or else that all this was but a vision. But as for visions the smart of the cudgell put out of his fancie: and therefore againe turning to his wife, not knowing in the world what shee meant, *Miso* (said he) hereafter thou maiest examine me, do but now tell me what is become of *Pamela*. I will first examine this drab, said she, and withall let fall her staffe as hard as she could vpon *Mopsa*, still taking her for *Charita*. But *Mopsa* that was already angry, thinking that shee had hindred her from *Apollo*, leapt vp and caught her by the throate, like to haue strangled her, but that *Dametas* from a condemned man was faine to become a iudge and part this fray, such a picture of a rude discord, where each was out with the other two. And then getting the opportunity of their falling out to hold himselfe in suretie, who was indeede the veriest coward of the three, he renued his earnest demaund of them. But it was a sport to see, how the former conceits *Dorus* had printed in their imaginations, kept still such dominion in them, that *Miso* though now she found and felt it was her daughter *Mopsa*, yet did *Charita* continually passe through her thoughts, which shee vttered with such crabbed questions to *Dametas*, that he not possibly conceiuing any part of her doubt, remained astonished, and the astonishment encreased her doubt. And as for *Mopsa*, as first she did assuredly take him to be *Apollo*, and thought her mothers comming did mar the bargaine: so now much talking to & fro had deliuered so much light into the mysty mould of her capacity, as to know him to be her father. Yet remained there such footsteps of the foretaken opinion, that shee thought verily her father and mother were hasted thither to get the first with. And therefore to whatsoeuer they asked of her, she would neuer answer, but embracing the tree, as if she feared it had beene running away, nay, saies she, I will haue the first with, for I was here first: which they vnderstood no more, then *Dametas* did what *Miso* meant by *Charita*: til at length with much vrging them, being indeed better able to perswade both, then to meet hand to hand with either, he preuailed so much with them, as to bring them into the Lodge to see what losse

their

their negligence had ſuffered. Then indeede the neare neighbourhood they bare to themſelues, made them leaue other toyes, & looke into what dangerous plight they were all falne, aſſoon as the king ſhould know his daughters eſcape. And as for the womē they began afreſh to enter into their brawling, whether were in the fault. But *Dametas* who did feare that among his other euils, the thunderbolt of that ſtorme would fall vpon his ſhoulders, ſlipt away from them, but with ſo maigre a cheare, as might much ſooner engender laughter then pittie. O true *Arcadia*, would he ſay (tearing his haire and beard, and ſometime for too much woe, making vnweldie ſomerſaults) how dareſt thou beare vpon thee ſuch a felonious traitor as I am? And you falſe-hearted trees, why would you make no noiſe, to make her vngracious departure known? Ah *Pamela*, *Pamela*, how often whē I brought thee in fine poſies of all coloured flowers, wouldeſt thou clap me on the cheeke, and ſay thou wouldſt be one day euen with me? Was this thy meaning, to bring me to an euen paire of gallowes? Ah ill taught *Dorus*, that cameſt hither to learne good maners of me? Did I euer teach thee to make thy maiſter ſweat out his heart for nothing, & in the mean time to run away with thy miſtreſſe? O my dun cow, I did think ſome euill was towards me euer ſince the laſt day thou didſt run away from me, and held vp thy taile ſo pittifully: did not I ſee an Eagle kil a Cuckoe, which was a plaine foretoken vnto me *Pamela* ſhould be my deſtruction? O wife *Miſo* (if I durſt ſay it to thy face) why didſt thou ſuſpect thy husband, that loueth a peece of cheeſe better then a woman? And thou little *Mopſa*, that ſhalt inherite the ſhame of thy fathers death, was it time for thee to clime trees, which ſhould ſo ſhortly be my beſt burial? ô that I could liue without death, or die before I were aware! ô heart, why haſt thou no hands at commandement to diſpatch thee? O hands why want you a heart to kill this villaine. In this ſort did he inuey againſt euery thing, ſometimes thinking to run away, while it was yet night: but he that had included all the world within his ſheepcote, thought that worſe then any death: ſometime for dread of hanging he meant to hang himſelfe: finding as indeed it is, that feare is far more painfull to cowardiſe, then death to a true courage. But his fingers were nothing nimble in that action, and any thing was let enough thereto, he being a true louer of himſelf without any riuall. But laſtlie, guided by a farre greater conſtellation then his owne, he remembred to ſearch the other lodge, where it might be *Pamela* that night had retired her ſelfe. So thither with trembling hammes he carried himſelfe: but employing his double key which the king for ſpeciall credit had vnworthily beſtowed vpon him, he found all the gates ſo barred, that his key could not preuaile, ſauing onely one trapt doore which went down into a vault by the cellar, which as it was vnknowne of *Pyrocles*, ſo had he left it vnregarded. But *Dametas* that euer knew the Butterie better then any other place, got in that way, and paſing ſoftly to *Philocleas* chamber, where he thought moſt likely to find *Pamela*, the dore being left open he entred in, and by the light of the lampe he might diſcerne one on the bed by her: which he although he tooke to be *Pamela*, yet thinking no ſuretie enough in a matter touching his necke, hee went hard to the bed ſide of theſe vnfortunate louers, who at that time being not much before the breake of day (whether it were they were ſo diuinely ſurpriſed, to bring this whole matter to the deſtined concluſion, or that the vnreſiſtable force of their ſorrowes had ouerthrowne the wakefull vſe of their ſenſes) were as then poſſeſſed with a mutuall ſleepe, yet not forgetting with vinie embracements to giue any eye a perfect modell of affection. But *Dametas* looking with the lampe in his hand, but neither with ſuch a face nor mind vpon theſe excellent creatures, as *Pſyche* did

vpon

vpon her vnknowne louer, and giuing euery way freedome to his fearfull eyes, did not only perceiue it was *Zelmane*, and therefore much different from the Lady he sought: but that this same *Zelmane* did more differ from the *Zelmane* he and others had euer taken her for, wherein the change of her apparell chiefly confirmed his opinion; satisfied with that, and not thinking it good to awake the sleeping Lyon, he went downe againe, taking with him *Pyrocles* sword (wherewith vpon his sleight vnderstute *Pyrocles* came only apparelled thither) being sure to leaue no weapon in the chamber, and so making the doore as fast as he could on the out side, hoping with the reuealing of this (as he thought greater fault) to make his owne the lesse, or at least that this iniurie would so fill the kings head, that he should not haue leasure to chastise his negligence (like a fool not considering that the more rage breeds the crueller punishment) he went first into the kings chamber, and not finding him there, he ran downe crying with open mouth, the king was betrayed, and that *Zelmane* did abuse his daughter. The noise he made, being a man of no few words, ioined to the yelping sound of *Atiso*, and his vnpleasant inheritrix, brought together some number of the shepheards, to whom he without any regard of reseruing it for the Kings knowledge, spattered out the bottome of his stomacke, swearing by him he neuer knew that *Zelmane*, who they had taken all that while to be a woman, was as arrant a man as himselfe was, whereof he had seene sufficient signes and tokens; and that he was as close as a Butterflie with the Lady *Philoclea*. The poore men iealous of their Princes honour, were ready with weapons to haue entred the Lodge, standing yet in some pause, whether it were not best, first to heare some newes from the king himselfe, when by the sodaine comming of other shepheards, which with astonished lookes ran from the one crie to the other, their griefes were surcharged with the euill tidings of the kings death. Turning therefore all their minds and eyes that way, they ranne to the Caue where they said he lay dead, the Sunne beginning now to send some promise of comming light, making haste, I think to be spectator of the following tragedies. For *Basilius* hauing past ouer the night more happy in contemplation then action, hauing had his spirits sublimed with the sweete imagination of embracing the most desired *Zelmane*, doubting least the Caues darknesse might deceiue him in the daies approch, thought it now season to returne to his wedlocke bed, remembring the promise hee had made to *Zelmane*, to obserue due orders towards *Gynecia*. Therefore departing, but not departing without bequeathing by a will of words, sealed with many kisses, a full gift of all his loue and life to his misconceiued bedfellow, he went to the mouth of the caue, there to apparell himselfe; in which doing the motion of his ioy could not be bridled from vttering such like words: Blessed be thou, ô night, said he, that hast with thy sweet wings shrowded mee in the vale of blisse, it is thou that art the first gotten child of time, the day hath bin but an vsurper vpon thy delightfull inheritance, thou inuitest all liuing things to comfortable rest, thou art the stop of strife, and the necessarie truce of approching battels. And therewith he sang these verses, to confirme his former praises.

O Night, the ease of care, the pledge of pleasure,
Desires best meane, harnest of hearts affected,
The seate of peace, the throne which is erected,
Of humane life to be the quiet measure,

Be

Be victor still of Phœbus *golden treasure:*
Who hath our sight with too much sight infected,
Whose light is cause we haue our lines neglected,
Turning all natures course to selfe displeasure.

These stately starres in their now shining faces,
With sinlesse sleepe, and silence wisdomes mother,
Witnesse his wrong which by thy helpe is eased:

Thou art therefore of these our desart places
The sure refuge, by thee and by no other
My soule is blist, sence ioyde, and fortune raysed.

And yet further would his ioyes needs breake forth. O *Basilius* (said he) the rest of thy time, hath bene but a dreame vnto thee: it is now onely thou begunnest to liue, now only thou hast entred into the way of blissefulnesse. Should fancie of mariage keepe me from this paradise? or opinion of I know not what promise bind me from paying the right duties to nature & affection? O who would haue thought there could haue bene such difference betwixt women? Be iealous no more O *Gynecia*, but yeeld to the preheminence of more excellent gifts, support thy selfe with much marble pillers as she doth, decke thy breast with those Alablaster bowles that *Zelmane* doth: then accompanied with such a title, perhaps thou maist recouer the possession of my otherwise inclined loue. But alas *Gynecia*, thou canst not shew such euidence, therefore thy plea is vaine. *Gynecia* heard all this he said, who had cast about her *Zelmanes* garment, wherein she came thither, & had followed *Basilius* to the Caues entrie, full of inward vexation, betwixt the deadlie accusation of her owne guiltinesse, and the spightfull doubt she had *Zelmane* had abused her. But because of the one side (finding the king did thinke her to be *Zelmane*) she had libertie to imagine it might rather be the kings owne vnbridled enterprise, which had barred *Zelmane*, then *Zelmanes* cunning deceiuing of her, and that of the other if she would headily seeke a violent reuenge, her owne honour might be as much interessed, as *Zelmane* endaungered: she fell to this determination. First with fine handling of the King to settle in him a perfect good opinion of her, and then as she should learne how things had passed, to take into her selfe new deuised counsell: but this being her first action, hauing giuen vnlooked for attendance to the King, she heard with what partialitie he did preferre her to her self, she saw in him how much fancy doth not only darken reason but beguile sence, she found opinion Mistresse of the Louers iudgement, which seruing as a good lesson to her good conceit, shee went out to *Basilius*, setting her selfe in a graue behauiour and stately silence before him: vntill he (who at the first thinking her by so much shadow as he could see to be *Zelmane*, was beginning his louing ceremonies) did now being helped by the peping light, wherwith the morning did ouercome the nights darknesse, know her face and his error, which acknowledging in himselfe with starting backe from her, she thus with a modest bitternesse spake vnto him: Alas my Lord, well did your words discipher your mind, and well be those words confirmed with this gesture. Verie lothsome must that woman be, from whom a man hath cause to go backe; and litle better liked is that wife, before whom the husband prefers them he neuer knew. Alas hath my faithfull obseruing my part of dutie made you think your selfe euer a whit the

more exempted? Hath that which should claime gratefulnesse, bene a cause of contempt? Is the being the mother of *Pamela* becom an odious name vnto you? If my life hitherto led haue not auoided suspicion, if my violated truth to you be deseruing of any punishment, I refuse not to be chastised with the most cruell torment of your displeasure, I refuse not miserie, purchased by mine owne merite. Hard I must needs say (although till now I neuer thought I should haue had cause to say) is the destinie of womankind, the triall of whose vertue must stand vpon the louing of them that employ all their industrie not to be beloued. If *Zelmanes* young yeares had not had so much grauitie hidden vnder a youthfull face, as your gray haires haue bene but the vizar of vnfitting youthfulnesse, your vicious minde had brought some fruits of repentance, & *Gynecia* might then haue been with much more right so basely despised.

Basilius that was more ashamed to see himselfe ouertaken, then *Vulcan* was, when with much cunning hee proued himselfe a Cuckold, began to make certaine extranagant excuses: but the matter in it selfe hardly brooking any purgation, with the sodainnesse of the time, which barred any good conioyned inuention, made him sometimes allege one thing, to which by and by he would bring in a contrary, one time with flat denyal, another time with mitigating the fault; now braue, then humble, vse such a stammering defensiue, that *Gynecia*, the violence of whose sore indeed ran another way, was content thus to fasten vp the last stitch of her anger. Well, well my Lord, said she, it shall well become you so to gouerne your selfe, as you may be fit rather to direct me, then to be iudged of me; and rather to be a wise maister of me, then an vnskilfull pleader before me. Remember the wrong you haue done is not onely to me, but to your children, whom you had of me: to your countrey, when they shall find they are commaunded by him, that cannot commaund his owne vndecent appetites: lastlie, to your selfe, since with these paines you do but build vp a house of shame to dwell in: if from those moueable goods of nature (wherewith, in my first youth my royall parents bestowed me vppon you) bearing you children, and increase of yeares haue withdrawne me; consider I pray you, that as you are cause of the one, so in the other, time hath not left to worke his neuer failing effects in you. Trulie, truelie (sir) verie vntimely are these fires in you: it is time for vs both to let reason inioy his due soueraigntie. Let vs not plant anew those weeds, which by natures course are content to fade.

Basilius that would rather then his life the matter had bene ended, the best rhetorike he had, was flat demanding pardon of her, swearing it was the verie force of *Apolles* destinie which had caried him thus from his owne bias; but that now like as farre trauellers were taught to loue their owne countrie, he had such a lesson without booke, of affection vnto her, as he would repay the debt of this error with the interest of a greate deale more true honour then euer before he had done her. Neither am I to giue pardon to you, my Lord (said she) nor you to beare honour to me. I haue taken this boldnesse for the vnfained loue I owe vnto you, to deliuer my sorow vnto you; much more for the care I haue of your well doing, then for any other selfe fancie. For well I know that by your good estate my life is maintained, neither, if I would, can I separate my selfe from your fortune. For my part therefore I claime nothing but that which may be safest for your selfe; my life, will, honor, and whatsoeuer else, shall be but a shadow of that bodie. How much *Basilius* owne shame had found him culpable, and had alreadie euen in soule

read

reade his owne condemnation, ſo much did this vnexpected mildneſſe of *Gynecia* captiue his heart vnto her, which otherwiſe perchaunce would haue growne to a deſperate careleſneſſe. Therefore embracing her, and confeſſing that her vertue ſhined in his vice, he did euen with a true reſolued minde vowe vnto her, that as long as he vnworthie of her did liue, ſhee ſhould be the furtheſt and onely limit of his affection. He thanked the deſtinies that had wrought her honour out of his ſhame, and that had made his own ſtriuing to go amiſſe, to be the beſt meane euer after to hold him in the right path. Thus reconciled to *Baſilius* great contentation, who began ſomething to marke himſelfe in his owne doings, his hard hap guided his eye to the cup of golde wherein *Gynecia* had put the lickour meant for *Zelmane*, and hauing failed of that gueſt, was now carrying it home againe. But he whom perchaunce ſorrow, perchaunce ſome long diſaccuſtomed paines, had made extremely thirſtie, tooke it out of her hands, although ſhe directly told him, both of whom ſhee had it, what the effect of it was, and the little proofe ſhee had ſeene thereof; hiding nothing from him, but that ſhe meant to miniſter it to another patient. But the King, whoſe belly had no eares, and much drouth kept from the deſiring a taſter, finding it not vnpleaſant to his palate, dranke it almoſt off, leauing verie little to couer the cuppes bottome. But within a while that from his ſtomake the drinke had deliuered to his principall veines his noyſome vapors, firſt with a painfull ſtretching, and forced yawning, then with a darke yellowneſſe dying his skinne, and a cold deadly ſweat principally about his temples, his bodie by naturall courſe longing to deliuer his heauie burthen to his earthly dammc, wanting force in his knees, which vtterly abandoned him, with heauie fall gaue ſome proofe whither the operation of that vnknowne potion tended. For, with pang-like grones, and gaſtly turning of his eyes, immediatly all his limmes ſtiffened, and his eyes fixed, he hauing had time to declare his caſe onely in theſe wordes; O *Gynecia* I dye. Haue care: of what or how much further he would haue ſpoken, no man can tell. For *Gynecia* hauing well perceiued the changing of his colour, and thoſe other euill ſignes, yet had not looked for ſuch a ſodaine ouerthrow, but rather had bethought herſelfe what was beſt for him, when ſhe ſodainly ſaw the matter come to that periode, comming to him, and neither with any cryes getting a word of him, nor with any other poſſible meanes, able to bring any liuing action from him, the height of all ouglie ſorrowes did ſo horribly appeare before her amazed minde, that at the firſt, it did not onely diſtract all power of ſpeech from her, but almoſt wit to conſider, remaining as it were quicke buried in a graue of miſeries. Her painfull memorie had ſtreight filled her with the true ſhapes of all the fore-paſt miſchiefes, her reaſon began to crye out againſt the filthie rebellion of ſinfull ſenſe, and to teare it ſelfe with anguiſh, for hauing made ſo weake a reſiſtance, her conſcience a terrible witneſſe of the inward wickednesſe, ſtill nouriſhing this debatefull fire; her complaint now not hauing an end to be directed vnto ſomething to disburden ſorrow, but a neceſſarie downfall of inward wretchednesſe. She ſaw the rigour of the lawes was like to lay a ſhamefull death vpon her, which being for that action vndeſerued, made it the more inſupportable, and yet in depth of her ſoule moſt deſerued, made it more miſerable. At length, letting her tongue go as her dolorous thoughts guided it, ſhe thus with lamentable demeanour ſpake.

O bottomleſſe pit of ſorow, in which I cannot containe my ſelfe, hauing the firebrands of all furies within me, ſtill falling, and yet by the infiniteneſſe of it

neuer ſaine. Neither can I ridde my ſelfe, being fetred with the euerlaſting conſideration of it. For whither ſhould I recommend the protection of my diſhonored ſaill? to the earth? it hath no life, and waites to be encreaſed by the reliques of my ſhamed careaſſe: to men? who are alwayes cruell in their neighbours faults, and make others ouerthrow become the badge of their ill masked vertue? to the heauens? ô vnſpeakable torment of conſcience, which dare not looke vnto them. No ſinne can enter there, oh there is no receipt for polluted mindes. Whither then wilt thou leade this captiue of thine, ô ſnakie deſpaire? Alas, alas, was this the free-holding power that accurſed poyſon hath graunted vnto me, that to be held the ſurer it ſhould depriue life? was this the folding in mine armes promiſed, that I ſhould folde nothing but a dead bodie? O mother of mine, what a deathfull ſucke haue you giuen me? O *Philoclea*, *Philoclea*, well hath my mother reuenged vpon me my vnmotherly hating of thee. O *Zelmane*, to whom yet (leaſt any miſerie ſhould faile me) remaine ſome ſparkes of my deteſtable loue, if thou haſt (as now alas! now my minde aſſures me thou haſt) deceiued me, there is a faire ſtage prepared for thee, to ſee the tragicall end of thy hated louer. With that word there flowed out two riuers of tears out of her faire eyes, which before were drie, the remembrance of her other miſchiefes being dryed vp in a furious fire of ſelfe deteſtation, loue onely according to the temper of it melting it ſelfe into thoſe brinie tokens of paſſion. Then turning her eyes againe vpon the bodie, ſhee remembred a dreame ſhee had had ſome nights before, wherein thinking herſelfe called by *Zelmane*, paſſing a troubleſome paſſage, ſhee found a dead bodie which told her there ſhould be her onely reſt. This no ſooner caught hold of her remembrance, then that ſhee determining with her ſelfe, it was a direct viſion of her fore-appointed end, tooke a certaine reſolution to embrace death, aſſoone as it ſhould be offred vnto her, and no way to ſeeke the prolonging of her annoyed life. And therefore kiſſing the cold face of *Baſilius*; And euen ſo will I reſt ſaid ſhee, and ioyne this faultie ſoule of mine to thee, if ſo much the angrie gods will graunt mee.

As ſhee was in this plight, the Sunne now climing ouer our Horizon, the firſt Shepheards came by: who ſeeing the King in that caſe, and hearing the noyſe *Dametas* made of the Ladie *Philoclea*, ranne with the dolefull tidings of *Baſilius* death vnto him, who preſently with all his companie came to the Caues entrie where the Kings bodie lay; *Dametas* for his part more glad for the hope he had of his priuate eſcape, then ſorie for the publike loſſe his Countrie receiued for a Prince not to bee miſliked. But in *Gynecia*, nature preuailed aboue iudgement; and the ſhame ſhe conceiued to bee taken in that order, ouercame for that inſtant the former reſolution, ſo that as ſoone as ſhee ſaw the formoſt of the paſtorall troupe, the wretched Princeſſe ranne to haue hidde her face in the next woods, but with ſuch a mind, that ſhe kew not almoſt herſelfe what ſhee could wiſh to bee the ground of her ſafetie. *Dametas* that ſawe her runne away in *Zelmanes* vpper rayment, and iudgeing her to bee ſo, thought certainly all the ſpirites in hell were come to play a Tragedie in theſe woods, ſuch ſtrange change he ſawe euery way. The King dead at the Caues mouth; the Queene (as he thought) abſent; *Pamela* fled away with *Dorus*; his wife and *Mopſa* in diuers franzies. But of all other things *Zelmane* conquered his capacitie, ſodainly from a woman growne to a man; and from a lockt chamber gotten before him into the fields, which hee gaue the reſt quickly to vnderſtand; for in ſteede of doing any thing as the exigent required, he began

began to make circles, and all those fantasticall defences that he had ever heard were fortifications against Duels. But the other Shepheards who had both better wittes, and more faith, forthwith diuided themselues, some of them running after *Gynecia*, and esteeming her running away, a great condemnation of her owne guiltinesse, others going to their Prince, to see what seruice was left for them either in recouerie of his life, or honoring his death. They that went after the Queene, had soone ouertaken her, in whom now the first feares were stayed, and the resolution to die had repossessed his place in her minde. But when they saw it was the Queene, to whom besides the obedient duetie they ow'de to her state, they had alwaies caried a singular loue, for her curteous liberalities, and other wise and vertuous parts, which had filled all that people with affection and admiration; They were all to-dainly stopped, beginning to aske pardon for their following her in that sort, and desiring her to be their good Lady, as she had euer bene. But the Queene who now thirsted to be ridde of her selfe, whom she hated aboue all things; with such an assured countenance as they haue, who alreadie haue dispensed with shame, and digested the sorowes of death, she thus said vnto them. Continue, continue, my friends; your doing is better then your excusing, the one argues assured faith, the other want of assurance. If you loued your Prince, when he was able and willing to doo you much good, which you could not then requite to him; doo you now publish your gratefulnesse, when it shall be seene to the world, there are no hopes left to leade you vnto it. Remember, remēber you haue lost *Basilius*, a Prince to defend you, a Father to care for you, a cōpanion in your ioyes, a friend in your wants. And if you loued him, shew you hate the author of his losse. It is I, faithfull *Arcadians*, that haue spoyled the Countrie of their protector. I, none but I, was the minister of his vnnaturall end. Cary therefore my blood in your hands, to testifie your owne innocencie, neither spare for my tides sake, but consider it was hee that first entituled me. And if you thinke of any benefits by my meanes, think with it that I was but the instrument and hee the spring. What stay yee Shepheards whose great Shepheard is gone? you neede not feare a woman, reuerence your Lords murtherer, nor haue pittie of her, who hath not pittie of her selfe. With this she presented her faire neck: some by name, other by signes, desiring them to do iustice to the world, dutie to their good king, honour to themselues, and fauour to her. The poore men looked one vpon the other, vnused to be arbiters in Princes matters, and being now faine into a great perplexitie, betwixt a Prince dead and a Princesse aliue. But once for them shee might haue gone whither shee would, thinking it a sacriledge to touch her person, when she finding she was not a sufficient oratour to perswade her owne death by their hands, well, said she, it is but so much more time of miserie, for my part I wil not giue my life so much pleasure from hēce forward as to yeeld to his desire of his own choise of death; since all the rest is taken away, yet let me excel in miserie. Lead me therefore whither you will; only happy, because I cannot be more wretched. But neither so much wold the honest Shepheards do, but rather with many teares bemoned this increase of their former losse, till she was faine to leade thē, with a verie strange spectacle, either that a princesse should be in the handes of shepheards, or a prisoner should direct her gardiens: lastly, before either witnes or accuser, a Lady condemne her selfe to death. But in such mourefull match they went towards the other Shepheards, who in the meane time had left nothing vnassayed to reuiue the King, but all was bootlesse; and their sorrowes encreased the more they had suffered any hopes vainly to arise. Among other trials they made to

know at least the cause of his end, having espied the vnhappie cup, they gaue the little liquor that was left to a dogge of *Dametas*, in which within a short time it wrought the like effect; although *Dametas* did so much to recouer him, that for verie loue of his life he dasht out his braines. But now all together and hauing *Gynecia* among them, who to make herselfe the more odious, did continually record to their mindes the excesse of their losse, they yeelded themselues ouer to all those formes of lamentation that dolefull images do imprint in the honest, but ouer tender hearts; especially when they thinke the rebound of the evill falles to their owne smart. Therefore after the auncient Greeke manner, some of them remembring the nobilitie of his birth, continued by being like his Auncestors: others his shape, which though not excellent, yet fauour and pietie drew all things now to the highest point; others his peaceable gouernement, the thing which most pleaseth men resolued to liue of their owne; others his liberalitie, which though it cannot light vpon all men, yet all men naturally hoping it may be they, make it a most amiable vertue. Some calling in question the greatnesse of his power, which encreased the compassion to see the present change, (hauing a dolefull memorie how he had tempered it with such familiar curtesie amōg them, that they did more feele the fruites, then see the pompes of his greatnesse) all with one consent giuing him the sacred titles of good, iust, mercifull, the father of the people, the life of his Countrie, they ranne about his bodie, tearing their beards and garments; some sending their cryes to heauen, other inuenting particular howling musicke; manie vowing to kill themselues at the day of his funerals, generally giuing a true testimonie that men are louing creatures when iniuryes put them not from their naturall course: and how easie a thing it is for a Prince by succession, deepely to sinke into the soules of his subiects, a more liuely monument then *Mausolus* Tombe. But as with such hartie lamentation, they dispersed among those woods their resounding shrikes, the Sunne the perfectest marke of time, hauing now gotten vp two houres iourney in his daily changing Circle, their voice helped with the onely answering Echo, came to the eares of the faithfull and worthie Gentleman *Philanax*: who at that time was comming to visite the King, accompanied with diuers of the worthie *Arcadian* Lords, who with him had visited the places adioyning for the more assurance of *Basilius* solitarinesse, a thing after the late mutinie he had vsually done, and since the Princesses returne more diligently continued: which hauing now likewise performed, thinking it as well his duetie to see the King, as of good purpose, being so neare, to receiue his further direction: accompanied as aboue saide he was this morning comming vnto him, when these vnpleasant voices gaue his minde an vncertaine presage of his neere approching sorrowe. For by and by he saw the bodie of his dearely esteemed Prince, and heard *Gynecias* lamenting: not such as the turtle-like loue is wont to make for the euer ouer-soone losse of her onely loued make, but with cursings of her life, detesting her owne wickednesse, seeming onely therefore not to desire death, because shee would not shew a loue of any thing. The Shepheards, especially *Dametas* knowing him to be the second person in authoritie, gaue foorthwith relation vnto him, what they knew and had proued of this dolorous spectacle, besides the other accidents of his children. But he principally touched with his maisters losse, lighting from his horse with a heauie cheare, came and kneeled downe by him, where finding he could do no more then the Shepheards had for his recouerie, the constancie of his minde, surprised before he might call together

his

his best rules, could not refraine such like words. Ah deare maister, said he, what change it hath pleased the Almighcie Iustice to worke in this place! How soone (not to your losse, who hauing liued long to nature, & to fame longer by your well deserued glorie, but longest of all in the eternall mansion you now possesse:) But how soone I say to our ruine, haue you left the fraile barke of your estate! & that the words I in most faithfull dutie deliuered vnto you, when you first entred this solitarie course, might haue wrought as much perswasion in you, as they sprang from truth in me, perchance your seruant *Philanax* should not nowe haue cause in your losse, to bewaile his owne ouerthrow. And therewith taking himselfe and indeed euill fitteth it me (said hee) to let go my heart to womanish complaints, since my Prince being vndoubtedly well, it rather shewes loue of my selfe, which makes me bewaile mine owne losse. No, the true loue must bee proued in the honour of your memorie, and that must be shewed with seeking iust reuenge vpon your vniust and vnnaturall enemies, and farre more honorable it will bee for your Tombe, to haue the blood of your murtherers sprinkled vpon it, then the teares of your friends. And if your soule looke downe vpon this miserable earth, I doubt not it had much rather your death were accompanied with well deserued punishment of the causers of it, then with the heaping on it more sorowes with the end of them, to whom you vouchsafed your affection: let them lament that haue wouen the webbe of lamentation; let their owne deathes make them crie out for your death, that were the authors of it. Therewith carrying manfull sorrow and vindicatiue resolution in his face, he rose vp, so looking on the poore guiltlesse Princesse transported with an vniust iustice, that his eyes were sufficient Heraulds for him, to denounce a mortall hatred. She (whom furies of loue, firebrands of her conscience, shame of the world, with the miserable losse of her husband, towards whom now the disdaine of her selfe bred more loue, with the remembrance of her vision, wherewith shee resolued assuredly the Gods had appointed that shamefull end to be her resting place, had set her mind to no other way but to death) vsed such like speeches to *Philanax*, as shee had before to the shepheards; willing him not to looke vpon her as a woman, but a monster; not as a Princesse, but a traitor to his Prince; not as *Basilius* wife, but as *Basilius* murtherer. She told him how the world required at his hands, the iust demonstration of his friendship; if he now forgot his Prince, he should shew he had neuer loued but his fortune: like those vermine that sucke of the liuing bloud, and leaue the bodie assoone as it is dead, poore Princesse needlesly seeking to kindle him, who did most deadly detest her, which he vttered in this bitter answere. Madame (said he) you do well to hate your selfe, for you cannot hate a worse creature; and though we feele enough your hellish disposition, yet we need not doubt you are of councell to your self of much worse then we know. But now feare not, you shall not long bee cumbred with being guided by so euill a soule, therefore prepare your selfe that if it be possible you may deliuer vp your spirit so much purer, as you more wash your wickednesse with repentance. Then hauing presently giuen order for the bringing from *Mantines*, a great number of tents, for the receit of the principall *Arcadians*: the maner of that countrie being that where the Prince died, there should be orders taken for the countries gouernement, & in the place any murther was committed, the iudgement should be giuen there, before the bodie was buried, both concurring in this matter, and all Arcadie great part of the Nobility being arriued, he deliuered the Princesse to a Gentleman of great trust, & as for *Dametas* taking from him the keyes of both the Lodges,

calling

calling him the moth of his Princes estate, & onely spot of his iudgement, he cauled him with his wife and daughter, to be fettered vp in as many chaines and clogs, as they could beare, and euery third houre to be cruely whipt, till the determinate indgement should be giuen of all those matters. That done, hauing sent already at his comming, to all the quarters of the countrie to seeke *Pamela*, although with small hope of ouertaking them, he himselfe went well accompanied to the Lodge where the two vnfortunate Louers were attending a cruell conclusion of their long, painfull, and late most painfull affection. *Dametas* clownish eyes, hauing beene the only discouerers of *Pyrocles* stratagem, had no sooner taken a full view of them (which in some sights would rather haue bred any thing, then an accusing mind) and locked the dore vpon these two young folkes, now made prisoners for loue, as before they had beene prisoners to loue; but that immediatly vpon his going downe (whether with noyse *Dametas* made, or with the creeping in of the light, or rather that as extreame griefe had procured his sleep, so extreame care had measured his sleepe, giuing his sences a verie early *salue* to come to themselues) *Pyrocles* awaked; and being vp, the first euill hansell he had of the ill case wherein he was, was the seeing himselfe depriued of his sword, from which hee had neuer separated himselfe in any occasion, and euen that night first by the Kings bed, and then there had laid it, as hee thought safe: putting great part of the trust of his well doing in his owne courage so armed. For indeed the confidence in ones selfe is the chiefe nurse of magnanimitie, which confidence notwithstanding doth not leaue the care of necessarie furnitures for it: and therefore of all the Grecians *Homer* doth euer make *Achilles* the best armed. But that, as I say, was the first ill token; but by and by he perceiued hee was a prisoner before any arrest: for the dore which hee had left open, was made so fast of the outside, that for all the force he could employ vnto it, he could not vndo *Dametas* doing; then went he to the windowes, to see if that way there were any escape for him and his deare Ladie, but as vaine he found all his employment there, not hauing might to breake out but onely one barre; wherein notwithstanding he strained his sinewes to the vttermost. And that he rather tooke out to vse for other seruice, then for any possibilitie he had to escape; for euen then it was that *Dametas* hauing gathered together the first comming Shepheards, did blabber out what he had found in the Ladie *Philoclea*s chamber. *Pyrocles* markingly hearkened to all that *Dametas* said, whose voice and mind acquaintance had taught him sufficiently to know. But when he assuredly perceiued that his being with the Ladie *Philoclea* was fully discouered; & by the folly or malice, or rather malicious folly of *Dametas*, her honour therein touched in the highest degree; remembring withall the cruelty of the *Arcadian* lawes, which without exception did condemne all to death, who were found (as *Dametas* reported of them) in act of mariage without solemnitie of mariage; assuring himselfe besides the law, the King and the Queene would vse so much more hate against their daughter, as they had found themselues sotted by him in the pursuite of their loue. Lastly, seeing they were not only in the way of death, but fitly incaged for death, looking with a hartie griefe vpon the honour of loue, the fellowlesse *Phyloclea* (whose innocent soule now enioying his owne goodnesse did little knowe the danger of his euer faire then sleeping harbor) his excellent wit strengthened with vertue, but guided by loue, had soone described to himselfe a perfect vision of their present condition, wherin hauing presently cast a resolute reckening of his owne part of the miserie, not only the chiefe but sole burthen of his anguish consisted in the vnworthy case, which was like to fall vpō the best deseruing *Philoclea*.

He

He saw the misfortune not the mismeaning of his work, was like to bring that creature to end, in whom the world (as he thought) did begin to receiue honour; he saw the weake iudgement of man, would condemne that as death-deseruing vice in her, which had in troth neuer broken the bonds of a true liuing vertue: & how often his eye turned to his attractiue adamant, so often did an vnspeakeable horrour strike his noble heart to consider so vnripe yeares, so faultlesse a beautie, the mansion of so pure goodnesse, should haue her youth so vntimely cut off, her naturall perfections vnnaturally consumed, her vertue rewarded with shame; somtimes he would accuse himselfe of negligence, that had no more curiously looked to all the house entries, & yet could he not imagine the way *Dametas* was gotten in: and to call backe what might haue bin, to a man of wisdō & courage, caries but a vain shadow of discourses; somtimes he could not chuse but with a dissolution of his inward might lamentably consider with what face he might looke vpon his (till then) ioy *Philoclea*, when the next light waking should deliuer vnto her, should perchance be the last of her hurtlesse life. And that the first time she should bend her excellent eyes vpon him, she should see the accursed author of her dreadfull end; & euen this consideration more then any other, did so set it selfe in his well disposed mind, that dispersing his thoughts to all the wayes that might be of her safety, finding a verie small discourse in so narrow limits of time & place, at length in many difficulties he saw none beare any likelihood for her life, but his death. For then he thought it would fal out, that when they found his bodie dead, hauing no accuser but *Dametas*, as by his speech he found there was not, it might iustlie appeare that either *Philoclea* in defending her honour, or else he himself in despaire of atchieuing, had left his carcasse proof of his intent, but witnes of her clearenes. Hauing a small while stayed vpō the greatnesse of his resolution & looked to the furtherest of it: Be it so (said the valiāt *Pyrocles*:) neuer life for better cause, nor to better end was bestowed, for if death be to follow this doing, which no death of mine could make me leaue vndone, who is to die so iustlie as my self? and if I must die, who can be so fit executioners as mine owne hands? which as they were accessaries to the doing, so in killing me they shall suffer their owne punishment. But then arose there a new impediment, for *Dametas* hauing caried away any thing, which he thought might hurt as tender a man as himselfe, he could find no fit instrument which might giue him a finall dispatch: at length making the more haste; least his Lady should awake, taking the yron barre, (which being sharper something at the one end then the other, he hoped ioyn'd to his willing strength, might breake off the feeble threed of mortalitie: truly (said he) fortune thou hast well perseuered mine enemy, that will graunt me no fortune, to be vnfortunate, nor let me haue an easie passage now I am to trouble thee no more. But, said he, ô bar blessed in that thou hast done seruice to the chamber of the paragon of life, since thou couldest not help me to make a perfecter escape, yet serue my turne I pray thee, that I may escape from my selfe, therwithall yet once looking to fetch the last repast of his eyes, and new againe transported with the pitifull case he left her in, kneeling downe he thus prayed. O great maker and great ruler of this world (said he) to thee do I sacrifice this bloud of mine, and suffer (Lord) the errours of my youth, to passe away therin, and let not the soule by thee made, and euer bending vnto thee, be now reiected of thee, ney ther be offended that I do abandon this body, to the gouerment of which thou hadst placed me, without thy leaue; since how can I know but that thy vnsearchable mind is, I should so do, since thou hast taken from me all meanes longer to abide in it? And since the difference stands but in a short time of dying, thou that hast

framed

framed my ſoule inclined to do good, how can I in this ſmall ſpace of mine, bene-
fite ſo much all the humane kind, as in preſeruing thy perfectest workmanſhip, their
chiefeſt honour? O iuſtice it ſelfe, how ſoeuer thou determineſt of me, let this ex-
cellent innocencie not be oppreſſed! Let my life pay her loſſe, ô Lord giue me ſome
ſigne that I may die with this comfort. (And pawling a little as if he had hoped for
ſome token) and whenſoeuer to the eternall darkneſſe of the earth ſhe doth follow
me, let our ſpirits poſſeſſe one place, and let them be more happie in that vniting.
With that word ſtriking the barre vpon his heart ſide with all the force he had, and
falling withall vpon to giue it the thorower paſſage, the barre in troth was too
blunt to do the effect, although it pierced his skinne, and bruſed his ribs verie ſore,
ſo that his breath was almoſt paſt him. But the noiſe of his fall draue away ſleepe
from the quiet ſences of the deare *Philoclea*, whoſe ſweet ſoule had an early ſalutati-
on of a deadly ſpectacle vnto her, with ſo much more aſtoniſhment, as the falling a-
ſleepe but a little before ſhe had retired herſelfe from the vttermoſt point of woful-
neſſe, and ſaw now againe before her eyes the moſt cruel enterpriſe that humane na-
ture can vndertake, without [illegible]erning any cauſe thereof. But the liuely print of her
affection had ſoone taught her not to ſtay long vpon deliberation in ſo vrgent a ne-
ceſſitie: therefore getting with ſpeed her weake, though well accorded limmes out
of her ſweetned bed, as when luels are haſtilie pulled out of ſome rich coffer, ſhee
ſpared not the nakednesſe of her tender feet, but I thinke borne as faſt with deſire as
feare caried *Daphne*, ſhe came running to *Pyrocles*, and finding his ſpirits ſomthing
troubled with the fall; ſhe put by the barre that lay cloſe to him, and ſtraining him
in her moſt beloued embracements, My comfort, my ioy, my life (ſaid ſhe) what haſt
haue you to kill your *Philoclea* with the moſt cruel torment that euer Lady ſuffered?
Do you not yet perſwade your ſelfe that any hurt of yours is a death vnto me? And
that your death ſhould be my hell? Alas, if any ſodaine miſlike of mee (for other
cauſe I ſee none) haue cauſed you to loath your ſelfe, if any fault or defect of mine
hath bred this terribleſt rage in you, rather let me ſuffer the bitterneſſe of it, for ſo
ſhall the deſerner be puniſhed, mankind preſerued from ſuch a ruine, and I for my
part ſhall haue that comfort, that I die by the nobleſt hand that euer drew ſword. *Py-
rocles* grieued with his fortune, that he had not in one inſtant cut off all ſuch delibe-
ration, thinking his life only reſerued to be bound to be the vnhappie newes-teller:
Alas (ſaid he) my only ſtarre, why do you this wrong to God, your ſelfe, and me, to
ſpeake of faults in you; no, no, moſt faultleſſe, moſt perfect Ladie, it is your excel-
lencie that makes me haſten my deſired end, it is the right I owe to the generall na-
ture, that (though againſt priuate nature) makes mee ſeeke the preſeruation of all
that ſhe hath done in this age, let me, let me die. There is no way to ſaue your
life (moſt worthy to be conſerued) then that my death be your clearing: then did he
with far more paine and backward loathneſſe, then the ſo neare killing himſelfe was
(but yet driuen with neceſſitie to make her yeeld, to that he thought was her ſafety)
make her a ſhort, but pithie diſcourſe, what he had heard by *Dametas* ſpeeches, con-
firming the reſt with a plaine demonſtration of their impriſonment. And thē ſought
he new means of ſtopping his breath; but that by *Philocleas* labor, aboue her force,
he was ſtayed to heare her. In whom a man might perceiue what final difference in
the working there is, betwixt a ſimple voidneſſe of euill, and a iudiciall habite of ver-
tue. For ſhe, not with an vnſhaken magnanimity, wherwith *Pyrocles* wayed and de-
ſpiſed death, but with an innocent guiltleſneſſe, not knowing why ſhe ſhold feare to
deliuer her vnſtained ſoule to God, helped with the true louing of *Pyrocles*, which
made

made her thinke no life without him, did almost bring her minde to as quick attending all accidents, as the vnmastred vertue of *Pyrocles*. Yet hauing with a pretty palenesse (which did leaue milken lines vpon her rosie cheekes) paid a little duty to humane feare, taking the Prince by his hand, and kissing the wound he had giuen himselfe; O the only life of my life, and (if it fall out so) the comfort of my death, said she, farre, farre from you, be the doing me such wrong, as to thinke I will receiue my life as a purchase of your death, but well may you make my death so much more miserable, as it shall any thing be delaied after my onely felicitie. Doe you thinke I can accompt of the moment of death, like the vnspeakable afflictions my soule should suffer, so oft as I call *Pyrocles* to minde, which should be as oft as I breathed? Should these eyes guide my steps, that had seene your murder? should these hands feed me, that had not hindred such a mischiefe? Should this heart remaine within me, at euerie pant to count the continuall clock of my miseries? O no, if die we must, let vs thanke death, he hath not diuided so true an vnion. And truly my *Pyrocles*, I haue heard my father, and other wise men say, that the killing ones selfe is but a false colour of true courage, proceeding rather of a feare of a further euil, either of torment or shame. For if it were not a respecting the harme, that would likewise make him not respect what might be done vnto him: and hope, being of all other, the most contrary thing to feare, this being an vtter banishment of hope, it seemes to receiue his ground in feare. Whatsoeuer (would they say) comes out of despaire, cannot beare the title of valure, which should be lifted vp to such a height, that holding all things vnder it selfe, it should be able to maintaine his greatnesse euen in the midst of miseries. Lastly they would say, God had appointed vs Captaines of these our bodily forts, which without treason to that Maiestie, were neuer to be deliuered ouer till they were redemaunded. *Pyrocles*, who had that for a lawe vnto him, not to leaue *Philoclea* in any thing vnsatisfied, although he stil remained in his former purpose, and knew that time would growe short for it, yet hearing no noise (the shepheardes being as then run to *Basilius*) with setled and humble countenance, as a man that should haue spoken of a thing that did not concerne himselfe, bearing cue in his eyes sufficient shewes, that it was nothing but *Philocleas* danger, which did any thing burthen his heart, farre stronger then fortune, having with vehement embracings of her, got yet some fruit of his delayed end, he thus answered the wise innocencie of *Philoclea*. Lady most worthy not only of life, but to be the verie life of all things: the more notable demonstrations you make of the loue, so farre beyond my desert, with which it pleaseth you to ouercome fortune, in making me happie; the more am I euen in course of humanitie (to leaue that loues force, which I neither can nor will leaue) bound to seeke requitals witnesse, that I am not vngratefull to do which the infiniteneſſe, of your goodnesse being such as it cannot reach vnto it, yet doing all I can, & paying my life, which is all I haue, though it be farre (without measure) short of your desert, yet shal I not die in debt, to mine own duty. And truly the more excellent arguments you made, to keepe me from this passage, imagined far more terrible then it is; the more plainely it makes me see what reason I haue, to preuent the losse not only of *Arcadia*, but all the face of the earth should receiue, if such a tree (which euen in his first spring, doth not onely beare most beautiful blossoms, but most rare fruits) should be so vntimely cut off. Therfore, ô most truly beloued Lady, to whom I desire for both our goods, that these may be my last words, giue me your consent euen out of that wisdome which must needs see, that (besides your vnmatched betterneſſe, which perchaunce you wil not see) it is fitter one

die

die then both. And ſince you haue ſufficiently ſhewed you loue me, let me claime by that loue, you wil be content rather to let me die contentedly, then wretchedly: rather with a cleare and ioyful conſcience, then with deſperate condemnation in my ſelfe, that I accurſed villaine, ſhould be the meane of baniſhing from the ſight of men the true example of vertue. And becauſe there is nothing left me to be imagined, which I ſo much deſire, as that the memory of *Pyrocles* may euer haue an allowed place in your wiſe iudgement, I am content to draw ſo much breath longer, as by anſwering the ſweete obiections you alledged, may bequeath (as I thinke) a right conceite vnto you, that this my doing is out of iudgement, and not ſprong of paſſion. Your father you ſay was wont to ſay, that this like action doth more proceed of feare of further euil or ſhame, then of a true courage: Truly firſt, they put a very geſſing caſe, ſpeaking of them who can neuer after come to tel, with what mind they did it. And as for my part, I call the immortall truth to witneſſe, that no feare of torment can appall me: who know it is but diuerſe manners of apparelling death: and haue long learned, to ſet bodily paine but in the ſecond forme of my being. And as for ſhame, how can I be aſhamed of that, for which my wel meaning conſcience wil anſwere for me to God, and your vnreſiſtable beautie to the world? But to take that argument in his owne force, and grant it done for auoiding of further paine or diſhonor, (for as for the name of feare, it is but an odious title of a paſſion, giuen to that which true iudgement performeth) graunt, I ſay, it is, to ſhunne a worſe caſe, and truly I do not ſee, but that true fortitude, looking into al humane things with a perſiſting reſolution, carried away neither with wonder of pleaſing things, nor aſtoniſhment of the vnpleaſant, doth not yet depriue it ſelfe of the diſcerning the difference of euil, but rather is the only vertue, which with an aſſured tranquillitie ſhunnes the greater by the valiant entring into the leſſe. Thus for his countries ſaftie he wil ſpend his life, for the ſauing of a lim, he wil not niggardly ſpare his goods; for the ſauing of all his bodie, he wil not ſpare the cutting off a limme, where indeed the weake harted man wil rather die, then ſee the face of a ſurgeon: who might with as good reaſon ſay, that the conſtant man abides the painfull ſurgery, for feare of a further euill: but he is content to waite for death it ſelfe, but neither is true; for neither hath the one any feare, but a well chooſing iudgement: nor the other hath any contentment, but onely feare; and not hauing a heart actiuely to performe a matter of paine, is forced paſſiuely to abide a greater damage. For to do, requires a whole hart; to ſuffer falleth eaſilieſt in the broken minds. And if in bodily torment thus, much more in ſhame; wherein ſince valure is a vertue, and vertue is euer limited, we muſt not runne ſo infinitely, as to thinke the valiant man is willingly to ſuffer any thing, ſince the verie ſuffering of ſome things is a certaine proofe of want of courage. And if any thing vnwillingly, among the chiefeſt may ſhame go: for if honour be to be held deere, his contrarie is to be abhorred, and that not for feare, but of a true election. For which is the leſſe inconuenient, either the loſſe of ſome yeares more or leſſe (for once we know our liues be not immortall) or the ſubmitting our ſelues to each vnworthie miſerie, which the fooliſh world may lay vpon vs? As for their reaſon, that feare is contrarie to hope, neither do I defend feare, nor much yeeld to the authoritie of hope; to either of which great inclyning ſhewes but a feeble reaſon, which muſt be guided by his ſeruants: and who builds not vpon hope, ſhall feare no earthquake of deſpaire. Their laſt alleaging of the heauenly powers, as it beares the greateſt name, ſo it is the onely thing, that at all bred any combate in my minde. And yet I do not ſee, but that if God hath made vs

maiſters

maisters of any thing, it is of our owne liues; out of which without doing wrong to any body, wee are to issue at our owne pleasure. And the same argument would asmuch preuaile to say we should for no necessitie lay away from vs, any of our ioynts, since they being made of him, without his warrant wee should not depart from them; or if that may be, for a greater cause we may passe to a greater degree. And if we be Lieutenants of God, in this little Castle, doe you not thinke we must take warning of him to giue ouer our charge when hee leaues vs vnprouided of good meanes to tarrie in it? No certainlie do I not, answered the sorrowfull *Philoclea*, since it is not for vs to appoint that mighty Maiestie, what time hee will helpe vs: the vttermost instant is scope enough for him, to reuoke euerie thing to ones owne desire. And therefore to preiudicate his determination, is but a doubt of goodnesse in him, who is nothing but goodnesse. But when indeede he doth either by sickenesse, or outward force lay death vpon vs, then are wee to take knowledge that such is his pleasure, and to know that all is well that he doth. That we should be maisters of our selues, we can shew at all no title nor claime; since neither wee made our selues, nor bought our selues, we can stand vpon no other right but his gift, which hee must limit as it pleaseth him. Neither is there any proportion betwixt the losse of any other limme and that, since the one bends to the preseruing all, the other to the destruction of all; the one takes not away the minde from the actions for which it is placed in the world, the other cuts off all possibilitie of his working. And truely my most deare *Pyrocles*, I must needs protest vnto you, that I cannot thinke your defence euen in rules of vertue sufficient. Sufficient and excellent it were, if the question were of two outward things, wherein a man might by natures freedome determine, whether he would preferre shame to paine, present smaller torment, to greater following, or no. But to this (besides the comparison of the matters valures) there is added of the one part a direct euill doing, which maketh the ballance of that side too much vnequall: since a vertuous man without any respect, whether the griefe be lesse or more, is neuer to do that which hee can not assure himselfe is allowable before the euerliuing rightfulnesse; but rather is to thinke honours or shames, which stand in other mens true or false iudgements, paines or not paines, which yet neuer approach our soules, to be nothing in regard of an vnspotted conscience. And these reasons do I remember, I haue heard good men bring in, that since it hath not his ground in an assured vertue, it proceedes rather of some other disguised passion. *Pyrocles* was not so much perswaded as delighted, by her well conceiued and sweetelie pronounced speeches; but when shee had closed her pittifull discourse, and as it were sealed vp her delightfull lippes, with the moistnesse of her teares, which followed still one another like a precious rope of pearle: now thinking it hye time; Bee it as you say (saide he most vertuous beautie) in all the rest, but neuer can God himselfe perswade mee, that *Pyrocles* life is not well lost, for to preserue the most admirable *Philoclea*. Let that be if it be possible written on my Tombe, and I will not enuie *Codrus* honour. With that hee would againe haue vsed the barre, meaning if that failed, to deaue his braines vpon the wall; when *Philoclea* now brought to that shee most feared, kneeled downe vnto him, and embracing so his legges, that without hurting her (which for nothing hee would haue done) hee could not ridde himselfe from her, shee did with all the coniuring words, which the authoritie of loue may lay, beseech him, hee would not now so cruellie abandon her, hee would not leaue her comfortlesse in that miserie, to which he had brought her. That then

indeede ſhee would euen in her ſoule accuſe him, to haue moſt foully betrayed her; that then ſhe ſhould haue cauſe to curſe the time that euer the name of *Pyrocles* came to her eares, which otherwiſe no death could make her doe. Will you leaue me, ſaide ſhee, not onely diſhonoured as ſuppoſed vnchaſte with you, but as a murderer of you? Will you giue mine eyes ſuch a picture of hell, before my neere approching death, as to ſee the murdred bodie of him I loue more then all the liues that nature can giue? With that ſhee ſware by the hyeſt cauſe of all deuotions, that if he did perſeuere in that cruell reſolution, ſhe would (though vntruly) not only confeſſe to her father, that with her conſent this acte had been committed, but if that would not ſerue (after ſhe had puld out her owne eyes, made accurſed by ſuch a ſight) ſhee would giue her ſelfe ſo terrible a death, as ſhee might thinke the paine of it would counteruaile the neuer dying paine of her mind. Now therefore kill your ſelfe, to crowne this vertuous action with infamy: kill your ſelfe to make mee (whom you ſay you loue) as long as I after liue, change my louing admiration of you, to a deteſtable abhorring your name. And ſo indeede you ſhall haue the ende you ſhoote at: for in ſteede of one death, you ſhall giue mee a thouſand, and yet in the meane time, depriue me of the helpe God may ſend mee. *Pyrocles* euen ouerwayed vvith her ſo wiſely vttered affection, finding her determination ſo fixed, that his ende ſhould but depriue them both of a preſent contentment, and not auoide a comming euill (as a man that ranne not vnto it, by a ſodaine qualme of paſſion, but by a true vſe of reaſon, preferring her life to his owne) now that wiſedome did manifeſt vnto him, that way would not preuaile, hee retired himſelfe, with as much tranquillitie from it, as before hee had gone vnto it. Like a man, that had ſet the keeping or leauing of the bodie, as a thing without himſelfe, and ſo had thereof a freed and vntroubled conſideration. Therefore throwing away the barre from him, and taking her vp from the place, where hee thought the conſummating of all beauties, verie vnworthilie lay, ſuffering all his ſences to deuoure vp their chiefeſt foode, which hee aſſured himſelfe they ſhould ſhortly after for euer be depriued off: well, ſaide he, moſt deere Ladie, whoſe contentment I preferre before mine owne, and iudgement eſteeme more then mine owne, I yeeld vnto your pleaſure. The gods ſend you haue not wonne your owne loſſe. For my part they are my witneſſes, that I thinke I do more at your commaundement, in delaying my death, then another would in beſtowing his life. But now, ſaid he, as thus farre I haue yeelded vnto you, ſo graunt me in recompence thus much againe, that I may finde your loue in graunting, as you haue found your authoritie in obtaining. My humble ſuite is, you will ſay I came in by force into your Chamber, for ſo am I reſolued now to affirme, and that will be the beſt for vs both; but in no caſe name my name, that whatſoeuer come of mee, my houſe be not diſhonoured. *Philoclea* fearing leaſt refuſall would turne him backe againe to his violent refuge, gaue him a certaine countenance, that might ſhew ſhee did yeeld to his requeſt, the latter part whereof indeede ſhee meant for his ſake to performe. Neither could they ſpend more words together: for *Phlanax*, with twentie of the nobleſt perſonages of *Arcadia* after him, were come into the Lodge, *Philanax* making the reſt ſtay belowe, for the reuerence hee bare to womanhood, as ſtillie as he could came to the dore, and opening it, drew the eyes of theſe two dolefull louers vpon him. *Philoclea* cloſing againe for modeſtie ſake, within her bed the riches of her beauties, but *Pyrocles* tooke holde of his barre, minding at leaſt to die, before the excellent *Philoclea* ſhould receiue any outrage. But *Philanax* reſted awhile

awhile vpon himselfe, striken vvith admiration at the goodlie shape of *Pyrocles*, whom before he had neuer seene, and withall remembring besides others the notableact hee had done (when with his courage and eloquence, hee had saued *Basilius*, perchaunce the whole state from vtter-ruine) hee felt a kind of relenting minde towards him. But when that same thought came waited on with the remembrance of his maisters death, which he by all probabilities, thought he had bin of Counsell vnto with the Queen, compasion turned to hatefull pasion, and left in *Philanax* a strange medley, betwixt pittie and reuenge, betwixt lyking and abhorring. O Lord, said he to himselfe, what wonders dooth nature in our time, to set wickednesse so beautifully garnished? and that which is strangest, out of one spring to make wonderfull effects both of vertue and vice to issue? *Pyrocles* seeing him in such a muse, neither knowing the man, nor the cause of his comming, but assuring himselfe, it was for no good, yet thought best to begin with him in this sort. Gentleman said he, what is the cause of your comming to my Lady *Philoclea*s chamber? Is it to defend her from such violence, as I might goe about to offer vnto her? if it be so, truly your comming is vaine, for her owne vertue hath bin a sufficient resistance, there needs no strength to be added to so inuiolate chastitie, the excellencie of her mind makes her body impregnable. Which for mine owne part I had soone yeelded to confesse, with going out of this place (where I found but little comfort being so disdainfully receiued) had I not beene, I know not by whom presently vpon my comming hither, so locked into this chamber, that I could neuer escape hence: where I was fettred in the most guilty shame, that euer man was, seeing what a paradise of vn spotted goodnes, my filthy thoughts sought to defile. If for that therfore you come, already I assure you your errand is performed; but if it be to bring me to any punishment whatsoeuer, for hauing vndertaken so inexcusable presumption; truly I beare such an accuser about me of mine owne conscience, that I willingly submit my selfe vnto it. Onely this much let me demand of you, that you wil be a witnes vnto the king what you hear me say, & oppose your self, that neither his sodain fury, nor any other occasion may offer any hurt to this Lady; in whom you see nature hath accomplished so much, that I am faine to lay mine owne faultinesse, as a foile of her pureſt excellency. I can saie no more, but looke vpon her beautie, remember her blood, consider her yeeres, and iudge rightlie of her vertues, and I doubt not a gentlemans mind, will then be a sufficient instructer vnto you, in this I may tearme it miserable chance, happened vnto her by my vnbridled audacity. *Philanax* was content to heare him out, not for any fauour he owed him, but to see whether hee would reueale any thing of the originall cause, and purpose of the kings death. But finding it so far from that, that he named *Basilius* vnto him, as supposing him aliue, thinking it rather cunning then ignorance: Yong man, said he, whom I haue cause to hate, before I haue meane to knowe, you vse but a point of skill, by confessing the manifest smaller fault, to be beleeued hereafter in the deniall of the greater. But for that matter, all passeth to one end, and hereafter we shall haue leasure by torments to seeke the truth, if the loue of truth it selfe will not bring you vnto it. As for my Lady *Philoclea*, if it so fal out as you say, it shal be the more fit for her yeers, & comly for the great house shee is come of, that an ill gouerned beautie hath not cancelled the rules of vertue. But howsoeuer it be, it is not for you to teach an *Arcadian*, what reuerent dutie we owe vnto any of that progenie. But, said he, come with mee without resistance, for the one cannot auaile, and the other may procure pitie. Pitie? said *Pyrocles*, with a bitter smiling, disdained with so curriſh an answere: no, no,

Arcadian, I can quickly haue pittie of my ſelfe, and would thinke my life moſt miſerable, which ſhould be a gift of thine. Only I demaund this innocent Ladies ſecuritie, which vntill thou haſt confirmed vnto me by an oath, aſſure thy ſelfe, the firſt that layes hands vpon her ſhall leaue his life, for a teſtimony of his ſacriledge. *Philanax* with an inward ſcorne thinking it moſt manifeſt they were both, be at leaſt, of counſel with the kings death, Wel, ſaid he, you ſpeake much to me of the king: I do here ſweare vnto you, by the loue I haue euer borne him, thee ſhall haue no worſe, howſoeuer it fal out, then her own parents. And vpō that word of yours I yeeld ſaid the poore *Pyrocles*, deceiued by him that meant not to deceiue him. Then did *Philanax* deliuer him into the hands of a nobleman in the company, euery one deſirous to haue him in his charge, ſo much did his goodly preſence (wherin true valure ſhined) breed a delightfull admiration in all the beholders. *Philanax* himſelfe ſtayed with *Philoclea*, to ſee whether of her he might learne ſome diſcloſing of this former concluſion. But ſhe ſweet Lady whom firſt a kindly ſhame [illegible] from *Pyrocles* (hauing been left in a more open view then her modeſty would well beare) then the attending her fathers coming, & ſtudying how to behaue her ſelf towards him for both their ſafeties, had called her ſpirits all within her; now that vpō a ſodain *Pyrocles* was deliuered out of the chamber from her, at the firſt ſhe was ſo ſurprized with the extreame ſtroke of the wofull ſight, that like thoſe that in their dreames are taken with ſome vgly viſion, they would faine cry for help, but haue no force, ſo remained ſhe a while quite depriued not only of ſpeech, but almoſt of any other liuely action. But when indeed *Pyrocles* was quite drawn from her eyes, and that her vitall ſtrength began to return vnto her, now not knowing what they did to *Pyrocles*, but (according to the nature of loue) fearing the worſt, wringing her hands, & letting abundance of teares be the firſt part of her eloquence, bending her amber-crowned head ouer her bed ſide to the hard-harted *Philanax*; O *Philanax*, *Philanax*, ſaid ſhe, I know how much authority you haue with my father: there is no man whoſe wiſdom he ſo much eſteemes, nor whoſe faith ſo much he repoſeth vpon. Remember how oft you haue promiſed your ſeruice vnto me, how oft you haue giuen me occaſion to beleeue that there was no Lady in whoſe fauor you more deſired to remain: and if the remembrance be not vnpleaſant to your mind, or the rehearſall vnfitting for my fortune, remember there was a time when I could deſerue it. Now my chaunce is turned, let not your truth turne. I preſent my ſelfe vnto you, the moſt humble and miſerable ſuppliant liuing, neither ſhall my deſire be great: I ſeeke for no more life then I ſhall be found worthy of. If my bloud may waſh away the diſhonor of *Arcadia*, ſpare it not, although through me it hath indeed neuer been diſhonored. My only ſute is, you wil be a meane for me, that while I am ſuffered to enioy this life, I may not be ſeparated from him, to whom the Gods haue ioyned me, and that you determine nothing of him more cruelly then you doe of me. If you rightly iudge of what hath paſt, wherein the Gods (that ſhould haue beene of our mariage) are witneſſes of our innocencies; then procure, wee may liue together. But if my father will not ſo conceiue of vs, as the fault (if any were) was vnited, ſo let the puniſhment be vnited alſo. There was no man that euer loued either his Prince, or any thing pertaining to him, with a truer zeale then *Philanax* did. This made him euen to the depth of his heart receiue a moſt vehement grief, to ſee his maiſter made as it were more miſerable after death. And for himſelfe, calling to mind in what ſort his life had bin preſerued by *Philoclea*, what time taken by *Amphialus* he was like to ſuffer a cruel death, there was nothing could haue kept him from falling to tender

pitie,

pittie, but the perfect perſwaſion he had, that all this was ioyned to the packe of his maſters death, which the miſconceiued ſpeech of marriage made him the more beleeue. Therefore firſt muttering to himſelfe ſuch like words: The violence the gentleman ſpake of, is now turned to mariage: hee alledged *Mars*, but ſhee ſpeakes of *Venus*. O vnfortunate maſter! This hath bene that faire diuell *Gynecia*: ſent away one of her daughters, proſtituted the other, empoyſoned thee, to ouerthrow the diademe of *Arcadia*. But at length thus vnto her ſelfe he ſaid: If your father, Madame, were now to ſpeake vnto, truly there ſhould no body be found a more ready aduocate for you then my ſelfe. For I would ſuffer this fault, though verie great, to be blotted out of my minde, by your former led life, your benefit towards my ſelfe, and being daughter to ſuch a father. But ſince among your ſelues you haue taken him away, in whom was the only power to haue mercy, you muſt now be clothed in your owne working: and looke for none other, then that which dead pittileſſe lawes may allot vnto you. For my part, I loued you for your vertue, but now where is that? I loued you in reſpect of a priuate benefit, what is that in compariſon of the publik loſſe? I loued you for your father, vnhappy folks you haue robbed the world of him. Theſe words of her father were ſo little vnderſtood by the only well vnderſtanding *Philoclea*, that ſhe deſired him to tell her, what he meant to ſpeake in ſuch darke ſort vnto her of her Lord & father, whoſe diſpleaſure was more dreadfull vnto her, then her puniſhment: that ſhee was free in her owne conſcience, ſhe had neuer deſerued euill of him, no not in this laſt fact: wherein if it pleaſed him to to proceed with patience, he ſhould finde her choiſe had not bene vnfortunate. He that ſaw her words written in the plaine table of her faire face, thought it impoſſible there ſhould therein be contained deceit: and therefore ſo much the more abaſhed: Why, ſaid he, Madame, would you haue me think, you are not of conſpiracy with the Princeſſe *Pamelas* flight, & your fathers death? with that word the ſweet Ladie gaue a pittifull crie, hauing ſtreight in her face & breaſt abundance of witneſſes, that her heart was far from any ſuch abhominable conſent. Ah of all ſides vtterly ruined *Philoclea*, ſaid ſhee, now indeede I may well ſuffer all conceit of hope to dye in me. Deare father, where was I, that might not do you my laſt ſeruice before ſoone after miſerably following you? *Philanax* perceiued the demonſtration ſo liuely & true in her, that he eaſily acquited her in his heart of that fact, and the more was moued to ioyne with her in moſt hartie lamentation. But remembring him, that the burthen of the ſtate, and puniſhment of his maſters murderers, lay all vpon him: Well, ſaid he, Madame, I can do nothing, without all the ſtates of *Arcadia*: what they will determine of you, I know not: for my part your ſpeeches would much preuaile with me, but that I finde not how to excuſe your giuing ouer your body to him, that for the laſt proofe of his treaſon, lent his garments to diſguiſe your miſerable mother, in the moſt vile fact ſhe hath cõmitted. Hard ſure it will be to ſeparate your cauſes, with whome you haue ſo neerely ioyned your ſelfe. Neither do I deſire it, ſaid the ſweetly weeping *Philoclea*: whatſoeuer you determine of him, do that likewiſe to me; for I know, from the fountaine of vertue nothing but vertue could euer proceede; onely as you finde him faultleſſe, let him finde you fauorable, and build not my diſhonor vpõ ſurmiſes. *Philanax* feeling his hart more & more mollifying vnto her, renewed the image of his dead maſter in his fancie, and vſing that for the ſpurs of his reuẽgefull choler, went ſuddenly, without any more ſpeech, from the deſolate Lady, to whom nowe fortune ſeemed to threaten vnripe death, and vndeſerued ſhame among her leaſt euils. But *Philanax* leauing good guard vpon the Lodge,

went himſelfe to ſee the order of his other priſoners, whom euen then as he iſſued, he found increaſed by this vnhoped meanes.

The noble *Pamela* hauing deliuered ouer the burthen of her fearfull cares to the naturall eaſe of a well refreſhing ſleepe, repoſed both mind & bodie vpon the truſted ſupport of her princely ſhepheard, when with the braying cries of a raſcall cõpany ſhe was robbed of her quiet; ſo that at one inſtãt ſhe opened her eyes, & the enraged *Muſidorus* roſe from her, enraged betwixt the doubt he had what theſe men would go about, and the ſpite he conceiued againſt their ill-pleaſing preſence. But the clownes hauing with their hideous noyſe brought them both to their feet, had ſoone knowledge what gueſts they had found, for indeed theſe were the skummy remnant of thoſe rebels, whoſe naughtie minds could not truſt ſo much to the goodneſſe of their Prince, as to lay their hang-worthy necks vpon the conſtancie of his promiſed pardon. Therefore when the reſt (who as ſheepe had but followed their fellowes) ſo ſheepiſhly had ſubmitted themſelues, theſe only commited their ſafetie to the thickeſt part of thoſe deſert woods: who as they were in the conſtitution of their mindes little better then beaſts, ſo were they apt to degenerate to a beaſtly kind of life, hauing now framed their gluttoniſh ſtomacks to haue for food the wilde benefits of nature, the vttermoſt end they had, being but to draw out (as much as they could) the line of a tedious life. In this ſort vagabonding in thoſe vntroden places, they were guided by the euerlaſting Iuſtice, vſing themſelues to be puniſhers of their faults, and making their owne actions the beginning of their chaſtizements, (vnhappily both for him and themſelues) to light on *Muſidorus*. Whom as ſoone as they ſaw turned towards them, they full well remembred it was he, that accompanied with *Baſilius*, had come to the ſuccour of *Zelmane*: and had left among ſome of them bloudie tokens of his valour. As for *Pamela*, they had manie times ſeene her. Thus firſt ſturred vp with a ruſticall reuenge againſt him, and then deſire of ſpoyle, to help their miſerable wants, but chiefely thinking it was the way to confirme their owne pardon, to bring the Princeſſe backe vnto her father (whom they were ſure he would neuer haue ſent ſo farre ſo ſlightly accompanied) without any other denouncing of warre, ſet altogether vpon the worthie *Muſidorus*. Who being before hand aſmuch enflamed againſt them, gaue them ſo braue a welcome, that the ſmart of ſome made the reſt ſtand further off, crying and prating againſt him, but like bad curres, rather barking then cloaſing: he in the meane time placing his trembling Lady to one of the Pyne trees, and ſo ſetting himſelfe before her, as might ſhewe the cauſe of his courage grew in himſelfe, but the effect was onely employed in her defence, the villaines that now had a ſecond proofe, how ill wards they had for ſuch a ſword, turned al the courſe of their violẽce into throwing darts and ſtones, indeed the only way to ouermaiſter the valour of *Muſidorus*. Who finding them ſomealreadie touch, ſome fall ſo neere his chiefeſt life *Pamela*, that in the end ſome one or other might hap to do an vnſuccourable miſchiefe, ſetting all his hope in deſpaire, ran out from his Lady among them. Who ſtreight like ſo manie ſwine, when a hardie maſtife ſets vpon them, diſperſed themſelues. But the firſt he ouertooke, as he ran away, carying his head as farre before him, as thoſe manner of runnings are wont to doe, with one blowe ſtrake it ſo cleane off, that it falling betwixt the hands, and the bodie falling vpon it, it made a ſhew as though the fellow had had great haſte to gather vp his head againe. Another the ſpeed he made to runne for the beſt game, bare him full butt againſt a tree, ſo that tumbling backe with a bruſed face, and a dreadfull expectation, *Muſidorus*

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was straight vpon him: & parting with his sword one of his legs from him, left him to make a roring lamentatiō that his morter-treading was marred for euer. A third finding his feet too slowe, aswell as his hands too weake, sodainly turned backe, beginning to open his lippes for mercy. But before he had well entred a rudely compiled oration, *Musidorus* blade was come betweene his iawes into his throat, and so the poore man rested there for euer with a very euill mouth full of an vnswer. *Musidorus* in this furious chase would haue followed some other of these hatefull wretches, but that he heard his Lady crie for helpe, whom three of this villanous crue, had (whiles *Musidorus* followed their fellowes) compassing about some trees, sodainely come vpon and surprised, threatning to kill her if she cried, and meaning to conuey her out of sight, while the Prince was making his bloud-thirsty chase. But she that was resolued, no worse thing could fall vnto her, then the being depriued of him, on whom she had established all her comfort, with a pittifull cry fetched his eyes vnto her: who then thinking so many weapons thrust into his eies, as with his eyes he saw bent against her, made all heartie speed to her succour. But one of them wiser then his companions, set his dagger to her Alablaster throat, swearing if hee threw not away his sword, he would presently kill her. There was neuer poore scholler, that hauing in steede of his booke some playing toy about him, did more sodainely cast it from him, at the child-feared presence of a cruell Schoolmaister, then the valiant *Musidorus* discharged himselfe of his onely defence, when he saw it stood vpon the instant point of his Ladies life. And holding vp his noble hands to so vnworthy audience, O *Arcadians*, it is I that haue done you the wrong, she is your Princesse (said he) she neuer had will to hurt you, and you see shee hath no power. Vse your choler vpon me that haue better deserued it, do not your selues the wrong to do her any hurt, which in no time or place will euer be forgiuen you. They that yet trusted not to his curtesie, bad him stand further off from his sword, which he obediently did. So farre was loue aboue all other things in him. Then did they call together the rest of their fellowes, who though they were few, yet according to their number possessed manie places. And then began these sauage Senators to make a consultation, what they should do: some wishing to spoile them of their iewels and let them go on their iourney (for that if they carried them back, they were sure they should haue least part of their pray) others preferring their old homes to any thing, desired to bring them to *Basilius* as pledges of their suretie: and there wanted not which cried the safest way was to kil them both; to such an vnworthy thraldom were these great and excellent personages brought. But the most part resisted to the killing of the Princesse, fore-seeing their liues would neuer be safe after such a fact committed: and began to wish rather the spoile then death of *Musidorus*: when the villaine that had his leg cut off, came crawling towards them, and being helped to them by one of the companie, began with a groning voice, and a disfigured face, to demaund the reuenge of his bloud, which since hee had spent with them in their defence, it were no reason he should be suffered by them to die discontented. The only contentment he required was, that by their help with his owne hands he might put his murtherer to some cruell death: he would faine haue cried more against *Musidorus*, but that the much losse of bloud helped on with this vehemencie, choked vp the spirits of his life, leauing him to make betwixt his body and soule an ill fauoured partition. But they seeing their fellow in that sort dy before their faces, did swell in new mortall rages. All resolued to kill him, but now onely considering what manner of terrible death they should inuent for him. This

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was a while the agreement of his ſlaying, broken by diſagreement of the manner of it; and extremity of cruelty grew for a time to be the ſtop of cruelty. At length they were reſolued, euery one to haue a peece of him, and to become all aſwell hangmen, as iudges: when *Pamela* tearing her haire, and falling downe among them, ſometimes with all the ſort of humble prayers, mixt with promiſes of great good turnes (which they knew her ſtate was able to performe) ſomtimes threatning them, that if they kild him and not her, ſhe would not only reuenge it vpon them, but vpon all their wiues and children: bidding them conſider that though they might think ſhe was come away in her fathers diſpleaſure, yet they might be ſure hee would euer ſhew himſelfe a father, that the Gods would neuer if ſhe liued, put her in ſo baſe eſtate, but that ſhe ſhould haue abilitie to plague ſuch as they were, returning afreſh to prayers & promiſes, and mixing the ſame again with threatnings, brought them who were now growne colder in their fellowes cauſe (who was paſt aggrauating the matter, with his cryes) to determine with themſelues there was no way, but either to kill them both, or ſaue them both. As for the killing, alreadie they hauing anſwered themſelues that that was a way to make them Citizens of the woods for euer; they did in fine conclude they would returne them backe againe to the king, which they did not doubt, would be cauſe of a great reward, beſides their ſafetie from their fore-deſerued puniſhment. Thus hauing either by fortune, or the force of thoſe two louers inward working vertue, ſetled their cruell hearts to this gentler courſe, they took the two horſes, and hauing ſet vpon them their princely priſoners, they returned towards the lodge. The villaines hauing decked all their heads with lawrell branches, as thinking they had done a notable act, ſinging and ſhowting, ran by them, in hope to haue brought them the ſame day againe to the king. But the time was ſo farre ſpent, that they were forced to take vp that nights lodging in the middeſt of the woods. Where while the clownes cõtinued their watch about them, now that the night, according to his darke nature, did adde a kinde of deſolation to the penſiue hearts of theſe two afflicted louers, *Muſidorus* taking the tender hand of *Pamela*, & bedeawing it with his tears, in this ſort gaue an iſſue to the ſwelling of his hearts griefe. Moſt excellent Lady ſaid hee; in what caſe thinke you am I with my ſelf, how vnmerciful iudgements do I laie vpon my ſoul, now that I know not what God hath ſo reuerſed my well meaning enterpriſe, as in ſteed of doing you that honour which I hoped (& not without reaſon hoped) *Theſſalia* ſhold haue yeelded vnto you, am now like to becom a wretched inſtrumẽt of your diſcomfort? Alas how contrarie an end haue all the inclinations of my minde taken! my faith falles out a treaſon vnto you, and the true honour I beare you, is the field wherein your diſhonour is like to be ſowne! But I inuoke that vniuerſall and only wiſdome (which examining the depth of hearts, hath not his iudgement fixed vpon the euent) to bear teſtimony with me, that my deſire though in extreameſt vehemency, yet did not ſo ouercharge my remẽbrance, but that as far as mans wit might be extended, I ſought to preuent all things that might fall to your hurt. But now that all the euill fortunes of euil fortune haue croſſed my beſt framed intent, I am moſt miſerable in that, that I cannot only not giue you help, but which is worſt of all, am barred from giuing you counſell. For how ſhould I open my mouth to counſell you in that, wherein by my counſell you are moſt vndeſeruedly fallen? The faire & wiſe *Pamela*, although full of cares of the vnhappy turning of this matter, yet ſeeing the griefe of *Muſidorus* only ſtirred for her, did ſo tread downe all other motions with the true force of vertue, that ſhe thus anſwered him, hauing firſt kiſſed him, which before ſhee had

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neuer loue commanding her, which doubted how long they ſhould enioy one another; or of a liuely ſpark of noblenes, to deſcend in moſt fauor to one, whē he is loweſt in affliction. My deare, and euer deare *Muſidorus* (ſaid ſhe) a greater wrong doe you to your ſelf, that wil torment you thus with grief for the fault of fortune. Since a man is bound no further to himſelfe, then to doe wiſely; chance is only to trouble them that ſtand vpon chaunce. But greater is the wrong (at leaſt if any thing that comes from you may beare the name of wrong) you doe vnto me, to thinke me either ſo childiſh, as not to perceiue your faithfull faultleſneſſe; or perceiuing it, ſo baſely diſpoſed, as to let my heart be ouerthrowen, ſtanding vpon it ſelf in ſo vnſpotted a pureneſſe. Hold for certain, moſt worthy *Muſidorus*, it is your ſelf I loue, which can no more be diminiſhed by theſe ſhowers of euill hap, then flowers are marred with the timely raines of April. For how can I want comfort that haue the true and liuing comfort of my vnblemiſhed vertue? And how can I want honour, as long as *Muſidorus* in whom indeed honor is, doth honor me? Nothing bred from my ſelfe can diſcomfort me: and fooles opinions I will not recken as diſhonour. *Muſidorus* looking vp to the ſtarres, O mind of minds (ſaid he) the liuing power of all things, which doeſt with al theſe eies behold our euer varying actions, accept into thy fauorable ears this praier of mine: If I may any longer hold out this dwelling on the earth which is called a life, grant me ability to deſerue at this Ladies hands the grace ſhee hath ſhewed vnto me, grant me wiſdome to know her wiſdome, and goodneſſe ſo to encreaſe my loue of her goodneſſe, that all mine owne choſen deſires, be to my ſelfe but ſecond to her determinations. Whatſoeuer I be, let it be to her ſeruice: let mee herein be ſatisfied, that for ſuch infinite fauours of vertue, I haue ſome way wrought her ſatisfaction. But if my laſt time approcheth, and that I am no longer to be amongſt mortall creatures, make yet my death ſerue her to ſome purpoſe, that hereafter ſhe may not haue cauſe to repent her ſelfe that ſhe beſtowed ſo excellent a mind vpon *Muſidorus*. *Pamela* could not chuſe but accord the cōceit of their fortune to theſe paſſionate praiers, in ſo much that her conſtant eyes yeelded ſome teares, which wiping from her faire face with *Muſidorus* hand, ſpeaking ſoftly vnto him, as if ſhee had feared more any body ſhould be witneſſe of her weakneſſe, then of any thing elſe ſhee had ſaid, You ſee, ſaid ſhe, my Prince and onely Lord, what you worke in me by your too much grieuing for me. I pray you think I haue no ioy but in you, and if you fil that with ſorrow, what do you leaue for me? What is prepared for vs we know not; but that with ſorow we cannot preuent it, we know. Now let vs turne from theſe things, & think you how you wil haue me behaue my ſelf towards you in this matter. *Muſidorus* finding the authoritie of her ſpeech confirmed with direct neceſſitie, the firſt care came to his minde was of his deare friend and couſin *Pyrocles*: with whom long before he had concluded what names they ſhould beare, if vpon any occaſion they were forced to giue themſelues out for great men, and yet not make themſelues fully known. Now fearing leaſt if the Princeſs ſhould name him for *Muſidorus*, the fame of their two being together, would diſcouer *Pyrocles*; holding her hand betwixt his hands a good while together: I did not thinke moſt excellent Princeſſe, ſaid he, to haue made any further requeſt vnto you: for hauing beene alreadie to you ſo vnfortunate a ſuiter, I know not what modeſty can beare any further demand. But the eſtate of one yong man, whom (next to you, far aboue my ſelfe) I loue more then all the world, one worthy of all well being for the notable conſtitution of his mind, and moſt vnworthy to receiue hurt by me, whom he doth in all faith & conſtancy loue, the pitie of him onely goes beyond all reſolution

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to the contrarie. Then did he to the Princeſſe great admiration tell her the whole ſtorie as farre as he knew of it, and that when they made the grieuous diſiunction of their long combination, they had concluded, *Muſidorus* ſhould entitle himſelfe *Paladius* Prince of *Iberia*, and *Pyrocles* ſhould be *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*.

Now (ſaid *Muſidorus*) hee keeping a womans habit is to vſe no other name then *Zelmane*: but I that find it beſt, of the one ſide for your honor, you went away with a Prince and not with a ſhepheard; of the other ſide accounting my death leſſe euill then the betraying of that ſweete friend of mine, will take this meane betwixt both, and vſing the name of *Paladius*, if the reſpect of a Prince will ſtop your fathers furie, that will ſerue as well as *Muſidorus*, vntill *Pyrocles* fortune being ſome way eſtabliſhed, I may freely giue good proof that the noble country of *Theſſalia* is mine: and if that will not mitigate your fathers opinion to mewards (nature I hope working in your excellencies will make him deale well by you) for my part the image of death is nothing fearfull vnto mee: and this good I ſhall haue reaped by it, that I ſhall leaue my moſt eſteemed friend in no danger to be diſcloſed by me. And beſides (ſince I muſt confeſſe, I am not without a remorſe of her caſe) my vertuous mother ſhall not know her ſonnes violent death hid vnder the fame will go of *Paladius*. But as long as her yeares now of good number, be counted among the liuing, ſhe may ioy her ſelf with ſome poſſibility of my returne. *Pamela* promiſing him vpon no occaſion euer to name him, fell into extremitie of weeping, as if her eyes had beene content to ſpend all their ſeeing moiſtneſſe, now that there was a ſpeech of the loſſe of that, which they held as their chiefeſt light. So that *Muſidorus* was forced to repaire her good counſels with ſweet conſolations, which continued betwixt them vntill it was about midnight, that ſleepe hauing ſtolne into their heauy ſenſes, and now abſolutely commanding in their vitall powers, left them delicately wound one in anothers armes quietly to wait for the comming of the morning: which as ſoon as ſhe appeared to play her part, laden (as you haue heard) with ſo many well occaſioned lamentations; their lobbiſh guard (who all night had kept themſelues awake, with prating how valiant deeds they had done when they ran away: and how faire a death their fellow had died, who at his laſt gaſpe ſued to be a hangman) awaked them, and ſet them vpon their horſes, to whom the verie ſhining force of excellent vertue, though in a very harriſh ſubiect, had wrought a kind of reuerence in them; *Muſidorus* as he rid among them (of whom they had no other hold but of *Pamela*) thinking it want of well ſquared iudgement, to leaue any meane vnaſſayed of ſauing their liues, to this purpoſe ſpake to his vnſeemelie gardians, vſing a plaine kinde of phraſe to make his ſpeech the more credible. My maiſters (ſaid he) there is no man that is wiſe, but hath in whatſoeuer he doth ſome purpoſe wherto he directs his doings, which ſo long he followes, till he ſee that either that purpoſe is not worth the paines, or that another doing carries with it a better purpoſe. That you are wiſe in what you take in hand, I haue to my coſt learned: that makes me deſire you to tell me what is your end in carrying the Princeſs and me back to her father. Pardon ſaid one, reward cried another. Well (ſaid he) take both; although I know you are ſo wiſe to remember, that hardly they both will goe together, being of ſo contrarie a making, for the ground of pardon is an euill, neither any man pardons but remembers an euill done, the cauſe of reward is the opinion of ſome good act, and who ſo rewardeth, that holds the chiefe place of his fancie. Now one man of one companie, to haue the ſame conſideration both of good and euill, but that the conceit of pardoning, if it be pardoned, will take awaie the mind of rewarding, is verie hard,

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if not impossible. For either euen in iustice will he punish the fault as well as reward the desert, or else in mercy ballance the one by the other: so that the not chastising shall be a sufficient satisfying. Thus then you may see that in your owne purpose, rests great vncertaintie. But I will graunt that by this your deede you shall obtaine your double purpose. Yet consider I pray you whether by another meane, that may not better be obtained, and then I doubt not your wisedoms will teach you to take hold of the better. I am sure you knowe, any bodie were better haue no need of a pardon then enioie a pardon; for as it caries with it the suretie of a preserued life, so beares it a continuall note of a deserued death. This therefore (besides the daunger you may run into, my Lady *Pamela* being the vndoubted inheritrix of this state, if she shall hereafter seeke to reuenge your wrong done her) shall be continuallie cast in your teeth, as men dead by the law: the honester sort will disdaine your companie, and your children shall be the more baselie reputed of, and you your selues in euerie sleight fault hereafter, as men once condemned, apt est to be ouerthrowne. Now if you wil (I doubt not you wil, for you are wise) turn your course, & gard my Lady *Pamela* thitherward, whither she was going: first you need not doubt to aduenture your fortunes where she goes, and there shall you be assured in a countrie as good and rich as this, of the same manners and language, to be so far from the conceit of a pardon, as wee both shall be forced to acknowledge we haue receiued by your meanes whatsoeuer wee holde deare in this life. And so for reward iudge you whether it be not more likely, you shall there receiue it where you haue done no euill, but singular and vndeserued goodnes; or here where this seruice of yours shall be diminished by your dutie, and blemished by your former fault. Yes I protest and sweare vnto you, by the faire eyes of that Lady, there shall no Gentlemen in all that country bee preferred: you shall haue riches, ease, pleasure, and that which is best to such worthy mindes, you shall not be forced to crie mercy for a good fact. You only of all the *Arcadians*, shall haue the praise in continuing in your late valiant attempt, and not basely be brought vnder a halter for seeking the libertie of *Arcadia*. These words in their mindes, who did nothing for any loue of goodnesse, but onely as their senses presented greater shewes of profite, began to make them wauer, and some to clap their hands and scratch their heads, and sweare it was the best way. Others that would seem wiser then the rest, to capitulate what tenements they shold haue, what subsidies they shold pay: others to talk of their wiues, in doubt whether it were best to send for them, or to take new where they went: most (like fooles) not readily thinking what was next to be done, but imagining what cheare they would make when they came there, one or two of the least discourses beginning to turne their faces towards the woods which they had left. But being now come within the plaine neare to the Lodges, vnhappilie they espied a troupe of horsemen. But then their false hearts had quickly, for the present feare, forsaken their last hopes: and therefore keeping on the way toward the Lodge, with songs of cries and ioy, the horsemen, who were some of them *Philanax* had sent out to the search of *Pamela*, came galloping vnto them; maruelling who they were that in such a generall mourning, durst sing ioyfull tunes, and in so publike a ruine weare the lawrell tokens of victorie. And that which seemed straungest, they might see two among them vnarmed like prisoners, but riding like Captaines. But when they came nearer, they perceiued the one was a Lady, and the Ladie *Pamela*. Then glad they had by hap found that which they so little hoped to meete withall, taking these clownes (who first resisted them, for the desire they had to be the deliuerers of

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the two excellent priſoners, learning that they were of thoſe rebels, which had made the daungerous vprore, as well vnder colour to puniſh that, as this their laſt withſtanding them, but indeede their principall cauſe being, becauſe they themſelues would haue the only praiſe of their owne queſt, they ſuffered not one of them to liue. Marie three of the ſtubborneſt of them they left their bodies hanging vpon the trees, becauſe their doing might carrie the likelier forme of iudgement. Such an vnlooked for end did the life of iuſtice worke, for the naughty minded wretches, by ſubiects to be executed, that would haue executed Princes: and to ſuffer that without law, which by law they had deſerued. And thus theſe yong folks twiſe priſoners, before any due arreſt, deliuered of their iaylours, but not of their iayle, had rather change then reſpite of miſerie, theſe ſouldiers that tooke them with verie few words of entertainment, haſting to cary them to their Lord *Philanax*: to whom they came, euen as hee going out of the Ladie *Philocleas* chamber, had ouertaken *Pyrocles*, whom before hee had deliuered to the cuſtodie of a Nobleman of that countrie. When *Pyrocles* led towards his priſon, ſaw his friend *Muſidorus*, with the noble Ladie *Pamela* in that inexpected ſort returned, his griefe (if any griefe were in a minde, which had placed euerie thing according to his naturall worth) was verie much augmented, for beſides ſome ſmall hope hee had, if *Muſidorus* had once beene cleare of *Arcadia*, by his dealing and authoritie to haue brought his onely gladſome deſires to a good iſſue: the hard eſtate of his friend did no leſſe, nay rather more vexe him then his owne. For ſo indeede it is euer found, where valure and friendſhip are perfectly coupled in one heart: the reaſon being, that the reſolute man, hauing once digeſted in his iudgement the worſt extremity of his owne caſe, and hauing either quite expelled or at leaſt repelled all paſſion, which ordinarilie followes an ouerthrowne fortune, not knowing his friends minde ſo well as his owne, nor with what patience he brookes his caſe (which is as it were the materiall cauſe of making a man happy or vnhappie) doubts whether his friend accompts not himſelfe more miſerable, and ſo indeede be more lamentable. But aſſoone as *Muſidorus* was brought by the ſouldiers neere vnto *Philanax*, *Pyrocles* not knowing whether euer after hee ſhould be ſuffered to ſee his friend, and determining there could be no aduantage by diſſembling a not knowing of him, leapt ſodainly from their hands that held him, and paſſing with a ſtrength ſtrengthened with a true affection, through them that encompaſſed *Muſidorus*, he embraced him as faſt as hee could in his armes. And kiſſing his cheekes, O my *Paladius* (ſaid he) let not our vertue now abandon vs; let vs proue our minds are no ſlaues to fortune, but in aduerſity can triumph ouer aduerſity. Deare *Daiphantus* anſwered *Muſidorus* (ſeeing by his apparell his being a man was reuealed) I thanke you for this beſt care of my beſt part: but feare not, I haue kept too long companie with you to want now a thorow determination of theſe things; I well know there is nothing euill but within vs, the reſt is either naturall or accidentall. *Philanax* finding them of ſo neare acquaintance, began preſently to examine them apart: but ſuch reſolution he met within them, that by no ſuch meanes hee could learne further then it pleaſed them to deliuer. So that he thought beſt to put them both in one place, with eſpiall of their words and behauiour, that way to ſift out the more of theſe forepaſſed miſchiefs. And for that purpoſe gaue them both vnto the Nobleman, who before had the cuſtodie of *Pyrocles*, by name *Sympathus*, leauing a truſtie ſeruant of his owne to giue diligent watch to what might paſſe betwixt them. No man that hath euer paſſed thorow the ſchoole of affection, needs doubt what a tormenting griefe it was to

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the noble *Pamela*, to haue the companie of him taken from her, to whose vertuous companie she had bound her life. But weighing with her selfe, it was fit for her honour till her doing were clearely manifested, that they should remaine separate, kept downe the rising tokens of griefe; shewing passion in nothing but her eyes, which accompanied *Musidorus* euen vnto the tent, whither he and *Pyrocles* were led. Then with a countenance more princely then she was wont, according to the wont of highest hearts (like the palme tree striuing most vpward, when he is most burthened) she commaunded *Philanax*, to bring her to her father and mother, that she might render them account of her doings. *Philanax* shewing a sullen kind of reuerence vnto her, as a man that honoured her as his Maisters heire, but much misliked her for her (in his conceit) dishonourable proceedings, told her what was past, rather to answer her, then that he thought she was ignorant of it. But her good spirit did presently suffer a true compassionate affliction of those hard aduentures: which with crossing her armes, looking a great while on the ground, with those eyes which let fall many teares, she well declared. But in the end remembring how necessarie it was for her, not to lose her selfe in such an extremitie, she strengthened her well created heart, and stoutly demaunded *Philanax*, what authoritie then they had to lay hands of her person, who being the vndoubted heire, was then the lawfull Princesse of that kingdome. *Philanax* answered, her Grace knew the ancient lawes of *Arcadia* bare, she was to haue no sway of gouernement till she came to one and twentie yeares of age, or were maried. And maried I am, replyed the wise Princesse, therefore I demaund your due alleageance. The gods forbid, said *Philanax*, *Arcadia* should be a dowrie of such mariages. Besides, he told her, all the States of her country were euil satisfied touching her fathers death, which likewise according to the statutes of *Arcadia*, was euen that day, to be iudged of, before the body were remoued to receiue his Princely funerals. After that past, she should haue such obedience, as by the lawes was due vnto her, desiring God she would shew her selfe better in publike gouernement, then she had done in priuate. She would haue spoken to the Gentlemen and people gathered about her: but *Philanax* fearing least thereby some commotion might arise, or at least a hinderance of excecuting his maisters murderers, which he longed after more then any thing, hasted her vp to the Lodge, where her sister was, and there with a chosen companie of Souldiers to garde the place, left her with *Philoclea*, *Pamela* protesting they layd violent hands of her, and that they entred into rebellious attemptes against her. But high time it was for *Philanax* so to do: for alreadie was all the whole multitude fallen into confused and daungerous diuisions.

There was a notable example, how great disfipations Monarchall gouernement is subiect vnto. For now their Prince and guide had left them, they had not experience to rule, and had not whom to obey. Publike matters had euer bene preuatelie gouerned, so that they had no liuely taste what was good for themselues. But euerie thing was either vehemently desirefull, or extreamely terrible. Neighbours inuasions, ciuill dissention, crueltie of the comming Prince, and whatsoeuer in common sence caries a dreadfull shew, was in all mens heads, but in few how to preuent: harkening on euery rumour, suspecting euerie thing, condemning them whom before they had honoured, making strange and impossible tales of the kings death, while they thought themselues in danger, wishing nothing

but safety, assoone as perswasion of safety tooke them, desiring further benefites, as amendment of forepassed faults (which faultes notwithstanding none could tell either the grounds or effects of) all agreeing in the vniuersall names of liking or misliking, but of what in especiall points, infinitely disagreeing. Altogether like a fallingsteeple, the parts whereof, as windowes, stones, and pinnacles were well, but the whole masse ruinous. And this was the generall case of all, wherin notwithstanding was an extreame medley of diuersified thoughts; the great men looking to make themselues strong by factions, the Gentlemen some bending to them, some standing vpon themselues, some desirous to ouerthrow those few which they thought were ouer them, the souldiers desirous of trouble, as the nurse of spoyle, and not much vnlike to them though in another way, were all the needie sort, the rich fearfull, the wise carefull. This composition of conceites, brought forth a dangerous tumult, which yet would haue bene more daungerous, but that it had so manie parts, that no bodie well knew against whom chiefly to oppose themselues. For some there were that cried to haue the state altered, and gouerned no more by a Prince; marie in the alteration, many would haue the *Lacedæmonian* gouernment of a few chosen Senatours; others the *Athenian*, where the peoples voyce held the chiefe authority. But these were rather the discoursing sort of men, then the actiue, being a matter more in imagination then practise. But they that went nearest to the present case, (as in a countrie that knew no gouernement without a Prince) were they that strooue whom they should make. Whereof a great number there were that would haue the Princesse *Pamela* presently to enioy it: some disdaining that she had as it were abandoned her owne countrie, enclining more to *Philoclea*: and there wanted not of them, which wished *Gynecia* were deliuered, and made Regent till *Pamela* were worthily maried. But great multitudes there were, which hauing been acquainted with the iust gouernment of *Philanax*, meant to establish him as Lieutenant of the state: and these were the most popular sorte, who iudged by the commodities they felt. But the principall men in honour and might, who had long before enuied his greatnesse with *Basilius*, did much more spurne against any such preferment of him. For yet before their enuy had some kind of breathing vpon his rancour, by laying his greatnesse as a fault to the Princes iudgement, who shewed in *Dametas* he might easily be deceiued in mens value: But now if the Princes choice, by so many mouthes should be confirmed, what could they obiect to so rightly esteemed an excellencie? They therefore were disposed, sooner to yeeld to any thing, then to his raising: and were content (for to crosse *Philanax*) to stop those actions, which otherwise they could not but thinke good. *Philanax* himselfe as much hindred by those, that did immoderately honour him, (which brought both more enuy, and suspicion vpon him) as by them that did manifestly resist him (but standing onely vpon a constant desire of iustice, and a cleare conscience) went forward stoutly in the action of his masters reuenge, which he thought himselfe particularly bound to. For the rest, as the ordering of the gouernment, he accounted himselfe but as one, wherein notwithstanding he would employ all his loyall endeuour.

But among the Noblemen, he that most openly set himselfe against him, was named *Timautus*, a man of middle age, but of extreame ambition, as one that had placed his vttermost good in greatnesse, thinking small difference by what meanes hee came by it. Of commendable wit, if he had not made it a seruant to vnbrideled desires. Cunning to creepe into mens fauours, which hee prized onely as they were

were seruiceable vnto him. Hee had bene brought vp in some souldierie, which he knew how to set out with more then deserued ostentation. Seruile (though enuious) to his betters: and no lesse tyrannically minded to them he had aduantage of. Counted reuengefull, but indeed measuring both reuenge and reward, as the partie might either helpe or hurt him. Rather shameleſse then bold, and yet more bold in practise, then in personall aduentures. In summe, a man that could be as euill as he listed, and listed as much as any aduancement might thereby be gotten. As for vertue, he counted it but a schoole name. He euen at the first assembling together, finding the great stroke *Philanax* caried among the people, thought it his readiest way of ambition, to ioyne with him: which though his pride did hardly brooke, yet the other vice carying with it a more apparant obiect, preuailed ouer the weaker so that with those liberall protestations of friendship, which men that care not for their word are wont to bestow, he offered vnto him the choise in mariage of either the sisters, so he would likewise help him to the other, and make such a partition of the *Arcadian* estate. Wishing him, that since he loued his maister, because he was his maister, which shewed the loue began in himselfe, he should rather now occasion was presented, seeke his owne good substantially, then affect the smoke of a glory, by shewing an vntimely fidelitie to him that could not reward it: and haue all the fruit he should get, in mens opinions, which would be as diuerse, as many; few agreeing to yeeld him due praise of his true heart. But *Philanax*, who had limited his thoughts in that he esteemed good (to which he was neither caried by the vaine tickling of vncertaine fame, nor from which he would be transported by enioying any thing, wherto the ignorant world giues the excellent name of goods) with great mislike of his offer, he made him so peremptorie an answer, not without threatning, if he found him foster any such fancie, that *Timantus* went with an inward spite from him, whom before he had neuer loued; and measuring all mens marches by his owne pace, rather thought it some further fetch of *Philanax* (as that he would haue all to himselfe alone) then was any way taken with the louely beautie of his vertue; whose image he had so quite defaced in his owne soule, that he had left himselfe no eyes to behold it, but staid waiting fit opportunitie to execute his desires both for himselfe and against *Philanax*, which by the bringing backe of *Pamela*, the people being diuided into manie motions (which both with murmuring noyses, and putting themselues in seuerall troupes, they well shewed) he thought apt time was laid before him, the waters being (as the prouerbe saith) troubled, and so the better for his fishing. Therefore going amongst the cheefest Lords, whom he knew principally to repine at *Philanax*, and making a kinde of conuocation of them, he inueighed against his proceedings, drawing euerie thing to the most malicious interpretation, that malice it selfe could instruct him to do. He said, it was season for them to looke to such a weed, that else would outgrow them all. It was not now time to consult of the dead, but of the liuing: since such a slie Wolfe was entred among them, that could make iustice the cloake of tyrannie, and loue of his late maister the destruction of his now being children. Do you not see (saydhee) how farre his corruption hath stretched, that hee hath such a number of rascalles voyces to declare him Lieutenant, readie to make him Prince, but that he instructs them, matters are not yet ripe for it? As for vs, because we are too rich to be bought, he thinks vs the fitter to be killed. Hath *Arcadia* bred no man but *Philanax*? is she become a stepmother to all the rest, and hath giuen all her blessings to *Philanax*? Or if there be men amongst vs, let vs shew we

diſdaine to be ſeruants to a ſeruant. Let vs make him know, we are farre worthier not to be ſlaues, then he to be a maiſter. Thinke you he hath made ſuch haſte in theſe matters, to giue them ouer to another mans hand? Thinke you, he durſt become the Iaylor of his Princeſſe, but either meaning to be her maiſter, or her murtherer? And all this for the deare good will (forſooth) he beares to the kings memorie, whoſe authoritie as he abuſed in his life, ſo he would now perſeuer to abuſe his name after his death. O notable affection, for the loue of the father to kill the wife, and diſinherite the children! O ſingle-minded modeſtie, to aſpire to no leſſe then to the Princely Diademe! No, no, he hath vired all this while, but to come the ſooner to his affected end. But let vs remember what we be, in qualitie his equals, in number farre before him: let vs deliuer the Queene and our naturall Princeſſes, and leaue them no longer vnder his authoritie; whoſe proceedings would rather ſhew that he himſelfe had bene the murtherer of the King, then a fit Gardian of his poſteritie. Theſe words pierced much into the minds, alreadie inclined that way; inſomuch that moſt part of the Nobilitie confirmed *Timautus* ſpeech, and were readie to execute it: when *Philanax* came among them, and with a conſtant, but reuerent behauiour, deſired them they would not exerciſe priuate grudges in ſo common a neceſsitie. He acknowledged himſelfe a man, and a faultie man: to the clearing or ſatisfying of which, hee would at all times ſubmit himſelfe; ſince his end was to bring all things to an vpright iudgement, it ſhould euill fit him to flie the iudgement. But ſaid he, my Lords, let not *Tymautus* rayling ſpeech (who whatſoeuer he findes euill in his owne ſoule, can with eaſe lay it vpon another) make me looſe your good fauour. Conſider that all well doing ſtands ſo in the middle betwixt his two contrary euils, that it is a readie matter to caſt a ſlaunderous ſhade vpon the moſt approued vertues. Who hath an euill tongue, can call ſeueritie, crueltie, and faithfull diligence, diligent ambition. But my end is not to excuſe my ſelfe, nor to accuſe him: for both thoſe, hereafter will be time enough. There is neither of vs, whoſe purging or puniſhing may ſo much import to *Arcadia*. Now I requeſt you, for your owne honours ſake, and require you by the dutie you owe to this eſtate, that you do preſently (according to the lawes) take in hand the chaſtiſement of our maiſters murtherers, and laying order for the gouernement: by whom ſoeuer it be done, ſo it be done, and iuſtly done, I am ſatisfied. My labour hath bene to frame things ſo, as you might determine: now it is in you to determine. For my part, I call the heauens to witneſſe, the care of my heart ſtands to repay that, wherein both I, and moſt of you were tyed to that Prince; with whom all my loue of worldly action is dead.

As *Philanax* was ſpeaking his laſt words, there came one running to him with open mouth, & fearefull eyes, telling him, that there were a great nũber of the people, which were bent to take the yong men out of *Simpathus* hands, & as it ſhould ſeeme by their acclamations, were like enough to proclaime them Princes. Nay, ſaid *Philanax*, (ſpeaking aloud, and looking with a iuſt anger vpon the other Noblemen) it is now ſeaſon to heare *Timautus* idle ſlaunders, while ſtrangers become our Lords, and *Baſilius* murtherers ſit in his throne. But whoſoeuer is a true *Arcadian*, let him follow me. With that he went toward the place he heard of, followed by thoſe that had euer loued him, & ſome of the Noblemen. Some other remayning with *Timautus*, who in the meane time was conſpiring by ſtrong hand to deliuer *Gynecia*, of whom the weakeſt guard was had. But *Philanax* where he went, found them all in an vproro, which thus was falne out. The greateſt multitude of

people,

people, that were come to the death of *Basilius*, were the *Mantineans*, as being the neareſt Citie to the lodges. Among theſe, the chiefe man both in authoritie and loue was *Kalander*, he that not long before had bene hoſt to the two Princes, whom though he knew not ſo much as by name, yet beſides the obligation he ſtood bound to them in, for preſeruing the liues of his ſonne and nephew, their noble behauiour had bred ſuch loue in his heart towards them, as both with teares he parted from them, when they left him (vnder promiſe to returne) and did keepe their iewels and apparell as the relikes of two demy-gods. Among others, he had entred the priſon, and ſeene them, which forthwith ſo inueſted his ſoule, both with ſorow & deſire to help them (whom he tendred as his children) that calling his neighbors the *Mantineans* vnto him, he told them all the prayſes of thoſe two young men, ſwearing, he thought the Gods had prouided for them better, then they thēſelues could haue imagined. He willed them to cōſider, that when all was done, *Baſilius* children muſt enioy the eſtate; who ſince they had choſen, and choſen ſo, as all the world could not mend their choiſe, why ſhould they reſiſt Gods doing, & their Princeſſes pleaſure? This was the only way to purchaſe quietneſſe without bloud, where otherwiſe they ſhould at one inſtant crowne *Pamela* with a Crowne of gold, & a diſhonored title: which whether euer ſhe wold forget, he thought it fit for thē to weigh: ſuch (ſaid he) heroicall greatneſſe ſhines in their eyes, ſuch an extraordinarie maieſtie in all their actions, aſſurely either fortune by parētage, or nature in creation, hath made them Princes. And yet a ſtate alreadie we haue, we need but a man, who ſince he is preſented vnto you by the heauenly prouidence, embraced by your vndoubted Princeſſe, worthie for their youth, of compaſſion, for their beautie, of admiration, for their excellent vertue to be Monarks of the world, ſhall we not be content with our owne bliſſe; ſhall we put out our eyes becauſe another man can not ſee? or rather like ſome men, when too much good happens vnto them, they thinke themſelues in a dreame, and haue not ſpirits to taſte their owne goods? No, no, my friends, beleeue me, I am ſo vnpartiall, that I know not their names, but ſo ouercome with their vertue, that I ſhall then thinke, the deſtinies haue ordained a perpetuall flouriſhing to *Arcadia*, when they ſhall allot ſuch a gouernour vnto it. This ſpoken by a man graue in yeares, great in authoritie, neare allyed to the Prince, & known honeſt, preuailed ſo with all the *Mantineans*, that with one voice they ran to deliuer the two Princes. But *Philanax* came in time to withſtand thē, both ſides yet ſtanding in armes, & rather wanting a beginning, then minds to enter into a bloudie conflict. Which *Philanax* foreſeeing, thought beſt to remoue the priſoners ſecretly, and if need were, rather without forme of iuſtice to kill them, then againſt iuſtice (as he thought) to haue them vſurpe the ſtate. But there againe aroſe a new trouble. For *Sympathus* (the noble man that kept them) was ſo ſtriken in compaſſion with their excellent preſence, that as he wold not falſifie his promiſe to *Philanax*, to giue them libertie, ſo yet would he not yeeld them to himſelfe, fearing he would do them violence. Thus tumult vpon tumult ariſing, the Sun (I thinke) awearie to ſee their diſcordes, had alreadie gone downe to his Weſterne lodging. But yet to know what the poore ſhepheards did, who were the firſt deſcryers of theſe matters, will not to ſome eares perchance be a tedious digreſſion.

Here ends the fourth Booke or Act.

The fourth Eclogues.

THE ſhepherds finding no place for them in theſe garboyls, to which their quiet hearts (whoſe higheſt ambition was in keeping themſelues vp in goodneſſe) had at all any aptneſſe, retired themſelues from among the clamorous multitude: and as ſorow deſires companie, went vp together to the Weſterne ſide of a hill, whoſe proſpect extended it ſo far, as they might well diſcerne many of *Arcadias* beauties. And there looking vpon the ſunnes as then declining race, the poore men ſate penſiue of their preſent miſeries, as if they found a wearineſſe of their wofull words: till at laſt good old *Geron* (who as he had longeſt taſted the benefits of *Baſilius* gouernmēt ſo ſeemed to haue a ſpeciall feeling of the preſent loſſe) wiping his eyes and long white beard bedeawed with great drops of teares, began in this ſort to complaine. Alas poore ſheepe (ſaid he) which hitherto haue enioyed your fruitfull paſture, in ſuch quietnes as your wooll amongſt other things hath made this countrie famous, your beſt dayes are now paſt: now you muſt become the victuall of an armie, and perchaunce an armie of forraine enemies: you are now not only to feare home-Wolues, but alien Lyons; now (I ſay) now that our right *Baſilius* is deceaſed. Alas, ſweet paſtures, ſhal ſouldiers that know not how to vſe you, poſſeſſe you? Shall they that can not ſpeake Arcadian language be Lords ouer your ſhepheards? For alas with good cauſe may we looke for any euill, ſince *Baſilius* our onely ſtrength is taken from vs. To that all the other ſhepheards preſent vttered pitifull voyces, eſpeciallie the verie borne Arcadians. For as for the other, though humanitie moued them to pitie humane caſes, eſpeciallie in a Prince, vnder whom they had found a refuge of their miſeries, and iuſtice equally adminiſtred: yet could they not ſo naturally feele the liuely touch of ſorow. Neuertheleſſe, of that number one *Agelaſtus* notably noted among them, aſwell for his skill in poetrie, as for an auſterely maintained ſorowfulneſſe, wherewith he ſeemed to deſpiſe the works of nature, framing an vniuerſall complaint in that vniuerſall miſchiefe, vttred it in this Seſtine:

SInce wayling is a bud of cauſefull ſorow,
Since ſorow is the follower of euill fortune,
Since no euill fortune equals publike damage;
Now Princes loſſe hath made our damage publike,
Sorow pay we to thee the rights of Nature,
And inward griefe ſeale vp with outward wailing.

Why ſhould we ſpare our voice from endleſſe wailing,
Who iuſtly make our harts the ſeate of ſorow?
In ſuch a caſe where it appeares that nature
Doth adde her force vnto the ſting of fortune:
Chooſing alas! this our theatre publike,
Where they would leaue trophees of cruell damage.

Then ſince ſuch pow'rs conſpir'd vnto our damage
(Which may be knowne, but neuer helpt with wayling)
Yet let vs leaue a monument in publike
Of willing teares, torne haires, and cries of ſorow.

For

For loſt, loſt is by blowe of cruell fortune
Arcadias *gemme, the nobleſt childe of nature.*

O nature doting old, O blinded nature,
How haſt thou torne thy ſelfe! ſought thine owne damage!
In graunting ſuch a ſcope to filthy fortune,
By thy impes loſſe to fill the world with wailing.
Caſt thy ſtepmother eyes vpon our ſorow,
Publique our loſſe: ſo, ſee, thy ſhame is publique.

O that we had, to make our woes more publique,
Seas in our eyes, and braſen tongues by nature,
A yelling voice, and hearts compoſ'd of ſorow,
Breath made of flames, wits knowing nought but damage,
Our ſports murdering our ſelues, our muſiques wailing,
Our ſtudies fixt vpon the falles of fortune.

No, no, our miſchiefe growes in this vile fortune,
That priuate paines can not breath out in publique
The furious inward griefs with helliſh wailing:
But forced are to burthen feeble nature
With ſecret ſenſe of our eternall damage,
And ſorow feed, feeding our ſoules with ſorow.

Since ſorow then concludeth all our fortune
With all our deaths ſhew we this damage publique,
His nature feares to die who liues ſtill wailing.

It ſeemed that this complaint of *Agelaſtus* had awaked the ſpirits of the *Arcadians*, aſtoniſhed before with exceedingneſſe of ſorow. For he had ſcarcely ended, when diuerſe of them offred to follow his example, in bewayling the generall loſſe of that countrie which had bene aſwell a nurſe to ſtraungers, as a mother to *Arcadians*. Among the reſt one accounted good in that kinde, and made the better by the true feeling of ſorowe, roared out a ſong of lamentation, which (as well as might be) was gathered vp in this forme:

Since that to death is gone the ſhepheard hie,
Who moſt the ſilly ſhepheards pipe did pryſe;
Your dolefull tunes ſweet Muſes *now applie.*

And you ô trees (if any life there lies
In trees) now through your porous barkes receaue
The ſtrange reſound of theſe my cauſefull cries:
And let my breath vpon your braunches cleaue,
My breath diſtinguiſh'd into words of woe,
That ſo I may ſignes of my ſorrow leaue.
But if among your ſelues ſome one tree grow,
That apteſt is to figure miſerie,
Let it embaſſage beare your griefes to ſhow.

The weeping Myrrhe I thinke will not denie
Her help to this, this iuſteſt cauſe of plaint.
Your dolefull tunes ſweet Muſes now applie.

And thou poore Earth, whom fortune doth attaint,
In Natures name to ſuffer ſuch a harme,
As for to looſe thy gemme, and ſuch a Sainct,
Vpon thy face let coaly Rauens ſwarme:
Let all the Sea thy teares accounted be:
Thy bowels with all killing metalls arme.
Let gold now ruſt, let Diamonds waſt in thee:
Let pearls be wan with woe their damme doth beare;
Thy ſelfe henceforth the light doo neuer ſee.
And you, ô flowers, which ſometimes Princes were,
Till theſe ſtraunge altrings you did hap to trie,
Of Princes loſſe your ſelues for tokens reare.
Lilly in mourning blacke thy whiteneſſe die:
O Hyacinthe let Ai be on thee ſtill.
Your dolefull tunes ſweet Muſes now applie.

O Echo, all theſe woods with roaring fill,
And do not only marke the accents laſt,
But all, for all reach out my wailefull will:
One Echo to another Echo caſt
Sound of my griefes, and let it neuer end,
Till that it hath all woods and waters paſt.
Nay to the heau'ns your iuſt complaining ſend,
And ſtay the ſtarres inconſtant conſtant race,
Till that they do vnto our dolors bend:
And aske the reaſon of that ſpeciall grace,
That they, which haue no liues, ſhould liue ſo long,
And vertuous ſoules ſo ſoone ſhould looſe their place?
Aske, if in great men good men do ſo throng,
That he for want of elbow roome muſt die?
Or if that they be skant, if this be wrong?
Did Wiſdome this our wretched time eſpie
In one true cheſt to rob all Vertues treaſure?
Your dolefull tunes ſweete Muſes now applie.

And if that any counſell you to meaſure
Your dolefull tunes, to them ſtill playning ſay,
To well felt griefe, plaint is the onely pleaſure.
O light of Sunne, which is entit'led day,
O well thou doeſt that thou no longer bideſt;
For mourning night her black weedes may diſplay.
O Phœbus with good cauſe thy face thou hideſt,
Rather then haue thy all-beholdingeye
Fowl'd with this ſight, while thou thy chariot guideſt.

And well (me thinks) becomes this wanlie skie
A ſtately tombe to couer him deceaſed.
Your dolefull tunes ſweet Muſes now applie.

O Philomela with thy breſt oppreſſed
By ſhame and griefe, help, help me to lament
Such curſed harmes as cannot be redreſſed.
Or if thy mourning notes be fully ſpent,
Then giue a quiet eare vnto my plaining:
For I to teach the world complaint am bent.
You dimmy clowds, which well employ your ſtaining
This cheerefull aire with your obſcured cheere,
Witneſſe your wofull teares with daily raining.
And if, O Sinne, thou euer didſt appeare,
In ſhape, which by mans eye might be perceiued,
Vertue is dead, now ſet thy triumph here.
Now ſet thy triumph in this world, bereaued
Of what was good, where now no good doth lie:
And by thy pompe our loſſe will be conceiued.
O notes of mine your ſelues together tie:
With too much griefe me thinkes you are diſſolued.
Your dolefull tunes ſweet Muſes now applie.

Time euer old, and yong is ſtill renolued
Within it ſelfe, and neuer taſteth end:
But mankind is for aye to woughs reſolued.
The filthy ſnake her aged coat can mend,
And getting youth againe, in youth doth flouriſh:
But vnto Man, age euer death doth ſend.
The verie trees with graſting we can cheriſh,
So that we can long time produce their time:
But man which helpeth them, helpleſſe muſt periſh.
Thus, thus the mindes which euer all do clime,
When they by yeares experience get beſt grates,
Muſt finiſh them by deaths deteſted crime.
We laſt ſhort while, and build long laſting places:
Ah let vs all againſt foule Nature crie:
We Natures workes do help, ſhe vs defaces.
For how can Nature vnto this reply?
That ſhe her child, I ſay, her beſt child killeth?
Your dolefull tunes ſweet Muſes now apply.

Alas, me thinks, my weakned voice but ſpilleth
The vehement courſe of this iuſt lamentation:
Me thinkes, my ſound no place with ſorow filleth.
I know not I, but once in deteſtation
I haue my ſelfe, and all what life containeth,
Since Death on Vertues fort hath made inuaſion.

One

One word of woe another after traineth:
Ne do I care how rude be my inuention,
So it be seene what sorrow in me raigneth.
O Elements, by whose (men say) contention,
Our bodies be in liuing power maintained,
Was this mans death the fruit of your dissension?
O Physicks power, which (some say) hath restrained
Approch of death, alas thou helpest meagerly,
When once one is for Atropos *distrained.*
Great be Physitions brags, but aid is beggerly,
When rooted moisture failes, or groweth drie,
They leaue off all, and say, death comes too eagerly.
They are but words therefore that men do buy
Of any, since God Æsculapius *ceased,*
Your dolefull tunes sweete Muses now apply.

Iustice, iustice is now (alas) oppressed:
Bountifulnesse hath made his last conclusion:
Goodnesse for best attire in dust is dressed.
Shepheards bewaile your vttermost confusion;
And see by this picture to you presented,
Death is our home, life is but a delusion.
For see alas who is from you absented?
Absented? nay I say for euer banished
From such as were to dye for him contented?
Out of our sight in turne of hand is vanished
Shepheard of shepheards, whose well setled order
Priuate with wealth, publike with quiet garnished.
While he did liue, farre, farre was all disorder;
Example more preuailing then direction,
Far was home strife, and far was foe from border.
His life a law, his looke a full correction:
As in his health we healthfull were preserued,
So in his sickenesse grew our sure infection.
His death our death. But ah; my Muse hath swarued,
From such deepe plaint as should such woes describe,
Which he of vs for euer hath deserued.
The stile of heauie hart can neuer flie
So high as should make such a paine notorious:
Cease Muse therefore: thy dart o Death applie,
And farewell Prince, whom goodnesse hath made glorious.

Many were readie to haue followed this course but the day was so wasted, that onely this riming *Sestine* deliuered by one of great account among them, could obtaine fauour to be heard.

FArewell O Sunne, Arcadias *cleerest light:*
Farewell O pearle, the poore mans plenteous treasure.
Farewell O golden staffe, the weake mans might:
Farewell O Ioy, the ioyfulls onely pleasure.

Wisdome

Wisdome farewell, the skilleſſe mans direction:
Farewell with thee, farewell all our affection.

For what place now is left for our affection,
Now that of pureſt lampe is quench'd the light,
Which to our darkned mindes was beſt direction?
Now that the mine is loſt of all our treaſure?
Now death hath ſwallow'd vp our worldly pleaſure,
We Orphans made, void of all publique might?

Orphans in deede, depriu'd of fathers might:
For he our father was in all affection,
In our well-doing placing all his pleaſure,
Still ſtudying how to vs to be a light.
As well he was in peace a ſafeſt treaſure:
In warre his wit and word was our direction.

Whence, whence alas, ſhall we ſeeke our direction?
When that we feare our hateſull neighbors might,
Who long haue gap't to get Arcadians *treaſure.*
Shall we now finde a guide of ſuch affection,
Who for our ſakes will thinke all trauaile light,
And make his paine to keepe vs ſafe his pleaſure?

No no, for euer gone is all our pleaſure;
For euer wandring from all good direction;
For euer blinded of our cleareſt light;
For euer lamed of our ſured might;
For euer baniſh'd from well plac'd affection;
For euer robd of all our royall treaſure.

Let teares for him therefore be all our treaſure,
And in our wailfull naming him our pleaſure:
Let hating of our ſelues be our affection,
And vnto death bend ſtill our thoughts direction:
Let vs againſt our ſelues employ our might,
And putting out our eyes ſeeke we our light.

Farewell our light, farewell our ſpoiled treaſure:
Farewell our might, farewell our damned pleaſure:
Farewell direction: farewell all affection.

The night began to caſt her darke Canopie ouer them, and they euen weary with their woes bended homewards: hoping by ſleepe, forgetting themſelues, to eaſe their preſent dolours: when they were met with a troupe of ſwemie lotie, the chiefe of which asking them for the King, and vnderſtanding the hard newes, thereupon ſtayed among them, expecting the returne of a meſſenger whom with ſpeede he diſpatched to *Philanax*.

The end of the fourth Booke.



THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE COVNTESSE OF PEMBROKES ARCADIA.

(∴)

THE daungerous diuision of mens mindes, the ruinous renting of all estates, had nowe brought *Arcadia* to feele the pangs of vttermost perill (such conuulsions neuer comming, but that the life of that gouernment drawes neere his necessarie period) when to the honest and wise *Philanax*, equally distracted betwixt desire of his maisters reuenge and care of the estates establishment, there came (vnlooked for) a *Macedonian* Gentleman, who in short, but pithy manner deliuered vnto him, that the renowmed *Euarchus*, King of *Macedon*, purposing to haue visited his old frend and confederate the King *Basilius*, was now come within halfe a mile of the Lodges, where hauing vnderstood by certaine Shepheards, the soddain death of their Prince, had sent vnto him, (of whose authoritie & faith he had good knowledge) desiring him to aduertise him, in what securitie he might rest there for that night, where willingly he would (if safely he might) helpe to celebrate the funerals of his auncient companion & allie, adding he need not doubt, since he had brought but twenty in his company, he would be so vnwise as to enter into any forcible attempt with so small force. *Philanax* hauing entertayned the Gentleman, aswell as in the middest of so many tumults he could, pausing a while with himselfe, considering how it should not onely be vniust, and against the lawe of Nations, not well to receiue a Prince whom good will had brought among them, but (in respect of the greatnesse of his might) very dangerous to giue him any cause of due offence; remembring withall the excellent trials of his equitie, which made him more famous then his victories, he thought he might be the fittest instrument to redresse the ruines they were in, since his goodnesse put him without suspicion, and his greatnesse beyond enuie. Yet weighing with himselfe how hard many heads were to be bridled, and that in this monstrous confusion such mischefe might be attempted, of which late repentaunce should after be but a simple remedy: he iudged best first to know how the peoples mindes would sway to this determination. Therefore desiring the Gentleman to returne to the King his maister, and to beseech him (though with his paynes) to stay for an houre or two, where he was, till he had set things in better order to receiue him: he himselfe went first to the Noblemen, then to *Kalander* and the principall *Gentlemen*, who were most opposite vnto him, desiring them

that

that as the night had most blessedly stayed them frō entring into ciuil bloud, so they would be contēt in the night to assemble the people together, to heare some newes, which he was to deliuer vnto them. There is nothing more desirous of nouelties, then a man that feares his present fortune. Therefore they, whom mutual diffidence made doubtfull of their viter destruction, were quickly perswaded to heare of any new matter, which might alter at least, if not helpe the nature of their feare. Namely the chiefest men, who as they had most to lose, so were most icalous of their owne case, and were already growne as weary to be followers of *Timautus* ambition, as before they were enuiers of *Philanax* worthinesse. As for *Kalander* and *Sympathus*, as in the one a vertuous frendship had made him seeke to aduance, in the other a natural commiseration had made him willing to protect the excellent (though vnfortunate) prisoners, so were they not against this conuocation. For hauing nothing but iust desires in them, they did not mistrust the iustifying of them. Onely *Timautus* laboured to haue withdrawne them from this assembly, saying, it was time to stop their eares from the ambitious charmes of *Philanax*. Let them first deliuer *Gynecia*, and her daughters, which were fit persons to heare, and then they might begin to speak. That this was but *Philanax* cunning, to linke broyle vpō broyle, because he might auoyd the answering of his trespasses, which as he had long intended, so had he prepared coloured speeches to disguise them. But as his wordes expressed rather a violence of rancour, then any iust ground of accusation, so pierced they no further, thē to some partiall eares, the multitude yeelding good attētiō to what *Philanax* would propose vnto them: Who, like a man whose best building was a well-framed conscience, neither with plausible wordes, nor fawning countenance, but euen with the graue behauiour of a wise father, whom nothing but loue makes to chide, thus sayd vnto them. I haue (sayd he) a great matter to deliuer vnto you, and therefore am I to make a greater demaund of you: But truely such hath this late proceeding bene of yours, that I know not what is not to be demaunded of you. Me thinkes I may haue reason to require of you, as men are wont among Pirates, that the life of him that neuer hurt you, may be safe. Me thinkes I am not without apparence of cause, as if you were *Cyclopes* or *Cannibals*, to desire that our Princes body, which hath thirtie yeares maintained vs in a flourishing peace, be not torne in peeces, or deuoured among you, but may be suffered to yeeld it selfe, which neuer was defiled with any of your blouds, to the naturall rest of the earth. Me thinkes, not as to *Arcadians*, renowmed for your faith to Prince, and loue of country, but as to sworne enemies of this sweet soyle, I am to desire you, that at least, if you will haue straungers to your Princes, yet you will not deliuer the seignorie of this goodly Kingdom to your noble Kings murtherers. Lastly, I haue reason, as if I had to speake to mad men, to desire you to be good to your selues: For before God, what either barbarous violence or vnnaturall follie, hath not this day his seate in your mindes, and left his footsteps in your actions? But in troth I loue you too well, to stand long displaying your faults: I would you your selues did forget thē, so you did not fall againe into them. For my part, I had much rather be an Orator of your prayses. But now (if you will suffer attentiue iudgement, and not foreiudging pasion, to be the waigher of my wordes) I wil deliuer vnto you what a blessed meane the Gods haue sent vnto you if you list to embrace it. I thinke there is none among you so young, either in yeares, or vnderstanding, but hath heard the true fame of that iust Prince *Euarchus* king of *Macedon*. A Prince with whom our late maister did euer hold most perfect alliance. He, euen he, is this day come, hauing but twentie horse with him, within two myles of

this place, hoping to haue found the vertuous *Baſilius* aliue, but now willing to do honour to his death. Surely, ſurely the heauenly powers haue in ſo full a time beſtowed him on vs, to vnite our diuiſions. For my part therefore I wiſh, that ſince among our ſelues we can not agree in ſo manifould partialities, we do put the ordering of all theſe things into his hands, aſwell touching the obſequies of the King, the puniſhment of his death, as the mariage and crowning of our Princeſſe. He is both by experience and wiſdome taught how to direct, his greateneſſe ſuch, as no man can diſdaine to obey him: his equitie ſuch, as no man neede to feare him. Laſtly, as he hath all theſe qualities to helpe, ſo hath he (though he would) no force to hurt. If therfore you ſo thinke good, ſince our lawes beare that our Princes murther be chaſtiſed before his murthered body be buried, we may inuite him to ſit to morow in the iudgement ſeate; which done, you may after proceede to the burial. When *Philanax* firſt named *Euarchus* landing, there was a muttring murmur among the people, as though in that euill ordered weaknes of theirs he had come to conquer their countrey. But when they vnderſtood he had ſo ſmall a retinue, whiſpring one with another, and looking who ſhould begin to confirme *Philanax* propoſition, at length *Sympathus* was the firſt that allowed it, then the reſt of the Noblemen, neither did *Kalander* ſtriue, hoping ſo excellent a Prince could not but deale graciouſly with two ſuch young men, whoſe authoritie ioyned to *Philanax*, all the popular ſort followed. *Timautus* ſtill blinded with his owne ambitious haſt (not remembring factions are no longer to be truſted, then the factious may be perſwaded it is for their owne good) would needes ſtriue againſt the ſtreame, exclaiming againſt *Philanax*, that now he ſhewed who it was, that would betray his countrie to ſtraungers. But well he found, that who is too buſie in the foundation of an houſe, may pull the building about his eares. For the people alreadie tyred with their owne diuiſions, (of which his clampring had bene a principall nurſe) and beginning now to eſpye a hauen of reſt, hated any thing that ſhould hinder them from it: asking one another whether this were not he, whoſe euill toung no man could eſcape? whether it were not *Timautus* that made the firſt mutinous Oration, to ſtrengthen the troubles? whether *Timautus*, without their conſent, had not gone about to deliuer *Gynecia*? And thus inflaming one another againſt him, they threw him out of the aſſemblie, and after purſued him with ſtones and ſtaues, ſo that with loſſe of one of his eyes, ſore wounded and beaten, he was faine to flye to *Philanax* feete, for ſuccour of his life: giuing a true leſſon, that vice it ſelfe is forced to ſeeke the ſanctuarie of vertue. For *Philanax* who hated his euill, but not his perſon, and knew that a iuſt puniſhment might by the maner be vniuſtly done; remembring withall, that although herein the peoples rage might haue hit rightly, yet if it were nouriſhed in this, no man knew to what extremities it might extend it ſelfe: with earneſt dealing, and employing the vttermoſt of his authoritie, he did proteſt the trembling *Timautus*. And then hauing taken a generall oath, that they ſhould in the nonage of the Princeſſe, or till theſe things were ſettled, yeeld full obedience to *Euarchus*, ſo farre as were not priudiciall to the lawes, cuſtomes, and liberties of *Arcadia*: and hauing taken a particular bond of *Sympathus* (vnder whom he had a ſeruaunt of his owne) that the priſoners ſhould be kept cloſe, without conference with any man: he himſelfe honorably accompanied with a great number of torches went to the king *Euarchus*, whoſe comming in this ſort into *Arcadia* had thus fallen out.

The wofull Prince *Plangus* receiuing of *Baſilius* no other ſuccours but onely certaine

taine to conduct him to *Euarchus*, made all possible speede towards *Byzantium*, where he vnderstood the King, hauing concluded all his warres with the winning of that towne, had now for some good space made his abode. But being farre gone on his way, he receiued certaine intelligence, that *Euarchus* was not onely some dayes before returned into *Macedon*, but since was gone with some haste to visit that coast of his countrie that lay towards *Italy*; The occasion giuen by the *Latines*, who hauing alreadie gotten into their hands, partly by conquest, and partly by confederacie, the greatest part of *Italy*, and long gaped to deuoure *Greece* also (obseruing the present opportunitie of *Euarchus* absence, and *Basilius* solitarinesse, which two Princes they knew to be in effect the whole strength of *Greece*) were euen readie to lay an vniust gripe vpon it, which after they might beautifie with the noble name of conquest. Which purpose though they made not knowne by any solemne denouncing of warre, but contrarywise gaue many tokens of continuing still their former amitie: yet the staying of his subiectes shippes, trafficking as Marchants into those parts, together with the daylie preparation of shipping, and other warlike prouisions in Portes, most conuenient for the transporting of souldiers, occasioned Euarchus (not vnacquainted with such practises) first to suspect, then to discerne, lastly, to seeke to preuent the intended mischiefe. Yet thinking warre neuer to be accepted, vntill it be offered by the hand of necessitie, he determined so long openly to hold them his friends, as open hostilitie bewrayed them not his enemies; not ceasing in the meane time by letters and messages to moue the States of *Greece* by vniting their strength, to make timely prouision against this peril: by manie reasons making them see, that, though in respect of place some of them might seeme further remoued from the first violence of the storme, yet being imbarked in the same ship, the finall wracke must needs be common to them all. And knowing the mighty force of example, with the weake effect of faire discourses not waited on with agreeable actions, what he perswaded them, himselfe performed, leauing in his owne realme nothing either vndone or vnprouided, which might be thought necessary for withstanding an inuasion. His first care was to put his people in a readinesse for warre, and by his experienced souldiers to traine the vnskilfull to martiall exercises. For the better effecting whereof, as also for meeting with other inconueniences in such doubtfull times incident to the most settled states, making of the diuers regions of his whole kingdome so many diuisions as he thought conuenient, he appointed the charge of them to the greatest, and of greatest trust he had about him: arming them with sufficient authoritie to leauie forces within their seuerall gouernments, both for resisting the inuading enemy, and punishing the disordered subiect. Hauing thus prepared the body, and assured the heart of his countrey against any mischiefe that might attaint it, he then tooke into his carefull consideration the externall partes, giuing order both for the repairing and increasing his nauy, and for the fortifying of such places, especially on the sea coast, as either commoditie of landing, weakenesse of the countrey, or any other respect of aduantage was likeliest to draw the enemy vnto. But being none of them who thinke all things done, for which they haue once giuen direction, he followed euery where his commandement with his presence, which witnesse of euery mans slackenesse or diligence, chastising the one, & encouraging the other, suffered not the fruite of any profitable counsell for want of timely taking to be lost. And thus making one place succeede another in the progresse of wisdome & vertue, he was now come to *Aulon* a principal port of his realme, when the poore *Plangus* extreamely wearied with his

long iourney (deſire of ſuccouring *Erena*, no more relieuing, then feare of not ſuccouring her in time, aggrauating his trauell) by a lamentable narration of his childrens death, called home his cares from encountring forreine enemies, to ſuppreſſe the inſurrection of inward paſſions. The matter ſo hainous, the maner ſo villanous, the loſſe of ſuch perſons, in ſo vnripe yeares, in a time ſo daungerous to the whole ſtate of *Greece*, how vehemētly it moued to griefe & cōpaſſiō others, only not blind to the light of vertue, nor deafe to the voyce of their country, might perchance by a more cunning workman in liuely colours be deliuered. But the face of *Euarchus* ſorrow, to the one in nature, to both in affection, a father, & iudging the world ſo much the more vnworthily depriued of thoſe excellēcies, as himſelf was better iudge of ſo excellent worthines, can no otherwiſe be ſhadowed out by the skilfulleſt pencell thē by couering it ouer with the vaile of ſilēce. And indeed that way himſelf tooke, with ſo patient a quietnes receiuing this pitifull relation, that all words of weaknes ſuppreſſed, magnanimitie ſeemed to triumph ouer miſery. Only receiuing of *Plangus* perfit inſtruction of al things concerning *Plexirtus* & *Artaxia*, with promiſe not only to aide him in deliuering *Erona*, but alſo with vehement proteſtatiō, neuer to returne into *Macedon*, till he had purſued the murtherers to death: he diſpatched with ſpeed a ſhip for *Byzantium*, cōmanding the gouernour to prouide al neceſſaries for the war againſt his owne comming, which he purpoſed ſhould be verie ſhortly. In this ſhip *Plangus* would needs go, impatient of ſtay, for that in many dayes before he had vnderſtood nothing of his Ladies eſtate. Soone after whoſe departure, newes was brought to *Euarchus*, that all the ſhips detained in *Italie* were returned. For the *Latines* finding by *Euarchus* proceedings their intent to be fruſtrate (as before by his ſodaine returne they doubted it was diſcouered) deeming it no wiſedome to ſhew the will, not hauing the abilitie to hurt, had not only in free & friendly maner diſmiſſed thē, but for the time wholly omitted their enterpriſe, attending the opportunitie of fitter occaſion. By meanes wherof *Euarchus*, rid frō the cumber of that war (likely otherwiſe to haue ſtayed him longer) with ſo great a fleete as haſt would ſuffer him to aſſemble, forthwith imbarqued for *Byzantium*. And now followed with freſh winds he had in ſhort time run a long courſe, when on a night encountred with an extreame tempeſt, his ſhips were ſo ſcattered, that ſcarcely any two were left together. As for the Kings owne ſhip, depriued of all company, ſore bruſed, and weather-beaten, able no longer to brooke the ſeas churliſh entertainment, a little before day it recouered the ſhore. The firſt light made them ſee it was the vnhappy coaſt of *Laconia*: for no other country could haue ſhown the like euidence of vnnaturall war. Which hauing long endured betweene the nobility and the *Helotes*, and once compounded by *Pyrocles*, vnder the name of *Diaphantus*, immediatly vpon his departure had broken out more violently then euer before. For the King taking the opportunitie of their Captaines abſence, refuſed to performe the conditions of peace, as extorted from him by rebellious violence. Whereupon they were againe deepely entred into warre, with ſo notable an hatred towardes the very name of a King, that *Euarchus* (though a ſtraunger vnto them) thought it not ſafe there to leaue his perſon, where neither his owne force could be a defence, nor the ſacred name of Maieſtie, a protection. Therefore calling to him an *Arcadian* (one that comming with *Plangus* had remained with *Euarchus*, deſirous to ſee the warres) he demaunded of him for the next place of ſuretie, where he might make his ſtay, vntill he might heare ſomewhat of his fleete, or cauſe his ſhip to be repaired. The Gentleman glad to haue this occaſion of doing ſeruice to *Euarchus*, and honour to *Baſilius* (to whom he

he knew he should bring a most welcome guest) told him, that if it pleased him to cõmit himselfe to *Arcadia*, (a part whereof lay open to their view) he would vndertake ere the next night were far spent to guide him safely to his master *Basilius*. The present necessitie much prouailed with *Euarchus*, yet more a certain vertuous desire to try, whether by his authoritie he might withdraw *Basilius* from burying himself alide, and to imploy the rest of his old years in doing good, the onely happidaction of mans life. For besides the vniuersall case of *Greece*, deprived by this meanes of a principall pillar, he weighed & pitied the pittifull state of the *Arcadian* people, who were in worse case then if death had taken away their Prince. For so yet their necessitie would haue placed some one to the helme: now, a Prince being, and not doing like a Prince, keeping and not exercising the place, they were in so much more euill case, as they could not prouide for their euill. These rightly wise & vertuous considerations especially moued *Euarchus* to take his iourney towards the desert, where arriuing within night, & vnderstanding to his great griefe, the newes of the Princes death, he wayted for his safe conduct from *Philanax*: in the meane time taking his rest vnder a tree, with no more affected pompes, then as a man that knew, howsoeuer he was exalted, the beginning and end of his bodie was earth. But *Philanax* as soone as he was in sight of him, lighting from his horse, presented himselfe vnto him in all those humble behauiours, which not only the great reuerence of the partie, but the conceit of ones owne miserie, is wont to frame. *Euarchus* raise vp vnto him with so gracious a countenaunce, as the goodnesse of his minde had long exercised him vnto: careful so much more to descend in all curtesies, as he saw him beare a low representation of his afflicted state. But to *Philanax*, assoone as by neare looking on him, he might perfectly behold him, the grauitie of his countenance, & yeares, not much vnlike to his late deceassed, but euer beloued master, brought his forme so liuely vnto his memorie, and reuiued so all the thoughts of his wonted ioyes within him, that in steede of speaking to *Euarchus*, he stood a while like a man gone a farre iourney from himself, calling as it were with his mind an account of his losses: imagining that this paine needed not, if nature had not bin violently stopped of her owne course: & casting more louing then wise conceits, what a world this wold haue bin, if this sudden accident had not interrupted it. And so far strayed he into his rauing melancholie, that his eyes nimbler then his tongue, let fall a floud of tears, his voice being stopped with extremitie of sobbing, so much had his friendship caried him to *Basilius*, that he thought no age was timely for his death. But at length taking the occasion of his own weeping, he thus did speak to *Euarchus*. Let not my tears most worthily renowmed Prince make my presence vnpleasant, or my speech vnmarked of you. For the iustnesse of the cause, takes away the blame of any weakenesse in me; and the affinitie that the same beareth to your greatnesse, seemes euen lawfully to claime pittie in you: A Prince of a Princes fall, a louer of iustice, of a most vniust violence. And giue me leaue excellent *Euarchus* to say, I am but the representer of al the late florishing *Arcadia*, which now with mine eyes doth weep, with my toung doth complaine, with my knees doth lay it selfe at your feet, which neuer haue bin vnreadie to carie you to the vertuous protecting of innocents. Imagine, vouchsafe to imagine, most wise and good King, that here is before your eyes, the pittiful spectacle of a most dolorously ending tragedie: wherein I do but play the part of all the new miserable prouince, which being spoiled of their guide, doth lye like a ship without a Pilot, tumbling vp and downe in the vncertaine waues, till it either runne it selfe vpon the rockes of selfe-diuision, or be ouerthrowne by the stormie winde of forreine

reine force. *Arcadia* finding herſelfe in theſe deſolate termes, doth ſpeake, and I ſpeake for her, to thee not vainly puiſſant Prince, that ſince now ſhee is not onely robbed of the naturall ſupport of her Lord, but ſo ſuddenly robbed, that ſhee hath not breathing time to ſtand for her ſafetie: ſo vnfortunately, that it doth appall their mindes, though they had leiſure: and ſo miſchieuouſly, that it doth exceede both the ſuddenneſſe and infortunateneſſe of it, thou wilt lend thine arme vnto her, and as a man, take compaſſion of mankind, as a vertuous man chaſtice moſt abhominable vice, and as a Prince protect a people, which all haue with one voyce called for thy goodneſſe: thinking, that as thou art onely able, ſo thou art fully able, to redreſſe their imminent ruines. They do therefore with as much confidence as neceſſitie, fly vnto you for ſuccour, they lay themſelues open to you: to you, I meane your ſelfe, ſuch as you haue euer beene: that is to ſay, that hath alwayes had his determinations bounded with equitie. They onely reſerue the right to *Baſilius* bloud; the maner to the auncient preſcribing of their lawes. For the reſt without exception, they yeeld ouer vnto you; as to the elected protectour of this kingdome, which name and office they beſeech you till you haue laid a ſufficient foundation of tranquillitie to take vpon you; the particularitie both of their ſtatutes and demaundes you ſhall preſently after vnderſtand. Now only I am to ſay vnto you, that this countrey falls to be a faire field, to prooue whether the goodly tree of your vertue, will liue in all ſoiles. Here I ſay will be ſeene, whether either feare can make you ſhort, or the likerouſneſſe of dominion make you beyond iuſtice. And I can for concluſion ſay no more but this, you muſt think, vpon my wordes and your anſwere, depend not only the quiet, but the liues of ſo many thouſands, which for their auncient confederacie, in this their extream neceſſitie, deſire neither the expence of your treaſure, nor hazard of your ſubiects, but onely the benefit of your wiſdome, whoſe both glorie and encreaſe ſtandes in the exerciſing of it. The ſumme of this requeſt was vtterly vnlooked for of *Euarchus*, which made him the more diligent in marking his ſpeech, and after his ſpeech take the greater pauſe for a perfect reſolution. For as of the one ſide, he thought nature required nothing more of him then that he ſhould be a helpe to them of like creation, and had his heart no whit commaunded with feare, thinking his life well paſſed, hauing ſatisfied the tyrannie of time with the courſe of many yeares, the expectation of the world with more then expected honour, laſtly the tribute due to his owne minde with the dayly offering of moſt vertuous actions: ſo of the other he wayed the iuſt reproch that followed thoſe who eaſily enter into other folkes buſineſſe, with the opinion might bee conceiued, loue of ſeignorie rather then of iuſtice, had made him embarke himſelfe thus, into a matter nothing pertaining to him, eſpecially in a time when earneſt occaſion of his owne buſineſſe ſo greatly required his preſence. But in the end, wiſdome being an eſſentiall and not an opinionate thing, made him rather to bend to what was in it ſelfe good, then what by euill minds might be iudged not good. And therein did ſee that though that people did not belong vnto him, yet doing good (which is not incloſed within any terms of people) did belõg vnto him, & if neceſſity forced him for ſome time to abide in *Arcadia*, the neceſſity of *Arcadia* might iuſtly demaund ſome fruite of abiding. To this, ſecret aſſurance of his own worthineſſe (which although it bee neuer ſo well cloathed in modeſtie, yet alwaies liues in the worthieſt mindes) did much puſh him forward, ſaying vnto himſelfe, the treaſure of thoſe inward giftes he had, were beſtowed by the heauens vpon him, to be beneficiall and not idle. On which determination reſting, and yet willing before he waded

ded any further, to examine well the depth of the others proffer, he thus with that wel-poysed gesture, vnpassionate nature bestoweth vpon mankind, made answere to *Philanax* most vrgent petition. Although long experience hath made me know, all men (and so Princes which be but men) to be subiect to infinite casualties, the very constitution of our liues remaining in continual chaunge: yet the affaires of this countrey, or at least my meeting so iumply with them, makes me abashed with the straungenesse of it. With much paine I am come hither to see my long approued friend, and now I find if I will see him, I must see him dead after; for mine own securitie, I seek to be warranted mine own life: and there suddenly am I appointed to be a iudge of other mens liues: though a friend to him, yet am I a stranger to the countrey, and now of a stranger you would suddenly make a director. I might obiect to your desire my weakenesse, which age perhaps hath wrought in minde and bodie: & iustly I may pretend the necessitie of mine owne affaires, to which as I am by al true rules most nearly tied, so can they not long beare the delay of my absence. But though I would and could dispence with these difficulties, what assurance can I haue of the peoples will? Which hauing so many circles of imaginations can hardly be inclosed in one point. Who knowes a people, that knowes not sudden opinion makes them hope, which hope if be not answered, they fall in hate? chusing and refusing, erecting, and ouerthrowing, according as the present nesse of any fancie caries them. Euen this their hasty drawing to me, makes me thinke they wilbe as hastily withdrawen from me, for it is but one ground of inconstancie, soone to take or soone to leaue. It may be they haue heard of *Euarchus* more then cause: their owne eyes wilbe perhaps more curious iudges, out of heare say they may haue builded many conceits, which I cannot, perchaunce will not performe, then will vndeserued repentance be a greater shame and iniurie vnto me, then their vndeserued proffer is honour. And to conclude I must be fully enformed, how the patient is minded, before I can promise to vndertake the cure. *Philanax* was not of the moderne mindes, who make suters magistrates: but did euer thinke the vnwilling worthy man, was fitter then the vndeseruing desirer. Therfore the more *Euarchus* drew backe, the more hee found in him that the cunningest pilot doth most dread the rockes, the more earnestly hee pursued his publike request vnto him. Hee desired him not to make any weake excuses of his weakenesse, since so many examples had well proued his minde was strong to ouerpasse the greatest troubles, and his bodie strong inough to obey his mind; and that so long as they were ioyned together, he knew *Euarchus* would thinke it no wearisome exercise, to make them vessels of vertuous actions. The duty to his countrie, he acknowledged: which as he had so setled, as it was not to feare any sudden alteration, so since it did want him, as well it might endure a fruitfull as an idle absence. As for the doubt hee conceiued of the peoples constancie in this their election, he sayd it was such a doubt as all humane actions are subiect vnto: yet as much as in politique matters, which receiue not Geometricall certainties, a man may assure himselfe there was euident likelyhood to be conceiued, of the continuance, both in their vnanimitie, & his worthinesse: whereof the one was apt to be held, and the other to hold, ioyned to the present necessitie the firmest band of mortall mindes. In sum, hee alledged so many reasons to *Euarchus* his minde, (alreadie inclined to enter into any vertuous action) that he yeelded to take vpon himselfe the iudgement of the present cause, so as he might finde indeed that such was the peoples desire out of iudgement and not faction. Therefore mounting on their horses, they hasted to the lodges, where they found, though late

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in the night, the people wakefully watching for the iſſue of *Philanax* Embaſſage. No man thinking the matter would be well done, without he had his voice in it, and each deeming his owne eyes the beſt gardiens of his throate in that vnaccuſtomed tumult. But when they ſaw *Philanax* returne, hauing on his right hand the king *Euarchus*, on whom they had now placed the greateſt burthen of their feares, with ioyfull ſhoutes and applauding acclamations, they made him and the world quickly know, that one mans ſufficiencie is more auailable then ten thouſands multitude. So euill ballanced be the extremities of popular mindes: and ſo much naturall imperiouſneſſe there reſtes in a well formed ſpirit. For as if *Euarchus* had beene borne of the Princely blood of *Arcadia*, or that long and well acquainted prooſe had ingrafted him in their countrey, ſo flocked they about this ſtranger, moſt of them already frō deiected feares, riſing to ambitious conſiderations, who ſhould catch the firſt hold of his fauour. And then from thoſe crying welcomes to babling one with the other, ſome praiſing *Philanax* for his ſucceeding paine, others liking *Euarchus* aſpect, and as they iudged his age by his face, ſo iudging his wiſdome by his age, *Euarchus* paſſed through them like a man that did neither diſdaine a people, nor yet was any thing tickled with their flatteries. But alwayes holding his owne, a man might reade a conſtant determination in his eyes. And in that ſort diſmounting among them, he forthwith demanded the cōuocation to be made, which accordingly was done, with as much order and ſilence, as it might appeare, *Neptune* had not more force to appeaſe the rebellious winde, then the admiration of an extraordinarie vertue hath, to temper a diſordred multitude. He being raiſed vp vpon a place more high then the reſt, where he might be beſt vnderſtood, in this ſort ſpake vnto thē. I vnderſtand ſaid he, faithful *Arcadians*, by my L. *Philanax*, that you haue with one conſent, choſen me to be the iudge of the late euils hapned: orderer of the preſent diſorders: & finally protector of this countrie, till therein it be ſeene what the cuſtomes of *Arcadia* require. He could ſay no further, being ſtopped with a general cry, that ſo it was; giuing him all the honorable titles, and happy wiſhes they could imagine. He beckned vnto them for ſilence, and then thus againe proceeded, well ſaid he, how good choiſe you haue made, the attending muſt be in you, the prooſe in me. But becauſe it many times fals out, we are much deceiued in others, we being the firſt to deceiue our ſelues, I am to require you, not to haue an ouerſhooting expectation of me, the moſt cruell aduerſarie of all honorable doings. Nor promiſe your ſelues wonders out of a ſudden liking: but remember I am a man, that is to ſay, a creature, whoſe reaſon is often darkned with errour. Secondly, that you will lay your harts voide of foretaken opinions: elſe whatſoeuer I do or ſay, will be meaſured by a wrong rule, like them that haue the yellow laundiſe, euery thing ſeeming yellow vnto them. Thirdly, what ſoeuer debates haue riſen among you, may be vtterly extinguiſhed, knowing that euen amōg the beſt men are diuerſities of opiniōs, which are no more in true reaſon to breed hatred, then one that loues black, ſhould be angrie with him that is clothed in white, for thoughts and conceits are the verie apparell of the mind. Laſtly, that you do not eaſily iudge of your iudge, but ſince you will haue me to commaund, thinke it is your part to obey. And in reward of this, I will promiſe & proteſt vnto you, that to the vttermoſt of my skill; both in the generall lawes of nature, eſpecially of *Greece*, and particular of *Arcadia* (wherein I muſt confeſſe I am not vnacquainted) I will not onely ſee the paſſed euils duly puniſhed, and your weale hereafter eſtabliſhed; but for your defence in it, if neede ſhall require, I will imploy the force and treaſures of mine owne country. In the meane

time,

time, this ſhall be the firſt order I will take, that no man vnder paine of grieuous puniſhment, name me by any other name but Protectour of *Arcadia*. For I will not leaue any poſſible colour, to any of my naturall ſucceſſors, to make claime to this, which by free election you haue beſtowed vpon me. And ſo I vow vnto you, to depoſe my ſelfe of it aſſoone as the iudgement is paſſed, the King buried, and his lawfull ſucceſſour appoynted. For the firſt whereof, I meane the trying which be guilty of the Kings death, and theſe other haynous treſpaſſes, becauſe your cuſtomes require ſuch haſt I will no longer delay it, then till to morrow as ſoone as the Sunne ſhall giue vs fit opportunitie. You may therefore retire your ſelfe to your reſt, that you may be readier to be preſent, at theſe ſo great important matters. With many allowing tokens was *Euarchus* ſpeech heard, who now by *Philanax* (that tooke the principall care of doing all due ſeruices vnto him) was offered a lodging made readie for him, (the reſt of the people aſwell as the ſmall commoditie of that place would ſuffer, yeelding their weary heads to ſleepe) when loe the night throughly ſpent in theſe mixed matters, was for that time baniſhed the face of the earth, and *Euarchus* ſeeing the day begin to diſcloſe his cõfortable beauties, deſiring nothing more, then to ioyne ſpeed with iuſtice, willed *Philanax* preſently to make the iudgement place be put in order: & as ſoone as the people (who yet were not fully diſperſed) might be brought together, to bring forth the priſoners and the Kings bodie. Which the maner was, ſhould in ſuch caſes be held in ſight, though couered with blacke veluet, vntill they that were accuſed to be the murtherers were quitted or condemned; whether the reaſon of the law were to ſhew the more gratefull loue to their Prince, or by that ſpectacle, the more to remember the iudge of his dutie. *Philanax* who now thought in himſelfe, he approched to the iuſt reuenge he ſo much deſired, went with all care & diligence to performe his charge. But firſt it ſhalbe wel to know, how the poore & Princely priſoners, paſſed this tedious night. There was neuer tyrant exerciſed his rage with more grieuous torments, vpon any he moſt hated, thẽ afflicted *Gynecia* did crucifie her owne ſoule, after the guiltineſſe of her heart was ſurcharged with the ſuddenneſſe of her huſbãds death: for although that effect came not from her minde, yet her minde being euil, and the effect euill, ſhe thought the iuſtice of God had for the beginning of her paines coupled them together. This inceſſantly boyled in her breſt, but moſt of all, when *Philanax* hauing cloſely impriſoned her, ſhe was left more freely to ſuffer the firebrands of her owne thoughts, eſpecially when it grew darke, and had nothing left by her but a little lampe, whoſe ſmall light to a perplexed minde, might rather yeeld fearefull ſhadowes, then any aſſured ſight. Then began the heapes of her miſeries, to weygh down the platforme of her iudgement, then began deſpaire to lay his ougly clawes vpon her, ſhe began then, to feare the heauenly powers (ſhe was wont to reuerence) not like a child, but like an enemie, neither kept ſhe her ſelfe from blaſphemous repyning againſt her creation. O Gods would ſhe cry out, why did you make me to deſtruction? If you loue goodnes, why did you not giue me a good minde? Or if I cannot haue it without your gift, why do you plague me? Is it in me to reſiſt the mightineſſe of your power? Then would ſhe imagine ſhe ſaw ſtrange ſights, and that ſhe heard the cries of helliſh ghoſts, then would ſhe skritch out for ſuccour, but no man comming vnto her ſhe would faine haue killed her ſelf, but knew not how. At ſometimes againe, the very heauineſſe of her imaginations would cloſe vp her ſenſes to a little ſleepe: but then did her dreames become her tormentours. One time it would ſeeme vnto her, *Philanax* was haling her by the haire of the head, and hauing put out her eyes,

was ready to throw her into a burning fornace. Another time she would thinke she saw her husband making the complaint of his death to *Pluto*, and the magistrates of that infernall region, contending in great debate, to what eternall punishment they should allot her. But long her dreaming would not hold, but that it would fall vpon *Zelmane*: to whom she would thinke she was crying for mercy, and that she did passe away by her in silence, without any shew of pitying her mischiefe. Then waking out of a broken sleepe, and yet wishing she might euer haue slept, new formes, but of the same miseries, would seaze her minde, she feared death, and yet desired death, she had passed the vttermost of shame, and yet shame was one of her cruellest assaultes, she hated *Pyrocles* as the originall of her mortall ouerthrow: and yet the loue she had conceiued to him, had still a high authoritie of her passions. O *Zelmane*, would she say (not knowing how neare he himselfe was to as great a daunger) now shalt thou glut thy eyes, with the dishonoured death of thy enemie! Enemie, alas enemy, since so thou hast well shewed, thou wilt haue me account thee, couldest thou not aswell haue giuen me a determinate deniall, as to disguise thy first diguising, with a double dissembling? Perchaunce if I had bene vtterly hopelesse, the vertue was once in me, might haue called together his forces, and not haue bene led captiue to this monstrous thraldome of punished wickednesse. Then would her owne knowing of good inflame anew the rage of despaire: which becomming an vnresisted Lord in her breast, she had no other comfort but in death, which yet she had in horrour, when she thought of. But the wearisome detesting of her self, made her long for the dayes approch, at which time she determined to continue her former course, in acknowledging any thing which might hasten her end: Wherein although she did not hope for the end of her torments, feeling already the beginning of hell agonies; yet according to the nature of paine, the present being most intollerable, she desired to change that, and put to aduenture the ensuing. And thus rested the restlesse *Gynecia*; no lesse sorowfull, though lesse ragefull, were the mindes of the Princesse *Pamela*, and the Lady *Philoclea*, whose onely aduantages were, that they had not consented to so much euill, and so were at greater peace with themselues: and that they were not left alone, but might mutually beare part of each others woes. For when *Philanax* not regarding *Pamelas* Princely protestations, had by force left her vnder gard with her sister, and that the two sisters were matched, aswell in the disgraces of fortune, as they had bene in the best beauties of nature: those things that till then, bashfulnesse and mistrust had made them hold reserued one from the other, now feare, the vnderminer of all determinations, and necessitie the victorious rebell of all lawes, forced them enterchangeably to lay open. Their passions then so swelling in them, as they would haue made Auditors of stones, rather then haue swallowed vp in silence, the choking aduentures were fallen vnto them; Truly the hardest hearts, which haue at any time thought womans teares to be a matter of slight compassion (imagining that faire weather will quickly after follow) would now haue bene mollified: and bene compelled to confesse, that the fairer a Diamond is, the more pitie it is it should receiue a blemish. Although no doubt, their faces did rather beautifie sorow, then sorrow could darken that, which euen in darknesse did shine. But after they had so long, as their other afflictions would suffer them, with doleful ceremonies bemoned their fathers death: they sate downe to get her apparelled as their misaduentures had found them; *Pamela* in her iourneying weeds now conuerted to another vse: *Philoclea* onely in her night gowne, which she thought should be the rayment of her funerals. But when the excellent creatures, had after much

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panting (with their inward trauell) gotten so much breathing power, as to make a pitifull discourse one to the other, what had befallen them, & that by the plaine cõparing the case they were in, they throughly found that their grieues were not more like in regard of themselues, then like in respect of the subiect (the two Princes, as *Pamela* had learned of *Musidorus*, being so minded, as they would euer make both their fortunes one) it did more vnite, & so strengthen their lamentation: seeing the one could not be miserable, but that it must necessarily make the other miserable also. That therefore was the first matter their tweet mouthes deliuered, the declaring the passionate beginning, troublesome proceeding, and daungerous ending, their neuer ending loues had passed. And when at any time they entred into the prayses of the yong Princes, too long it would haue exercised their toungs, but that their memory forthwith warned thẽ, the more prayseworthy they were, the more at that time they were worthy of lamentation. Then againe to crying and wringing of hands; & then anew, as vnquiet griefe sought each corner, to new discourses, from discourses to wishes, from wishes to prayers. Especially the tender *Philoclea*, who as she was in yeares younger, and had neuer lifted vp her minde to any opinion of soueraignetie so was she the apter to yeeld to her misfortune; hauing no stronger debates in her mind, then a man may say a most wittie childhood is wont to nourish: as to imagine with her selfe, why *Philanax* and the other noble men, should deale so cruelly by her, that had neuer deserued euill of any of them. And how they could finde in their hearts, to imprison such a personage, as shee did figure *Pyrocles* whom she thought all the world was bound to loue, as well as she did. But *Pamela*, although endued with a vertuous mildnesse, yet the knowledge of her selfe, and what was due vnto her, made her heart full of a stronger disdaine, against her aduersitie.

So that she ioyned the vexation for her friend, with the spite to see her selfe as she thought rebelliously detained; and mixed desirous thoughts to helpe, with reuengefull thoughts if she could not helpe. And as in pangs of death, the stronger heart feeles the greater torment, because it doth the more resist to his oppressour; so her minde, the nobler it was set, and had already embraced the higher thoughts, so much more it did repine; and the more it repined, the more helplesse wounds it gaue vnto it selfe. But when great part of the night was passed ouer the dolefull Musicke of these sweete Ladyes complaints, and that leasure though with some strife, had brought *Pamela* to know, that an Eagle when she is in a Cage, must not thinke to do like an Eagle, remembring with themselues, that it was likely the next day, the Lords would proceede against those they had imprisoned; They imployed the rest of the night, in writing vnto them, with such earnestnesse as the matter required, but in such stiles as the state of their thoughts was apt to fashion. In the meane time, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were recommended to so strong a guard, as they might well see it was meant, they should pay no lesse price then their liues, for the getting out of that place, which they like men indeede, (fortifying courage with the true Rampier of patience) did so endure, as they did rather appeare gouernours of necessitie, then seruaunts to fortune. The whole summe of their thoughts resting vpon the safetie of their Ladies, and their care one for the other: wherein (if at all) their hearts did seeme to receiue some softnesse. For sometimes *Musidorus* would feele such a motion to his friend, and his vnworthy case, that he would fall into such kinde speeches. My *Pyrocles* would he say, how vnhappy may I thinke *Thessalia*, that hath bene as it were the middle way to this euill estate of yours? For if you had not bene there brought vp, the Sea should not haue had

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this power, thus to seuer you from your deare father. I haue therefore, (if complaints do at any time become a mans heart) most cause to complaine, since my countrey, which receiued the honour of *Pyrocles* education, should be a step to his ouerthrow, it is humane chaunces can be counted an ouerthrow to him, that standes vpon vertue. Oh excellent *Musidorus* answered *Pyrocles*, how do you teach me rather, to fall out with my selfe, and my fortune, since by you I haue receiued all good, you onely by me this affliction? to you and your vertuous mother, I in my tendrest yeares, and fathers greatest troubles, was sent for succour. There did I learne the sweete mysteries of Philosophie; there had I your liuely example, to confirme me that which I learned; there lastly had I your friendship, which no vnhappinesse can euer make me say, but that hath made me happy. Now see how my destinie (the Gods know) not my will, hath rewarded you: my father sendes for you away out of your land, whence but for me you had not come: what after followed, you know. It was my loue not yours, which first stayed you here; and therefore if the heauens euer held a iust proportion, it were I and not you, that should feele the smart. O blame not the heauens, sweete *Pyrocles*, sayd *Musidorus*, as their course neuer alters, so is there nothing done by the vnreachable ruler of them, but hath an euerlasting reason for it. And to say the truth of these things, we should deale vngratefully with nature, if we should be forgetfull receiuers of her gift, and diligent Auditors of the chaunces we like not. We haue liued, and haue liued to be good to our selues, and others: our soules which are put into the stirring earth of our bodies, haue atchieued the causes of their hither comming: They haue knowne, and honored with knowledge, the cause of their creation, and to many men (for in this time, place, and fortune, it is lawfull for vs to speake gloriously) it hath bene bt houefull, that we should liue. Since then eternitie is not to be had in this coniunction, what is to be lost by the separation, but time? which since it hath his end, when that is once come, all what is past is nothing: and by the protracting nothing gotten, but labour and care. Do not me therefore that wrong, (who somthing in yeares, but much in all other deserts, am fitter to dye then you) as to say, you haue brought me to any euill: since the loue of you, doth ouerballance all bodily mischiefes, and those mischiefes be but mischiefes to the baser mindes, too much delighted with the kennell of this life. Neither wil I any more yeeld to my passiō of lamenting you, which howsoeuer it might agree to my exceeding friendship, surely it would nothing to your exceeding vertue. Adde this to your noble speech my deare Cosin, sayd *Pyrocles*, that if we complaine of this our fortune, or seeme to our selues faultie, in hauing one hurt the other, we shewe a repentance of the loue we beare to these matchlesse creatures, or at least a doubt, it should be ouer dearely bought, which for my part (and so dare I answere for you) I call all the Gods to witnesse, I am so farre from, that no shame, no torment, no death, would make me forgo the least part of the inward honour, essentiall pleasure, and liuing life, I haue enioyed in the presence of the faultlesse *Philoclea*. Take the preheminence in all things, but in true louing, answered *Musidorus*, for the confession of that no death shall get of me. Of that answered *Pyrocles* soberly smiling, I perceiue we shall haue a debate in the other world, if at least there remaine any thing of remembrance in that place. I do not thinke the contrarie sayd *Musidorus*, although you know, it is greatly held, that with the death of bodie and sences (which are not onely the beginning, but dwelling and nourishing of passions, thoughts and imaginations) they saylings, memorie likewise sailes, which riseth onely out of them: & then is there

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left nothing, but the intellectuall part or intelligence, which voide of all morall vertues, which ſtand in the meane of perturbations, doth only liue in the contemplatiue vertue, and power of the omnipotent good, the ſoule of ſoules, and vniuerſall life of this great worke, & therfore is vtterly void, from the posſibility of drawing to it ſelfe, theſe ſenſible conſiderations. Certainly anſwered *Pyrocles*, I eaſily yeeld, that we ſhall not know one another, and much leſſe theſe paſſed things, with a ſenſible or paſſionate knowledge. For the cauſe being taken away, the effects followe. Neither do I thinke, we ſhall haue ſuch a memory, as now we haue, which is but a relicke of the ſenſes, or rather a print the ſenſes haue left of thinges paſt in our thoughts, but it ſhall be a vitall power of that very intelligence; which as while it was here, it held the chiefe ſeate of our life, and was as it were the laſt reſort, to which of all our knowledges, the higheſt appeale came, and ſo by that meanes was neuer ignorant of our actions, though many times rebelliouſly reſiſted, alwayes with this priſon darkened: ſo, much more being free of that priſon, and returning to the life of all things, where all infinite knowledge is, it cannot but be a right intelligence, which is both his name and being, of things both preſent and paſſed, though voide of imagining to it ſelfe any thing; but euen growne like to his Creator hath all things, with a ſpirituall knowledge before it. The difference of which is as hard for vs to conceiue, as it was for vs, when we were in our mothers wombes, to comprehend (if any body would haue tolde vs) what kind of light we now in this life ſee, what kind of knowledge we now haue: yet now we do not onely feel our preſent being, but we cõceiue what we were before we were borne, though remembrance make vs not do it, but knowledge, and though we are vtterly without any remorſe of any miſery we might then ſuffer. Euen ſuch and much more ods, ſhall there be at that ſecond deliuery of ours; when voide of ſenſible memory, or memoratiue paſſion, we ſhall not ſee the colours, but lifes of all things that haue bene or can be: and ſhall (as I hope) knowe our friendſhip, though exempt from the earthly cares of frendſhip, hauing both vnited it, and our ſelues, in that high and heauenly loue of the vnquenchable light.

As hee had ended his ſpeech, *Muſidorus* looking with a heauenly ioy vpon him, ſang this ſong vnto him, hee had made before loue turned his muſe to another ſubiect.

Since natures workes be good, and death doth ſerue
As natures worke: why ſhould we feare to die?
Since feare is vaine, but when it may preſerue,
Why ſhould we feare that, which we cannot flie?

Feare is more paine, then is the paine it feares,
Diſarming humane mindes, of natiue might:
While each conceite, an ougly figure beares.
Which were not euill, well view'd in reaſons light.

Our only eyes, which dimm'd with paſſions be,
And ſcarce diſcerne the dawne of comming day,
Let them be clear'de, and now begin to ſee,
Our life is but a ſtep, in duſtie way.
Then let vs hold the bliſſe of peacefull mind,
Since this we feele, great loſſe we cannot find.

Thus did they like quiet Swannes, ſing their owne obſequies, and vertuouſly enable their mindes againſt all extremities, which they did thinke would fall vpon them, eſpecially reſoluing, that the firſt care they would haue, ſhould be by taking the fault vpon themſelues, to cleare the two Ladies, of whoſe caſe (as of nothing elſe that happened) they had not any knowledge. Although their friendly hoſte, the honeſt gentleman *Kalander*, ſeeking all meanes how to helpe them, had endeuoured to ſpeake with them, & to make them know who ſhould be their iudge. But the curious ſeruant of *Philanax* forbad him the entry, vpon paine of death. For ſo it was a greed vpon, that no man ſhould haue any conference with them, for feare of new tumults. Inſomuch that *Kalander* was conſtrayned to retire himſelfe, hauing yet obtained thus much, that he would deliuer vnto the two Princes, their apparell and iewels, which being left with him at *Mantinea* (wiſely conſidering that their diguiſed weedes which were all as then they had, would make them more odious in the ſight of the iudges) he had that night ſent for, & now brought vnto them. They accepted their owne, with great thankfulneſſe, knowing from whence it came, and attired themſelues in it againſt the next day, which being indeed rich and Princely, they accordingly determined to maintaine the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, as before it is mentioned. Then gaue they themſelues to conſider, in what ſort they might defend their cauſes, for they thought it no leſſe vaine to wiſh death, then cowardly to feare it, till ſomething before morning, a ſmall ſlumber taking them, they were by and by after called vp to come to the aunſwere, of no leſſe then their liues imported. But in this ſort was the iudgement ordered. As ſoone as the morning had taken a full poſſeſſion of the Element, *Euarchus* called vnto him *Philanax*, and willed him to draw out into the middeſt of the greene, (before the chiefe lodge) the throne of iudgement ſeate, in which *Baſilius* was wont to ſit, and according to their cuſtomes, was euer caried with the Prince. For *Euarchus* did wiſely conſider, the people to be naturally taken with exterior ſhewes, farre more then with inward conſideration of the materiall points. And therefore in this newe entrie into ſo entangled a matter, hee would leaue nothing which might be either an armour or ornament vnto him, and in theſe pompous ceremonies he well knew a ſecret of gouernment much to conſiſt. That was performed by the diligent *Philanax*, and therein *Euarchus* did ſet himſelfe all cloathed in blacke, with the principall men, who could in that ſuddenneſſe prouide themſelues of ſuch mourning rayments; The whole people commaunded to keepe an orderly ſilence of each ſide, which was duly obſerued of them, partly for the deſire they had to ſee a good concluſion of theſe matters, and partly ſtriken with admiration, aſwell at the graue and Princely preſence of *Euarchus*, as at the greatneſſe of the cauſe, which was then to come in queſtion. As for *Philanax*, *Euarchus* would haue done him the honour to ſit by him, but hee excuſed himſelfe, deſiring to be the accuſer of the priſoners in his maiſters behalfe; and therefore ſince hee made himſelfe a partie, it was not conuenient for him to ſit in the iudiciall place. Then was it a while deliberated, whether the twoo young Ladies ſhould be brought forth in open preſence: but that was ſtopped by *Philanax*, whoſe loue and faith, did deſcend from his maiſter to his children, and only deſired, the ſmart ſhould light vpon the others, whom hee thought guiltie of his death and diſhonour, alleaging for this, that neither wiſedome would, they ſhould bee brought in preſence of the people, which might hereupon grow to new vprores: nor iuſtice required, they ſhould be drawne to any ſhame, till ſome body accuſed them. And as for *Pamela*,

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he proteſted the lawes of *Arcadia*, would not allow any iudgement of her, although ſhe herſelfe were to determine nothing till age or marriage enabled her. Then the Kings body being layd vpon a Table, iuſt before *Euarchus*, & all couered ouer with blacke, the priſoners, namely the Queene and two young Princes, were ſent for to appeare in the protectors name: which name was the cauſe they came not to knowledge, how neare a kinſman was to iudge of them, but thought him to be ſome Nobleman, choſen by the Country, in this extremity. So extraordinarie courſe, had the order of the heauens produced at this time, that both nephew and ſon, were not only priſoners, but vnknown, to their vncle & father, who of many yeares had not ſeen them. And *Pyrocles* was to plead for his life before that throne in which throne lately before he had ſaued the Kings life. But firſt was *Gynecia* led forth, in the ſame weeds that the day and night before ſhe had worne, ſauing that in ſtead of *Zelmanes* garment in which ſhe was found, ſhe had caſt on a long cloake, which reached to the ground, of ruſſet courſe cloath, with a poore felt hat, which almoſt couered all her face, moſt part of her goodly haire (on which her handes had layd many a ſpitefull hold) ſo lying vpon her ſhoulders, as a man might well ſee, had no artificiall careleſneſſe. Her eyes downe on the ground, of purpoſe not to looke on *Pyrocles* face: which ſhe did not ſo much ſhun, for the vnkindneſſe ſhee conceiued of her owne ouerthrow, as for the feare, thoſe motions in this ſhort time of her life, ſhould bee reuiued, which ſhee had with the paſſage of infinit ſorrowes mortified. Great was the compaſſion the people felt, to ſee their Princeſſe ſtate, and beauty, ſo deformed by fortune and her owne deſert, whom they had euer found a Lady moſt worthie of al honour. But by & by the ſight of the other two priſoners, drew moſt of the eyes to that ſpectacle. *Pyrocles* came out led by *Sympathus*, cloathed after the Greek maner, in a long coate of white veluet, reaching to the ſmall of his legge, with great buttons of Diamõds al along vpon it: His neck without any coller, not ſo much as hidden with a ruffe, did paſſe the whiteneſſe of his garments, which was not much in faſhiõ vnlike to the crimſon raiment, our Knights of the order firſt put on. On his feet he had nothing but ſlippers, which after the auncient maner, were tyed vp with certaine laces, which were faſtned vnder his knee, hauing wrapped about (with many pretie knots) his naked legges. His faire auberné haire (which hee ware in great length, and gaue at that time a delightfull ſhew, with being ſturd vp & down with the breath of a gentle wind) had nothing vpon it, but a white Ribbin, in thoſe daies vſed for a Diademe. Which rouled once or twiſe about the vppermoſt part of his forehead, fell downe vpon his backe, cloaſed vp at each end with the richeſt pearle were to be ſeene in the world. After him followed another Nobleman, guiding the noble *Muſidorus*, who had vpon him a long cloake, after the faſhion of that which we call the Apoſtles mantle, made of purple Satten; not that purple which we now haue, and is but a counterfet of the *Getulian* purple (which yet was farre the meaner in price and eſtimation) but of the right *Tyrian* purple, which was neareſt to a colour betwixt our murry and ſcarlet. On his head, which was blacke and curled, hee ware a *Perſian Tiara*, all ſet downe with rowes of ſo rich Rubies, as they were inough to ſpeake for him, that they had to iudge of no meane perſonage.

In this ſort with erected countenances, did theſe vnfortunate Princes ſuffer themſelues to bee ledde, ſhewing aright by the compariſon of them and *Gynecia*, how to diuers perſons, compaſſion is diuerſly to bee ſtirred. For as to *Gynecia*, a

Lady knowne of great eſtate, and greatly eſteemed, the more miſerable repreſentation was made of her ſudden ruine, the more mens hearts were forced to bewaile ſuch an euident witneſſe of weake humanitie: ſo to theſe men, not regarded becauſe vnknowne, but rather (beſides the deteſtation of their fact) hated as ſtrangers, the more they ſhould haue fallen downe in an abiect ſemblance, the more in ſteede of compaſſion they ſhould haue gotten contempt: but therefore, were to vſe (as I may terme it) the more violence of magnanimitie, and ſo to conquer the expectation of the lookers, with an extraordinarie vertue. And ſuch effect indeede it wrought in the whole aſſemblie, their eyes yet ſtanding as it were in ballance, to whether of them they ſhould moſt direct their ſight. *Muſidorus* was in ſtature ſo much higher then *Pyrocles*, as commonly is gotten by one yeares growth. His face now beginning to haue ſome tokens of a beard, was compoſed to a kinde of manlike beautie. His colour was of a well pleaſing browneneſſe, and the features of it ſuch, as they caried both delight and maieſtie: his countenance ſeuere, and promiſing a minde much giuen to thinking. *Pyrocles* of a pure complexion, and of ſuch a chearefull fauour, as might ſeeme either a womans face in a boy, or an excellent boyes face in a woman. His looke gentle and baſhfull, which bred the more admiration, hauing ſhewed ſuch notable proofes of courage. Laſtly, though both had both, if there were any oddes, *Muſidorus* was the more goodly, and *Pyrocles* the more louely. But aſſoone as *Muſidorus* ſaw himſelfe ſo farre forth led among the people, that he knew to a great number of them his voyce ſhould be heard, miſdoubting their intention to the Princeſſe *Pamela*, (of which hee was more carefull then of his owne life,) euen as hee went (though his leader ſought to interrupt him) hee thus with a lowde voyce ſpake vnto them. And is it poſſible ô *Arcadians*, ſayd he, that you can forget the naturall dutie you owe to your Princeſſe *Pamela*? hath this ſoyle beene ſo little beholding to her noble Auncеſters? hath ſo long a time rooted no ſurer loue in your hearts to that line? Where is that faith to your Princes bloud, which hath not onely preſerued you from all daungers heretofore, but hath ſpread your fame to all the nations in the world? Where is that iuſtice the *Arcadians* were wont to flouriſh in, whoſe nature is to render to euery one his owne? Will you now keepe the right from your Prince, who is the onely giuer of iudgement, the key of iuſtice, and life of your lawes? Do you hope in a few yeares, to ſet vp ſuch another race, which nothing but length of time can eſtabliſh? Will you reward *Baſilius* children with vngratefulneſſe, the verie poyſon of manhood? Will you betray your long ſetled reputation, with the fowle name of traytours? Is this your mourning for your Kings death, to encreaſe his loſſe with his daughters miſerie? Imagine your Prince do looke out of the heauens vnto you, what doe you thinke he could wiſh more at your handes then that you do well by his children? And what more honour I pray you can you do to his obſequies, then to ſatisfie his ſoule with a louing memorie, as you do his body with an vnfelt ſolemnitie? What haue you done with the Princeſſe *Pamela*? *Pamela* the iuſt inheretrix of this Countrey, *Pamela* whom this earth may be happie, that it ſhall be hereafter ſayd, ſhee was borne in *Arcadia*, *Pamela* in her ſelfe your ornament, in her education your foſter child, and euery way your onely Princeſſe, what account can you render to your ſelues of her? Truly I doe not thinke that you all know what is become of her: ſo ſoone may a Diamond bee loſt: ſo ſoone may the faireſt light in the world be put out. But looke, looke vnto it, ô *Arcadians*, bee not ſo wilfully robbed of your greateſt treaſure, make not your ſelues miniſters to priuate ambitions, who doe but vſe your ſelues to put on your

your owne yokes. Whatsoeuer you determine of vs (who I must confesse are but straungers) yet let not *Basilius* daughters be strangers vnto you. Lastly, how soeuer you barre her from her publike soueraignte, (which if you do, little may wee hope of equitie where rebellion raignes) yet deny not that childs right vnto her, that she may come and do the last duties to her fathers body. Deny not that happines (if in such a case there be any happinesse) to your late King, that his body may haue his last touch of his deerest child. With such like broken maner of questions and speeches, was *Musidorus* desirous as much as in passing by them he could, to moove the people to tender *Pamelas* fortune. But at length, by that they came to the iudgement place, both *Sympathus* and his guider had greatly satisfied him, with the assurance they gaue him, this assemblie of people had neither meaning nor power, to doe any hurt to the Princesse, whome they all acknowledged as their soueraigne Lady. But that the custome of *Arcadia* was such, till she had more yeares, the state of the countrey to be guided by a Protector, vnder whom, he and his fellow were to receiue their iudgement. That eased *Musidorus* heart of his most vehement care, when he found his beloued Ladie to be out of daunger. But *Pyrocles* assoone as the Queene of the one side, hee and *Musidorus* of the other, were stayed before the face of their iudge, (hauing onely for their barre the Table on which the Kings body lay) being nothing lesse vexed with the doubt of *Philoclea*, then *Musidorus* was for *Pamela*, in this sort with a lowly behauiour, and onely then like a suppliant, he spake to the Protector. Pardon me most honoured Iudge, saith he, that vncommaunded I begin my speech vnto you, since both to you and me, these words of mine shall be most necessarie. To you hauing the sacred exercise of iustice in your hand, nothing appertaines more properly, then truth nakedly and freely set down. To me, being enuironed round about with many daungerous calamities, what can be more conuenient, then at least, to be at peace with my selfe, in hauing discharged my conscience, in a most behouefull veritie. Vnderstand therefore, and truly vnderstand, that the Lady *Philoclea* (to whose vnstained vertue it hath beene my vnspeakeable miserie, that my name should become a blot) if shee be accused, is most vniustly accused of any dishonourable fact, which by my meanes shee may be thought to haue yeelded vnto. Whatsoeuer hath bene done, hath bene my only attempt, which notwithstanding was neuer intended against her chastitie. But whatsoeuer hath beene informed, was my fault. And I attest the heauens, to blaspheme which I am not now in fit tune, that so much as my comming into her chamber, was wholly vnwitting vnto her. This your wisdome may withall consider, if I would lye, I would lye for mine owne behoofe, I am not so old, as to bee wearie of my selfe; but the verie sting of my inward knowledge ioyned with the consideration I must needes haue, what an infinite losse it should bee to all those who loue goodnesse in good folkes, if so pure a child of vertue should wrongfully bee destroyed, compels me to vse my tongue against my selfe, and receiue the burden of what euill was, vpon mine owne doing. Looke therefore with pitifull eyes vppon so faire beames, and that misfortune which by mee hath fallen vppon her, helpe to repaire it with your publike iudgement, since whosoeuer deales cruelly with such a creature, shewes himselfe a hater of mankind, and an enuier of the worlds blisse. And this petition I make, euen in the name of iustice, that before you proceed further against vs, I may knowe how you conceiue of her noble, though vnfortunate action, and what iudgement you will make of it. He had not spoken his last word, when all the whole people both of great and low estate, con-

firmed with an vnited murmure *Pyrocles* demaund, longing (for the loue generally was borne *Philoclea*) to know what they might hope of her. *Euarchus* though neither regarding a priſoners paſſionate prayer, nor bearing ouerplauſible eares to a many headed motion, yet well enough content, to winne their liking with things in themſelues indifferent, hee was content: firſt, to ſeeke as much as might bee of *Philocleas* behauiour in this matter: which being cleared by *Pyrocles*, & but weakly gainſayd by *Philanax* (who had framed both his owne and *Dametas* euidence moſt for her fauour, and in truth could haue gone no further then coniecture,) yet finding by his wiſdome, that ſhee was not altogether faultleſſe, he pronounced, ſhee ſhould all her life long, be kept priſoner among certaine women of religion like the *Veſtall* Nunnes, ſo to repay the touched honour of her houſe, with well obſeruing a ſtrict profeſſion of chaſtitie. Although this were a great preiudicating of *Pyrocles* caſe, yet was he excedingly ioyous of it, being aſſured of his Ladies life; and in the depth of his mind not ſorie, that what end ſoeuer he had, none ſhould obtaine the after enioying that Iewell, whereon he had ſet his liues happines. After it was by publike ſentence deliuered, what ſhould bee done with the ſweete *Philoclea*, the lawes of *Arcadia* bearing, that what was appointed by the Magiſtrates in the nonage of the Prince, could not afterwards bee repealed) *Euarchus* ſtill vſing to himſelfe no other name but protector of *Arcadia*, commaunded thoſe that had to ſay againſt the Queene *Gynecia* to proceed, becauſe both her eſtate required ſhee ſhould bee firſt heard, and alſo for that ſhee was taken to bee the principall, in the greateſt matter they were to iudge of. *Philanax* incontinently ſtepped forth, and ſhewing in his greedie eyes, that he did thirſt for her bloud, began a well thought on diſcourſe of her (in his iudgement) execrable wickedneſſe. But *Gynecia* ſtanding vp before the iudge, caſting abroad her armes, with her eyes hidde vnder the bredth of her vnſeemely hat, laying open in all her geſtures the deſpairefull affliction, to which all the might of her reaſon was conuerted, with ſuch like words ſtopped *Philanax*, as he was entring into his inuectiue oration. Stay, ſtay *Philanax*, ſayd ſhee, do not defile thy honeſt mouth, with thoſe diſhonourable ſpeeches thou art about to vtter, againſt a woman, now moſt wretched, lately thy Miſtreſſe. Let either the remembrance how great ſhe was, moue thy heart to ſome reuerence; or the ſeeing how low ſhe is, ſtirre in thee ſome pitie. It may bee truth doth make thee deale vntruly, and loue of iuſtice frames vniuſtice in thee, doe not therefore (neither ſhalt thou need) tread vppon my deſolate ruines. Thou ſhalt haue that thou ſeekeſt; and yet ſhalt not be oppreſſour of her, who cannot chooſe but loue thee, for thy ſingular faith to thy maſter. I doe not ſpeake this to procure mercie, or to prolong my life, no no, I ſay vnto you I will not liue, but I am onely loth, my death ſhould bee engreeued with any wrong thou ſhouldeſt doe vnto me. I haue beene too painefull a iudge ouer my ſelfe, to deſire pardon in others iudgement. I haue bene too cruell an executioner of mine owne ſoule, to deſire that execution of iuſtice ſhould bee ſtayed for me. Alas, they that know how ſorow can rent the ſpirits, they that know what firy hels are cõtained in a ſelf condemning mind, need not feare that feare can keepe ſuch a one, from deſiring to be ſeparated from that, which nothing but death can ſeparate. I therfore ſay to thee (ô iuſt Iudge) that I and onely I, was the worker of *Baſilius* death. They were theſe hands that gaue vnto him that poiſonous potion, that hath brought death to him, and loſſe to *Arcadia*, it was I and none but I, that haſtened his aged yeares, to an vnnaturall end, and that haue made all his people orphans of their royall father. I am the ſubiect that haue killed my Prince, I am

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the wife that haue murdred my husband, I am a degenerate woman, an vndoer of this countrey, a shame of my children. What wouldst thou haue sayd more, oh *Philanax*? and all this I graunt, there resteth then nothing else to say, but that I desire you, you will appoint quickly some to rid mee of my life, rather then these hands, which else are destinied vnto it, and that indeed it may be done with such speed as I may not long die in this life, which I haue in so great horrour: with that shee crossed her armes, and sate downe vppon the ground, attending the Iudges answer. But a great while it was, before any bodie could bee heard speake, the whole people concurring in a lamentable crie, so much had *Gynecias* wordes and behauiour stirred their hearts to a dolefull compassion, neither in troath could most of them in their iudgements tell, whether they should be more sorie for her fault or her miserie: for the losse of her estate, or losse of her vertue. But most were most moued, with that which was vnder their eyes: the sense most subiect to pitie. But at length the reuerent awe they stood in of *Euarchus*, brought them to a silent wayting his determination; who hauing well considered the abhomination of the fact, attending more the manifest proofe of so horrible a trespasse, confessed by her selfe, and proued by others; then any thing relenting to those tragicall phrases of hers (apter to stirre a vulgar pitie, then his mind, which hated euill, in what colours so euer hee found it) hauing considered a while with the principall men of the countrey, and demaunded their allowance, hee definitiuely gaue this sentence. That whereas both in priuate and publike respects, this woman had most hainously offended, (in priuate, because mariage being the most holy coniunction that fals to mankinde, out of which all families, and so consequently all societies do proceede, which not onely by communitie of goods, but communitie of children, is to knit the mindes in a most perfect vnion, which who so breakes, dissolues all humanitie, no man liuing free from the daunger of so neare a neighbour, shee had not onely broken it, but broken it with death, and the most pretended death that might bee: In publike respect, the Princes persons; being in all monarchall gouernements the very knot of the peoples welfare, and light of all thier doings, to which they are not onely in conscience, but in necessitie bound to be loyall, she had traiterously empoysoned him, neither regarding her countries profite, her owne dutie, nor the rigor of the lawes.) That therefore, as well for the due satisfaction to eternall iustice and accomplishment of the *Arcadian* statutes, as for the euerlasting example to all wiues and subiects, she should presently be conueyed to close prison, and there be kept with such foode as might serue to sustaine her aliue, vntill the day of her husbands buriall, at which time, she should be buried quicke, in the same tombe with him: that so his murder might be a murder to her selfe, and shee forced to keepe companie with the body from which she had made so detestable a seuerance; and lastly death might redresse their disioyned coniunction of marriage. His iudgement was receiued of the whole assemblie, as not with disliking, so with great astonishment, the greatnesse of the matter and person as it were ouerpressing the might of their conceites. But when they did set it to the beame, with the monstrousnesse of her ougly misdeed, they could not but yeeld in their harts, there was no ouerballancing. As for *Gynecia*, who had already setled her thoughts, not onely to looke but long for this euent, hauing in this time of her vexation, found a sweetnes in the rest she hoped by death, (with a countenance witnessing she had beforehand so passed through all the degrees of sorrow, that shee had no newe looke to figure forth any more) raise vp, and offered forth her faire hands to bee bound or led

as they would, being indeede troubled with no part of this iudgement, but that her death was as ſhe thought long delayed. They that were appointed for it, conueyed her to the place ſhee was in before, where the guard was releeued, and the number encreaſed to keepe her more ſure for the time of her execution: None of them all that led her, though moſt of them were ſuch, whoſe hearts had bene long hardened with the often exerciſing ſuch offices, being able to barre tears from their eyes, & other manifeſt tokens of compaſſionate ſorrow. So goodly a vertue is a reſolute conſtancie, that euen in euill deſeruers, it ſeemes that partie might haue beene notably well deſeruing. Thus the excellent Lady *Gynecia*, hauing paſſed fiue and thirty yeares of her age, euen to admiration of her beautifull mind and body, and hauing not in her owne knowledge, euer ſpotted her ſoule with any wilfull vice, but her immoderate loue of *Zelmane*, was brought, firſt by the violence of that ill anſwered paſſion, and then by the deſpairing conceit ſhe tooke of the iudgement of God in her husbands death and her owne fortune, purpoſely to ouerthrowe herſelfe, and confirme by a wrong confeſſion, that abhominable ſhame, which with her wiſdome, ioyned to the trueth, perhaps ſhee might haue refelled. Then did *Euarchus* aske *Philanax*, whether it were he that would charge the two young priſoners, or that ſome other ſhould doe it, and he ſit according to his eſtate, as an aſſiſtant in the iudgement. *Philanax* told him as before hee had done, that hee thought no man could lay manifeſt the naughtineſſe of thoſe two young men, with ſo much either truth or zeale as himſelfe, and therefore he deſired he might do this laſt ſeruice to his faithfully beloued maſter, as to proſecute the traiterous cauſers of his death and diſhonour; which being done, for his part he meant to giue vp all dealing in publicke affaires, ſince that man was gone who had made him loue them. *Philanax* thus being readie to ſpeake, the two Princes were commanded to tell their names, who anſwered according to their agreements, that they were *Daiphantus* of *Lycia*, & *Palladius* Prince of *Iberia*. Which when they had ſaid, they demanded to know by what authoritie they could iudge of them, ſince they were not onely forreners and ſo not borne vnder their lawes, but abſolute Princes, and therefore not to bee touched by lawes. But anſwere was preſently made them, that *Arcadia* lawes were to haue their force vpon any were found in *Arcadia*: ſince ſtraungers haue ſcope to know the cuſtomes of a country, before they put themſelues in it: & when they once are entered, they muſt know, that what by many was made, muſt not for one be broken. And ſo much leſſe for a ſtraunger, as hee is to looke for no priuiledge in that place, to which in time of neede, his ſeruice is not to be expected. As for their being Princes, whether they were ſo or no, the beleefe ſtood in their own wordes, which they had ſo diuerſely falſified, as they did not deſerue beleefe. But whatſoeuer they were, *Arcadia* was to acknowledge them but as priuate men, ſince they were neither by magiſtracie nor alliance to the princely bloud, to claime any thing in that region. Therefore if they had offended, (which now by the plaintife and their defence was to be iudged) againſt the lawes of nations; by the lawes of nations they were to be chaſtiſed: if againſt the peculiar ordinances of the prouince, thoſe peculiar ordinances were to lay hold of them. The Princes ſtood awhile vpon that, demanding leaſure to giue perfect knowledge of their greatneſſe; but when they were anſwered, that in a caſe of a Princes death, the lawe of that countrey had euer beene, that immediate triall ſhould be had: they were forced to yeeld, reſolued that in thoſe names, they would as much as they could, couer the ſhame of their royall parentage, and keepe as long as might be (if euill were determined

mined againſt them) the euill newes from their carefull kinsfolke, wherein the chiefe man they conſidered was *Euarchus*: whom the ſtraunge and ſecret working of iuſtice had brought to be the iudge ouer them, in ſuch a ſhaddow, or rather pit of darkeneſſe, the wormiſh mankind liues, that neither they know how to foreſee, nor what to feare: & are but like tenisbals, toſſed by the racket of the higher powers. Thus both ſides readie, it was determined, becauſe their caſes were ſeparated, firſt *Philanax* ſhould be heard againſt *Pyrocles*, whom they termed *Daiphantus*, and that heard, the others cauſe ſhould follow, and ſo receiue together ſuch iudgement, as they ſhould be found to haue deſerued. But *Philanax* that was euen ſhort breathed at the firſt, with the extreame vehemencie he had to ſpeake againſt them, ſtroking once or twiſe his forehead, and wiping his eyes, (which either wept, or he would at that time haue them ſeeme to weepe,) looking firſt vpon *Pyrocles*, as if he had proclaimed all hatefulneſſe againſt him, humbly turning to *Euarchus*, (who with quiet grauitie, ſhewed great attention) he thus began his oration. That which all men, who take vpon them to accuſe another, are wont to deſire (moſt worthy Protector) to haue many proofes of faults in them they ſeeke to haue condemned: that is to me in this preſent action, my greateſt comber, & annoyance. For the number is ſo great, and the qualitie ſo monſtrous, of the enormities this wretched young man hath committed, that neither I in my ſelfe, can tell where to begin (my thoughts being confuſed with the horrible multitude of them) neither do I thinke your vertuous eares will be able to endure the report: but will rather imagine, you heare ſome tragedy inuented of the extremitie of wickedneſſe, then a iuſt recitall of a wickednes indeed cõmitted: for ſuch is the diſpoſition of the moſt ſincere iudgements, that as they can beleeue meane faults, and ſuch as mans nature may ſlide into, ſo when they paſſe to a certaine degree, nay when they paſſe all degrees of vnſpeakeable naughtineſſe, then find they in themſelues a hardneſſe to giue credit that humane creatures can ſo from all humanitie be transformed. But in my ſelf, the ſtrength of my faith to my dead maſter will helpe the weakeneſſe of my memorie; in you, your excellent loue of iuſtice will force you to vouchſafe attention: and as for the matter, it is ſo manifeſt, ſo pitifull euidences lye before your eyes of it, that I ſhall neede to bee but a briefe recounter, and no rhetoricall enlarger of this moſt harmefull miſchiefe. I will therefore, in as few wordes, as ſo huge a treſpaſſe can be cõteined, deliuer vnto you the ſumme of this miſerable fact: leauing out a greet nũber of particular tokens of his naughtines, and only touching the eſſentiall points of this dolefull caſe. This man, whom to begin withall I know not how to name, ſince being come into this countrey, vnaccompanied like a loſt pilgrime, from a man grew a woman, from a woman a rauiſher of women, thence a priſoner, and now a Prince: But this *Zelmane*, this *Daiphãtus*, this what you wil, (for any ſhape or title he can take vpon him, that hath no reſtraint of ſhame) hauing vnderſtood the ſolitarie life my late maſter liued, and conſidering how open he had laid himſelfe to any traiterous attempt, for the firſt maske of his falſehood, diſguiſed himſelfe like a woman: which being the more ſimple & hurtleſſe ſexe, might eaſier hide his ſubtle harmefulneſſe. And preſenting himself to my maſter, the moſt curteous Prince that liued, was receiued of him with ſo great graciouſneſſe, as might haue bound not only any gratefull minde, but might haue mollified any enemies rancour. But this venimous ſerpent, admitted thus into his boſome, as contagion wil eaſily find a fit body for it, ſo had he quickly fallen into ſo near acquaintance with this naughty woman, whõ euẽ now you haue moſt iuſtly condẽned, that this was her right hand, ſhe law with

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no eyes but his, nor ſeemed to haue any life but in him, ſo glad ſhe was to find one more cunning then her ſelfe, in couering wickedneſſe with a modeſt vaile. What is to be thought paſſed betwixt two ſuch vertuous creatures, wherof the one hath cõfeſſed murther, & the other rape, I leaue to your wiſe conſideration. For my hart haſtẽs to the miſerable point of *Baſilius* murder, for the executing of which with more facility, this yong nymph of *Dianas* bringing vp, fained certaine rites ſhe had to performe: ſo furious an impietie had caried him from all remẽbrance of goodnes, that he did not only not feare the Gods, as the beholders and puniſhers of ſo vngodly a villany, but did blaſphemouſly vſe their ſacred holy name, as a miniſter vnto it. And forſooth a Caue hereby was choſen, for the temple of his deuotions, a Caue of ſuch darkeneſſe, as did prognoſticate, he meant to pleaſe the infernall powers, for there this accurſed caytife, vpon the altar of falſhood, ſacrificed the life of the vertuous *Baſilius*. By what meanes hee trayned him thither, alas I know not, for if I might haue knowne it, either my life had accompanied my maſter, or this fellowes death had preſerued him. But this may ſuffice, that in the mouth of this Caue, where this traytor had his lodging and chappell, when already maſter ſheepeheard his companion, had conueyed away the vndoubted enheritrix of this country, was *Gynecia* found by the dead corps of her husband, newly empoyſoned, apparelled in the garments of the young Lady, and ready no queſtion to haue fled to ſome place, according to their conſort, but that ſhe was by certaine honeſt ſhepheards arreſted: while in the meane time, becauſe there ſhould be left no reuenger of this bloudie miſchiefe, this noble *Amazon* was violẽtly gottẽ into the châber of the Lady *Philoclea*, where by the mingling (as much as in him lay) of her ſhame with his miſdeede, he might enforce her to be the acceſſary to her fathers death, & vnder the countenance of her and her ſiſter (againſt whom they knew we would not rebell) ſeaze as it were with one gripe into their treacherous hands, the regiment of the mightie prouince. But the Almightie eye preuented him of the end of his miſchiefe, by vſing a villaine *Dametas* hand, to incloſe him in there, where with as much fortification as in a houſe could be made, he thought himſelfe in moſt ſecuritie. Thus ſee you moſt iuſt iudge, a ſhort & ſimple ſtory of the infamous miſery, falne vpõ this country. Indeed infamous, ſince by an effeminate man, we ſhould ſuffer a greater ouerthrowe, then our mightieſt enemies haue bene euer able to lay vpon vs. And that all this, which I haue ſayd is moſt manifeſt, aſwell of the murdering of *Baſilius*, as the rauiſhing of *Philoclea* (for thoſe two parts I eſtabliſh of my accuſation) who is of ſo incredulous a minde, or rather who will ſo ſtoppe his eyes from ſeeing a thing clearer then the light, as not to hold for aſſured ſo palpable a matter. For to begin with his moſt cruell miſdeed, is it to be imagined, that *Gynecia* (a woman though wicked, yet witty) would haue attempted & atchieued an enterpriſe, no leſſe hazardous then horrible, without hauing ſome counſellor in the beginning, and ſome comforter in the performing? Had ſhee, who ſhewed her thoughts were ſo ouerruled with ſome ſtrange deſire, as in deſpite of God, nature and womanhoode, to execute that in deedes, which in words we cannot heare without trembling? had ſhe I ſay no practiſe to leade her vnto it? Or had ſhee a practiſe without conſpiracie? Or could ſhe conſpire without ſome bodie to conſpire with? And if one were; who ſo likely as this, to whom ſhee communicated I am ſure her minde, the world thinkes her bodie? Neither let her words taking the whole fault vpon her ſelfe, bee herein any thing auaileable. For to thoſe perſons who haue vomited out of their ſoules all remnants of goodneſſe, there reſts a certaine pride in euill, and hauing elſe no

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ſhadow of glorie left them, they glorie to be conſtant in iniquitie, and that God knowes muſt be held out to the laſt gaſpe, without reuealing their accomplices; As thinking great courage is declared, in being neither affeard of the heauens, nor aſhamed of the world. But let *Gynecias* action die with her ſelfe, what can all the earth aunſwere for his comming hither? Why alone, if he be a Prince? How ſo richly Iewelled if he be not a Prince? Why then a woman if now a man? Why now *Daiphantus*, if then *Zelmane*? Was all this play for nothing, or if it had an ende, what ende but the end of my deare maiſter? Shall wee doubt ſo many ſecrete conferences with *Gynecia*, ſuch fained fauour to the ouer-ſoone beguiled *Baſilius*, a Caue made a lodging, and the ſame lodging made a temple of his religion, laſtly ſuch changes and treaſures, as a quiet Poet could ſcarſe fill a poeme withall, were directed to any leſſe ſcope, then to this monſtrous murder? O ſnakie ambition, which can wind thy ſelfe in ſo many figures, to ſlide thither thou deſireſt to come! O corrupted reaſon of mankind, that can yeeld to deforme thy ſelfe with ſo filthie deſires! And ô hopeleſſe be thoſe minds, whom ſo vnnaturall deſires do not, with their owne ouglineſſe ſufficiently terrifie! But yet euen of fauour let vs graunt him thus much more, as to fancie that in theſe foretold things, fortune might be a great Actor, perchance to an euill end yet to a leſſe euill ende all theſe entangled deuiſes were entended. But I beſeech your Ladiſhippe, my Lady *Daiphantus*, tell me what excuſe can you find for the chaunging your lodging with the Queene, that very inſtant ſhee was to finiſh her execrable practiſe? How can you cloke the lending of your cloake vnto her, was all that by chance to? Had the ſtarres ſent ſuch an influence vnto you, as you ſhould bee iuſt weatie of your lodging and garments, when our Prince was deſtenied to the ſlaughter? What ſay you to this, ô ſhamefull and ſhameleſſe creature? fit indeede to bee the diſhonour of both ſexes. But alas, I ſpend too many words in ſo manifeſt and ſo miſerable a matter. They muſt be foure wilde horſes (with according to our lawes are the executioners of men which murder our Prince) which muſt decide this queſtion with you. Yet ſee ſo farre had my zeale to my beloued Prince tranſported me, that I had almoſt forgotten my ſecond part, and his ſecond abhomination, I meane his violence offred to the Lady *Philoclea*; wherewith as if it had well become his womanhood, he came brauing to the iudgement ſeate: indeed our lawes appoint not ſo cruell a death (although death too) for this fact as for the other. But whoſoeuer well wayes it, ſhall find it ſprong out of the ſame fountaine of miſchieuous naughtineſſe, the killing of the father, diſhonouring the mother, and rauiſhing the child. Alas could not ſo many benefits receiued of my Prince, the iuſtice of nature, the right of hoſpitalitie, be a bridle to thy luſt, if not to thy cruelty? Or if thou hadſt as ſurely thou haſt) a heart recompenſing goodneſſe with hatred, could not his death, which is the laſt of reuenges, ſatisfie thy malice, but thou muſt heape vpon it the ſhame of his daughter? Were thy eyes ſo ſtonie, thy breaſt ſo tygriſh, as the ſweete and beautifull ſhewes of *Philocleas* vertue, did not aſtoniſh thee? O wofull *Arcadia*, to whom the name of this mankind curtiſan, ſhall euer be remembred as a procurer of thy greateſt loſſe! But too farre I find my paſſion, yet honeſt paſſion hath guided mee; the cauſe is euery way too too much vnanſwerable. It reſteth in you ô excellent protector to pronounce iudgement, which if there bee hope that ſuch a young man may proue profitable to the world, who in the firſt exerciſe of his owne determination, farre paſſed the arranteſt ſtrumpet in luxurioſneſſe, the cunningeſt forger in falſehood, a player in diſguiſing, a Tyger in crueltie,

a Dragon in ingratefulneſſe; let him be preſerued like a iewel, to do greater miſchief. If his youth be not more defiled vvith trecherie, then the eldeſt mans age, let I ſay his youth, be ſome cauſe of compaſſion. If he haue not euery way ſought the ouerthrow of humane ſocietie, if he haue done any thing like a Prince, let his naming himſelfe a Prince, breede a reuerence of his baſe wickedneſſe. If hee haue not broken all lawes of hoſpitalitie, and broken them in the moſt deteſtable degree that can be, let his being a gueſt, be a ſacred protection of his more then ſauage doings: or if his whoriſh beauty, haue not bene as the high way of his wickedneſſe; let the picture drawn vpon ſo poyſonous a wood, be reſerued to ſhew how greatly colours can pleaſe vs. But if it is as it is, what ſhould I ſay more, a very ſpirit of helliſh naughtineſſe, if his act be to be puniſhed, and his defiled perſon not to be pitied, then reſtore vnto vs our Prince, by duly puniſhing his murderers, for then we ſhall thinke him and his name to liue, when we ſhall ſee his killers to die. Reſtore to the excellent *Philoclea* her honour, by taking out of the world her diſhonour, and thinke that at this day, in this matter are the eyes of the world vpon you, whether any thing can ſway your mind from a true adminiſtration of iuſtice. Alas though I haue much more to ſay, I can ſay no more, for my teares and ſighes interrupt my ſpeech, and force me to giue my ſelfe ouer to my priuate ſorrow. Thus when *Philanax* had vttered the vttermoſt of his malice, hee made ſorrow the cauſe of his concluſion. But while *Philanax* was in the courſe of his ſpeech, and did with ſuch bitter reproches defame the Princely *Pirocles*, it was well to be ſeene, his heart was vnuſed to beare ſuch iniuries, and his thoughts ſuch, as could arme themſelues better againſt any thing then ſhame. For ſometimes bluſhing, his bloud with diuerſe motions comming and going, ſometimes cloaſing his eyes, and laying his hand ouer them, ſometimes giuing ſuch a looke to *Philanax*, as might ſhew he aſſured himſelfe, he durſt not ſo haue ſpoken if they had bene in indifferent place: with ſome impatiencie he bare the length of his oration: which being ended, with as much modeſt humbleneſſe to the Iudge, as deſpitefull ſcorne to the accuſer, with words to this purpoſe, he defended his honour.

My accuſers tale, may well beare witneſſe with me, moſt rightfull Iudge, in how hard a caſe, and inuironed with how many troubles, I may eſteeme my ſelfe. For if he, who ſhewes his tongue is not vnacquainted with rayling, was in an agony in the beginning of his ſpeech, with the multitude of matters he had to lay vnto me, wherein notwithſtanding the moſt euill could fall vnto him, was, that hee ſhould not do ſo much euill as he woulld; how combred do you thinke may I acknowledge my ſelfe, who in things no leſſe importing then my life, muſt bee mine owne aduocate, without leaſure to anſwer, or foreknowledge what ſhould bee obiected? In things I ſay promoted with ſo cunning confuſion, as hauing mingled truths with falſehoods, ſurmiſes with certainties, cauſes of no moment with matters capitall, ſcolding with complayning, I can abſolute neither graunt nor denie, neither can I tell, whether I come hither to be iudged, or before iudgement to be puniſhed, being compelled to beare ſuch vnworthie words, farre more grieuous then any death vnto me. But ſince the forme of this gouernment, allowes ſuch tongue-libertie vnto him, I will picke aſwell as I can out of his inuectiue thoſe few points, which may ſeeme of ſome purpoſe in the touching of me, hoping that by your eaſie hearing of me, you will ſhew, that though you hate euill, yet you wiſh men may prooue themſelues not euil; ſo in that he hath ſaid, you will not way ſo much what he hath ſayd, as what he hath proued, remembring, that truth is ſimple and naked, and that if hee

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had guided himselfe vnder that banner, hee needed not out of the way haue sought so vile and false disgracings of mee, enough to make the vntruest accusation beeleeued. I will therefore, vsing truth as my best eloquence, repeate vnto you as much as I know in this matter, and then by the onely cleerenesse of the discourse, your wisdome I know will find, the difference betwixt cauilling supposition, and direct declaration. This Prince *Palladius* and I being enflamed with loue, (a passion farre more easily reprehended then refrained) to the two peerlesse daughters of *Basilius*, and vnderstanding, how he had secluded himselfe from the world, that like Princes, there was no accesse vnto him, we disguised our selues, in such forms, as might soonest bring vs to the reuealing of our affections. The prince *Palladius* had such euent of his doings, that with *Pamelas* consent he was to conuey her out of the thraldome shee liued in, to receiue the subiection of a greater people then her owne, vntill her fathers consent might be obtained. My fortune was more hard, for I bare no more loue to the chaste *Philoclea*, then *Basilius* deceiued in my sexe, shewed to me, insomuch that by his importunacy, I could haue no time to obtayn the like fauour of the pure *Philoclea*, till this policie I found, taking vnder colour of some deuotions, my lodging, to drawe *Basilius* thither, with hope to enioy me: which likewise I reuealed to the Queene, that she might keepe my place, and so make her husband see his errour. While I in the meane time, being deliuered of them both, and hauing lockt so the dores as I hoped if the immaculate *Philoclea* would condiscend to go with mee, there should bee none to hinder our going, I was made prisoner there, I know not by what meanes, when being repelled by her diuine vertue, I would faineſt haue escaped. Here haue you the thread to guide you in the Labyrinth, this man of his tongue, had made so monstrous. Here see you the true discourse, which he mountebanke fashion doth make so wide a mouth ouer. Here may you conceiue the reason, why the Queene had my garment, because in her going to the caue, in the Moone-shine night, shee might be taken for mee, which hee vseth as the knot of all his wise assertions: so that as this double minded fellowes accusations was double, double likewise my answere must perforce be, to the murther of *Basilius*, and violence offered to the inuiolate *Philoclea*. For the first, O heauenly gods, who would haue thought any mouth could haue beene found so mercenarie, as to haue opened so slight proofes of so horrible matters! His first argument is a question who would imagine that *Gynecia* would accomplish such an Acte, without some accessaryes? and if any, who but I? Truely I am so farre from imagining any thing, that till I sawe these mourning tokens, and heard *Gynecias* confession, I neuer imagined the King was dead. And for my part so vehemently, and more like the manner of passionate, then guiltie folks, I see the Queene persecute her selfe, that I thinke condemnation may goe too hastily ouer her, considering the vnlikelyhoode, if not impossibilitie, her wisedome, and vertue so long nourished, should in one moment throw downe it selfe to the vttermost end of wickednesse. But whatsoeuer she hath done (which as I say, I neuer beleeued) yet how vniustly should that aggrauate my fault? She found abroad, I within dores, (for as for the wearing my garment I haue tolde you the cause) shee seeking as you say to escape, I locking my selfe in a house: without perchaunce the conspiracie of one poore straunger, might greatly enable her attempt, or the fortification of the Lodge (as the trimme man alleaged) might make me hope to resist all *Arcadia*. And see how trecherously hee seekes to draw from me, my chiefest clearing, by preuenting the credit of her wordes; wherewith

shee had wholly taken the fault vppon her selfe. An honest and vnpartiall examiner: her wordes may condemne her, but may not absolue mee. Thus voide of all probable allegation, the crauen crowes vpon my affliction, not leauing out any cuill, that euer he hath felt in his owne soule, to charge my youth withall. But who can looke for a sweeter breath out of such a stomach? or for honny from so filthie a Spyder? What should I say more? if, in so inhumane a matter (which he himselfe confesseth, sincerest iudgements are loathest to beleeue, & in the seuerest lawes proofes clearer then the Sunne are required, his reasons are onely the skumme of a base malice, my answeres most manifest, shining in their owne truth) there remaine any doubt of it, because it stands betwixt his affirming and my deniall, I offer, nay I desire, and humbly desire I may be granted the triall by combat, wherein let him be armed and me in my shirt, I doubt not Iustice will be my shield, & his heart will shew it selfe as faint as it is false.

Now come I to the second part of my offence towards the young Ladie, which howsoeuer you tearme it, so farre forth as I haue told you, I confesse, and for her sake heartily lament. But if herein I offered force to her, loue offered more force to mee. Let her beautie bee compared to my yeares, and such effects will bee found no miracles. But since it is thus as it is, and that iustice teacheth vs not to loue punishment, but to fly to it for necessitie: the value of her honour (I meane as the world will take it, for else in truth it is most vntouched) must be my mariage, and not my death, since the one stoppes all mouthes, the other becomes a doubtfull fable. This matter requires no more wordes, and your experience I hope in these cases shall neede no more, for my selfe me thinkes I haue shewed already too much loue of my life to bestow so many. But certainely, it hath beene loue of trueth, which could not beare so vnworthie falshood, and loue of iustice, that would brooke no wrong to my selfe nor other, and makes me now, euen in that respect to desire you, to bee mooued rather with pitie at a iust cause of teares, then with the bloudie tears this Crocodile spendes, who weepes too procure death, and not too lament death. It will bee no honour to *Basilius* tombe, to haue guiltlesse bloud sprinkled vpon it, and much more may a Iudge ouer-weigh himselfe in cruelty, then in clemencie. It is hard, but it is excellent where it is found, a right knowe-ledge when correction is necessarie, when grace doth more auaile. For mine owne respect, if I thought in wisdome I had deserued death, I would not desire life: for I know nature will condemne me too dye, though you do not; and longer I would not wish to draw this breath, then I may keepe my selfe vnspotted of any horrible crime; onely I cannot, nor euer will deny the loue of *Philoclea*, whose violence wrought violent effects in mee: with that hee finished his speech, casting vppe his eyes to the Iudge, and crossing his hands, which he held in their length before him, declaring a resolute patience in whatsoeuer should bee done with him. *Philanax* like a watchfull aduersarie curiously marked all that hee sayd, saying that in the beginining he was interrupted by two Letters were brought him from the Princesse *Pamela*, and the Lady *Philoclea*: who hauing all that night considered and bewailed their estate, carefull for their mother likewise, of whome they could neuer thinke so much euill, but considering with themselues that shee assuredly should haue so due tryall by the lawes, as either shee should not neede their helpe, or should bee past their helpe, They looked to that which neerelieft touched them, and each wrate in this sorte for him, in whom their liues ioy consisted.

The

The humble hearted Philoclea *wrate much after this maner.*

MY Lords, what you will determine of me, it is to mee vncertaine, but what I haue determined of my ſelfe I am moſt certaine, which is no longer to enioy my life, then I may enioy him for my husband, whom the heauens for my higheſt glorie, haue beſtowed vpon me. Thoſe that iudge him, let them execute me. Let my throate ſatisfie their hunger of murder. For alas what hath hee done, that had not his originall in me? Looke vpon him I beſeech you with indifferencie, and ſee whether in thoſe eyes all vertue ſhines not. See whether that face could hide a murder. Take leaſure to know him, and then your ſelues will ſay, it hath beene too great an inhumanitie, to ſuſpect ſuch excellencie. Are the gods thinke you deceiued in their workemanſhippe? Artificers will not vſe Marble but to noble vſes. Should thoſe powers bee ſo ouerſhot, as to frame ſo preciousan Image of their own, but to honorable purpoſes? O ſpeake with him, ô heare him, ô know him, and become not the putters out of the worlds light. Hope you to ioy my fathers ſoule, with hurting him hee loued aboue all the world? Shall a wrong ſuſpition make you forget the certaine knowledge of thoſe benefits, this houſe hath receiued by him? Alas, alas, let not *Arcadia* for his loſſe, bee accurſed of the whole earth and of all poſteritie. Hee is a great Prince, I ſpeake vnto you that which I knowe, for I haue ſeene moſt euident teſtimonies. Why ſhould you hinder my aduauncement? who if I haue paſt my childhood hurtleſſe to any of you, if I haue refuſed no body to do what good I could, if I haue often mitigated my fathers anger, euer ſought to maintaine his fauour towards you, nay if I haue held you all as fathers and brothers vnto me, rob me not of more then my life comes vnto. Teare not that which is inſeparably ioyned to my ſoule; but if hee reſt miſliked of you, (which ô God, how can it be) yet giue him to mee, let mee haue him, you know I pretend no right to your ſtate. Therfore is it but a priuate petition I make vnto you. Or if you be hard heartedly bent, to appoint otherwiſe (which oh ſooner let mee dye then knowe) then to end as I began, let me by you be ordered to the ſame end: without for more cruelrie, you meane to force *Philoclea* to vſe her own hands to kill one of your Kings children.

Pamelas *Letter (which ſhe meant to ſend to the generall aſſembly of the Arcadian Nobilitie,) (for ſo closely they were kept, as they were vtterly ignorant of the new taken orders) was thus framed.*

IN ſuch a ſtate my Lords you haue placed me, as I can neither write nor be ſilent; for how can I be ſilent, ſince you haue left me nothing but my ſolitarie wordes to teſtifie my miſerie? and how ſhould I write (for as for ſpeech I haue none but my Iaylor, that can heare mee) who neither can reſolue what to write, nor to whom to write? What to write is as hard for me to ſay, as what I may not write, ſo little hope haue I of any ſucceſſe, and ſo much hath no iniurie beene left vndone too mewards. To whom to write, where may I learne, ſince yet I wot not how to entitle you? Shall I call you my Soueraignes? ſet downe your lawes that I may doe you homage. Shall I fall lower, and name you my fellowes? ſhew me I beſeech you the Lord and maſter ouer vs. But ſhall *Baſilius* heire, name her ſelfe your Princeſſe? Alas I am your priſoner. But whatſoeuer I bee, or whatſoeuer you bee, ô all you

„ beholders of these dolefull lines, this doe I signifie vnto you, and signifie it with a
„ hart, that shall euer remaine in that opinion. The good or euill you do to the excel-
„ lent Prince was taken with me, and after by force from me, I will euer impute it as
„ either way done to mine owne person. He is a Prince, and worthie to bee my hus-
„ band, and so is he my husband by me worthily chosen. Beleeue it, beleeue it, either
„ you shall bee traytors for murdering of mee, or if you let mee liue, the murderers of
„ him shall smart as traytors. For what do you thinke I can thinke? Am I so childish,
„ as not to see, wherein you touch him you condemne me? Can his shame bee with-
„ out my reproach? no nor shall bee, since nothing hee hath done, that I will not a-
„ vowe. Is this the comfort you bring me in my fathers death, to make mee fuller of
„ shame then sorrow? Would you do this, if it were not with full intention to preuent
„ my power with slaughter? And so do I pray you, it is high time for me, to be weary
„ of my life too long led, since you are weary of me, before you haue me. I say again,
„ I say it infinitely vnto you, I will not liue without him, if it be not to reuenge him:
„ either do iustly in saluing both, or wisely in killing both. If I bee your Princesse, I
„ commaund his preseruation: if but a priuate person, then are wee both to suffer.
„ I take all truth to witnesse, he hath done no fault but in going with mee. Therefore
„ to conclude, in iudging him you iudge me, neither conceiue with your selues, the
„ matter you treate, is the life of a stranger, though euen in that name hee deserued
„ pitie, nor of a shepheard, to which estate loue of me made such a Prince descend, but
„ determine most assuredly, the life that is in question is of *Pamela, Basilius* daughter.

Many blots had the tears of these sweet Ladies made in their letters, which many times they had altered, many times torne and written anew, euer thinking some thing either wanted, or were too much, or would offend, or which was worst, would breede deniall: but at last, the day warned them to dispatch, which they accordingly did, and calling one of their guarde (for no bodie els was suffred to come neere them) with great entreatie, they requested him, that he would present them to the principall Noblemen and Gentlemen together. For they had more confidence in the numbers fauour, then in any one, vpon whom they would not laye the liues they held so precious. But the fellow trustie to *Philanax*, who had placed him there, deliuered them both to him, (what time *Pyrocles* began to speake) which hee sodainly opened, and seeing to what they tended, by the first wordes, was so farre from publishing them (whereby he feared in *Euarchus* iust minde, either the Princesses might be endaungered, or the prisoners preserued, of which choise hee knew not which to thinke the worst) that he would not himselfe reade them ouer, doubting his owne heart migh be mollified, so bent vpon reuenge. Therefore vterly suppressing them, he lent a spitefull care to *Pyrocles*, and assoone as hee had ended, with a very willing heart desired *Euarchus* hee might accept the combat: although it would haue framed but euill with him; *Pyrocles* hauing neuer found any match neere him, besides *Musidorus*. But *Euarchus* made answere, since bodily strength is but a seruant to the minde, it were very barbarous and preposterous, that force should be made iudge ouer reason. Then would hee also haue replied in words vnto him, but *Euarchus* who knew what they could say, was alreadie said, taking their arguments into his minde, commaunded him to proceede against the other prisoner, and that then he would sentence them both together. *Philanax* nothing the milder for *Pyrocles* purging himselfe, but rather (according to the nature of arguing, especially when it is bitter) so much the more vehemēt, entred thus into his speech against *Musidorus*, being so ouergone with rage, that hee forgate in this

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oration his preciſe methode of oratorie. Behould moſt noble protector, to what a ſtate *Arcadia* is come, ſince ſuch manner of men, may chalenge in combat the faithfulleſt of the nobilitie, and having merited the ſhamefulleſt of all deaths, dare name in marriage the Princeſſes of this countrie. Certainly my maiſters, I muſt ſay, you were much out of taſte, if you had not rather enioy ſuch Ladies, then be hangd. But the one you haue as much deſorted, as you haue diſhonoured the other. But now my ſpeech muſt be directed to you good maiſter *Dorus*, who with *Pallas* help pardie, are lately growne *Palladius*. Tob much this ſacred ſeate of iuſtice graunts vnto ſuch a fugitiue bond ſlaue, who in ſteed of theſe examinations, ſhould be made confeſſe with a whippe, that which a halter ſhould puniſh. Are not you he Sir, whoſe ſheepehooke was prepared to be our Scepter; in whom lay the knot of all this tragedie? or els perchaunce, they that ſhould gaine little by it were dealers in the murder, you onely that had prouided the fruites for your ſelfe, knewe nothing of it; knew nothing: hath thy companion here infected thee with ſuch impudencie, as euen in the face of the world to denie that which all the world perceiueth? The other pleads ignorance, and you I doubt not will alleage abſence. But he was ignorant, when he was hard by, and you had framed your abſence, iuſt againe the time the acte ſhould be committed, ſo fit a lieutenant he knew he had left of his wickedneſſe, that for himſelfe his ſafeſt meane, was to conuey away the Lady of vs all, who once out of the countrie, he knew we would come with oliue brāches of interceſſion vnto her, and fall at his feete to beſeech him to leaue keeping of ſheepe, and vouchſafe the tyrānizing ouer vs: for to think they are Princes, as they ſay (although in our lawes it behooues them nothing) I ſee at all no reaſon. Theſe iewels certainly with their diſguiling ſleights, they haue pilfred in their vagabonding race. And thinke you ſuch Princes ſhould be ſo long without ſome followers after them? Truly if they be Princes, it manifeſtly ſhewes their vertues ſuch, as all their ſubiects are glad to be rid of them. But be they as they are, for we are to conſider the matter, and not the men. *Baſilius* murder hath bin the cauſe of their comming, *Baſilius* murder they haue moſt trecherouſly brought to paſſe; yet that I doubt not, you will deny as well as your fellow. But how will you denie the ſtealing away the Princeſſe of this Prouince, which is no leſſe then treaſon? So notably hath the iuſtice of the gods prouided for the puniſhing of theſe malefactors, as if it were poſſible, men would not beleeue the certaine euidences of their principall miſchiefe, yet haue they diſcouered them ſelues ſufficiently for their moſt iuſt ouerthrow. I ſay therefore (to omit my chiefe matter of the Kings death) this wooluiſh ſheepheard, this counterfeit Prince hath trayterouſly contrary to his allegeance (hauing made himſelfe a ſeruant and ſubiect) attempted the depriuing this country of our natural Princeſſe: and therefore by all right muſt receiue the puniſhment of traytors. This matter is ſo aſſured as he himſelfe will not deny it, being taken and brought back in the fact. This matter is ſo odious in nature, ſo ſhameful to the world, ſo contrary to all lawes, ſo hurtfull to vs, ſo falſe in him, as if I ſhould ſtand further in declaring or defacing it, I ſhould either ſhewe great doubts in your wiſedome, or in your iuſtice. Therefore I will transferre my care vpon you, and attend (to my learning and comfort) the eternall example you will leaue to all mankind, of diſguiſers, falſifiers, adulterers, rauiſhers, murderers, and traitors. *Muſidorus* while *Philanax* was ſpeaking againſt his coſin and him, had looked round about him, to ſee whether by any meanes he might come to haue caught him in his armes, and haue killed him; ſo much had his diſgracing words filled his breaſt with rage. But perceiuing himſelf

so garded as he should rather shewe a passionate act, then performe his reuenge, his hand trembling with desire to strike, and all the veines in his face swelling, casting his eyes ouer the iudgement seate: O Gods said he, and haue you spared my life to beare these iniuries of such a driuel? Is this the iustice of this place, to haue such men as we are, submitted not onely to apparent falsehood, but most shameful reuiling? But marke I pray you the vngratefulnesse of the wretch, how vtterly he hath forgotten the benefits both he and all this countrey hath receiued of vs. For if euer men may remember their own noble deedes, it is then when their iust defence, and others vniust vnkindnesse doth require it. I omit our seruices done to *Basilius* in the late warre with *Amphialus*, importing no lesse then his daughters liues, and his states preseruation: were not we the men that killed the wilde beasts which otherwise had killed the Princesses, if we had not succoured them? Consider if it please you, where had bene *Daiphantus* rape, or my treason, if the sweete beauties of the earth, had then bin deuoured? Either thinke thē now dead, or remember they liue by vs. And yet full often this tetrale can acknowledge the losse they should haue by their taking away, while maliciously he ouerpasseth who were their preseruers: neither let this be spoken of me, as if I meant to ballance this euill with that good, for I must confesse that sauing of such creatures was rewarded in the acte it selfe: but onely to manifest the partial iangling of this vile pickthanke. But if we be the traytors, where was your fidelitie, O onely young-valiant Gentleman, when not onely the young Princesse, but the King himselfe was defended from vttermost perill, partly by me, but principally by this excellent yong mans both wisdome and valure? Were we that made our selues against hundreds of armed men, openly the shields of his life, like secretly to be his impoysoners? Did we then shewe his life to be dearer to vs then our owne, because we might after robbe him of his life, to dye shamefully? Truely, truly maister orator, whosoeuer hath hyred you to be so bulie in their matters, who keepe honester seruaunts then your selfe, he should haue bid you in so manie raylings, bring some excuse for your selfe, why in the greatest neede of your Prince, to whome you pretend a miraculous good will, you were not then as forward to do like a man your selfe, or at least to accuse them that were slacke in that seruice: but commonly they vse their feete for their defence, whose toung is their weapon. Certainly a verie simple subtilitie it had beene in vs, to repose our liues in the daughters, when we had killed the father. But as this Gentleman thinkes to winne the reputation of a copious talker by leauing nothing vnsaide which a filthie minde can imagine, so thinke I (or els all words are vaine) that to wise mens iudgement, our cleerenesse in the Kings death is sufficiently notorious. But at length when the marchant hath set out his guilded baggage, lastly he comes to some stuffe of importance, and saith, I conueyed away the Princesse of this countrie. And is she indeede your Princesse? I pray you then whom should I wait of els, but her that was my mistres by my professed vow, and Princesse ouer me while I liued in this soile? Aske her why she went; aske not me why I serued her. Since accounting me as a Prince, you haue not to do with me: taking me as her seruant, then take withal that I must obey her. But you wil say, I perswaded her to flie away. Certainly I wil for no death deny it, knowing to what honor I should bring her frō the thraldome by such fellowes counsell as you, she was kept in. Shall perswasion to a Prince grow treason to a Prince? It might be error in me, but falshood it could not be, since I made my selfe partaker of whatsoeuer I wished her vnto. Who will euer counsell his King, if his counsell be iudged by the euent, and if it be not found

wise

wise, shall therefore be thought wicked? But if I be a traitor, I hope you will grant me a correlatiue, to whom I shall be the traitor. For the Princesse against whom the treasons are considered, I am sure will auow my faithfulnesse, without you will say that I am a traitor to her, because I left the countrie; and a traitor to the countrie, because I went with her. Here do I leaue out my iust excuses of loues force, which as thy narrow hart hath neuer had noble roome enough in it to receiue, so yet those manlike courages, that by experience know how subiect the vertuous minds are to loue a most vertuous creature, (witnessed to be such by the most excellent gifts of nature) will deeme it a veniall trespasse, to seeke the satisfaction of honourable desires. Honourable euen in the curiousest points of honour, wherout there can no disgrace nor disparagement come vnto her. Therefore ô Iudge, who I hope doest know what it is to be a Iudge, that your end is to preserue and not to destroy mankind, that lawes are not made like lime-twigges or nets, to catch euerie thing that toucheth them, but rather like sea-markes, to auoid the shipwracke of ignorant passengers, since that our doing in the extreamest interpretation is but a humane error, and that of it you may make a profitable euent (we being of such estate, as their parents would not haue misliked the affinitie) you will not I trust at the perswasion of this brabler, burne your house to make it cleane, but like a wise father, turne euen the fault of your children to anie good that may come of it: since that is the fruit of wisdome, and end of all iudgements. While this matter was thus handling, a silent and as it were astonished attention, possest all the people. A kindlie compassion moued the noble Gentleman *Simpathus*, but as for *Kalander*, euerie thing was spoken either by or for his owne deare guests, moued an affect in him: sometimes teares, sometimes hopefull lookes, sometimes whispering perswasions in their eares, that stood by him, to seeke the sauing the two young Princes. But the generall multitude waited the iudgement of *Euarchus*, who shewed in his face no motions, either at the ones or others speech, letting passe the flowers of rhetorike, and onlie marking whither their reasons tended, hauing made the question to be asked of *Gynecia*, who continued to take the whole fault vpon her selfe, and hauing caused *Dametas*, with *Miso* and *Mopsa* (who by *Philanax* order had beene held in most cruell prison) to make a full declaration, how much they knew of these passed matters, and then gathering as assured satisfaction to his owne mind as in that case he could, not needing to take leasure for that, whereof a long practise had bred a well grounded habite in him, with a voice and gesture directed to the vniuersall assemblie, in this forme pronounced sentence. This waightie matter, whereof presentlie we are to determine, doth at the first consideration yeeld two important doubts. The first, whether these men be to be iudged: the secõd, how they are to be iudged. The first doubt ariseth, because they giue themselues out for Princes absolute: a sacred name, and to which anie violence seemes to be an impietie. For how can any lawes, which are the bonds of all humane societie, be obserued, if the law-giuers, and law-rulers be not held in an vntouched admiration? But hereto although alreadie they haue bene sufficientlie answered, yet thus much againe I will repeat vnto you. That whatsoeuer they be or be not, here they be no Princes, since betwixt Prince & subiect there is as necessarie a relation as betweene father and sonne, and as there is no man a father, but to his child, so is not a Prince a Prince, but to his owne subiects. Therefore is not this place to acknowledge in them anie principalitie, without it should at the same time by a secret consent confesse subiection. Yet hereto may be obiected, that the vniuersall ciuilitie, the law of nations (all mankind being as it were

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coinhabitors or world-citizēs together) hath euer required publike persons should be of all parties especially regarded, since not only in peace, but in warre, not only princes, but heralds and trumpets, are with great reason exempted from iniuries. This point is true, but yet so true, as they that will receiue the benefit of a custome, must not be the first to breake it. For then can they not complaine, if they bee not helpt by that which they themselues hurt. If a Prince do actes of hostilitie, without denouncing warre, if he breake his oath of amitie, or innumerable such other things contrary to the law of armes, he must take heed how he fall into their hands whom he so wrongeth, for then is curtesie the best custome he can claime; much more these men, who haue not only left to do like Princes, but to be like Princes, not onely entred into *Arcadia*, and so into the *Arcadian* orders, but into domesticall seruices, and so by making themselues priuate, depriued themselues of respect due to their publike calling. For no proportion it were of iustice, that a man might make himselfe no Prince when he would do euill, and might anew create himselfe a Prince when he would not suffer euill. Thus therefore by all lawes of nature and nations, and especiallie by their owne putting themselues out of the sanctuarie of them, these young men cannot in iustice auoide the iudgement: but like priuate men must haue their doings either cleared, excused, or condemned. There resteth then the second point, how to iudge well. And that must vndoubtedly be done, not by a free discourse of reason and skill of philosophie: but must be tied to the lawes of *Greece*, and municipall statutes of this kingdome. For although out of them these came, and to them must indeed referre their off-spring, yet because philosophicall discourses stand in the generall consideration of things, they leaue to euerie man a scope of his owne interpretation: where the lawes applying themselues to the necessarie vse, solde vs within assured bounds: which once broken, mans nature infinitely rangeth. Iudged therefore they must be, and by your lawes iudged. Now the action offereth it selfe to due ballance, betwixt the accusers two-fold accusation and their answere accordinglie applied. The questions being the one of a fact simplie, the other of the qualitie of a fact. To the first they vse direct deniall, to the second qualification and excuse. They deny the murther of the king; and against mighty presūptions bring forth some probable answers, which they do principally fortifie with the Queenes acknowledging her selfe only culpable. Certainly as in equalitie of coniectures, we are not to take hold of the worse, but rather to bee glad we may find any hope that mankind is not growne monstrous (being vndoubtedly lesse euill a guiltie man should escape, then a guiltlesse perish) so if in the rest they be spotlesse, then is no farther to be remembred. But if they haue aggrauated these suspitions with new euils, then are those suspitions so far to shew themselues, as to cause the other points to be throughly examined, and with lesse fauour wayed, since this no man can denie, they haue bene accidentall, if not principall causes of the kings death. Now then we are to determine of the other matters, which are laid to them, wherein they do not denie the fact, but denie, or at least diminish the fault: but first I may remember (though it were not first alleaged by them) the seruices they had before done, truly honorable, and worthie of great reward, but not worthy to counteruaile with a following wickednesse. Reward is proper to well doing, punishment to euill doing, which must not be confounded, no more then good and euil are to be mingled. Therefore hath bene determined in all wisedomes, that no man because he hath done well before, should haue his present euils spared: but rather so much the more punished, as hauing shewed he knew how to be

good

good, would against his knowledge bee naught. The fact then is nakedly without passion, or partiality to be viewed: wherein without al question they are equally culpable. For though he that tearmes himself *Daiphantus*, were sooner disappointed of his purpose of conueying away the Lady *Philoclea*, then he that perswaded the Princesse *Pamela* to fly her countrey, and accompanied her in it: yet seeing in causes of this nature, the will by the rules of iustice standeth for the deed, they are both alike to be found guiltie, and guiltie of hainous rauishment. For though they rauished them not from themselues, yet they rauished thē from him that owed them, which was their father. An act punished by all the Grecian lawes, by the losse of the head, as a most execrable theft. For if they must die; who steale from vs our goods, how much more they, who steale from vs that, for which we gather our goods: and if our lawes haue it so in the priuate persons, much more forcible are they to bee in Princes children, where one steals as it were the whole state and well being of that people, being tied by the secret of a long vse, to be gouerned by none but the next of that blood. Neither let any man maruell, our ancestors haue beene so seuere in these cases, since the example of the *Phœnician Europa*, but especially of Grecian *Helene*, hath taught them, what destroying fires haue growne of such sparkles. And although *Helene* was a wife, and this but a childe, that booteth not, since the principall cause of marying wiues is, that we may haue children of our own. But now let vs see how these yong men (truly for their persons worthy of pitie, if they had rightly pitied themselues) doe go about to mitigate the vehemencie of their errours. Some of their excuses are common to both, some peculiar onely to him that was the shepheard. Both remember the force of loue, and as it were the mending vppe of the matter by their marriage: if that vnbridled desire which is intituled loue, might purge such a sickenesse as this, surely wee should haue many louing excuses of hatefull mischiefe. Nay rather no mischiefe should bee committed, that should not be vailed vnder the name of loue. For as well he that steales might alleage the loue of money; he that murders, the loue of reuenge; he that rebels, the loue of greatnes, as the adulterer the loue of a woman. Since they do in all speeches affirme they loue that, which an ill gouerned passion maketh them to follow: but loue may haue no such priuiledge. That sweet and heauenly vniting of the mindes, which properly is called loue, hath no other knot but vertue, and therefore if it be a right loue, it can neuer slide into any action that is not vertuous. The other, and indeed more effectuall reason is, that they may bee maried vnto them, & so honorably redresse the dishonor of them, whō this matter seemeth most to touch. Surely if the questiō were, what were conuenient for the parties, and not what is iust in the neuer changing iustice, there might be much said in it. But herein we must consider, that the lawes looke how to preuent by due examples, that such things be not done: and not how to salue such things whē they are done. For if the gouernors of iustice shall take such a scope, as to measure the foote of the law by a shew of conueniencie, and measure that conueniencie not by the publike societie, but by that which is fittest for them which offend: young men, strong men, and rich men, shall euer finde priuate conueniences how to palliate such committed disorders, as to the publike shall not only be inconuenient, but pestilent. The mariage perchaunce might bee fit for them, but very vnfit were it to the state, to allow a patterne of such procurations of mariage. And thus much do they both alleage. Further goes hee that went with the Princesse *Pamela*, and requireth the benefit of a Counsellor, who hath place of free perswasion: & the reasonable excuse of a seruant, that did but wait of his mistresse.

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Without all queſtion, as counſellours haue great cauſe to take keede how they aduiſe any thing, directly oppoſit to the forme of that preſent gouernement, eſpecially when they do it ſinglie without publike allowance: ſo yet is the caſe much more apparant: ſince neither ſhee was an effectuall Princeſſe, her father being then aliue, and though he had beene dead, ſhee not come to the yeares of authoritie, nor he her ſeruant in ſuch maner to obey her, but by his own preferment firſt belonging to *Dametas*, and then to the king, and therefore if not by *Arcadia* lawes, yet by houſhold orders, bound to haue done nothing without his agreement. Thus therefore ſince the deedes accompliſhed by theſe two, are both abhominable and inexcuſable, I do in the behalfe of iuſtice, and by the force of *Arcadia* lawes pronounce, that *Daiphantus* ſhall be throwne out of a high tower to receiue his death by his fall. *Palladius* ſhall be beheaded, the time before the ſunne ſet: the place, in *Mantinea*: the executioner, *Dametas*: which office hee ſhall execute all the dayes of his life, for his beaſtly forgetting the carefull dutie hee owed to his charge. This ſaid, hee turned himſelfe to *Philanax*, and two of the other Noblemen, commanding them to ſee the iudgement preſently performed. *Philanax* more greedie then any hunter of his pray, went ſtraight to lay hold of the excellent priſoners, who caſting a farewell looke one vpon the other, repreſented in their faces as much vnappalled conſtancy, as the moſt exellent courage can deliuer in outward graces. Yet if at all there were any ſhew of change in them, it was that *Pyrocles* was ſomewhat nearer to baſhfulneſſe, and *Muſidorus* to anger; both ouer-ruled by reaſon & reſolution. But as with great number of armed men, *Philanax* was deſcending vnto them, and that *Muſidorus* was beginning to ſay ſomething in *Pyrocles* behalfe, behold *Kalander*, that with armes caſt abroad, and open mouth came crying to *Euarchus*, holding a ſtranger in his hand that cryed much more then he, deſiring they might be heard ſpeak before the priſoners were remoued, euen the noble Gentleman *Simpathus* aided them in it, and taking ſuch as hee could command, ſtopped *Philanax* betwixt entreatie and force, from carying away the Princes, vntill it were heard what new matters theſe men did bring. So againe mounting to the Tribunall, they hearkened to the ſtrangers vehement ſpeech, or rather appaſſionate exclaiming. It was indeede *Kalodulus*, the faithfull ſeruant of *Muſidorus*, to whom his maſter, when in deſpite of his beſt grounded determinations hee firſt became a ſlaue to affection, had ſent the ſhepheard *Menalcas* to be arreſted: by the help of whoſe rayment in the meane time hee aduanced himſelfe to that eſtate, which he accompted moſt high, becauſe it might be ſeruiceable to that fancie, which he had placed moſt high in his mind. For *Menalcas* hauing faithfully performed his errand, was as faithfully impriſoned by *Kalodulus*. But as *Kalodulus* perfourmed the firſt part of his dutie in doing the commandement of his Prince: ſo was he with abundance of ſincere loyaltie extreamely perplexed when hee vnderſtood of *Menalcas* the ſtraunge diſguiſing of his beloued maſter. For as the acts hee and his couſin *Pyrocles* had done in *Aſia*, had filled all the eares of the *Theſſalians* and *Macedonians* with no leſſe ioy then admiration: ſo was the feare of their loſſe no leſſe grieuous vnto them, when by the noyſe of report they vnderſtood of their louely committing themſelues to the ſea, the iſſue of which they had no way learned. But now that by *Menalcas* hee perceiued where he was, ghesſing the like of *Pyrocles*, comparing the vnuſedneſſe of this act with the vnripeneſſe of their age, ſeeing in generall coniecture they could do it for nothing that might not fall out dangerous: hee was ſomewhile troubled with himſelfe, what to do, betwixt doubt of their hurt, and doubt of their diſpleaſure. Often

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he was minded (as his safest and honestest way) to reueale it to the king *Euarchus*: that both his authoritie might preuent any domage to them, and vnder his wings he himselfe might remaine safe. But considering a iourney to *Byzantium* (where as yet he supposed *Euarchus* lay) would require more time, then hee was willing to remaine doubtfull of his Princes estate, hee resolued at length to write the matter to *Euarchus*, and himselfe the while to go into *Arcadia*: vncertaine what to doe when he came thither, but determined to doe his best seruice to his deare master, if by any good fortune hee might finde him. And so it happened, that being euen this day come to *Mantinea*, and as warily and attentiuely as hee could, giuing eare to all reports, in hope to heare something of them hee sought, hee straight receiued a straunge rumor of these things: but so vncertainly, as popular reports carie so rare accidents. But this by all men he was willed, to seeke out *Kalander* a great Gentleman of that countrey, who would soonest satisfie him of all occurrents. Thus instructed hee came euen about the midst of *Euarchus* iudgement to the desert: where seeing great multitudes, and hearing vnknowne names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, and not able to presse to the place where *Euarchus* sate, he enquired for *Kalander*, and was soone brought vnto him, partly because he was generally known vnto all men, and partly because hee had withdrawne himselfe from the preasse, when he perceiued by *Euarchus* wordes whither they tended, being not able to endure his guests condemnation. He enquired forthwith of *Kalander* the cause of the assemblie, and whether the fame were true of *Euarchus* presence: who with many teares made a dolefull recitall vnto him, both of the *Amazon* and shepheard, setting forth their naturall graces, and lamenting their pitifull vndoing. But his description made *Kalodulus* immediately knowe the shepheard was his Duke, and so iudging the other to bee *Pyrocles*, and speedily communicating it to *Kalander*, who hee saw did fauour their case, they brake the preasse with astonishing euery man with their cries. And being come to *Euarchus*, *Kalodulus* fell at his feet, telling him those hee had iudged, were his owne Sonne and Nephew, the one the comfort of *Macedon*, the other the onely stay of *Thessalia*. With many such like words, but as from a man that assured himselfe in that matter he should need small speech. While *Kalander* made it knowne to all men, what the prisoners were: to whome he cried they should salute their father, and ioy in the good hap the gods had sent them; who were no lesse glad, then all the people amazed at the strange euent of these matters. Euen *Philanax* owne reuengefull heart was mollified, when hee saw from diuerse parts of the world so neare kinsmen should meete in such a necessitie. And withall the fame of *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, greatly drew him to a compassionate conceit, and had alreadie vnclothed his face of all shew of malice. But *Euarchus* staid a good while vpon himselfe, like a valiant man that should receiue a notable encounter, being vehemently stricken with the fatherly loue of so excellent children, and studying with his best reason, what his office required: at length with such a kind of grauitie, as was neare to sorrow, he thus vttered his mind: I take witnesse of the immortall gods (said hee) ô *Arcadians*, that what this day I haue sayd, hath beene out of my assured perswasion, what iustice it selfe and your iust lawes require. Though strangers then to me, I had no desire to hurt them, but leuing aside all considerations of the persons, I weighed the matter which you committed into my hands, with my most vnpartiall and farthest reach of reason. And thereout haue condemned them to lose their liues, contaminated with so many foule breaches of hospitalitie, ciuilitie & vertue. Now contrarie to all expectations,

I find them to be my onely ſonne and nephew, ſuch vpon whom you ſee what gifts nature hath beſtowed: ſuch who haue ſo to the wonder of the world heretofore behaued themſelues, as might giue iuſt cauſe to the greateſt hopes, that in an excellent youth may be conceiued. Laſtly, in few wordes, ſuch, in whom I placed all my mortall ioyes, and thought my ſelfe now neare my graue, to recouer a new life. But alas, ſhall iuſtice halte? Or ſhall ſhee winke in ones cauſe, which had *Lynces* eyes in anothers? Or rather ſhall all priuate reſpects giue place to that holy name? Bee it ſo, bee it ſo, let my gray haires bee laid in the duſt with ſorrow, let the ſmall remnant of my life be to me an inward and outward deſolation, and to the world a gazing ſtocke of wretched miſerie: but neuer, neuer let ſacred rightfulneſſe fall: it is immortall, and immortally ought to bee preſerued. If rightly I haue iudged, then rightly I haue iudged mine owne children: vnleſſe the name of a child ſhould haue force to change the neuer changing iuſtice. No, no, *Pyrocles* and *Muſidorus*, I preferre you much before my life, but I preferre iuſtice as farre before you: while you did like your ſelues, my body ſhould willingly haue beene your ſhield, but I cannot keep you frō the effects of your owne doing: nay, I cannot in this caſe acknowledge you for mine: for neuer had I ſhepheard to my nephew, nor euer had woman to my ſon, your vices haue degraded you from being Princes, & haue diſannuld your birthright. Therefore, if there be any thing left in you of Princely vertue, ſhew it in cōſtant ſuffering, that your vnprincely dealing hath purchaſed vnto you. For my part I muſt tell you, you haue forced a father to rob himſelfe of his children. Do you therefore, ô *Philanax*, and you my other Lords of this countrey, ſee the iudgement be rightly performed in time, place and maner, as before appointed. With that, though he would haue refrained them, a man might perceiue the teares drop downe his long white beard. Which moued not only *Kalodulus* and *Kalander* to roring lamentations, but all the aſſembly dolefully to record that pitifull ſpectacle. *Philanax* himſelfe could not abſtaine from great ſhewes of pitying ſorrow, and manifeſt withdrawing from performing the kings commandement. But *Muſidorus* hauing the hope of his ſafety, and recouering of the Princeſſe *Pamela*, which made him moſt deſirous to liue, ſo ſodainly daſhed; but eſpecially moued for his deare *Pyrocles*, for whom he was euer reſolued his laſt ſpeech ſhould bee, and ſtirred vp with rage of vnkindneſſe, he thus ſpake: Enioy thy bloudy conqueſt tyrannicall *Euarchus*, ſaid he; for neither is conuenient the title of a king to a murtherer, nor the remembrance of kindred to a deſtroyer of his kindred. Go home and glory, that it hath beene in thy power, ſhamefully to kill *Muſidorus*. Let thy flattering Orators dedicate Crownes of Laurell vnto thee, that the firſte of thy race, thou haſt ouerthrowne a Prince of *Theſſalia*. But for me I hope the *Theſſalians* are not ſo degenerate from their anceſtors, but that they will reuenge my iniurie, and their loſſe vpon thee. I hope my death is no more vniuſt to me, thē it ſhall be bitter to thee; howſoeuer it be, my death ſhall triumph ouer thy crueltie, neither as now would I liue, to make my life beholding vnto thee. But if thy crueltie hath not ſo blinded thine eyes, that thou canſt not ſee thine owne hurt, if thy heart be not ſo diuelliſh, as thou haſt no power to torment thy ſelfe, then looke vpon this young *Pyrocles* with a manlike eye, if not with a pitifull: Giue not occaſion to the whole earth to ſay, ſee how the Gods haue made the tyrant teare his owne bowels! Examine the eyes and voyces of all this people, and what all men ſee, be not blind in thine owne cauſe. Looke, I ſay looke vpon him, in whom the moſt curious ſearcher is able to find no fault: but that he is thy ſonne. Beleeue it, thy owne ſubiects will deteſt thee, for

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robbing thē of ſuch a Prince, in whō they haue right as well as thy ſelfe. Some more words to that purpoſe he wold haue ſpokē: but *Pyrocles* who often had cald to him, did now fully interrupt him, deſiring him not to do him the wrong to giue his father ill words before him, willing him to conſider it was their owne fault, & not his vniuſtice, and withal, to remēber their reſolution of well ſuffering all accidents, which this impatiencie did ſeeme to varie from: & then kneeling downe with all humblenes, he tooke the ſpeech in this order to *Euarchus*: If my dayly praiers to the almighty Gods, had ſo far preuailed, as to haue granted me the end whereto I haue directed my actions; I ſhould rather haue bene now a comfort to your minde, then an example of your iuſtice; rather a preſeruer of your memory by my life, then a monumēt of your iudgement by my death. But ſince it hath pleaſed their vnſearchable wiſdōs to ouerthrow all the deſires I had to ſerue you, & make me become a ſhame vnto you; ſince the laſt obedience I can ſhew you is to die: vouchſafe yet ô father (if my fault haue not made me altogether vnworthie ſo to tearme you) vouchſafe I ſay to let the few and laſt words your ſonne ſhall euer ſpeake, not to be tedious vnto you. And if the remembrance of my vertuous mother, who once was deare vnto you, may beare any ſway with you, if the name of *Pyrocles* haue at any time bin pleaſant, let one requeſt of mine, which ſhall not be for mine own life, be graciouſly accepted of you. What you owe to iuſtice is performed in my death: a father to haue executed his only ſon, will leaue a ſufficiēt exāple for a greater crime then this. My bloud will ſatisfie the higheſt poynt of equitie, my bloud will ſatisfie the hardeſt hearted in this countrie. O ſaue the life of this Prince; that is the only all I will with my laſt breath demand of you. With what face will you looke vpon your ſiſter, when in reward of nouriſhing me in your greateſt need, you take away, and in ſuch ſort take away that which is more deare to her then all the world, and is the onely comfort wherewith ſhe nouriſheth her old age? O giue not ſuch an occaſion to the noble *Theſſalians*, for euer to curſe the match that their Prince did make with the *Macedon* bloud. By my loſſe there follows no publike loſſe, for you are to hold the ſeate, and to prouide your ſelfe perchance of a worthyer ſucceſſour. But how can you or all the earth recompence that domage that poore *Theſſalia* ſhall ſuſtaine? who ſending out (whom otherwiſe they would no more haue ſpared then their own eyes) their Prince to you, and you requeſting to haue him, by you he ſhould thus diſhonorably be extinguiſhed. Set before you I beſeech you, the face of that miſerable people, when no ſooner ſhall the newes come that you haue met your Nephew, but withall they ſhall heare that you haue beheaded him. How many teares they ſhall ſpend, how many complaints they ſhall make, ſo many iuſt execrations will light vpon you. And take heed ô father, (for ſince my death anſwers my fault, while I liue I will call vpon that deare name) leaſt ſeeking too preciſe a courſe of iuſtice, you be not thought moſt vniuſt: in weakning your neighbours mightie eſtate, by taking away their only piller. In me, in me this matter began, in me let it receiue his ending. Aſſure your ſelfe no man will doubt your ſeuere obſeruing the lawes, when it ſhall be knowne *Euarchus* hath killed *Pyrocles*. But the time of my euer farewell approcheth: if you do thinke my death ſufficient for my fault, and do not deſire to make my death more miſerable then death: let theſe dying words of him, that was once your ſonne, pierce your eares. Let *Muſidorus* liue, and *Pyrocles* ſhall liue in him, and you ſhall not want a child. A child cried out *Muſidorus*, to him that killes *Pyrocles*: with that he fell againe to intreate for *Pyrocles*, and *Pyrocles* as faſt for *Muſidorus*, each imploying his wit how to ſhew him ſelfe moſt worthie to die, to

ſuch an admiration of all the beholders, that moſt of them examining the matter by their owne paſſions, thought *Euarchus* (as often extraordinary excellencies, not being rightly conceiued, do rather offend then pleaſe) an obſtinate hearted man, and ſuch an one, who being pitileſſe, his dominion muſt needs be inſupportable. But *Euarchus* that felt his owne miſerie more then they, and yet loued goodneſſe more then himſelfe, with ſuch a ſad aſſured behauiour as *Cato* killed himſelfe withall; when he had heard the vttermoſt of that their ſpeech tended vnto, he commaunded againe they ſhould be caried away, riſing vp from the ſeate (which he would much rather haue wiſhed ſhould haue bene his graue) and looking who would take the charge, whereto euerie one was exceeding backward. But as this pitifull matter was entring into, thoſe that were next the Dukes bodie, might heare from vnder the veluet wherewith he was couered, a great voice of groning. Whereat euerie man aſtoniſhed (and their ſpirits appalled with theſe former miſeries, apt to take any ſtrange conceit) when they might perfectly perceiue the bodie ſtirre. Then ſome began to feare ſpirits, ſome to looke for a miracle, moſt to imagine they knew not what. But *Philanax* and *Kalander*, whoſe eyes honeſt loue (though to diuerſe parties) held moſt attentiue, leapt to the table, and putting off the veluet couer, might plainely diſcerne, with as much wonder as gladneſſe, that the Duke liued. For ſo it was, that the drinke he had receiued, was neither as *Gynecia* firſt imagined, a loue potion, nor as it was after thought a deadly poiſon, but a drinke made by notable Art, and as it was thought not without naturall magicke, to procure for thirtie houres ſuch a deadly ſleepe, as ſhould oppreſſe all ſhew of life. The cauſe of the making of this drinke had firſt bene, that a Princeſſe of *Cyprus*, grandmother to *Gynecia*, being notablie learned, (and yet not able with all her learning to anſwer the obiections of *Cupid*) did furiouſly loue a yong nobleman of her fathers Court. Who fearing the kings rage, and not once daring either to attempt or accept ſo high a place, ſhe made that ſleeping drinke, and found meanes by a truſtie ſeruant of hers (who of purpoſe inuited him to his chamber) to procure him, that ſuſpected no ſuch thing, to receiue it. Which done, he no way able to reſiſt, was ſecretly caried by him into a pleaſant chamber, in the midſt of a garden ſhe had of purpoſe prouided for this enterpriſe, where that ſpace of time, pleaſing her ſelfe with ſeeing and cheriſhing of him, when the time came of the drinks end of working, and he more aſtoniſhed then if he had falne from the clouds, ſhe bad him chooſe either then to marie her, and to promiſe to flie away with her in a barke ſhe had made readie, or elſe ſhe would preſently crie out, and ſhew in what place he was, with oth he was come thither to rauiſh her. The Nobleman in theſe ſtraights, her beautie preuailed, he maried her, and eſcaped the realme with her. And after many ſtrange aduentures, were reconciled to the king her father, after whoſe death they raigned. But ſhe gratefully remembring the ſeruice that drinke had done her, preſerued in a bottle (made by ſingular Arte long to keepe it without periſhing) great quantitie of it, with the foretold inſcription, which wrong interpreted by her daughter in law the Queene of *Cyprus*, was giuen by her to *Gynecia* at the time of her mariage; and the drinke finding an old body of *Baſilius*, had kept him ſome houres longer in the trance, then it would haue done a yonger. But a good while it was, before good *Baſilius* could come againe to himſelfe: in which time *Euarchus* more glad thē of the whol worlds Monarchy, to be rid of his miſerable magiſtracy, which euen in iuſtice he was now to ſurrender to the lawfull Prince of that country; came from the Throne vnto him, and there with much ado made him vnderſtand

how

how theſe intricate matters had fallen out. Many garboyles paſſed through his fancie before he could be perſwaded *Zelmane* was other then a woman. At length remembring the Oracle which now indeed was accompliſhed (not as before he had imagined) conſidering all had fallen out by the higheſt prouidence, & withall weighing in all theſe matters his owne faule had bene the greateſt; The firſt thing he did, was with all honorable pompe to ſend for *Gynecia*: who (poore Lady) thought ſhe was leading forth to her liuing buriall: and (when ſhe came) to recount before all the people, the excellent vertue was in her, which ſhe had not only maintained all her life moſt vnſpotted, but now was contented ſo miſerably to die, to follow her husband. He told them how ſhe had warned him to take heed of that drinke: and ſo with all the exaltings of her that might be publikely deſired her pardon for thoſe errors he had committed. And ſo kiſſing her, left her to receiue the moſt honorable fame of a nie Princeſſe throughout the world, all men thinking (ſauing onely *Pyrocles*, and *Philoclea*, who neuer bewrayed her) that ſhe was the perfect mirrour of all wifely loue. Which though in that point vndeſerued, ſhe did in the remnant of her life duely purchaſe, with obſeruing all dutie and faith to the example and glorie of *Greece*: ſo vncertaine are mortall iudgements, the ſame perſon moſt infamous, and moſt famous, and neyther iuſtly. Then with Princely intertainement to *Euarchus*, and manie kind words to *Pyrocles*, whom ſtill he dearely loued though in a more vertuous kind, the mariage was concluded, to the ineſtimable ioye of *Euarchus*, (towards whom now *Muſidorus* acknowledged his fault) betwixt the peereleſſe Princes and Princeſſes. *Philanax* for his ſingular faith euer held deare of *Baſilius* while he liued, and no leſſe of *Muſidorus*, who was to inherite that kingdome, and therein confirmed to him and his, the ſecond place of that Prouince, with great increaſe of his liuing to maintaine it. Which like proportion he vſed to *Kalodulus* in *Theſſalia*: highlie honouring *Kalander* while he liued: and after his death continuing in the ſame meaſure to loue & aduance his ſon *Clitophon*. But as for *Sympathus*, *Pyrocles* (to whom his father in his owne time gaue the whole kingdome of *Thrace*) held him alwaies about him, giuing him in pure gift, the great Cirie of *Abdera*. But the ſolemnities of theſe mariages with the *Arcadian* paſtoralles, full of manie comicall aduentures hapning to thoſe rurall louers, the ſtrange ſtories of *Artaxia* and *Plexirtus*, *Erona* and *Plangus*, *Helene* and *Amphialus*, with the wonderfull chances that befell them: The ſhepheardiſh loues of *Menalcas* with *Kalodulus* daughter: the poore hopes of the poore *Philiſides* in the purſuit of his affections; the ſtrange continuance of *Klaius* and *Strephons* deſire: Laſtly, the ſonne of *Pyrocles*, named *Pyrophilus*, and *Melidora*, the faire daughter of *Pamela* by *Muſidorus*, who euen at their birth entred into admirable fortunes; may awake ſome other ſpirit to excerciſe his pen in that, wherewith mine is alreadie dulled.

The end of the fift and laſt booke of Arcadia.

CERTAINE SONETS WRITTEN BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY:

Neuer before printed.

SInce ſhunning paine, I eaſe can neuer find:
Since baſhfull dread ſeekes where he knowes me harmed:
Since will is won, and ſtopped eares are charmed:
Since force doth faint, and ſight doth make me blind:

Since loſing long, the faſter ſtill I bind:
Since naked ſence can conquer reaſon armed:
Since heart in chilling feare with yce is warmed:
In fine, ſince ſtrife of thought but marres the mind,

I yeeld, ô Loue, vnto thy loathed yoke,
Yet crauing law of armes, whoſe rule doth teach,
That hardly vſde, who euer priſon broke,
In iuſtice quit, of honour made no breach:
Whereas if I a gratefull gardien haue,
Thou art my Lord, and I thy vowed ſlaue.

WHen Loue puft vp with rage of by diſdaine,
Reſolu'd to make me patterne of his might,
Like foe, whoſe wits inclin'd to deadly ſpite,
Would often kill to breed more feeling paine,

He would not arm'd with beautie, only raigne
On thoſe affects which eaſily yeeld to ſight,
But vertue ſets ſo high, that reaſons light,
For all his ſtrife can onlie bondage gaine.

So that I liue to pay a mortall fee,
Dead palsie sicke of all my chiefest parts:
Like those whom dreames make vglie monsters see,
And can crie helpe with nought but grones and starts:
Longing to haue, hauing no wit to wish,
To staruing minds such is God Cupids dish.

To the same tune.

THe Nightingale as soone as Aprill bringeth
Vnto her rested sense a perfect waking,
While late bare earth, proud of new clothing springeth,
Sings out her woes, a thorne her song-booke making:
And mournfully bewailing,
Her throate in tunes expresseth
What griefe her breast oppresseth,
For Thereus *force on her chaste will preuailing.*
O Philomela *faire, ô take some gladnesse,*
That here is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnesse:
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth,
Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart inuadeth.

Alas she hath no other cause of anguish
But Thereus *loue, on her by strong hand wrokne,*
Wherein she suffring all her spirits languish,
Full womanlike complaines her will was brokne.

But I who dayly crauing,
Cannot haue to content me,
Haue more cause to lament me,
Since wanting is more woe then too much hauing.
O Philomela *faire, ô take some gladnesse,*
That here is iuster cause of plaintfull sadnesse:
Thine earth now springs, mine fadeth:
Thy thorne without, my thorne my heart inuadeth.

To the tune of Basciami vita mia.

SLeepe Babie mine, Desire nurse Beautie singeth:
Thy cries, ô Babie, set mine head on aking.
The Babe cries way, thy loue doth keepe me waking.

Lully, lully, my babe, hope cradle bringeth
Vnto my children alway good rest taking:
The babe cries way, thy loue doth keepe me waking.

Since babie mine, from me thy watching springeth,
Sleepe then a little, pap content is making:
The babe cries nay, for that abide I waking.

To the tune of the Spaniſh ſong, Se tu ſennora no dueles de mi.

O Faire, ô ſweet, when I do looke on thee,
In whome all ioyes ſo well agree,
Heart and ſoule do ſing in me,
This you heare is not my tongue,
Which once ſaid what I conceaued,
For it was of vſe bereaued,
With a cruell anſwer ſtong.
No, though tongue to roofe be cleaued,
Fearing leaſt he chaſtiſde be,
Heart and ſoule do ſing in me.

O faire, O ſweete, &c.
Iuſt accord all muſike makes;
In thee iuſt accord excelleth,
Where each part in ſuch peace dwelleth,
One of other beautie takes.
Since then truth to all myndes telleth,
That in thee liues harmonie,
Heart and ſoule do ſing in me.

O faire, O ſweet, &c.
They that beau'n haue knowne, do ſay
That whoſo that grace obtaineth,
To ſee what faire ſight there raigneth,
Forced are to ſing alway;
So then ſince that heauen remaineth,
In thy face I plainly ſee,
Heart and ſoule do ſing in me.

O faire, O ſweete, &c.
Sweete thinke not I am at eaſe,
For becauſe my cheefe part ſingeth,
This ſong from deathes ſorrow ſpringeth:
As to Swanne in laſt diſeaſe:
For no dumbneſſe nor death bringeth
Stay to true loues melody:
Heart and ſoule do ſing in me.

Theſe foure following Sonnets were made when his Ladie had paine in her face.

THe ſcourge of life, and deaths extreame diſgrace,
The ſmoke of hell, the monſter called paine,
Long ſham'd to be accurſt in euery place,
By them who of his rude reſort complaine,
Lyke crafty wretch by time and trauell taught,
His vgly euill in others good to hide,
Late harbours in her face whom nature wrought,
As treaſure houſe where her beſt gifts do bide.
And ſo by priuiledge of ſacred ſeate,
A ſeate where beauty ſhines and vertue raignes,
He hopes for ſome ſmall praiſe ſince ſhe hath great,
Within her beames wrapping his cruell ſtaines.
Ah ſaucy paine let not thy errour laſt,
More louing eyes ſhe draws, more hate thou haſt.

WO, wo, to me, on me returne the ſmart:
My burning tongue hath bred my miſtreſſe paine,
For oft in paine to paine my painefull heart
With her due praiſe did of my ſtate complaine.
I praiſde her eyes whom neuer chance doth moue,
Her breath which makes a ſower anſwer ſweete,
Her milken breaſts the nurſe of child-like loue,
Her legges (O legges) her ay well ſtepping feete.
Paine heard her praiſe, and full of inward fire,
(Firſt ſealing vp my heart as pray of his)
He flies to her, and boldned with deſire,
Her face (this ages praiſe) the thiefe doth kiſſe,
O paine I now recant the praiſe I gaue,
And ſweare ſhe is not worthy thee to haue.

Thou paine the onely gueſt of loath'd conſtraint,
The child of curſe, mans weakneſſe foſter-child,
Brother to woe, and father of complaint:
Thou paine, thou hated paine, from heau'n exilde,
How holdſt thou her, whoſe eyes conſtraint doth feare,
Whom curſt do bleſſe, whoſe weakneſſe vertues arme,
Who others woes and plaints can chaſtly beare:
In whoſe ſweete heau'n Angels of high thoughts ſwarme.
What courage ſtrange hath caught thy caitife hart,
Fear'ſt not a face that oft whole harts deuowres,
Or art thou from aboue bid play this part,

And ſo no helpe gainſt enuy of thoſe powers?
If thus alas: yet while thoſe paris haue wo,
So ſtay her tounge, that ſhe no more ſay no.

And haue I heard her ſay, o cruell paine!
And doth ſhe know what mould her beautie beares?
Mournes ſhe in truth, and thinkes that others faine?
Feares ſhe to feele, and feeles not others feares?
Or doth ſhe thinke all paine the minde forbeares?
That heauie earth, not fierie ſprites may plaine?
That eyes weepe worſe then hart in bloodie teares?
That ſenſe feeles more then what doth ſenſe containe?
No, no, ſhe is too wiſe, ſhe knowes her face
Hath not ſuch paine as it makes others haue:
She knows the ſickneſſe of that perfect place
Hath yet ſuch health, as it my life can ſaue.
But this ſhe thinks, our paine hye cauſe excuſeth.
Where her who ſhould rule paine, falſe paine abuſeth.

Tranſlated out of *Horace*, which beginnes *Rectius viues.*

YOu better ſure ſhall liue, not euermore
Trying high ſeas, nor while ſeas rage you flee,
Preſſing to much vpon ill harbourd ſhore.

Tho golden meane who loues, liues ſafely free
From filth of foreworne houſe, and quiet liues,
Releaſt from Court, where enuie needes muſt be.

The winde moſt oft the hugeſt Pine-tree greeues:
The ſtately towers come downe with greater fall:
The higheſt hills the bolt of thunder cleeues:

Euill happes do fill with hope, good happes appall
With feare of change, the courage well prepar'de:
Fowle Winters as they come, away they ſhall.

Though preſent times and paſt with euils be ſnar'de,
They ſhall not laſt: with Citherne ſilent muſe,
Apollo wakes, and bowe hath ſometime ſpar'de.

In hard eſtate with ſtowt ſhew valor vſe,
The ſame man ſtill in whom wiſedome preuailes,
In too full winde draw in thy ſwelling ſailes.

Out of Catullus.

Nulli ſe dicit mulier mea nubere malle,
Quam mihi non ſi ſe Iupiter ipſe petat,
Dicit ſed mulier Cupido quæ dicit amanti,
In vento aut rapida ſcribere oportet aqua.

Vnto

VNto no body my woman ſaith ſhe had rather a wife be,
Then to my ſelfe, not though Ioue grew a ſuter of hers.
Theſe be her words, but a womans words to a loue that is eager,
In wind or waters ſtreame do require to be writ.

Qui ſceptra ſæuus duro imperio regit,
Timet timentes, metus in Authorem redit.

Faire ſeeke not to be feard, moſt louely beloued by thy ſeruants,
For true it is, that they feare many whom many feare.

LIke as the Doue, which ſeeled vp doth flie,
Is neither freed, nor yet to ſeruice bound,
But hopes to gaine ſome helpe by mounting hie,
Till want of force do force her fall to ground:

Right ſo my minde caught by his guiding eye,
And thence caſt off, where his ſweet hurt he found,
Hath neuer leaue to liue, nor doome to dye,
Nor held in euill, nor ſuffered to be ſound.

But with his wings of fancies vp he goes,
To hie conceits whoſe fruits are oft but ſmall,
Till wounded, blind, and wearied ſpirite, loſe
Both force to flie and knowledge where to fall.
O happie Doue if ſhe no bondage tried:
More happie I, might I in bondage bide.

E. D.

PRometheus when firſt from heauen hie,
He brought downe fire, ere then on earth not ſeene,
Fond of Delight, a Satyre ſtanding by,
Gaue it a kiſſe, as it like ſweete had beene.

Feeling forthwith the other burning power,
Wood with the ſmart with ſhowts and ſhryking ſhrill,
He ſought his eaſe in riuer, field, and bower,
But for the time his griefe went voith him ſtill.

So ſilly I with that vnwonted ſight
In humane ſhape an Angell from aboue,
Feeding mine eyes, the impreſſion there did light,
That ſince I runne and reſt as pleaſeth loue,

The difference is, the Satyres lippes, my hart,
He for a while, I euermore haue ſmart.

A Satyre once did runne away for dread,
With ſound of horne, which he himſelfe did blow,
Fearing and feared thus from himſelfe he fled,
Deeming ſtrange euill in that he did not know.

Such cauſeleſſe feares when coward minds do take,
It makes them flie that which they faine would haue:
As this poore beaſt who did his reſt forſake,
Thinking not why, but how himſelfe to ſaue.

Euen thus might I for doubts which I conceaue
Of mine owne wordes, my owne good hap betray,
And thus might I for feare of may be, leaue
The ſweete purſute of my deſired pray.
Better like I thy Satyre deereſt Dyer,
Who burnt his lips to kiſſe faire ſhining fire.

MY miſtreſſe lowers and ſaith I do not loue:
I do proteſt and ſeeke with ſeruice due,
In humble mind a conſtant faith to proue,
But for all this I can not her remoue
From deepe vaine thought that I may not be true.

If othes might ſerue, euen by the Stygian lake,
Which Poets ſay, the gods themſelues do feare,
I neuer did my vowed word forſake:
For why ſhould I, whom free choiſe ſlaue doth make,
Elſewhat in face, then in my fancie beare?

My Muſe therefore for onely thou canſt tell,
Tell me the cauſe of this my cauſeleſſe woe,
Tell how ill thought diſgrac'd my doing well:
Tell how my ioyes and hopes thus fowly fell
To ſo lowe ebbe that wonted were to flowe.

O this it is; the knotted ſtraw is found:
In tender harts, ſmall things engender hate:
A horſes worth laid waſt the Troyan ground:
A three foote ſtoole in Greece, *made Trumpets ſound,*
An Aſſes ſhade ere now hath bred debate.

If Greekes *themſelues were mou'd with ſo ſmall cauſe,*
To twiſt thoſe broyles, which hardly would vntwine:

Should

Should Ladies faire be tyed to ſuch hard lawes,
As in their moodes to take a lingring pawſe?
I would it not, their metall is too fine.

My hand doth not beare witneſſe with my hart,
She ſaith, becauſe I make no wofull laies,
To paint my liuing death, and endleſſe ſmart:
And ſo for one that felt god Cupids *dart,*
She thinkes I leade and liue too merrie daies.

Are Poets *then the onely louers true?*
Whoſe hearts are ſet on meaſuring a verſe:
Who thinke themſelues well bleſt, if they renew
Some good old dumpe, that Chaucers *miſtreſſe knew,*
And vſe but you for matters to rehearſe.

Then good Apollo *do away thy bowe:*
Take harp and ſing in this our verſing time:
And in my braine ſome ſacred humour flowe:
That all the earth my woes, ſighes, teares may know,
And ſee you not that I fall now to ryme.

As for my mirth, how could I but be glad,
Whilſt that me thought I iuſtly made my boſt
That one'ly I the only Miſtreſſe had:
But now if ere my face with ioy be clad:
Thinke Hannibal *did laugh when Carthage loſt.*

Sweet Ladie, as for thoſe whoſe ſullen cheare,
Compar'd to me, made me in lightneſſe found:
Who Stoick-like in clowdie hew appeare:
Who ſilence force to make their words more deare:
Whoſe eyes ſeeme chaſte, becauſe they looke on ground:
Beleeue them not; for Phyſicke true doth finde,
Choler aduſt is ioyed in woman-kinde.

IN wonted walkes, ſince wonted fancies change,
Some cauſe there is, which of ſtrange cauſe doth riſe:
For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range,
Part of my paine me ſeemes engraued lyes.

The Rockes which were of conſtant mind, the marke
In clyming ſteepe now hard refuſall ſhew:
The ſhading woods ſeeme now my Sunne to darke,
And ſtately hilles diſdaine to looke ſo low.

The reſtfull Caues now reſtleſſe viſions giue,
In Dales I ſee each way a hard aſcent:
Like late mowne meades, late cut from ioy I liue.
Alas ſweete Brookes do in my teares augment:
Rockes, woods, hilles, caues, dales, meads, brookes anſwere me,
Infected mindes infect each thing they ſee.

IF I could thinke how theſe my thoughts to leaue,
Or thinking ſtill my thoughts might haue good end:
If rebell ſence would reaſons law receaue;
Or reaſon foyld would not in vaine contend:
Then might I thinke what thoughts were beſt to thinke:
Then might I wiſely ſwimme or gladly ſinke.

If either you would change your cruell heart,
Or cruell (ſtill) time did your beautie ſtaine:
If from my ſoule this loue would once depart,
Or for my loue ſome loue I might obtaine,
Then might I hope a change or eaſe of minde.
By your good helpe, or in my ſelfe to finde.

But ſince my thoughts in thinking ſtill are ſpent,
With reaſons ſtrife, by ſenſes ouerthrowne,
You fairer ſtill, and ſtill more cruell bent,
I louing ſtill a loue that loueth none.
I yeeld and ſtriue, I kiſſe and curſe the paine,
Thought, reaſon, ſenſe, time, you, and I, maintaine.

A Farewell.

OFT haue I muſde, but now at length I finde,
Why thoſe that die, men ſay they do depart:
Depart, a word ſo gentle to my minde,
Weakely did ſeeme to paint deaths ougly dart.

But now the ſtarres with their ſtrange courſe do binde
Me one to leaue, with whom I leaue my heart,
I heare a crye of ſpirits faint and blinde,
That parting thus my chiefeſt part I part.

Part of my life, the loathed part to me,
Liues to impart my wearie clay ſome breath.

But

But that good part, wherein all comforts be,
Now dead, doth shew departure is a death,
Yea worse then death, death parts both woe and ioy,
From ioy I part still liuing in annoy.

FInding those beames, which I must euer loue,
To marre my minde, and with my hart to please,
I deemd it best some absence for to proue,
If further place might further me to ease.

My eyes thence drawne, where liued all their light,
Blinded forthwithin darke despaire did lye,
Like to the Moule with want of guiding sight,
Deepe plung'd in earth, depriued of the skie.

In absence blind, and wearied with that woe,
To greater woes by presence I returne,
Euen as the flye, which to the flame doth goe,
Pleased with the light, that his small corse doth burne:
Faire choice I haue, either to liue or dye
A blinded Moule, or else a burned flye.

The 7. Wonders of *England*.

NEere Wilton *sweete, huge heapes of stones are found,*
But so confusde, that neither any eye
Can count them iust, nor reason reason trye,
What force brought them to so vnlikely ground.

To stranger weights my mindes waste soile is bound,
Of passion hilles reaching to reasons skie,
From fancies earth passing all numbers bound,
Passing all ghesse, whence into me should fly
So mazde a masse, or if in me it growes,
A simple soule should breed so mixed woes.

The Bruertons *haue a Lake, which when the Sunne,*
Approching warmes (not else) dead logges vp sends,
From hideous depth, which tribute when it ends,
Sore signe it is, the Lords last thred is spun.

My lake is sense, whose still streames neuer runne,
But when my Sunne her shining twinnes there bends,
Then from his depth with force in her begumme,
Long drowned hopes to watrie eyes it lends:
But when that failes, my dead hopes vp to take,
Their master is faire warn'd his will to make.

We haue a fiſh, by ſtrangers much admirde,
Which caught, to cruell ſearch yeelds his chiefe part:
(With gall cut out) cloſde vp againe by art,
Yet liues vntill his life be new requirde.

A ſtranger fiſh, my ſelfe not yet expirde,
Though rapt with beauties hooke, I did impart
My ſelfe vnto th' Anatomy deſirde,
In ſteed of gall, leauing to her my hart:
Yet liue with thoughts cloſde vp, till that ſhe will
By conqueſts right in ſteed of ſearching kill.

Peake *hath a Caue, whoſe narrow entries finde*
Large roomes within, where droppes diſtill amaine:
Till knit with cold, though there vnknowne remaine,
Decke that poore place with Alablaſter linde.

Mine eyes the ſtreight, the roomie caue, my minde,
Whoſe clowdie thoughts, let fall an inward raine
Of ſorrowes droppes till colder reaſon binde
Their running fall into a conſtant vaine
Of trueth, farre more then Alablaſter pure,
——Which though deſpiſde, yet ſtill doth truth endure.

A field there is, where if a ſtake be preſt,
Deepe in the earth, what hath in earth receipt,
Is chang'd to ſtone, in hardneſſe, cold, and weight,
The wood, aboue doth ſoone conſuming reſt.

The earth, her eares: the ſtake is my requeſt:
Of which, how much may pierce to that ſweet ſeate,
To honor turnd, doth dwell in honors neſt,
Keeping that forme, though void of wonted heate:
But all the reſt, which feare durſt not applie,
Failing themſelues, with withered conſcience dye.

Of ſhips, by ſhipwrack caſt on Albion *coaſt,*
Which rotting on the rockes, their death do dye:
From wodden bones, and bloud of pitch doth flie
A bird which gets more life then ſhip had loſt.

My ſhip, deſire, with winde of luſt long toſt,
Brake on faire clecues of conſtant chaſtitie:
Where plagu'd for raſh attempt, giues vp his ghoſt,
So deepe in ſeas of vertue beauties ly.
But of this death flies vp a pureſt loue,
Which ſeeming leſſe, yet nobler life doth moue.

Theſe

These wonders England breedes, the last remaines,
A Ladie in despite of nature chaste.
On whom all loue, in whom no loue is plaste,
Where fairenesse yeelds to wisdomes shortest raines:
An humble pride, a shame that fauour staines:
A womans mould, but like an Angell graste,
An Angells mind, but in a woman caste:
A heauen on earth, or earth that heauen containes:
Now thus this wonder to my selfe I frame,
She is the cause that all the rest I am.

A Dialogue betweene two Shepherds, vttered in a pastorall shew, at Wilton.

Will. Dick, *since we cannot dance, come let a cheare full voyce*
Shew that we do not grudge at all when others do reioyce.
Dick. *Ah* Will, *though I grudge not, I count it feeble glee*
With sight made dymme with dayly teares anothers sport to see:
Who euer Lambkins saw (yet lambkins loue to play)
To play when that their loued dammes, are stoln or gone astray?
If this in them be true, as true in men think I
A lustles song for sooth thinks hee that hath more lust to cry.
Will. *A tyme there is for all, my Mother often sayes,*
When she with skirts tuckt very hy, with girles at stoolball playes.
When thou hast mynd to weepe, seeke out som smoky room:
Now let those lightsomme sights we see thy darknes ouercome.
Dick. *What ioy the ioyfull sunne giues vnto bleared eyes:*
That comfort in these sports you like, my mynde his comfort tryes.
Will. *What? is thy Bagpipe broke, or are thy lambs miswent,*
Thy wallet or thy Tarbox lost, or thy new rayment rent?
Dick. *I would it were but thus, for thus it were too well.*
Will. *Thou seest my eares do itch at it: good* Dick *thy sorow tell.*
Dick. *Here then and learne to sigh: a mistres I doo serue,*
Whose wages makes me beg the more, who feeds me till I sterue,
Whose lyuerie is such, as most I freeze, apparelled most,
And lookes so neere vnto my sunne that I must needes be lost.
Will. *What? these are riddles sure, art thou then bound to her?*
Dick. *Bound as I neither power haue, nor would haue power to stir:*
W. *Who bound thee?* D. *Loue my Lord.* W *What witnesses therto?*
Dick. *Faith in my self and worth in her, which no proofe can vndoo:*
W. *What seale?* D. *my hart deepe grauen.* W. *who made the band so*
D. *Wonder that by two so black eyes the glittring stars be past. (fast?*
Will. *What keepeth safe thy band?* D. *Remembrance is the Cheft*
Lockt fast with knowing that she is, of worldly things the best.
Will. *Thou late of wages playn'dst: what wages mayst thou haue?*
D. *Her heauenly looks, which more and more do giue me cause to craue.*

W. *If wages make you want, what food is that ſhe giues?* (liues.
D. *Teares drink, ſorowes meat, wherewith not I, but in me my death*
Will. *What liuing get you then?* D. *Diſdayne, but iuſt diſdayne.*
So haue I cauſe my ſelfe to plaine, but no cauſe to complayne.
VVill. *What care takes ſheefor thee?* D. *Hir care is to preuent*
My freedom, with ſhow of hir beames, with virtue my content.
VVill. *God ſhield vs from ſuch Dames. If ſo our Downes be ſped,*
The ſhepheards will grow leane I trow, their ſheep will ill be fed.
But Dick *my counſell marke: run from the place of wo:*
The Arrow being ſhot from far, doth giue the ſmaller blowe.
Dick. *Good* VVill, *I cannot take thy good aduice, before*
That Foxes leaue to ſteale, becauſe they finde they dy therefore.
VVill. *Then* Dick *let vs go hence leſt wee great folkes annoy.*
For nothing can more tedious bee, then plaint, in time of ioy.
Dick. *Oh hence! o cruell word! which euen doggs do hate:*
But hence, euen hence, I muſt needes goe, ſuch is my dogged fate.



TO THE TVNE OF *Wilhemus van Nassaw, &c.*

WHo hath his fancie pleased,
With fruits of happie sight,
Let here his eyes be raised
On natures sweetest light.
A light which doth disseuer,
And yet vnite the eyes:
A light which dying neuer,
Is cause the looker dyes.

She neuer dies but lasteth,
In life of louers hart,
He euer dies that wasteth
In loue his chiefest part.
Thus is her life still guarded,
In neuer dying faith:
Thus is his death rewarded,
Since she liues in his death.

Looke then and dye, the pleasure
Doth answere well the paine:
Small losse of mortall treasure,
Who may immortall gaine.
Immortall be her graces,
Immortall is her minde:
They fit for heauenly places,
This heauen in it doth binde.

But eyes these beauties see not,
Nor sence that grace descryes,
Yet eyes depriued be not,
From sight of her faire eyes:
Which as of inward glorie
They are the outward seale:
So may they liue still sorie
Which die not in that weale.

But who hath fancies pleased,
With fruits of happie sight,
Let here his eyes be rayſed
On natures ſweeteſt light.

The ſmokes of Melancholy.

WHo hath euer felt the change of loue,
And knowne thoſe pangs that the looſers proue.
May paint my face without ſeeing mee,
And write the ſtate how my fancies bee,
The lothſome buds growne on ſorrowes tree.

But who by heareſay ſpeakes, and hath not fully felt
What kind of fires they be in which thoſe ſpirits melt,
Shall geſſe, and faile, what doth diſpleaſe,
Feeling my pulſe, miſſe my diſeaſe.

O no, O no, try all onely ſhewes
The bitter iuice of forſaken woes,
Where former bliſſe preſent euils do ſtaine,
Nay former bliſſe addes to preſent paine,
While remembrance doth both ſtates containe.

Come learners then to me, the modell of miſhappe,
Engulfed in deſpaire, ſlid downe from fortunes lappe:
And as you like my double lot,
Tread in my ſteppes, or follow not.

For me alas I am full reſolu'd,
Thoſe bands alas ſhall not be diſſolu'd,
Nor breake my word though reward come late,
Nor faile my faith in my failing fate,
Nor change in change, though change change my ſtate.

But alwayes one my ſelfe with eagle eyde trueth to ſtie,
Vp to the ſunne, although the ſunne my wings do frie:
For if thoſe flames burne my deſire,
Yet ſhall I die in Phœnix *fire.*

WHen to my deadlie pleaſure,
When to my liuelie torment,
Ladie mine eyes remained,
Ioyned alas to your beames.

With violence of heau'nly
Beautie tied, to vertue,

Reaſon

Reaſon abaſht retyred,
Gladly my ſenſes yeelded.

Gladly my ſenſes yeelding,
Thus to betray my harts ſorce,
Left me deuoid of all life.

They to the beamie Sunnes went,
Where by the death of all death,
Finde to what harme they haſtned.

Like to the ſilly Syluan,
Burn'd by the light he beſt liked,
When with a fire he firſt met.

Yet, yet, a life to their death,
Lady you haue reſerued,
Lady the life of all loue.

For though my ſenſe be from me,
And I be dead who want ſenſe,
Yet do we both liue in you.

Turned anew by your meanes,
Vnto the flowre that ay turnes,
As you, alas, my Sunne bends.

Thus do I fall to riſe thus,
Thus do I dye to liue thus,
Changed to a change, I change not.

Thus may I not be from you:
Thus be my ſenſes on you:
Thus what I thinke is of you:
Thus what I ſeeke is in you:
All what I am, it is you.

To the tune of a *Neapolitan* ſong, which beginneth: *No, no, no, no,*

NO, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although with cruell fire,
Firſt throwne on my deſire,
She ſackes my rendred ſprite.
For ſo faire a flame embraces
All the places,

Where that heat of all heats ſpringeth,
That it bringeth
To my dying heart ſome pleaſure,
Since his treaſure
Burneth bright in faireſt light. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although &c.
Since our liues be not immortall,
But to mortall
Fetters tyed, do waite the hower
Of deathes power;
They haue no cauſe to be ſorie,
Who with glorie
End the way, where all men ſtay. No, no, no, no.

No, no, no, no, I cannot hate my foe,
Although &c.
No man doubts, whom beautie killeth,
Faire death feeleth.
And in whome faire death proceedeth,
Glorie breedeth:
So that I in her beames dying,
Glorie trying,
Though in paine, cannot complaine. No, no, no, no.

To the tune of a *Neapolitan Villanell.*

ALl my ſenſe thy ſweetnes gained,
Thy faire haire my hart enchained,
My poore reaſon thy words moued,
So that thee like heauen I loued.

Fa la la leridan, dan dan dan deridan:
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei:
While to my minde the out ſide ſtood,
For meſſenger of inward good.

Now thy ſweetneſſe ſowre is deemed,
Thy haire not worth a haire eſteemed:
Reaſon hath thy words removed,
Finding that but words they proued.

Fa la la leridan dan dan dan deridan,
Dan dan dan deridan deridan dei,
For no faire ſigne can credit winne,
If that the ſubſtance faile within.

No more in thy ſweetneſſe glorie,
For thy knitting haire be ſorie:
Vſe thy words but to bewaile thee,
That no more thy beames anaile thee.
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan,
Lay not thy colours more to view,
Without the picture be found true.

Wo to me, alas ſhe weepeth!
Foole in me what follie creepeth,
Was I to blaſpheme enraged,
Where my ſoule I haue engaged.
Dan, dan.
Dan, dan,
And wretched I muſt yeeld to this,
The fault I blame her chaſtneſſe is.

Sweetneſſe ſweetly pardon folly,
Ty me haire your captiue holly,
Words, ô words of heauenlie knowledge,
Know my words their faults acknowledge.
Dan, dan,
Dan, dan.
And all my life I will confeſſe,
The leſſe I loue, I liue the leſſe.

Tranſlated out of the *Diana* of Montemaior in Spaniſh. Where *Sirenus* a ſhepheard pulling out a little of his Miſtreſſe *Dianas* haire, wrapt about with greene ſilke, who now had vtterlie forſaken him: to the haire he thus bewaild himſelfe.

WHat changes here, ô haire,
I ſee ſince I ſaw you:
How ill fits you this greene to weare,
For hope the colour due.
Indeed I well did hope,
Though hope were mixt with feare,
No other ſhepheard ſhould haue ſcope,
Once to approch this heare.

Ah haire, how many dayes
My Diane *made me ſhew,*
With thouſand prety childiſh plaies,
If I ware you or no?
Alas how oft with teares,
O teares of guilefull breaſt;

She ſeemed full of iealous feares:
Whereat I did but ieaſt.

Tell me ô haire of gold,
If I then faultie be,
That truſt thoſe killing eyes, I would,
Since they did warrant me.
Haue you not ſeene her mood,
What ſtreames of teares ſhe ſpent,
Till that I ſware my faith ſo ſtood,
As her words had it bent?

Who hath ſuch beautie ſeene
In one that changeth ſo?
Or where ones loue ſo conſtant bene?
Who euer ſaw ſuch woe?
Ah haire are you not greiu'd,
To come from whence you be,
Seeing how once you ſaw I liu'd,
To ſee me as you ſee?

On ſandie banke of late,
I ſaw this woman ſit,
Where ſooner die then change my ſtate,
She with her finger writ:
Thus my beleefe was ſtaid,
Behould Loues mightie hand
On things, were by a woman ſaid,
And written in the ſand.

The ſame *Sireon* in Montemaior holding his miſtreſſe glaſſe before her, looking vpon her while ſhee viewed her ſelfe, thus ſang:

OF this high grace with bliſſe conioyn'd
No further debt on me is laid,
Since that in ſelfe ſame mettall coin'd,
Sweet Ladie you remaine well paid.
For if my place giue me great pleaſure,
Hauing before me Natures treaſure,
In face and eyes vnmatched being,
You haue the ſame in my hands ſeeing,
What in your face mine eyes do meaſure.

Nor thinke the match vneu'nly made,
That of thoſe beames in you do tarie:
The glaſſe to you but giues a ſhade,
To me mine eyes the true ſhape carie.

For ſuch a thought moſt highlie prized,
Which euer hath Loues yoke deſpiſed:
Better then one captiu'd perceiueth,
Though he the liuely forme receiueth:
The other ſees it but diſguiſed.

RIng out your belles, let mourning ſhewes be ſpread,
For Loue is dead:
All Loue is dead, infected
With plague of deepe diſdaine:
Worth as nought worth reiected,
And Faith faire ſcorne doth gaine.
From ſo vngratefull fancie,
From ſuch a femall franzie,
From them that vſe men thus,
Good Lord deliuer vs.

Weepe neighbours, weep, do you not heare it ſaid,
That Loue is dead:
His death-bed peacocks follie,
His winding ſheete is ſhame,
His will falſe-ſeeming holie,
His ſole exectour blame.
From ſo vngratefull, &c.

Let Dirge be ſung, and Trentals rightly read,
For Loue is dead:
Sir wrong his tombe ordaineth:
My miſtreſſe Marble-heart,
Which Epitaph containeth,
Her eyes were once his dart.
From ſo vngratefull, &c.

Alas, I lie: rage hath this errour bred,
Loue is not dead.
Loue is not dead, but ſleepeth
In her vnmatched mind:
Where ſhe his counſell keepeth,
Till due deſert ſhe find.
Therefore from ſo vile fancie,
To call ſuch wit a franzie,
Who Loue can temper thus,
Good Lord deliuer vs.

THou blind mans marke, thou fooles ſelfe choſen ſnare,
Fond fancies ſcum, and dregs of ſcattred thought;
Band of all euils, cradle of cauſeleſſe care,
Thou web of will, whoſe end is neuer wrought.

Deſire,

Deſire, deſire I haue too dearly bought,
With priſe of mangled mind thy worthleſſe ware:
Too long, too long aſleepe thou haſt me brought,
Who ſhould my mind to higher things prepare.

But yet in vaine thou haſt my ruine ſought,
In vaine thou madeſt me to vaine things aſpire,
In vaine thou kindleſt all thy ſmokie fire.
For vertue hath this better leſſon taught,
Within my ſelfe to ſeeke my onelie hire:
Deſiring nought but how to kill deſire.

Leaue me ô Loue, which reacheſt but to duſt,
And thou my mind aſpire to higher things:
Grow rich in that which neuer taketh ruſt:
What euer fades, but fading pleaſure brings.

Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might,
To that ſweet yoke where laſting freedomes be:
Which breakes the clowdes and opens forth the light,
That doth both ſhine and giue vs ſight to ſee.

O take faſt hold, let that light be thy guide,
In this ſmall courſe which birth drawes out to death,
And thinke how euill becommeth him to ſlide,
Who ſeeketh heau'n, and comes of heau'nly breath.
Then farewell world, thy vttermoſt I ſee,
Eternall Loue maintaine thy life in me.

Splendidis longum vale dico nugis.

THE

THE DEFENCE OF POESIE

BY SIR PHILIP SIDNEY KNIGHT.

(***)

WHen the right vertuous E. W. and I were at the Emperours Court together, we gaue our ſelues to learne horſemanſhip of *Iohn Pietro Pugliano*, one that with great commendation had the place of an Eſquire in his ſtable: and he acording to the fertilneſſe of the Italian wit, did not onely affoord vs the demonſtration of his practiſe, but ſought to enrich our minds with the contemplations therein, which he thought moſt precious. But with none I remember mine eares were at any time more loaden, then when (either angred with ſlow paiment, or moued with our learnerlike admiration) he exerciſed his ſpeech in the praiſe of his facultie. Hee ſaide ſouldiers were the nobleſt eſtate of mankind, and horſemen the nobleſt of ſouldiers. Hee ſaide they were the maiſters of warre, and ornamentes of peace, ſpeedie goers, and ſtrong abiders, triumphers both in Campes and Courtes: nay, to ſo vnbeleeued a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred ſuch wonder to a Prince, as to be a good horſe-man. Skill of gouernment was but a *Pedanteria* in compariſon: then would he adde certaine praiſes, by telling what a peereleſſe beaſt the horſe was, the onely ſeruiceable Courtier without flatterie, the beaſt of moſt beautie, faithfulneſſe, courage, and ſuch more, that if I had not bene a peece of a *Logician* before I came to him, I thinke he would haue perſwaded me to haue wiſhed my ſelfe a horſe. But thus much at leaſt with his no few words he draue into me, that ſelfe loue is better then any guilding, to make that ſeeme gorgeous wherein our ſelues be parties. Wherin if *Puglianos* ſtrong affection and weake arguments will not ſatisfie you, I will giue you a nearer example of my ſelfe, who I know not by what miſchaunce in theſe my not old yeares and idleſt times, having ſlipt into the title of a Poet, am prouoked to ſay ſomething vnto you in the defence of that my vnelected vocation: which if I handle with more good will, then good reaſons, beare with me, ſince the ſcholler is to be pardoned that followeth the ſteps of his maiſter. And yet I muſt ſay, that as I haue more iuſt cauſe to make a pitifull defence of poore Poetrie, which from almoſt the higheſt eſtimation of learning is falne to be the laughing ſtocke of children, ſo haue I need to bring ſome more auaileable proofes, ſince the former is by no man barr'd of his deſerued credite, the ſillie later hath euen the names of *Philoſophers* vſed to the defacing of it, with great daunger of ciuill warre among the Muſes. And firſt truelie to all them that profeſsing learning inueigh

againſt

againſt Poetrie may iuſtlie be obiected, that they go verie neare to vngratefulneſſe, to ſeeke to deface that which in the nobleſt nations and languages that are known, hath bene the firſt light giuer to ignorance, and firſt nurſe, whoſe milk little & little enabled them to feed afterwards of tougher knowledges. And wil you play the Hedgehogge, that being receiued into the denne, draue out his hoſte? or rather the Vipers, that with their birth kill their parents? Let learned *Greece* in any of his manifold Sciences, be able to ſhew me one booke before *Muſæus*, *Homer* and *Heſiod*; all three nothing elſe but Poets. Nay, let anie Hiſtorie be brought, that can ſay any writers were there before them, if they were not men of the ſame skill: as *Orpheus*, *Linus*, and ſome other are named; who hauing bene the firſt of that countrie that made pennes deliuerers of their knowledge to the poſteritie, may iuſtly challenge to be called their Fathers in learning. For not onely in time they had this prioritie, (although in it ſelfe antiquitie be venerable) but went before them, as cauſes to draw with their charming ſweetneſſe the wild vntamed wits to an admiration of knowledge. So as *Amphion* was ſaid to moue ſtones with his Poetrie to build *Thebes*, and *Orpheus* to be liſtened to by beaſts, indeed ſtony and beaſtly people. So among the *Romans* were *Liuius*, *Andronicus*, and *Ennius*. So in the Italian language, the firſt that made it to aſpire to be a treaſure-houſe of Science were the Poets *Dante*, *Bocace*, and *Petrarch*. So in our Engliſh were *Gower* and *Chawcer*: after whom, encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others haue followed to beautifie our mother tongue, as well in the ſame kind as other artes. This did ſo notably ſhew it ſelfe, that the *Philoſophers* of *Greece* durſt not a long time appeare to the world, but vnder the maske of Poets. So *Thales*, *Empedocles*, and *Parmenides*, ſang their naturall Philoſophie in verſes. So did *Pythagoras* and *Phocillides* their morall Counſels. So did *Tirteus* in warre matters, and *Solon* in matters of policie: or rather they being Poets, did exerciſe their delightfull veine in thoſe points of higheſt knowledge, which before them lay hidden to the world. For, that wiſe *Solon* was directlie a Poet, it is manifeſt, hauing written in verſe the notable Fable of the *Atlanticke* Iſland: which was continued by *Plato*. And trulie euen *Plato* whoſoeuer well conſidereth, ſhall find that in the bodie of his worke though the inſide and ſtrength were Philoſophie, the skinne as it were and beautie, depended moſt of Poetrie. For all ſtands vpon Dialogues, wherein he faignes manie honeſt Burgeſſes of *Athens* ſpeake of ſuch matters, that if they had bene ſet on the racke, they would neuer haue confeſſed them: beſides his Poeticall deſcribing the circumſtances of their meeting, as the well ordering of a banquet, the delicacie of a walke, with enterlacing meere Tales, as *Gyges Ring* and others, which, who knowes not to be flowers of Poetrie, did neuer walke into *Apollos* Garden. And euen *Hiſtoriographers*, although their lippes ſound of things done, and verity be written in their foreheads, haue bene glad to borow both faſhion and perchaunce weight of the Poets. So *Herodotus* entituled his Hiſtorie by the name of the nine Muſes: and both he and all the reſt that followed him, either ſtale, or vſurped of Poetrie, their paſsionate deſcribing of paſsions, the many particularities of battels which no man could affirme; or if that be denied me, long Orations put in the mouths of great kings and Captaines, which it is certaine, they neuer pronounced. So that truly neither *Philoſopher*, nor *Hiſtoriographer* could at the firſt haue entred into the gates of popular iudgments, if they had not taken a great paſport of Poetrie, which in all Nations at this day, where learning flouriſheth not,

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is plaine to be seene: in all which they haue some feeling of Poetrie. In *Turkie*, besides their Law-giuing Diuines, they haue no other writers but Poets. In our neighbour country *Ireland*, where truely learning goes very bare, yet are their Poets held in a deuout reuerence. Even among the most barbarous and simple *Indians*, where no writing is, yet haue they their Poets, who make and sing songs, which they call *Aeentos*, both of their Ancestors deedes, and prayses of their Gods. A sufficient probabilitie, that if euer learning come among them, it must bee by hauing their hard dull wittes softened and sharpened with the sweete delights of Poetrie: for vntill they finde a pleasure in the exercise of the mind, great promises of much knowledge, will little perswade them that know not the fruits of knowledge. In *Wales*, the true remnant of the ancient *Brittons*, as there are good authorities to shew, the long time they had Poets which they called *Bardes*: so through all the conquestes of *Romanes*, *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Normans*, some of whome did seeke to ruine all memorie of learning from among them, yet do their Poets euen to this day last: so as it is not more notable in the soone beginning, then in long continuing. But since the Authors of most of our Sciences, were the *Romanes*, and before them the *Greekes*, let vs a little stand vpon their authorities, but euen so farre as to see what names they haue giuen vnto this now scorned skill. Among the *Romanes* a Poet was called *Vates*, which is as much as a Diuiner, foreseer, or prophet, as by his conioyned words *Vaticinium*, and *Viticinari*, is manifest, so heauenly a title did that excellent people bestowe vppon this heart-rauishing knowledge, and so farre were they caried into the admiration thereof, that they thought in the chaunceable hitting vppon of any such verses, great foretokens of their following fortunes were placed. Whereuppon grew the word of *Sortes Virgiliana*, when by sodaine opening *Virgils* booke, they lighted vppon some verse of his, as it is reported by many, whereof the Histories of the *Emperours* liues are full. As of *Albinus* the Gouernour of our Iland, who in his childhoode met with this verse:

Arma amens capio, nec sat rationis in armis.

And in his age performed it, although it were a very vaine and godlesse superstition as also it was, to thinke spirits were commanded by such verses, whereupon this word *Charmes* deriued of *Carmina*, commeth: so yet serueth it to shew the great reuerence those wits were held in, and altogether not without ground, since both the Oracles of *Delphos* and *Sybillas* prophecies, were wholly deliuered in verses, for that same exquisite obseruing of number and measure in the wordes, and that high flying libertie of conceit proper to the Poet, did seeme to haue some diuine force in it. And may not I presume a little farther, to shew the reasonablenesse of this word *Vates*, and say that the holy *Dauids* Psalmes are a diuine *Poeme*? If I do, I shall not doe it without the testimonie of great learned men both ancient and moderne. But euen the name of Psalmes will speake for mee, which being interpreted, is nothing but songs: then that it is fully written in meter, as all learned *Hebritians* agree, although the rules be not yet fully found. Lastly and principally, his handling his prophecie, which is meerely Poeticall. For what else is the awaking his musicall Instruments, the often and free changing of persons, his notable *Prosopopeias*, when he maketh you as it were see God comming in his maiestie, his telling of the beasts ioyfulnesse, and hilles leaping, but a heauenly Poesie, wherein almost he shewes himself a passionate louer of that vnspeakable

and euerlaſting beautie, to be ſeene by the eyes of the mind, onely cleared by faith? But truely now hauing named him, I feare I ſeeme to prophane that holie name, applying it to Poetrie, which is among vs throwne downe to ſo ridiculous an eſtimation. But they that with quiet iudgements will looke a little deeper into it, ſhall find the end and working of it ſuch, as being rightly applied, deſerueth not to be ſcourged out of the Church of God. But now let vs ſee how the Greekes haue named it, and how they deemed of it. The Greekes named him ποιητὴν, which name hath, as the moſt excellent, gone through other languages: it commeth of this word ποιεῖν, which is to make: wherein I know not whether by lucke or wiſedome, wee Engliſhmen haue met with the Greekes in calling him a Maker. Which name, how high and incomparable a title it is, I had rather were knowne by marking the ſcope of other ſciences, then by any partiall allegation. There is no Arte deliuered vnto mankind, that hath not the workes of nature for his principall obiect, without which they could not conſiſt, and on which they ſo depend, as they become Actors and Players, as it were, of what Nature will haue ſet forth. So doth the *Aſtronomer* looke vpon the ſtarres, and by that he ſeeth ſet downe what order Nature hath taken therein. So doth the *Geometrician* and *Arithmetician* in their diuerſe ſorts of quantities. So doth the *Muſitian* in tunes tell you, which by Nature agree, which not. The naturall *Philoſopher* thereon hath his name, and the morall *Philoſopher* ſtandeth vpon the naturall vertues, vices, or paſſions of man: and follow nature ſaith he, therein, and thou ſhalt not erre. The *Lawyer* ſaith, what men haue determined. The *Hiſtorian*, what men haue done. The *Grammarian* ſpeaketh onely of the rules of ſpeech, and the *Rhetorician* and *Logician*, conſidering what in nature will ſooneſt proue, and perſwade, thereon giue artificiall rules, which ſtill are compaſſed within the circle of a queſtion, according to the propoſed matter. The *Phyſitian* weigheth the nature of mans bodie, and the nature of things helpfull or hurtfull vnto it. And the *Metaphyſicke* though it bee in the ſecond and abſtract motions, and therefore be counted ſupernaturall, yet doth he indeed build vpon the depth of Nature. Onely the *Poet* diſdaining to be tied to anie ſuch ſubiection, lifted vp with the vigour of his owne inuention, doth grow in effect into another nature: in making things either better then Nature bringeth forth, or quite anew, formes ſuch as neuer were in nature: as the *Heroes*, *Demi-gods*, *Cyclops*, *Chymeras*, *Furies*, and ſuch like; ſo as he goeth hand in hand with Nature, not incloſed within the narrow warrant of her gifts, but freely ranging within the Zodiacke of his owne wit. Nature neuer ſet forth the earth in ſo rich Tapiſtrie as diuerſe Poets haue done, neither with ſo pleaſant riuers, fruitfull trees, ſweete-ſmelling flowers, nor whatſoeuer elſe may make the too much loued earth more louely: her world is braſen, the Poets only deliuer a golden. But let thoſe things alone, and go to man, for whom as the other things are, ſo it ſeemeth in him her vttermoſt cunning is imployed: and know whether ſhee haue brought forth ſo true a louer as *Theagenes*, ſo conſtant a friend as *Pylades*, ſo valiant a man as *Orlando*, ſo right a Prince as *Xenophons Cyrus*, and ſo excellent a man euery way, as *Virgils Aeneas*. Neither let this be ieſtingly conceiued, becauſe the works of the one be eſſentiall, the other in imitation or fiction: euery vnderſtanding knoweth the skill of each Artificer ſtandeth in that *Idea*, or foreconceit of the worke, and not in the work it ſelfe. And that the Poet hath that *Idea*, is manifeſt, by the deliuering them forth in ſuch excellency

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as hee had imagined them: which deliuering foorth, also is not wholie imaginatiue, as wee are wont to say by them that build Castles in the aire: but so farre substantiallie it worketh, not onely to make a *Cyrus*, which had bene but a particular excellencie, as nature might haue done, but to bestow a *Cyrus* vpon the world to make many *Cyrusses*, if they will learne aright, why and how that maker made him. Neither let it be deemed too sawcie a comparison, to ballance the highest point of mans wit with the efficacie of nature: but rather giue right honour to the heauenly maker of that maker, who hauing made man to his owne likenesse, set him beyond, and ouer all the workes of that second nature, which in nothing he sheweth so much as in Poetrie, when with the force of a diuine breath, he bringeth things forth surpassing her doings: with no small arguments to the incredulous of that first accursed fall of *Adam*, since our erected wit maketh vs know what perfection is, and yet our infected will keepeth vs from reaching vnto it. But these arguments will by few be vnderstood, and by fewer graunted: thus much I hope will be giuen me, that the Greekes with some probabilitie of reason, gaue him the name aboue all names of learning. Now let vs go to a more ordinarie opening of him, that the truth may bee the more palpable: and so I hope, though wee get not so vnmatched a praise, as the *Etimologie* of his names will grant, yet his verie description, which no man will denie, shall not iustly be barred from a principall commendation. *Poesie* therefore, is an Arte of *Imitation*: for so *Aristotle* termeth it in the word μίμησις, that is to say, a representing, counterfeiting, or figuring forth, to speake metaphorically, A speaking *Picture*, with this end, to teach and delight. Of this haue bene three generall kinds, the chiefe both in antiquitie and excellencie, were they that did imitate the vnconceiuable excellencies of God, such were *Dauid* in his Psalmes, *Salomon* in his Song of Songs, in his *Ecclesiastes* and *Prouerbs*, *Moses* and *Debora* in their Hymnes, and the writer of *Iob*. Which beside other, the learned *Emanuell Tremelius*, and *Fr. Iunius* do entitle the Poeticall part of the Scripture: against these none will speake that hath the holie Ghost in due holie reuerence. In this kind, though in a full wrong Diuinitie, were *Orpheus*, *Amphion*, *Homer* in his Hymnes, and manie other both *Greekes* and *Romanes*. And this *Poesie* must be vsed by whosoeuer will follow Saint *Paules* counsaile, in singing Psalmes when they are merie, and I know is vsed with the fruit of comfort by some, when in sorowfull panges of their death-bringing sinnes, they find the consolation of the neuer-leauing goodnesse. The second kind is of them that deale with matter Philosophicall, either morall, as *Tirteus*, *Phocilides*, *Cato*: or naturall, as *Lucretius*, and *Virgils Georgikes*; or Astronomicall, as *Manilius* and *Pontanus*; or Historicall, as *Lucan*: which who mislike, the fault is in their iudgement, quite out of taste, not in the sweet food of sweetly vttered knowledge. But because this second sort is wrapped within the folde of the proposed subiect, and takes not the free course of his owne inuention, whether they properly bee Poets or no, let *Grammarians* dispute; and go to the third indeed right Poets, of whom chieflie this question ariseth: betwixt whom and these second, is such a kinde of difference, as betwixt the meaner sort of Painters, who counterfeit onely such faces as are set before them, and the more excellent, who hauing no law but wit, bestow that in colours vpon you, which is fittest for the eye to see, as the constant, though lamenting looke of *Lucretia*, when shee punished in her selfe

another's fault: wherein he painteth not *Lucrecia*, whom he neuer ſaw, but painteth the outward beautie of ſuch a vertue. For theſe third be they, which moſt properlie do imitate to teach and delight: and to imitate, borow nothing of what is, hath bene, or ſhall be; but range only, reyned with learned diſcretion, into the diuine conſideration of what may be and ſhould be. Theſe bee they that as the firſt and moſt noble ſort, may iuſtly bee termed *Vates*: ſo theſe are wayted on in the excellenteſt languages and beſt vnderſtandings, with the fore-deſcribed name of *Poets*. For theſe indeed do meerely make to imitate, and imitate both to delight and teach, and delight to moue men to take that goodneſſe in hand, which without delight they would flie as from a ſtranger; and teach to make them know that goodneſſe whereunto they are mooued: which being the nobleſt ſcope to which euer any learning was directed, yet want there not idle tongues to barke at them. Theſe be ſubdiuided into ſundry more ſpeciall denominations. The moſt notable be the *Heroicke*, *Lyricke*, *Tragicke*, *Comicke*, *Satyricke*, *Iambicke*, *Elegiacke*, *Paſtorall*, and certaine others: ſome of theſe being tearmed acording to the matter they deale with, ſome by the ſort of verſe they liked beſt to write in: for indeed the greateſt part of Poets, haue apparelled their Poeticall inuentions, in that numbrous kind of writing which is called *Verſe*. Indeed but apparelled Verſe, being but an ornament, and no cauſe to Poetrie, ſince there haue bene manie moſt excellent Poets that neuer verſified, and now ſwarme many verſifiers that need neuer anſwer to the name of Poets. For *Xenophon* who did imitate ſo excellentlie as to giue vs *Effigiem iuſti imperij*, the portraiture of a iuſt Empire, vnder the name of *Cyrus*, as *Cicero* ſaith of him, made therein an abſolute heroicall Poeme. So did *Heliodorus* in his fugred inuention of that picture of loue in *Theagenes* and *Chariclea*, and yet both theſe wrote in Proſe: which I ſpeake to ſhew, that it is not rymingand verſing that maketh a Poet, (no more then a long gowne maketh an Aduocate; who though hee pleaded in armour, ſhould bee an Aduocate and no Souldier:) but it is that fayning notable images of vertues, vices, or what elſe, with that delightfull teaching, which muſt be the right deſcribing note to know a Poet by. Although indeed the Sonne of Poets haue choſen verſe as their fitteſt rayment: meaning as in matter they paſſed all in all, ſo in manner to go beyond them: not ſpeaking table-talke faſhion, or like men in a dreame, wordes as they chanceable fall from the mouth, but peaſing each ſyllable of each word by iuſt proportion, according to the dignity of the ſubiect. Now therefore it ſhall not be amiſſe, firſt to weigh this latter ſort of Poetrie by his workes, and then by his parts; and if in neither of theſe Anatomies he be condemnable, I hope we ſhall receiue a more fauourable ſentence. This purifying of wit, this enriching of memorie, enabling of iudgement, and inlarging of conceit, which commonly we call learning, vnder what name ſo euer it come forth, or to what immediate end ſoeuer it be directed, the finall end is, to leade and draw vs to as high a perfection, as our degenerate ſoules, made worſe by their clay lodgings, can be capable of. This according to the inclination of man, bred many formed impreſſions; for ſome, that thought this felicity principallie to be gotten by knowledge, and no knowledge to be ſo high, or heauenly, as acquaintance with the ſtarres; gaue themſelues to *Aſtronomie*: others perſwading themſelues to be *Demi-gods*, if they knew the cauſes of things, became naturall and ſupernaturall *Philoſophers*. Some an admirable delight drew to *Muſicke*: and ſome the certaintie of demon-

demonstration to the *Mathematikes* : but all, one and other hauing this scope to know, and by knowledge to lift vp the mind from the dungeon of the body, to the enioying his owne diuine essence. But when by the ballance of experience it was found, that the *Astronomer* looking to the starres might fall in a ditch : that the enquiring *Philosopher* might be blind in himselfe : and the *Mathematician* might draw forth a streight line with a crooked heart; Then loe did Proose, the ouer-ruler of opinions make manifest, that all these are but seruing sciences ; which as they haue a priuate end in them selues, so yet are they all directed to the highest end of the mistresse knowledge, by the Greekes ἀρχιτεκτονικὴ, which stands as I thinke, in the knowledge of a mans selfe, in the Ethicke and Politicke consideration, with the end of well doing, and not of well knowing onely. Euen as the Sadlers next end is to make a good saddle, but his further end, to serue a nobler faculty, which is horsemanship : so the horsemans to souldierie : and the souldier not onely to haue the skill, but to performe the practise of a souldier. So that the ending end of all earthly learning, being vertuous action, those skilles that most serue to bring forth that, haue a most iust title to be Princes ouer all the rest: wherein easily wee can shew, the Poet is woorthy to haue it before any other competitors: among whom principallie to challenge it, step forth the morall *Philosophers.* Whom, me thinkes, I see comming towards me, with a sullen grauitie, (as though they could not abide vice by day-light) rudely cloathed, for to witnesse outwardly their contempt of outward things, with bookes in their hands against glorie, whereto they set their names : sophistically speaking against subtiltie, and angrie with any man in whom they see the foule fault of anger. These men casting larges as they go of definitions, diuisions, and distinctions, with a scornefull interrogatiue, do soberly aske, whether it be possible to finde any path so ready to leade a man to vertue, as that which teacheth what vertue is, and teacheth it not onely by deliuering forth his verie being, his causes and effects, but also by making knowne his enemie vice, which must be destroyed : and his cumbersome seruant Passion, which must be mastered : by shewing the generalities that containe it, and by the specialities that are deriued from it. Lastly, by plaine setting downe how it extends it selfe out of the limits of a mans owne little world, to the gouernment of families, and maintaining of publicke societies. The *Historian* scarcely giues leasure to the *Moralist* to say so much, but that he loaden with old Mouse-eaten Records, authorising himself for the most part vpon other Histories, whose greatest authorities are built vpon the notable foundation *Heare-say*, hauing much ado to accord differing writers, and to picke truth out of partialitie ; better acquainted with a thousand yeares ago, then with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goes, then how his owne wit runnes; curious for Antiquities, and inquisitiue of Nouelties, a wonder to young folkes, and a Tyrant in table-talke; denyeth in a great chafe, that any man for teaching of vertue, and vertuous actions, is comparable to him. I am *Testis temporum, lux veritatis, vita memoria, magistra vitæ, nuncia vetustatis.* The *Philosopher*, saith hee, teacheth a disputatiue vertue, but I do an actiue. His vertue is excellent in the daungerlesse *Academie* of *Plato* : but mine sheweth forth her honourable face in the battels of *Marathon, Pharsalia, Poictiers*, and *Agincourt.* Hee teacheth vertue by certaine abstract considerations : but I onely bid you follow the footing of them that haue gone before you. Old aged experience goeth beyond the fine witted

Philosopher: but I giue the experience of manie ages. Lastly, if he make the song booke, I put the learners hand to the Lute, and if he be the guide, I am the light. Then would he alleage you innumerable examples, confirming storie by stories, how much the wisest Senators and Princes haue ben directed by the credit of Historie, as *Brutus*, *Alphonsus* of *Aragon*, (and who not if need be.) At length the long line of their disputation makes a point in this, that the one giueth the precept, and the other the example. Now whom shall we find, since the question standeth for the highest forme in the schoole of learning, to be moderator? Trulie as me seemeth, the Poet; and if not a moderator, euen the man that ought to carie the title from them both: and much more from all other seruing sciences. Therefore compare we the *Poet* with the *Historian*, and with the morall *Philosopher*; and if he go beyond them both, no other humane skill can match him. For as for the *Diuine*, with all reuerence he is euer to be excepted, not only for hauing his scope as farre beyond anie of these, as Eternitie exceedeth a Moment: but euen for passing each of these in themselues. And for the *Lawyer*, though *Ius* be the daughter of *iustice*, the chiefe of vertues; yet because he seekes to make men good, rather *formidine pœnæ*, then *virtutis amore*: or to say right, doth not endeuor to make men good, but that their euill hurt not others, hauing no care so he be a good citizen, how bad a man he be? Therefore as our wickednesse maketh him necessarie, and necessitie maketh him honourable, so is he not in the deepest truth to stande in ranke with these, who all endeuour to take naughtinesse away, and plant goodnesse euen in the secretest cabinet of our soules: and these foure are all that any way deale in the consideration of mens manners, which being the supreame knowledge, they that best breede it, deserue the best commendation. The *Philosopher* therfore, and the *Historian*, are they which would win the goale, the one by precept, the other by example: but both, not hauing both, do both halte. For the *Philosopher* setting downe with thornie argumentes the bare rule, is so hard of vtterance, and so mystie to be conceiued, that one that hath no other guide but him, shall wade in him till he be old, before he shall find sufficient cause to be honest. For his knowledge standeth so vpon the abstract and generall, that happie is that man who may vnderstand him, and more happy that can applie what he doth vnderstand. On the other side, the *Historian* wanting the precept, is so tied not to what should be, but to what is, to the particular truth of things, and not to the generall reason of thinges, that his example draweth no necessary consequence, and therefore a lesse fruitfull doctrine. Now doth the peereless Poet performe both: for whatsoeuer the Philosopher saith should be done, he giues a perfect picture of it by some one, by whom he presupposeth it was done, so as hee coupleth the generall notion with the particular example. A perfect picture (I say) for he yeeldeth to the powers of the mind an image of that whereof the Philosopher bestoweth but a wordish description, which doth neither strike, pierce, nor possesse the sight of the soule so much, as that other doth. For as in outward things to a man that had neuer seene an *Elephant*, or a *Rhinoceros*, who should tell him most exquisitely all their shape, colour, bignesse and particular markes, or of a gorgious palace an *Architecture*, who declaring the full beauties, might well make the hearer able to repeate as it were by roat all he heard, yet should neuer satisfie his inward conceit, with being witnesse to it selfe of a true liuing knowledge: but the same man, assoone as he might see those beasts well painted, or that house well in modell,

should

ſhould ſtraightwaies grow without neede of any deſcription to a iudicial comprehending of them, ſo (no doubt) the *Philoſopher* with his learned definitions, be it of vertues or vices, matters of publike policie or priuate gouernment, repleniſheth the memorie with many infallible grounds of wiſedome, which notwithſtanding lye darke before the imaginatiue and iudging power, if they be not illuminated or figured forth by the ſpeaking picture of *Poeſie*. *Tully* taketh much paines, and manietimes not without Poeticall helpes, to make vs know the force, loue of our country hath in vs. Let vs but heare old *Anchiſes*, ſpeaking in the middeſt of *Troyes* flames, or ſee *Vliſſes* in the fulneſſe of all *Calipſoes* delights, bewaile his abſence from barraine and beggarly *Ithaca*. Anger (the *Stoikes* ſaid) was a ſhort madneſſe: let but *Sophocles* bring you *Aiax* on a ſtage, killing or whipping ſheepe and oxen, thinking them the Armie of Greekes, with their chieftaines *Agamemnon*, and *Menelaus*: and tell me if you haue not a more familiar inſight into Anger, then finding in the ſchoolemen his *Genus* and *Difference*. See whether wiſdome and temperance in *Vliſſes* and *Diomedes*, valure in *Achilles*, friendſhip in *Niſus* and *Eurialus*, euen to an ignorant man carie not an apparant ſhining: and contrarily, the remorſe of conſcience in *Oedipus*; the ſoone repenting pride in *Agamemnon*; the ſelfe deuouring crueltie in his father *Atreus*; the violence of ambition in the two *Theban* brothers; the ſowre ſweetneſſe of reuenge in *Medea*; and to fall lower, the *Terentian Gnato*, and our *Chaucers Pandar* ſo expreſt, that we now vſe their names, to ſignifie their Trades: And finally, all vertues, vices, and paſſions, ſo in their owne naturall ſtates, laid to the view, that we ſeeme not to heare of them, but clearely to ſee through them. But euen in the moſt excellent determination of goodneſſe, what *Philoſophers* counſell can ſo readily direct a Prince, as the faigned *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*: or a vertuous man in all fortunes, as *Æneas* in *Virgill*, or a whole Common-wealth, as the Way of Sir Thomas Moores *Eutopia*. I ſay the Way, becauſe where Sir Thomas Moore erred, it was the fault of the man, and not of the Poet: for that Way of patterning a Common-wealth, was moſt abſolute, though he perchaunce hath not ſo abſolutely performed it. For the queſtion is, whether the fained image of Poetrie, or the regular inſtruction of Philoſophie, hath the more force in teaching. Wherein if the *Philoſophers* haue more rightly ſhewed themſelues *Philoſophers*, then the *Poets* haue attained to the high toppe of their profeſſion (as in truth *Mediocribus eſſe poetis non Dij, non homines, non conceſſere columnæ*) it is (I ſay againe) not the fault of the Art, but that by fewe men that Art can be accompliſhed. Certainly, euen our Sauiour Chriſt could as well haue giuen the morall common places of vncharitableneſſe, and humbleneſſe, as the diuine narration of *Diues* and *Lazarus*, or of diſobedience, and mercie, as that heauenly diſcourſe of the loſt child and the gracious Father, but that his thorough ſearching wiſedome, knew the eſtate of *Diues* burning in hell, and of *Lazarus* in *Abrahams* boſome, would more conſtantly as it were, inhabit both the memory and iudgement. Truly for my ſelfe (me ſeemes) I ſee before mine eyes, the loſt childes diſdainfull prodigalitie turned to enuy a Swines dinner: which by the learned *Diuines* are thought not hiſtoricall acts, but inſtructing parables. For concluſion, I ſay the *Philoſopher* teacheth, but he teacheth obſcurely, ſo as the learned onely can vnderſtand him, that is to ſay, he teacheth them that are alreadie taught. But the Poet is the foode for the tendreſt ſtomacks, the Poet is indeed, the right popular *Philoſopher*. Whereof *Eſops* Tales giue good proofe, whoſe prettie Allegories ſtealing vnder the formall Tales of beaſtes, make many more beaſtly then beaſtes, begin to heare the

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ſound of vertue from thoſe dumbe ſpeakers. But now may it be alleaged, that if this imagining of matters be ſo fit for the imagination, then muſt the *Hiſtorian* needes ſurpaſſe, who brings you images of true matters, ſuch as indeed were done, and not ſuch as fantaſticaly or falſly may be ſuggeſted to haue bin done. Truly *Ariſtotle* him ſelf in his diſcourſe of *Poeſie*, plainly determineth this queſtion, ſaying, that *Poetrie* is φιλοσοφώτερον & σπουδαιότερον, that is to ſay, it is more Philoſophical, & more thē hiſtory. His reaſon is, becauſe *Poeſie* dealeth with καθόλου, that is to ſay, with the vniuerſal conſideratiō, & the Hiſtory with καθ' ἕκαστον the particular. Now ſaith he, the vniuerſall wayes what is fit to be ſaid or done, either is likelihood or neceſſitie, which the *Poeſie* conſidereth in his impoſed names: & the particular only marketh whether *Alcibiades* did or ſuffered this or that. Thus far *Ariſtotle*. Which reaſon of his, as al, his is moſt full of reaſon. For indeed if the queſtiō were, whether it were better to haue a particular act truly or falſly ſet downe, there is no doubt which is to be choſen, no more then whether you had rather haue *Veſpaſians* Picture right as he was, or as the Painters pleaſure nothing reſēbling. But if the queſtiō be for your owne vſe & learning, whether it be better to haue it ſet down as it ſhould be, or as it was; then certainly is more doctrinable, the fained *Cyrus* in *Xenophon*, then the true *Cyrus* in *Iuſtin*: and the fained *Æneas* in *Virgil*, then the right *Æneas* in *Dares Phrigius*: as to a Ladie that deſired to faſhion her countenance to the beſt grace, a Painter ſhould more benefit her to portrait a moſt ſweet face, writing *Canidia* vpon it, then to paint *Canidia* as ſhe was, who *Horace* ſweareth was ful ill fauored. If the *Poet* do his part aright, he wil ſhew you in *Tantalus*, *Atreus*, & ſuch like, nothing that is not to be ſhunned: in *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, *Vliſſes*, each thing to be followed: where the *Hiſtorian* bound to tel things as thinges were, cānot be liberall, without he wil be Poetical of a perfect patterne, but as in *Alexander* or *Scipio* himſelf, ſhew doings, ſom to be liked, ſom to be miſliked; and then how will you diſcerne what to follow, but by your owne diſcretion, which you had without reading *Q. Curtius*. And whereas a man may ſay, though in vniuerſall conſideration of doctrine, the *Poet* preuaileth, yet that the Hiſtorie in his ſaying ſuch a thing was done, doth warrant a man more in that he ſhall follow. The anſwer is manifeſt, that if he ſtand vpon that was, as if he ſhould argue, becauſe it rained yeſterday, therefore it ſhould raine to day, then in deede hath it ſome aduantage to a groſſe conceit. But if he know an example onely enformes a coniectured likelihood, & ſo go by reaſon, the *Poet* doth ſo far exceed him, as he is to frame his example to that which is moſt reaſonable, be it in warlike, politike, or priuate matters; where the *Hiſtorian* in his bare, was, hath many times that which we call fortune, to ouerrule the beſt wiſedome. Many times he muſt tell euents, whereof he can yeeld no cauſe, or if he do, it muſt be poetically. For that a fained example hath as much force to teach, as a true example (for as for to moue, it is cleare, ſince the fained may be tuned to the higheſt key of paſſion) let vs take one exāple wherin an *Hiſtorian* & a *Poet* did concurre. *Herodotus* & *Iuſtine* do both teſtifie, that *Zopirus*, King *Darius* faithful ſeruant, ſeeing his maiſter long reſiſted by the rebellious *Babylonians*, fained himſelfe in extreame diſgrace of his King, for verifying of which, he cauſed his owne noſe and eares to be cut off, & ſo flying to the *Babylonians* was receiued, & for his known valure ſo far credited, that he did find meanes to deliuer them ouer to *Darius*. Much like matter doth *Liuy* record of *Tarquinius* & his ſonne. *Xenophon* excellently fained ſuch another ſtratagem, performed by *Abradates* in *Cyrus* behalfe. Now would I faine know, if occaſion be preſented vnto you, to ſerue your Prince by ſuch an honeſt diſſimulation, why you do not as wel learne it of *Xenophons* fiction, as of the others veritie: and truely ſo much the better, as you ſhal ſaue your

nose by the bargaine. For *Abradates* did not counterfet so far. So then the best of the *Historian* is subiect to the *Poet*: for whatsoeuer actiō, or factiō, whatsoeuer counsell, policie, or warre stratagem the *Historian* is bound to recite, that may the *Poet* if he list with his imitatiō make his owne, beautifying it both for further teaching, & more delighting, as it please him: hauing all frō *Dante* his heauen to his hell, vnder the authority of his pen. Which if I be asked what *Poets* haue done so? as I might wel name some, so yet say I, and say againe, I speake of the Art and not of the Artificer. Now to that which commonly is attributed to the praise of Historie, in respect of the notable learning is got by marking the successe, as though therein a man should see vertue exalted and vice punished: truly that commendation is peculiar to Poetrie, and farre off from Historie; for indeed Poetrie euer sets vertue so out in her best colours, making fortune her wel-waiting handmaid, that one must needes be enamoured of her. Well may you see *Vlysses* in a storme and in other hard plights, but they are but exercises of patience & magnanimity, to make thē shine the more in the neare following prosperitie. And of the contrary part, if euil men come to the stage, they euer goe out (as the Tragedie writer answered to one that misliked the shew of such persons) so manacled, as they little animate folkes to follow them. But the Historie being captiued to the truth of a foolish world, is many times a terror from wel doing, and an encouragement to vnbridled wickednesse. For see we not valiant *Milciades* rot in his fetters? The iust *Phocion* and the accomplished *Socrates* put to death like traytors? The cruell *Seuerus* liue prosperously? The excellent *Seuerus* miserably murthered? *Sylla* and *Marius* dying in their beds? *Pompey* and *Cicero* slaine then when they would haue thought exile a happinesse? See we not vertuous *Cato* driuen to kill himselfe, and Rebell *Cæsar* so aduaunced, that his name yet after 1600 yeares lasteth in the highest honor? And marke but euen *Cæsars* owne words of the forenamed *Sylla*, (who in that onely did honestly, to put downe his dishonest tyrannie) *Literas nesciuit*; as if want of learning caused him to do well. He meant it not by Poetrie, which not content with earthly plagues, deuiseth new punishments in hell for tyrants: nor yet by Philosophy, which teacheth *Occidentes esse*, but no doubt by skil in Historie, for that indeed can afford you *Cypselus*, *Periander*, *Phalaris*, *Dionisius*, & I know not how many moe of the same kennel, that sped wel inough in their abhominable iniustice of vsurpation. I cōclude therfore that he excelleth historie, not only in furnishing the mind with knowledge, but in setting it forward to that which deserues to be called & accounted good: which setting forward & moouing to wel-doing, indeed setteth the Lawrel crown vpō the *Poets* as victorious, not onely of the *Historian*, but euer the *Philosopher*, howsoeuer in teaching, it may be questionable. For suppose it be graunted, that which I suppose with great reason may be denied, that the *Philosopher* in respect of his methodicall proceeding, teach more perfectly then the *Poet*, yet do I think, that no man is so much φιλοφιλόσοφος, as to compare the *Philosopher* in mouing with the *Poet*. And that mouing is of a higher degree then teaching: it may by this appeare, that it is well nigh both the cause and effect of teaching. For who will be taught, if he be not moued with desire to be taught? And what so much good doth that teaching bring forth, (I speake still of morall doctrine) as that it moueth one to do that which it doth teach? For as *Aristotle* saith, it is not γνῶσις but πρᾶξις must be the fruite: & how πρᾶξις can be without being moued to practise, it is no hard matter to consider. The *Philosopher* sheweth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousnesse of the way, and of the pleasant lodging you shall haue when your iourney is ended, as of the many by-turnings that may diuert you from your way.

But this is to no man but to him that will reade him, and reade him with attentiue ſtudious painfulneſſe, which conſtant deſire whoſoeuer hath in him, hath alreadie paſt halfe the hardneſſe of the way: and therefore is beholding to the *Philoſopher*, but for the other halfe. Nay truly learned men haue learnedly thought, that where once reaſon hath ſo much ouer-maſtered paſſion, as that the minde hath a free deſire to do well, the inward light each mind hath in it ſelfe, is as good as a *Philoſophers* booke, ſince in Nature we know it is well, to do well, and what is well, and what is euill, although not in the words of Art which *Philoſophers* beſtow vpon vs: for out of naturall conceit the *Philoſophers* drew it; but to be moued to do that which we know, or to be moued with deſire to know, *Hoc opus, hic labor eſt*. Now therein of all Sciences I ſpeake ſtill of humane (and according to the humane conceit) is our *Poet* the *Monarch*. For he doth not only ſhew the way, but giueth ſo ſweete a proſpect into the way, as will intice any man to enter into it: Nay he doth as if your iourney ſhould ly through a faire vineyard, at the verie firſt, giue you a cluſter of grapes, that full of that taſte, you may long to paſſe further. He beginneth not with obſcure definitions, which muſt blurre the margent with interpretations, and load the memorie with doubtfulneſſe: but he commeth to you with words ſet in delightfull proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for the well enchaunting skill of *Muſicke*, and with a tale forſooth he commeth vnto you, with a tale, which holdeth children from play, and old men from the Chimney corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the minde from wickednes to vertue; euen as the child is often brought to take moſt wholſome things by hyding them in ſuch other as haue a pleaſant taſte: which if one ſhould begin to tell them the nature of the *Aloes* or *Rhabarbarum* they ſhould receiue, would ſooner take their phiſicke at their eares then at their mouth, ſo is it in men (moſt of which are childiſh in the beſt things, till they be cradled in their graues) glad they will be to heare the tales of *Hercules*, *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Æneas*, and hearing them, muſt needes heare the right deſcription of wiſdome, valure, and iuſtice; which if they had bene barely (that is to ſay Philoſophically) ſet out, they would ſweare they be brought to ſchoole againe; that imitation whereof *Poetrie* is, hath the moſt conueniencie to nature of all other: in ſo much that as *Ariſtotle* ſaith, thoſe things which in themſelues are horrible, as cruell battels, vnnaturall monſters, ar made in poeticall imitation, delightfull. Truely I haue knowne men, that euen with reading *Amadis de Gaule*, which God knowes, wanteth much of a perfect *Poeſie*, haue found their hearts moued to the exerciſe of curteſie, liberalitie, and eſpecially courage. Who readeth *Æneas* carying old *Anchiſes* on his backe, that wiſheth not it were his fortune to performe ſo excellent an Act? Whom doe not thoſe words of *Turnus* moue, (the Tale of *Turnus* hauing planted his image in the imagination) *fugientem hæc terra videbit? Vſque adeone mori miſerum eſt*? Where the *Philoſophers* (as they thinke) ſcorne to delight, ſo muſt they be content little to moue; ſauing wrangling whether *Virtus* be the chiefe or the only good; whether the contemplatiue or the actiue life do excell; which *Plato* and *Boetius* well knew: and therefore made miſtreſſe *Philoſophie* verie often borrow the masking raiment of *Poeſie*. For euen thoſe hard hearted euill men, who thinke vertue a ſchoole name: and know no other good but *indulgere genio*; and therefore deſpiſe the auſtere admonitions of the *Philoſopher*, & feele not the inward reaſon they ſtand vpon, yet will be content to be delighted, which is all the good, fellow *Poet* ſeemes to promiſe; and ſo ſteale to ſee the forme of goodneſſe, (which ſeene, they cannot but loue) ere themſelues be

aware, as if they tooke a medicine of Cheries. Infinite proofes of the strange effects of this Poeticall inuention might be alleaged: onely two shall serue, which are to often remembred, as I thinke all men know them. The one of *Menenius Agrippa*, who, when the whole people of *Rome* had resolutely diuided themselues from the *Senate*, with apparant shew of vtter ruine, though he were for that time an excellent Orator, came not among them vpon trust either of figurative speeches, or cunning insinuations, and much lesse with far fet *Maximes* of *Philosophie*, which especially if they were *Platonike*, they must haue learned *Geometrie* before they could well haue conceiued: but forsooth, he behaueth himselfe like a homely and familiar *Poet*. He telleth them a tale, that there was a time, when all the parts of the bodie made a mutinous conspiracie against the belly, which they thought deuoured the fruites of each others labour: they concluded they would let so vnprofitable a spender starue. In the end, to be short, for the tale is notorious, and as notorious that it was a tale, with punishing the belly they plagued themselues; this applied by him, wrought such effect in the people, as I neuer read, that only words brought forth, but then, so sudden and so good an alteration: for vpon reasonable conditions, a perfect reconcilement ensued. The other is of *Nathan* the Prophet, who when the holie *Dauid* had so farre forsaken God, as to confirme adulterie with murther, when he was to do the tendrest office of a friend, in laying his owne shame before his eyes; sent by God to call againe so chosen a seruant, how doth he it? but by telling of a man whose beloued lambe was vngratefully taken from his bosome. The application most diuinely true, but the discourse it self fained; which made *Dauid* (I speake of the second and instrumental cause) as in a glasse see his owne filthinesse, as that heauenly Psalme of mercie well testifieth. By these therefore examples and reasons, I thinke it may be manifest, that the *Poet* with that same hand of delight, doth draw the minde more effectually then any other Art doth. And so a conclusion, not vnfitly ensue, that as vertue is the most excellent resting place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so *Poetrie* being the most familiar to teach it, & most Princely to moue towards it, in the most excellent worke, is the most excellent workeman. But I am content not onely to decipher him by his workes (although workes in commendation and dispraise, must euer hold a high authoritie) but more narrowly will examine his parts, so that (as in a man) though al together may carrie a presence full of maiestie & beauty, perchance in some one defectuous peece we may finde blemish: Now in his parts, kindes or *species*, as you list to terme them, it is to be noted, that some *Poesies* haue coupled together two or three kindes, as the *Tragicall* and *Comicall*, whereupon is risen the *Tragicomicall*, some in the maner haue mingled prose and verse, as *Sanazara* and *Boetius*; some haue mingled matters *Heroicall* and *Pastorall*, but that commeth all to one in this question, for if seuered they be good, the coniunction cannot be hurtfull: therefore perchaunce forgetting some, and leauing some as needelesse to be remembred. It shall not be amisse, in a word to cite the speciall kindes, to see what faults may be found in the right vse of them. Is it then the Pastorall *Poeme* which is misliked? (For perchance where the hedge is loweſt they will sooneſt leap ouer) is the poore pipe disdained, which sometimes out of *Malibeus* mouth, can shewe the miserie of people, vnder hard Lords and rauening souldiers? And againe by *Titerus*, what blessednesse is deriued to them that lye loweſt, from the goodnesse of them that sit higheſt? Sometimes vnder the prettie tales of Wolues and sheepe, can include the whole considerations of wrong doing, & patience; sometimes shew

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that contentions for trifles, can get but a trifling victorie, where perchaunce a man may ſee, that euen *Alexander* and *Darius*, when they ſtroue who ſhould be Cocke of this worlde a dunghill, the benefit they got, was, that the after-liuers may ſay, *Hæc memini & victum frustra contendere Thirſim. Ex illo Coridon, Coridon eſt tempore nobis*. Or is it the lamenting *Elegiack*, which in a kind heart would moue rather pittie then blame, who bewaileth the great Philoſopher *Heraclitus*, the weakneſſe of mankind, and the wretchednesſe of the world: who ſurely is to be praiſed either for compaſſionate accompanying iuſt cauſes of lamentations, or for rightly painting out how meete be the paſſions of wofulneſſe? Is it the bitter but wholeſome *Iambick*, who rubbes the galled mind, making ſhame the Trumpet of villanie, with bold and open crying out againſt naughtineſſe? Or the *Satirick*, who *Omne vafer vitium ridenti tangit amico*, who ſportingly neuer leaueth, til he make a man laugh at follie, and at length aſhamed, to laugh at himſelfe; which he cannot auoid, without auoiding the follie: who while *Circumpræcordia ludit*, giueth vs to feele how many headaches a paſſionate life bringeth vs to? How when all is done, *Eſt Vlubris animus ſi nos non deficit æquus*. No perchance it is the *Comick*, whom naughtie Play-makers and ſtage-keepers, haue iuſtly made odious. To the arguments of abuſe, I will after anſwer, only thus much now is to be ſaid, that the *Comœdy* is an imitation of the common errors of our life, which he repreſenteth in the moſt ridiculous and ſcornefull ſort that may be: ſo as it is impoſsible that any beholder can be content to be ſuch a one. Now as in *Geometrie*, the oblique muſt be knowne as well as the right, and in *Arithmetick*, the odde as well as the euen, ſo in the actions of our life, who ſeeth not the filthineſſe of euill, wanteth a great foile to perceiue the beautie of vertue. This doth the Comœdie handle ſo in our priuate and domeſticall matters, as with hearing it, we get as it were an experience what is to be looked for of a niggardly *Demea*, of a craftie *Dauus*, of a flattering *Gnato*, of a vain-glorious *Thraſo*: and not onely to know what effects are to be expected, but to know who be ſuch, by the ſignifying badge giuen them by the *Comœdient*. And little reaſon hath any man to ſay, that men learne the euill by ſeeing it ſo ſet out; ſince as I ſaid before, there is no man liuing, but by the force truth hath in nature, no ſooner ſeeth theſe men play their parts, but wiſheth them in *Piſtrinum*, although perchance the lack of his owne faults lie ſo behind his back, that he ſeeth not himſelfe to dance the ſame meaſure: whereto yet nothing can more open his eyes, then to ſee his owne actions contemptibly ſet forth. So that the right vſe of *Comœdie*, will I thinke, by no bodie be blamed; and much leſſe of the high and excellent *Tragedie*, that openeth the greateſt wounds, and ſheweth forth the *Vlcers* that are couered with *Tiſſue*, that maketh Kings feare to be Tyrants, and Tyrants manifeſt their tyrannicall humors, that with ſtirring the affects of *Admiration* and *Commiſeration*, teacheth the vncertainty of this world, and vpon how weake foundations guilden roofes are builded: that maketh vs know, *Qui ſceptra ſæuus duro imperio regit, Timet timentes, metus in authorem redit*. But how much it can moue, *Plutarch* yeeldeth a notable teſtimony of the abhominable Tyrant *Alexander Pheræus*, from whoſe eyes a *Tragedie* well made and repreſented, drew abundance of teares, who without all pittie had murthered infinite numbers, & ſome of his owne bloud: ſo as he that was not aſhamed to make matters for *Tragedies*, yet could not reſiſt the ſweete violence of a *Tragedie*. And if it wrought no further good in him, it was, that he in deſpite of himſelfe, withdrew himſelfe from hearkening to that which might mollifie his hardened heart. But it is not the *Tragedie* they do miſlike:

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for it were too absurde to cast out so excellent a representation of what soeuer is most worthie to be learned. Is it the *Lyricke* that most displeaseth, who with his tuned *Lyre*, & well accorded voice, giueth praise, the reward of vertue, to vertuous acts? who giueth morall precepts and naturall Problems, who sometime raiseth vp his voice to the height of the heauens, in singing the laudes of the immortall God? Certainly I must confesse mine owne barbarousnesse, I neuer heard the old Song of *Percy* & *Douglas*, that I found not my heart moued more then with a Trumpet? and yet it is sung but by some blind Crowder, with no rougher voice, then rude stile: which being so euill apparelled in the dust and Cobweb of that vnciuill age, what would it worke, trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of *Pindare*? In *Hungarie* I haue seene in the manner of all feastes and other such like meetings, to haue songs of their ancestors valure, which that right souldierlike nation, thinke one of the chiefest kindlers of braue courage. The incomparable *Lacedemonians* did not onely carrie that kind of *Musicke* euer with them to the field; but euen at home, as such songs were made, so were they all content to be singers of them: when the lustie men were to tell what they did, the old men what they had done, and the young what they would do. And where a man may say, that *Pindare* many times praiseth highly Victories of small moment, rather matters of sport then vertue, as it may be answered, it was the fault of the *Poet*, and not of the *Poetrie*; so indeede the chiefe fault was, in the time and custome of the *Greekes*, who set those toyes at so high a price, that *Philip* of *Macedon* reckened a horse-race wonne at *Olympus*, among his three fearfull felicities. But as the vnimitable *Pindare* often did, so is that kind most capable and most fit, to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idlenesse, to embrace honourable enterprises. There rests the *Heroicall*, whose verie name I thinke should daunt all backbiters. For by what conceit can a tongue be directed to speake euill of that which draweth with him no lesse champions then *Achilles*, *Cyrus*, *Aeneas*, *Turnus*, *Tydeus*, *Rinaldo*, who doeth not onely teach and moue to a truth, but teacheth and mooueth to the most high and excellent truth: who maketh magnanimitie and iustice, shine through all misty fearefulnesse and foggie desires. Who if the saying of *Plato* and *Tully* bee true, that who could see vertue, would be wonderfully rauished with the loue of her beautie; this man setteth her out to make her more louely in her holiday apparell, to the eye of anie that will daine, nor to disdaine vntill they vnderstand. But if any thing be alreadie said in the defence of sweet *Poetrie*, all concurreth to the maintaining the *Heroycall*, which is not onely a kinde, but the best and most accomplished kinde of *Poetrie*. For as the Image of each Action stirreth and instructeth the minde, so the lofty Image of such worthies, most inflameth the minde with desire to be worthie: and enformes with counsaile how to be worthy. Only let *Aeneas* be worne in the Tablet of your memorie, how he gouerneth himselfe in the ruine of his Countrie, in the preseruing his olde Father, and carrying away his religious Ceremonies, in obeying Gods Commandement, to leaue *Dido*, though not onely all passionate kindnesse, but euen the humane consideration of vertuous gratefulnesse, would haue craued other of him: how in stormes, how in sports, how in warre, how in peace, how a fugitiue, how victorious, how besieged, how besieging, how to straungers, how to Allies, how to enemies, how to his owne. Lastly, how in his inward selfe, and how in his outward gouernment, and I thinke in a minde most preiudiced with a preiudicating humor, he will be found in excellencie

fruitfull. Yea as *Horace* saith, *Melius Chrisippo, & Crantore*: but truly, I imagine it falleth out with these Poet-whippers, as with som good women, who often are sicke, but in faith they cannot tell where. So the name of *Poetrie* is odious to them, but neither his cause nor effects, neither the summe that containes him, nor the particularities descending from him, giue any fast handle to their carping dispraise. Since then *Poetrie* is of all humane learnings the most ancient, and of most fatherly antiquitie, as from whence other learnings haue taken their beginnings; Since it is so vniuersall, that no learned nation doth despise it, nor barbarous nation is without it. Since both *Romane* and *Greeke* gaue such diuine names vnto it, the one of propheſying, the other of making; and that in deede that name of making is fit for him, considering, that where all other Arts retaine themselues within their subiect, and receiue as it were their being from it; The *Poet* onely, onely bringeth his owne stuffe, and doth not learne a Conceit out of a matter, but maketh matter for a Conceit. Since neither his description, nor end, containeth any euill, the thing described cannot be euill; since his effects be so good as to teach goodnesse, and delight the learners of it; since therein (namely in morall doctrine the chiefe of all knowledges) hee doth not onely farre passe the *Historian*, but for instructing is well nigh comparable to the *Philosopher*, for mouing, leaueth him behind him. Since the holy Scripture (wherein there is no vncleannesse) hath whole parts in it Poeticall, and that euen our Sauiour Christ vouchsafed to vse the flowers of it: since all his kindes are not only in their vnited formes, but in their seuered dissections fully commendable, I thinke, (and thinke I thinke rightly) the Laurell Crowne appointed for triumphant Captaines, doth worthilie of all other learnings, honour the *Poets* triumph. But because we haue eares as well as tongues, and that the lightest reasons that may bee, will seeme to waigh greatly, if nothing bee put in the counterballance, let vs heare, and as well as wee can, ponder what obiections be made against this Art, which may be worthie either of yeelding, or answering. First, truly I note, not onely in these μισομύσοι Poet-haters, but in all that kinde of people who seeke a praise, by dispraising others, that they do prodigally spend a great many wandring words in quips and scoffes, carping and taunting at each thing, which by stirring the spleene, may stay the braine from a through beholding the worthinesse of the subiect. Those kinde of obiections, as they are full of a very idle easinesse, since there is nothing of so sacred a maiestie, but that an itching tongue may rub it selfe vpon it, so deserue they no other answer, but in steede of laughing at the iest, to laugh at the iester. We know a playing wit can praise the discretion of an Asse, the comfortableness of being in debt, and the iolly commodities of being sicke of the plague. So of the contrarie side, if we will turne *Ouids* verse, *Vt lateat virtus, proximitate mali*, that good lie hid in nearnesse of the euil, *Agrippa* will be as merry in the shewing the vanitie of Science, as *Erasmus* was in the commending of folly: neither shall any man or matter, escape some touch of these smiling Raylers. But for *Erasmus* & *Agrippa*, they had an other foundation then the superficiall part would promise. Marry these other pleasaunt fault-finders, who will correct the *Verb* before they vnderstand the *Nowne*, and confute others knowledge, before they confirme their owne, I would haue them onely remember, that scoffing commeth not of wisedome? so as the best title in true English they get with their meriments, is to be called good fooles: for so haue our graue fore-

forefathers euer tearmed that humorous kinde of iesters. But that which giueth greatest scope to their scorning humor, is ryming and versing. It is alreadie said, (and as I thinke truly said) it is not ryming and versing that maketh *Poesie*: One may be a *Poet* without versing, and a versifier without *Poetrie*. But yet presuppose it were inseparable, as indeede it seemeth *Scalliger* iudgeth truly, it were an inseparable commendation. For if *Oratio*, next to *Ratio*, Speech next to Reason, be the greatest gift bestowed vpon *Mortalitie*, that cannot be praiseless, which doth most polish that blessing of speech; which considereth each worde, not onely as a man may say by his forcible qualitie, but by his best measured quantitie: carying euen in themselues a *Harmonie*; without perchaunce number, measure, order, proportion, be in our time growne odious. But lay aside the iust praise it hath, by being the onely fit speech for *Musicke*, (*Musicke* I say, the most diuine striker of the senses;) Thus much is vndoubtedly true, that if reading bee foolish without remembring, Memorie being the onely treasure of knowledge, those words which are fittest for memorie, are likewise most conuenient for knowledge. Now that Verse farre exceedeth Prose, in the knitting vp of the memorie, the reason is manifest, the wordes (besides their delight, which hath a great affinitie to memorie) being so set as one cannot be lost, but the whole worke failes: which accusing it selfe, calleth the remembrance backe to it selfe, & so most strongly confirmeth it. Besides one word, so as it were begetting another, as be it in time or measured verse, by the former a man shall haue a neere gheesse to the follower. Lastly, euen they that haue taught the Art of memorie, haue shewed nothing so apt for it, as a certaine roome diuided into many places, well and throughly knowne: Now that hath the verse in effect perfectly, euery word hauing his naturall seat, which seat must needes make the word remembred. But what needes more in a thing so knowne to all men? Who is it that euer was scholler, that doth not carrie away some verses of *Virgill*, *Horace*, or *Cato*, which in his youth hee learned, and euen to his olde age serue him for hourely lessons; as *Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est. Dum sibi quisque placet credula turba sumus*. But the fitnesse it hath for memorie, is notably prooued by all deliuery of Arts, wherein for the most part, from *Grammer* to *Logike*, *Mathematikes*, *Physike*, and the rest, the Rules chiefly necessarie to bee borne away, are compiled in verses. So that verse being in it selfe sweete and orderly, and beeing best for memorie, the onely handle of knowledge, it must be in iest that any man can speake against it. Now then goe wee to the most important imputations laid to the poore *Poets*, for ought I can yet learne, they are these. First, that there being many other more fruitfull knowledges, a man might better spend his time in them, then in this. Secondly, that it is the mother of lies. Thirdly, that it is the nurse of abuse, infecting vs with many pestilent desires, with a *Sirene* sweetenesse, drawing the minde to the Serpents taile of sinfull fansies; and herein especially *Comedies* giue the largest field to care, as *Chaucer* saith, how both in other nations and ours, before *Poets* did soften vs, vve were full of courage, giuen to martiall exercises, the pillers of manlike libertie, and not lulled asleepe in shadie idlenesse with *Poets* pastimes. And lastly and chiefly, they cry out with open mouth, as if they had ouer-shot *Robinhood*, that *Plato* banished them out of his Common wealth. Truly, this is much, if there bee much trueth in it. First to the first. That a man might better spend his time, is a reason indeede: but it doth as they say, but *petere principium*. For if it bee, as I affirme, that no learning is so good, as that which teacheth and moueth to vertue, and that

none can both teach and mooue thereto ſo much as *Poeſie*, then is the concluſion manifeſt; that inke and paper cannot bee to a more profitable purpoſe imployed. And certainly though a man ſhould graunt their firſt aſſumption, it ſhould follow (me thinke) verie vnwillingly, that good is not good, becauſe better is better. But I ſtill and vtterly deny, that there is ſprung out of earth a more fruitfull knowledge. To the ſecond therefore, that they ſhould bee the principall lyers, I anſwer *Paradoxically*, but truely, I thinke truely: that of all writers vnder the Sunne, the *Poet* is the leaſt lyer: and though he would, as a *Poet*, can ſcarcely be a lyer. The *Aſtronomer* with his couſin the *Geometrician*, can hardly eſcape, when they take vpon them to meaſure the height of the ſtarres. How often thinke you doe the *Phyſitians* lye, when they auerre things good for ſickneſſes, which afterwards ſend *Charon* a great number of ſoules drownd in a potion, before they come to his Ferrie? And no leſſe of the reſt, which take vpon them to affirme. Now for the *Poet*, hee nothing affirmeth, and therefore neuer lyeth: for as I take it, to lie, is to affirme that to bee true, which is falſe. So as the other *Artiſtes*, and eſpecially the *Hiſtorian*, affirming many things, can in the clowdie knowledge of mankinde, hardly eſcape from many lyes. But the *Poet* as I ſayd before, neuer affirmeth, the *Poet* neuer maketh any Circles about your imagination, to coniure you to beleeue for true, what he writeth: he citeth not authorities of other hiſtories, but euen for his entrie, calleth the ſweete *Muſes* to inſpire into him a good inuention. In troth not laboring to tell you what is, or is not, but what ſhould, or ſhould not bee. And therefore though he recount things not true, yet becauſe he telleth them not for true, he lyeth not: without we will ſay, that *Nathan* lyed in his ſpeech before alleaged to *Dauid*, which as a wicked man durſt ſcarce ſay, ſo think I none ſo ſimple, would ſay, that *Eſope* lyed in the tales of his beaſts: for who thinketh that *Eſope* wrote it for actually true, were well worthie to haue his name Chronicled among the beaſts he writeth of. What child is there, that comming to a play, and ſeeing *Thebes* written in great letters vpon an old doore, doth beleeue that it is *Thebes*? If then a man can arriue to the childes age, to know that the *Poets* perſons and doings, are but pictures what ſhould bee, and not ſtories what haue been, they wil neuer giue the lie to things not affirmatiuely, but allegorically and figuratiuely written; and therefore as in hiſtorie looking for truth, they may go away full fraught with falſhood: So in *Poeſie*, looking but for fiction, they ſhall vſe the narration but as an imaginatiue ground plat of a profitable inuention. But hereto is replied, that the *Poets* giue names to men they write of, which argueth a conceit of an actuall trueth, and ſo not being true, prooueth a falſhood. And doth the *Lawier* lye then, when vnder the names of *Iohn* of the *Stile*, & *Iohn* of the *Nokes*, he putteth his Caſe? But that is eaſily anſwered, their naming of men, is but to make their picture the more liuely, and not to build any Hiſtorie. Painting men, they cannot leaue men nameleſſe: we ſee we cannot play at Cheſſe, but that we muſt giue names to our Cheſſemen; and yet me thinkes he were a verie partiall Champion of truth, that would ſay we lyed, for giuing a peece of wood the reuerend ſtile of a Biſhop. The *Poet* nameth *Cyrus* and *Æneas*, no other way, then to ſhew what men of their fames, fortunes, and eſtates, ſhould doe. Their third is, how much it abuſeth mens wits, trayning it to wanton ſinfulneſſe, and luſtfull loue. For indeede that is the principall if not onely abuſe, I can heare alleaged. They ſay the *Comedies* rather teach then reprehend amorous conceits. They ſaie the *Lirike* is larded with paſſionate *Sonnets*, the *Elegiake* weepes the want of his miſtreſſe, and that euen to the *Heroicall*, *Cupid* hath ambitiouſly

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clined. Alas Loue, I would thou couldest as well defend thy selfe, as thou canst offend others: I would those on whom thou doest attend, could either put thee away, or yeeld good reason why they keep thee. But graunt loue of beautie to bee a beastly fault, although it bee verie hard, since onely man and no beast hath that gift to discerne beautie, graunt that louely name of loue to deserue all hatefull reproches, although euen some of my masters the *Philosophers* spent a good deale of their Lampoyle in setting forth the excellency of it, graunt I say, what they will haue granted, that not onely loue, but lust, but vanitie, but if they list scurrilitie possesse many leaues of the *Poets* bookes, yet thinke I, when this is graunted, they will finde their sentence may with good maners put the last wordes foremost; and not say, that *Poetrie* abuseth mans wit, but that mans wit abuseth *Poetrie*. For I will not denie, but that mans wit may make *Poesie*, which should be ἐπιϰασιὸ, which some learned haue defined figuring forth good things, to be φαντασιὸ: which doth contrariwise infect the fancie with vnworthie obiects, as the Painter should giue to the eye either some excellent perspectiue, or some fine Picture fit for building or fortification, or containing in it some notable example, as *Abraham* sacrificing his sonne *Isaack*, *Iudith* killing *Holofernes*, *Dauid* fighting with *Golias*, may leaue those, & please an ill pleased eye with wanton shewes of better hidden matters. But what, shall the abuse of a thing, make the right vse odious? Nay truly: though I yeeld that *Poesie* may not onely be abused, but that being abused, by the reason of his sweet charming force, it can do more hurt then any other armie of words, yet shall it be so farre from concluding, that the abuse should giue reproch to the abused, that contrariwise, it is a good reason, that whatsoeuer being abused, doth most harme, being rightly vsed (and vpon the right vse, each thing receiues his title) doth most good. Do wee not see skill of Physicke the best rampier to our often assaulted bodies, being abused, teach poyson the most violent destroyer? Doth not knowledge of Law, whose end is to euen and right all things, being abused grow the crooked fosterer of horrible iniuries? Doth not (to goe in the highest) Gods word abused, breede heresie, and his name abused, become blasphemie? Truely a Needle cannot doe much hurt, and as truely (with leaue of Ladies bee it spoken) it cannot doe much good. With a sword thou maiest kill thy Father, and with a sword thou mayest defend thy Prince and Countrie: so that, as in their calling *Poets*, fathers of lyes, they said nothing, so in this their argument of abuse, they prooue the commendation. They alledge herewith, that before *Poets* began to bee in price, our Nation had set their hearts delight vpon action, and not imagination, rather doing things worthie to be written, then writing things fit to be done. What that before time was, I thinke scarcely *Sphinx* can tel: since no memorie is so auncient, that hath not the precedence of *Poetrie*. And certaine it is, that in our plainest homelinesse, yet neuer was the *Albion* Nation without *Poetrie*. Marry this Argument, though it be leuelled against *Poetry*, yet is it indeed a chain-shot against all learning or bookishnesse, as they commonly terme it. Of such mind were certaine *Gothes*, of whom it is written, that hauing in the spoile of a famous citie, taken a faire Librarie, one hangman belike fit to execute the fruits of their wits, who had murthered a great number of bodies, would haue set fire in it. No said another very grauely, take heed what you do, for while they are busy about those toyes, we shall with more leisure conquer their countries. This indeed is the ordinary doctrine of ignorance, and many wordes sometimes I haue heard spent in it: but because this reason is generally against al learning, as well as *Poetrie*, or rather

all learning but *Poetrie*, becauſe it were too large a digreſsion to handle it, or at leaſt too ſuperfluous, ſince it is manifeſt that all gouernement of action is to be gotten by knowledge, & knowledge beſt, by gathering many knowledges, which is reading; I only with *Horace*, to him that is of that opinion, *Iubeo ſtultum eſſe libenter*: for as for *Poetrie* it ſelf, it is the freeſt from this obiection: for *Poetrie* is the Companion of Camps. I dare vndertake, *Orlando furioſo*, or honeſt king *Arthur*, will neuer diſpleaſe a ſouldier: but the quidditie of *Ens* and *Prima materia*, will hardly agree with a Corſelet. And therefore as I ſayd in the beginning, euen *Turkes* and *Tartars*, are delighted with *Poets*. *Homer* a *Greeke*, flouriſhed, before *Greece* flouriſhed: and if to a ſlight coniecture, a coniecture may be oppoſed, truly it may ſeem, that as by him their learned men tooke almoſt their firſt light of knowledge, ſo their actiue men receiued their firſt motions of courage. Onely *Alexanders* example may ſerue, who by *Plutarch* is accounted of ſuch vertue, that fortune was not his guide, but his footſtoole, whoſe Acts ſpeake for him, though *Plutarch* did not: indeede the *Phœnix* of warlike Princes. This *Alexander*, left his Schole-maſter liuing *Ariſtotle* behind him, but tooke dead *Homer* with him. He put the Philoſopher *Calliſthenes* to death, for his ſeeming Philoſophicall, indeede mutinous ſtubbornneſſe: but the chief thing he was euer heard to wiſh for, was, that *Homer* had beene aliue. He well found he receiued more brauerie of minde by the patterne of *Achilles*, then by hearing the definition of fortitude. And therefore if *Cato* miſliked *Fuluius* for carrying *Ennius* with him to the field, it may be anſwered, that if *Cato* miſliked it, the Noble *Fuluius* liked it, or elſe he had not done it, for it was not the excellent *Cato Vticenſis*, whoſe authoritie I would much more haue reuerenced: but it was the former, in truth a bitter puniſher of faultes, but elſe a man that had neuer ſacrificed to the *Graces*. He miſliked and cryed out againſt all Greeke learning, and yet being foureſcore yeares old, began to learne it, belike fearing that *Pluto* vnderſtood not Latine: Indeed the *Romane* lawes allowed no perſon to be carried to the warres, but he that was in the ſouldiers Role. And therefore though *Cato* miſliked his vnmuſtred perſon, he miſliked not his worke. And if he had, *Scipio Naſica* (iudged by common conſent the beſt *Romane*) loued him: both the other *Scipio* brothers, who had by their vertues no leſſe ſurnames then of *Aſia* and *Affricke*, ſo loued him, that they cauſed his bodie to be buried in their Sepulture. So as *Catoes* authoritie being but againſt his perſon, and that anſwered with ſo farre greater then himſelfe, is herein of no validitie. But now indeede my burthen is great, that *Plato* his name is layd vpon me, whom I muſt confeſſe of all *Philoſophers*, I haue euer eſteemed moſt worthy of reuerence; and with good reaſon, ſince of all *Philoſophers* he is the moſt *Poeticall*: yet if he will defile the fountaine out of which his flowing ſtreames haue proceeded, let vs boldly examine with what reaſons he did it. Firſt truely a man might maliciouſly obiect, that *Plato* being a *Philoſopher*, was a naturall enemie of *Poets*. For indeede after the *Philoſophers* had picked out of the ſweete myſteries of *Poetrie*, the right diſcerning true points of knowledge, they forthwith putting it in methode, and making a Schoole Art of that which the *Poets* did onely teach by a diuine delightfulneſſe, beginning to ſpurne at their guides, like vngratefull Prentices, were not content to ſet vp ſhop for themſelues, but ſought by all meanes to diſcredit their maſters: which by the force of delight being barred them, the leſſe they could ouerthrowe them, the more they hated them. For indeede they found, for *Homer* ſeuen Cities ſtraue who ſhould haue him for their Citizen, where many Cities baniſhed *Philoſophers*,

as not fit members to liue among them. For onely repeating certaine of *Euripides* Verſes; many *Athenians* had their liues ſaued of the *Syracuſans*, where the *Athenians* themſelues thought manie *Philoſophers* vnworthie to liue. Certaine *Poets*, as *Simonides*, and *Pindarus*, had ſo preuailed with *Hiero* the firſt, that of a Tyrant they made him a iuſt King: where *Plato* could do ſo little with *Dionyſius*, that he himſelfe of a *Philoſopher*, was made a ſlaue. But who ſhould do thus, I confeſſe ſhould requite the obiections made againſt *Poets*, with like cauillations againſt *Philoſophers*: as likewiſe one ſhould do that ſhould bid one reade *Phædrus* or *Sympoſium* in *Plato*, or the diſcourſe of loue in *Plutarch*, and ſee whether any *Poet* do authoriſe abhominable filthineſſe as they do. Againe, a man might aske, out of what common-wealth *Plato* doth baniſh them, in ſooth, thence where he himſelfe alloweth communitie of women. So as belike this baniſhment grew not for effeminate wantonneſſe, ſince little ſhould Poeticall *Sonets* be hurtfull, when a man might haue what woman he liſted. But I honour Philoſophicall inſtructions, and bleſſe the wittes which bred them: ſo as they be not abuſed, which is likewiſe ſtretched to *Poetrie*. Saint *Paule* himſelfe ſets a watch-word vpon *Philoſophie*, indeed vpon the abuſe. So doth *Plato* vpon the abuſe, not vpon *Poetrie*. *Plato* found fault that the *Poets* of his time, filld the world with wrōg opiniōs of the Gods, making light tales of that vnſpotted eſſence; and therefore would not haue the youth depraued with ſuch opinions: herein may much be ſayd; let this ſuffice. The *Poets* did not induce ſuch opinions: but did imitate thoſe opinions alreadie induced. For all the *Greeke* ſtories can well teſtifie, that the verie religion of that time, ſtood vpon many, and many faſhioned Gods: not taught ſo by *Poets*, but followed according to their nature of imitation. Who liſt may reade in *Plutarch*, the diſcourſes of *Iſis* and *Oſiris*, of the cauſe why Oracles ceaſſed, of the diuine prouidence, and ſee whether the *Theologie* of that nation, ſtoode not vpon ſuch dreames, which the *Poets* indeede ſuperſticiouſly obſerued; and truely ſince they had not the light of Chriſt, did much better in it then the *Philoſophers*, who ſhaking off ſuperſtition, brought in *Atheiſme*. *Plato* therefore, whoſe authoritie I had much rather iuſtly conſtrue then vniuſtly reſiſt, meant not in general of *Poets*, in thoſe words of which *Iulius Scaliger* ſaith; *Qua autheritate barbari quidam atque inſipidi abuti velint ad Poetas è Republica exigendos*; But onely meant to driue out thoſe wrong opinions of the Deitie: whereof now without further law, *Chriſtianitie* hath taken away all the hurtfull beliefe, perchaunce as he thought, nouriſhed by then eſteemed *Poets*. And a man needs go no further then to *Plato* himſelfe to know his meaning: who in his Dialogue caled *Ion*, giueth high, and rightly diuine commendations vnto *Poetrie*. So as *Plato* baniſhing the abuſe, not the thing, not baniſhing it, but giuing due honour to it, ſhall be our Patron, and not our aduerſarie. For indeede, I had much rather, ſince truely I may do it, ſhew their miſtaking of *Plato*, vnder whoſe Lyons skinne they would make an Aſſe-like braying againſt *Poeſie*, then go about to ouerthrow his authoritie; whom the wiſer a man is, the more iuſt cauſe hee ſhall finde to haue in admiration: eſpecially ſince hee attributeth vnto *Poeſie* more then my ſelfe doe; namely, to be a verie inſpiring of a diuine force, farre aboue mans wit, as in the forenamed Dialogue is apparant. Of the other ſide, who would ſhew the honours haue beene by the beſt ſort of iudgements graunted them, a whole ſea of examples would preſent themſelues; *Alexanders*, *Cæſars*, *Scipioes*, all fauourers of *Poets*: *Lelius*, called the Romane *Socrates* himſelfe a *Poet*; ſo as part of *Heautontimorumenon* in *Terence*, was ſuppoſed to bee made by him.

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And euen the *Greeke Socrates*, whom *Appollo* confirmed to be the onely wiſe man, is ſaid to haue ſpent part of his old time in putting *Eſopes* Fables into Verſes. And therefore full euill ſhould it become his Scholler *Plato*, to put ſuch wordes in his maſters mouth againſt *Poets*. But what needes more? *Ariſtotle* writes the Arte of *Poeſie*: and why, if it ſhould not bee written? *Plutarch* teacheth the vſe to be gathered of them: and how, if they ſhould not bee read? And who reades *Plutarches* either Hiſtorie or *Philoſophie*, ſhall finde he trimmeth both their garmentes with gardes of *Poeſie*. But I not liſt to defend *Poeſie* with the helpe of his vnderling *Hiſtoriographie*. Let it ſuffice to haue ſhewed, it is a fit ſoyle for prayſe to dwell vpon: & what diſpraiſe may ſet vpon it, is either eaſily ouercome, or transformed into iuſt commendations. So that ſince the excellencies of it may be ſo eaſily and ſo iuſtly confirmed, and the low creeping obiections ſo ſoone trodden downe, it not beeing an Arte of lyes, but of true doctrine; not of effeminateneſſe, but of notable ſtirring of courage; not of abuſing mans wit, but of ſtrengthening mans wit; not baniſhed, but honored by *Plato*; let vs rather plant more Laurels for to ingarland the *Poets* heades (which honour of being Laureate, as beſides them onely triumphant Captaines were, is a ſufficient authoritie to ſhew the price they ought to bee held in) then ſuffer the ill fauoured breath of ſuch wrong ſpeakers once to blow vpon the cleare ſprings of *Poeſie*. But ſince I haue runne ſo long a Carreir in this matter, me thinkes before I giue my penne a full ſtoppe, it ſhall be but a little more loſt time, to inquire why England the mother of excellent mindes ſhould bee growne ſo hard a ſtepmother to *Poets*, who certainly in wit ought to paſſe all others, ſince all onely proceeds from their wit, being indeede makers of themſelues, not takers of others. How can I but exclaime, *Muſa mihi cauſas memora quo numine læſo.* Sweete *Poeſie* that hath aunciently had Kings, Emperours, Senators, great Captaines, ſuch as beſides a thouſands others, *Dauid*, *Adrian*, *Sophocles*, *Germanicus*, not onely to fauour *Poets*, but to bee *Poets*: and of our nearer times, can preſent for her Patrons, a *Robert* King of *Sicill*, the great King *Fraunces* of *Fraunce*, King *Iames* of *Scotland*, ſuch Cardinals as *Bembus*, & *Bibiena*; ſuch famous Preachers & Teachers, as *Beza* and *Melanchthon*, ſo learned *Philoſophers*, as *Fracaſtorius*, and *Scaliger*; ſo great Orators, as *Põtanus*, & *Muretus*; ſo piercing wits, as *George Buchanan*; ſo graue Counſelours, as beſides many, but before all, that *Hoſpitall* of *France*; then whom I think that Realme neuer brought forth a more accõpliſhed iudgemẽt, more firmly builded vpõ vertue: I ſay theſe with nũbers of others, not only to reade others *Poeſies*, but to *Poetiſe* for others reading; that *Poeſie* thus ẽbraced in al other places ſhold onely finde in our time a hard welcome in England, I thinke the verie earth laments it, & therefore deckes our ſoyle with fewer Laurels thẽ it was accuſtomed: For heretofore, *Poets* haue in England alſo flouriſhed: & which is to be noted, euen in thoſe times whẽ the Trũpet of *Mars* did ſound lowdeſt. And now that an ouer faint quietneſſe ſhould ſeeme to ſtrow the houſe for *Poets*, they are almoſt in as good reputation, as the *Montebanckes* at *Venice*. Truly euen that, as of the one ſide it giueth great praiſe to *Poeſie*, which like *Venus* (but to better purpoſe) had rather be troubled in the net with *Mars*, thẽ emioy the homely quiet of *Vulcã*: So ſerues it for a peece of a reaſon, why they are leſſe grateful to idle *Englãd*, which now can ſcarce endure the pain of a pen. Vpõ this neceſſarily followeth, that baſe men with ſeruile wits vndertake it, who thinke it enough if they can be rewarded of the Printer: and ſo as *Epaminondas* is ſayd with the honour of his vertue to haue made an office, by his exerciſing it, which before was contẽptible, to becom highly reſpected: ſo theſe men no more but

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ſetting their names to it, by their owne diſgracefulneſſe, diſgrace the moſt graceſull P*oeſie*. For now as if all the *Muſes* were got with child, to bring forth baſtard Poets: without any cõmiſsion they do poſt ouer the banks of *Helicon*, till they make the Readers more wearie then poſt-horſes; while in the meane time, they *Queis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan*, are better content to ſuppreſſe the out-flowings of their wit, then by publiſhing them, to bee accounted Knights of the ſame order. But I, that before euer I durſt aſpire vnto the dignitie, am admitted into the companie of the *Paper-blurrers*, do finde the verie true cauſe of our wanting eſtimation, is want of deſert, taking vpon vs to be *Poets* in deſpite of *Pallas*. Now wherein we want deſert, were a thank-worthie labour to expreſſe. But if I knew, I ſhould haue mended my ſelfe: but as I neuer deſired the title, ſo haue I neglected the meanes to come by it, onely ouer-maſtered by ſome thoughts, I yeelded an inkie tribute vnto them. Marie they that delight in *Poeſie* it ſelfe, ſhould ſeeke to know what they do: & how they do eſpecially look themſelues in an vnflattering glaſſe of reaſon, if they be inclinable vnto it. For *Poeſie* muſt not be drawn by the eares, it muſt be gẽtly led, or rather it muſt leade, which was partly the cauſe that made the ancient learned affirme, it was a diuine gift and no humane skill, ſince all other knowledges lie readie for any that haue ſtrength of wit: A *Poet* no induſtrie can make, if his owne *Genius* be not caried into it. And therefore is an old prouerb, *Orator fit, Poeta naſcitur*. Yet confeſſe I alwaies, that as the fertileſt ground muſt be manured, ſo muſt the higheſt flying wit haue a *Dedalus* to guide him. That *Dedalus* they ſay both in this and in other, hath three wings to beare it ſelfe vp into the aire of due commendation: that is, Arte, Imitation and Exerciſe. But theſe neither Artificiall Rules, nor imitatiue patternes, we much comber our ſelues withall. Exerciſe indeede wee do, but that verie fore-backwardly; for where wee ſhould exerciſe to know, we exerciſe as hauing knowne: and ſo is our braine deliuered of much matter, which neuer was begotten by knowledge. For there being two principall parts, Matter to be expreſſed by words, and words to expreſſe the matter: In neither, wee vſe Arte or Imitation rightly. Our matter is, *Quodlibet*, indeede though wrongly performing *Ouids* Verſe:

Quicquid conabor dicere, Verſus erit.

Neuer marſhalling it into any aſſured ranke, that almoſt the Readers cannot tell where to find themſelues. *Chaucer* vndoubtedly did excellently in his *Troilus* and *Creſcid*: of whom truly I know not whether to maruell more, either that he in that myſtie time could ſee ſo clearely, or that wee in this cleare age, goe ſo ſtumblingly after him. Yet had he great wants, fit to be forgiuen in ſo reuerent an Antiquitie. I account the Mirrour of Magiſtrates, meetly furniſhed of beautifull parts. And in the Earle of *Surreis Lirickes*, many things taſting of a noble birth, and worthie of a noble minde. The Shepheards Kalender hath much *Poetrie* in his Eclogues, indeede worthie the reading if I be not deceiued. That ſame framing of his ſtile to an old ruſticke language, I dare not allow: ſince neither *Theocritus* in Greeke, *Virgil* in Latin, nor *Sanazara* in Italian did affect it. Beſides theſe, I do not remember to haue ſeene but few (to ſpeake boldly) printed that haue Poeticall ſinewes in them. For proofe whereof, let but moſt of the Verſes be put in Proſe, and then aske the meaning, and it will be found, that one Verſe did but beget another, without ordering at the firſt, what ſhould be at the laſt, which becomes a confuſed maſſe of wordes, with a tingling ſound of rime, barely accompanied with reaſon. Our Tragedies and Comedies, not without cauſe cried out againſt, obſeruing rules

neither;

neither of honest ciuilitie, nor skilfull *Poetrie*. Excepting *Gorboduck* (againe I say of those that I haue seene) which notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches, and well sounding phrases, climing to the height of *Seneca* his stile, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtaine the verie end of *Poesie*: Yet in truth, it is verie defectious in the circumstances, which grieues me, because it might not remaine as an exact modell of all Tragedies. For it is faultie both in place and time, the two necessarie companions of all corporall actions. For where the Stage should alway represent but one place; and the vttermost time presupposed in it, should be both by *Aristotles* precept, and common reason, but one day; there is both many dayes and many places, inartificially imagined. But if it be so in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the rest? where you shall haue *Asia* of the one side, and *Affricke* of the other, and so many other vnder-kingdomes, that the Player when he comes in, must euer begin with telling where hee is, or else the tale will not be conceiued. Now shall you haue three Ladies walke to gather flowers, and then we must beleeue the stage to bee a garden. By and by we heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, then we are too blame if we accept it not for a rocke. Vpon the backe of that comes out a hidious monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bound to take it for a caue: while in the meane time two armies flie in, represented with foure swords and bucklers, and then what hard hart will not receiue it for a pitched field? Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young Princes fall in loue, after many trauerses she is got with child, deliuered of a faire boy: he is lost, groweth a man, falleth in loue, & is ready to get another child; & all this in 2 houres space: which how absurd it is in sence, euen sence may imagine: & Art hath taught, & all ancient exāples iustified, & at this day the ordinary Players in *Italie* wil not erre in. Yet wil som bring in an example of *Eunuch* in *Terence*, that containeth matter of 2 dayes, yet far short of twentie yeares. True it is, & so was it to be played in two dayes, and so fitted to the time it set forth. And though *Plautus* haue in one place done amisse, let vs hit it with him, and not misse with him. But they will say, how then shall wee set forth a storie which containes both many places, and many times? And do they not know that a Tragedie is tied to the lawes of Poesie, and not of Historie: not bound to follow the storie, but hauing libertie either to faine a quite new matter, or to frame the Historie to the most tragicall conueniencie. Againe many things may be told, which cannot be shewed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speake though I am here, of *Peru*, and in speech digresse from that, to the description of *Calecut*: but in action I cannot represent it without *Pasolets* horse. And so was the maner the anciēts took, by some *Nuntius*, to recount things done in former time or other place. Lastly, if they will represent an Historie, they must not (as *Horace* saith) begin *ab ouo*, but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed. I haue a storie of young *Polidorus*, deliuered for safeties sake with great riches by his father *Priamus*, to *Polimnestor* king of *Thrace*, in the *Troian* warre time. He after some yeares, hearing of the ouerthrow of *Priamus*, for to make the treasure his owne, murthereth the child, the body of the child is taken vp, *Hecuba*, shee the same day findeth a sleight to be reuenged most cruelly of the Tyrant. Where now would one of our Tragedy-writers begin, but with the deliuerie of the child? Then should he saile ouer into *Thrace*, and so spend I know not how many yeares, and trauell numbers of places. But where doth *Euripides*? euen with the finding of the bodie,

the

the rest leauing to be told by the spirit of *Polydorus*. This needs no further to be enlarged, the dullest wit may conceiue it. But besides these grosse absurdities, how all their Playes be neither right Tragedies, nor right Comedies, mingling Kings and Clownes, not because the matter so carieth it, but thrust in the Clowne by head & shoulders to play a part in Maiesticall matters, with neither decencie nor discretion: so as neither the admiration and commiseration, nor the right sportfulnesse is by their mongrell Tragicomedie obtained. I know *Apuleius* did somewhat so, but that is a thing recounted with space of time, not represented in one moment: and I know the Ancients haue one or two examples of Tragicomedies, as *Plautus* hath *Amphitrio*. But if we marke them well, we shall find that they neuer or verie daintily match horne-pipes and funeralles. So falleth it out, that hauing indeed no right Comedie in that Comicall part of our Tragedie, we haue nothing but scurrilitie vnworthie of any chaste eares, or some extreame shew of doltishnesse, indeed fit to lift vp a lowd laughter and nothing else: where the whole tract of a Comedie should be full of delight, as the Tragedie, should be still maintained in a well raised admiration. But our Comedients thinke there is no delight without laughter, which is verie wrong: for though laughter may come with delight, yet commeth it not of delight, as though delight shold be the cause of laughter: but well may one thing breed both together. Nay in themselues, they haue as it were a kind of contrarietie: For delight we scarcely do, but in things that haue a conueniencie to our selues, or to the generall nature. Laughter almost euer commeth of things most disproportioned to our selues and nature. Delight hath a ioy in it either permanent or present. Laughter hath onely a scornfull tickling. For example, wee are rauished with delight to see a faire woman, and yet are farre from beeing moued to laughter. Wee laugh at deformed creatures, wherein certainely we cannot delight. We delight in good chances; we laugh at mischances. Wee delight to hear the happinesse of our friends and Countrie, at which hee were worthie to be laughed at that wold laugh: we shall contrarily sometimes laugh to find a matter quite mastaken, and go down the hill against the byas, in the mouth of some such men, as for the respect of them, one shall bee heartily sorie he cannot choose but laugh, and so is rather pained, then delighted with laughter. Yet denie I not, but that they may goe vvell together: for as in *Alexanders* picture well set out, vve delight vvithout laughter, and in twentie mad Anticks we laugh without delight: So in *Hercules* painted with his great beard and furious countenance in a womans attire, spinning at *Omphales* commandement, it breedes both delight and laughter: for the representing of so strange a power in Loue, procures delight, and the scornfulnes of the action stirreth laughter. But I speake to this purpose, that all the end of the comicall part, be not vpon such scornful matters as stir laughter only, but mixe with it that delightfull teaching, which is the end of *Poesie*. And the great fault euen in that point of laughter, and forbidden plainly by *Aristotle*, is, that they stir laughter in sinfull things, vvhich are rather execrable then ridiculous: or in miseralbe, which are rather to be pitied then scorned. For what is it to make folkes gape at a wretched begger, and a beggerly Clowne; or against law of hospitalitie, to iest at strangers, because they speak not English so well as we do? What do we learn, since, it is certain, *Nil habet infœlix paupertas durius in se, Quam quod ridiculos homines facit*. But rather a busie louing Courtier, & a heartlesse threatning *Thraso*; a selfe-wise seeming schoolemaster; a wrie transformed Trauailer: these if we saw walke in stage names, which we play naturally, therein were delightfull laughter,

and

and teaching delightfulnesse, as in the other the Tragedies of *Buchanan* do iustly bring forth a diuine admiration. But I haue lauished out too many words of this play-matter; I do it, because as they are excelling parts of *Poesie*, so is there none so much vsed in *England*, & none can be more pittifully abused: which like an vnmannerly daughter, shewing a bad education, causeth her mother *Poesies* honesty to be called in question. Other sort of *Poetrie* almost haue we none, but that *Lyricall* kind of Songs and Sonets, which Lord, if he gaue vs so good minds, how well it might be employed, and with how heauenly fruits, both priuate & publike, in singing the praises of the immortall beautie, the immortall Goodnesse of that God, who giueth vs hands to write, and wits to conceiue: of which we might well want vvords, but neuer matter: of which vve could turne our eyes to nothing, but vve should euer haue new budding occasions. But truly many of such writings as come vnder the banner of vnresistable loue, if I vvere a mistresse, vvould neuer perswade me they were in loue: so coldly they apply fiery speeches, as men that had rather read louers vvritings, & so caught vp certaine swelling phrases, which hang together, like a man that once told me the vvind was at Northwest and by South, because he vvould bee sure to name vvinds enow, then that in truth they feele those passions, which easily as I think, may be bewrayed by that same forcibleness or *Energia* (as the Greeks call it) of the writer. But let this be a sufficient, though short note, that we misse the right vse of the materiall point of *Poesie*. Now for the outside of it, which is words, or (as I may tearme it) *Diction*, it is euen well worse: so is that hony-flowing matron *Eloquence*, apparelled, or rather disguised in a curtisan-like painted affectation. One time with so farre-fetched words, that many seeme monsters, but most seem strangers to any poore Englishman: another time vvith coursing of a letter, as if they were bound to follow the methode of a Dictionarie: another time with figures & flowers, extreamely winter-starued. But I would this fault were onely peculiar to Versifiers, and had not as large possession among Prose-Printers: and which is to be maruelled among many Schollers, and which is to be pitied among some Preachers. Truly I could wish, if at least I might be so bold to wish, in a thing beyond the reach of my capacitie, the diligent imitators of *Tully* & *Demosthenes*, most worthie to be imitated, did not so much keep *Nizolian* paper-books of their figures & phrases, as by attentiue translation, as it were, deuour them whole, & make them wholly theirs. For now they cast suger and spice vpon euery dish that is serued at the table: like those *Indians*, not content to weare eare-rings at the fit and natural place of the eares, but they will thrust iewels through their nose and lips, because they will bee sure to be fine. *Tully* when he was to driue out *Catiline*, as it were with a thunderbolt of eloquence, often vseth the figure of repetition, as *vinit & vincit, imo in senatum venit, imo in senatum venit, &c.* Indeed inflamed, with a vvell grounded rage, hee would haue his words (as it were) double out of his mouth, & so do that artificially which we see men in choler do naturally. And we hauing noted the grace of those words hale them in sometimes to a familiar Epistle, when it were too much choler to be cholerick. How wel store of *Similiter Cadenses* doth sound with the grauitie of the Pulpit, I would not inuoke *Demosthenes* soule to tell, who with a rare daintinesse vseth them. Truly they haue made me thinke of the *Sophister*, that with too much subtiltie would proue two Egges three, & though he might be counted a *Sophister*, had none for his labour. So these men bringing in such a kind of eloquence, well may they obtaine an opinion of a seeming fineneſse, but perswade few, which should be the end of their fineness. Now for similitudes in certain printed discourses

I thinke

I think al Herberists, all stories of beasts, fowles & fishes are rifled vp, that they may come in multitudes to wait vpon any of our conceits, which certainly is as absurd a surfet to the eares as is possible. For the force of a similitude not being to proue any thing to a contrary disputer, but onely to explaine to a willing hearer, when that is done, the rest is a most tedious pratling, rather ouer-swaying the memory from the purpose wherto they were applyed, then any whit enforming the iudgement alreadie either satisfied, or by similitudes not to be satisfied. For my part, I do not doubt, when *Antonius* and *Crassus*, the great forefathers of *Cicero* in eloquence, the one (as *Cicero* testifieth of them) pretended not to know Arte, the other not to set by it (because with a plaine sensibleness they might win credit of popular eares, which credite is the neerest step to perswasion, which perswasion is the chiefe marke of Oratorie) I doe not doubt, I say, but that they vsed these knacks very sparingly, which who doth generally vse, any man may see, doth daunce to his owne musicke, and so to be noted by the audience, more carefull to speake curiously then truly. Vndoubtedly (at least to my opinion vndoubtedly) I haue found in diuers small learned courtiers a more sound stile, then in some professors of learning, of wch I can gheesse no other cause, but that the courtier following that, which by practise he findeth fittest to nature, therin (though he know it not) doth according to Art, though not by Art: where the other vsing Art to shew Art, and not hide Art (as in these cases he should do) flyeth from nature, and indeed abuseth Arte. But what? me thinks I deserue to be pounded for straying from *Poetrie* to *Oratorie*: but both haue such an affinity in the wordish consideration, that I think this digression wil make my meaning receiue the fuller vnderstanding: which is not to take vpon me to teach *Poets* how they should do, but only finding my selfe sicke among the rest, to shewe some one or two spots of the common infection grown among the most part of writers; that acknowledging our selues somewhat awry, we may bend to the right vse both of matter and manner. Whereto our language giueth vs great occasion, being indeed capable of any excellent exercising of it. I know some will say it is a mingled language: and why not so much the better, taking the best of both the other? Another will say, it wanteth Grammer. Nay truely it hath that praise, that it wants not Grammer; for Grammer it might haue, but it needs it not, being so easie in it self, and so void of those cumbersom differences of *Cases*, *Genders*, *Moods* & *Tenses*, which I think was a piece of the tower of *Babylons* curse, that a man shold be put to schoole to learne his mother tongue. But for the vttering sweetly and properly the conceit of the mind, which is the end of speech, that hath it equally with any other tongue in the world: and is particularly happy in compositions of two or three words together, neere the Greek, farre beyond the Latine, which is one of the greatest beauties can be in a language. Now of versifying, there are two sorts, the one ancient, the other moderne: the ancient marked the quantity of each syllable, and according to that framed his verse: the modern, obseruing only number, with som regard of the accent; the chiefe life of it standeth in that like sounding of the words, which we call Rime. Whether of these be the more excellent, would beare many speeches, the ancient no doubt more fit for Musicke, both words & time obseruing quantity, and more fit, liuely to expresse diuers passions by the low or loftie sound of the wel-weighed syllable. The latter likewise with his rime striketh a certaine musick to the eare: & in fine, since it doth delight, though by another way, it obtaineth the same purpose, there being in either sweetnesse, & wanting in neither Maiesty. Truly the English before any Vulgar language, I know is fit for both sorts: for, for the ancient,

the *Italian* is so full of vowels, that it must euer be cumbred with *Elisions*. The *Dutch* so of the other side with Consonants, that they cannot yeeld the sweet sliding, fit for a verse. The *French* in his whole language hath not one word that hath his accent in the last syllable sauing two, called *Antepenultima*; and little more hath the *Spanish*, and therefore verie graceles ly may they vse *Dactiles*. The English is subiect to none of these defects. Now for Rime, though we do not obserue quātity, yet we obserue the accent very precisely, which other languages either cannot do, or will not doe so absolutely. That *Cæsura*, or breathing place in the midst of the verse, neither *Italian* nor *Spanish* haue: the *French* and we neuer almost faile of. Lastly, euen the verie Rime it selfe the *Italian* cannot put it in the last syllable, by the *French* named the *Masculine* Rime, but still in the next to the last, vvhich the *French* call the *Female*; or the next before that, vvhich the *Italian Sdrucciola*: the example of the former, is *Buono*, *Suono*; of the *Sdrucciola*, is *Femina*, *Semina*. The *Frēch* of the other side hath both the Male, as *Bon*, *Son*; & the Female, as *Plaise*, *Taise*; but the *Sdrucciola* he hath not: where the *English* hath al three, as *Due*, *True*; *Father*, *Rather*; *Motiō*, *Potion*, with much more which might be said, but that already I find the triflings of this discourse is much too much inlarged. So that since the euer praise-worthy *Poesie* is full of vertue, breeding delightfulnesse, & void of no gift that ought to be in the noble name of learning, since the blames laid against it are either false or feeble, since the cause why it is not esteemed in *England*, is the fault of Poet-apes, not Poets. Since lastly, our tongue is most fit to honour *Poesie*, & to be honoured by *Poesie*, I coniure you all that haue had the euill lucke to reade this inke-wasting toy of mine, euen in the name of the nine *Muses*, no more to scorne the sacred mysteries of *Poesie*: no more to laugh at the name of *Poets*, as though they were next inheritors to fooles; no more to iest at the reuerent title of a Rimer, but to beleeue with *Aristotle*, that they were the ancient Treasurers of the Grecians diuinity, to beleeue with *Bembus*, that they were first bringers in of all ciuility: to beleeue with *Scaliger*, that no *Philosophers* precepts can sooner make you an honest man, then the reading of *Virgill*; to beleeue with *Clauserus*, the Trāslator of *Cornutus*, that it pleased the heauēly deity by *Hesiod* & *Homer*, vnder the vaile of Fables to giue vs all knowledge, *Logicke*, *Rhetoricke*, *Philosophy* natural & moral, & *Quid non*? To beleeue with me, that there are many mysteries contained in *Poetry*, which of purpose were written darkly, least by profane wits it should be abused: to beleeue vvith *Landin*, that they are so beloued of the gods, that whatsoeuer they write, proceeds out of a diuine fury. Lastly, to beleeue thēselues when they tel you they wil make you immortal by their verses. Thus doing, your name shall flourish in the printers shops: thus doing you shall be of kin to many a Poeticall Preface: thus doing, you shall be most faire, most rich, most wise, most all: you shall dwell vpon Superlatiues: thus doing, though you be *Libertino patre natus*, you shal sodainly grow *Herculea proles*. *Si quid mea Carmina possūt*. Thus doing, your soule shall be placed with *Dantes Beatrix*, or *Virgils Anchises*. But if (fie of such a But) you be born so neare the dul-making *Cataract* of *Nilus*, that you cannot hear the Planet-like musicke of *Poetry*, if you haue so earth creeping a mind, that it canot lift it self vp to look to the skies of *Poetry*, or rather by a certain rustical disdaine wil becom such a mome, as to be a *Momus* of *Poetry*: thē though I will not wish vnto you the Asses eares of *Midas*, nor to be driuē by a *Poets* verses as *Bubonax* was to hang himselfe, nor to be rimed to death, as is said to be done in *Irelād*, yet thus much curse I must send you in the behalfe of al *Poets*, that while you liue, you liue in loue, and neuer get fauour, for lacking skill of a Sonet, and when you die, your memorie die from the earth for want of an Epitaph.

ASTRO-

ASTROPHEL AND STELLA,

WRITTEN BY THE NOBLE KNIGHT SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

LOuing in truth, and faine in verse my loue to show,
That she (deare she) might take some pleasure of my paine:
Pleasure might cause her reade, reading might make her know,
Knowledge might pitie winne, and pitie grace obtaine,
I sought fit words to paint the blackest face of woe,
Studying inuentions fine, her wits to entertaine:
Oft turning others leaues, to see if thence would flow
Some fresh and fruitfull showers vpon my sun-burn'd brain.
But words came halting forth, wanting inuention stay:
Inuention, Natures childe, fled step-dame Studies blowes,
And others feete still seem'd but strangers in my way.
Thus great with childe to speak, and helplesse in my throwes,
Biting my trewand pen, beating my selfe for spite,
Foole, said my Muse to me, looke in thy heart and write.

2

Not at the first sight, nor with a dribbed shot
Loue gaue the wound, which while I breathe will bleed:
But knowne worth did in mine of time proceed,
Till by degrees it had full conquest got.
I saw and liked, I liked but loued not,
I loued, but straight did not what *Loue* decreed:
At length to *Loues* decrees, I forc'd, agreed,
Yet with repining at so partiall lot.
Now euen that footstep of lost libertie
Is gone, and now like slaue-borne *Muscouite*,
I call it praise to suffer Tyrannie:
And now employ the remnant of my wit,
To make my selfe beleeue, that all is well,
While with a feeling skill I paint my hell.

3

Let dainty wits cry on the Sisters nine,
That braudy maskt, their fancies may be told:
Or *Pindares* Apes, flaunt they in phrases fine,
Enam'ling with pied flowers their thoughts of gold:

Or else let them in stately glorie shine,
Ennobling new found Tropes with problemes old:
Or with strange similes enrich each line,
Of herbes or beasts, which *Inde* or *Affrike* hold.

For me in sooth, no Muse but one I know:
Phrases and Problemes from my reach do grow,
And strange things cost too deare for my poore sprites.

How then? euen thus: in *Stellas* face I reed,
What Loue and Beautie be, then all my deed
But Copying is, what in her Nature writes.

4

Vertue alas, now let me take some rest,
Thou setst a bate betweene my will and wit,
If vaine loue haue my simple soule opprest:
Leaue what thou likest not, deale not thou with it.

Thy scepter vse in som old *Catoes* brest;
Churches or schooles are for thy seate more fit:
I do confesse, pardon a fault confest:
My mouth too tender is for thy hard bit.

But if that needes thou wilt vsurping be
In little reason that is left in me,
And still th'effect of thy perswasions proue:

I sweare, my heart such one shall shew to thee,
That shrines in flesh so true a Deitie,
That *Vertue*, thou thy selfe shalt be in loue.

5

It is most true, that eyes are form'd to serue
The inward light: and that the heauenly part
Ought to be King, from whose rules who do swerue,
Rebels to Nature striue for their owne smart.

It is most true, what we call *Cupids* dart,
An image is, which for our selues we carue;
And, fooles, adore in temple of our hart,
Till that good God make Church and Churchman starue.

True, that true Beautie Vertue is indeed,
Whereof this Beautie can be but a shade,
Which elements with mortall mixture breed:

True, that on earth we are but pilgrims made,
And should in soule vp to our countrey moue:
True, and yet true that I must *Stella* loue.

Some

6

Some Louers ſpeake when they their Muſes entertaine,
Of hopes begot by feare, of wot not what deſires:
Of force of heav'nly beames, infuſing helliſh paine:
Of liuing deaths, deare wounds, faire ſtorms & freeſing fires:
Some one his ſong in *Ioue*, and *Ioues* ſtrange tales attires,
Bordred with Buls and Swans, powdred with golden raine:
Another humbler wit to ſhepheards pipe retires,
Yet hiding royall bloud full oft in rurall vaine.
To ſome a ſweeteſt plaint, a ſweeteſt ſtile affords, (words:
While teares poure out his inke, and ſighes breathe out his
His paper pale deſpaire, and pain his pen doth moue.
I can ſpeake what I feele, and feele as much as they,
But thinke that all the Map of my ſtate I diſplay,
When trembling voyce brings forth that I do *Stella* loue.

7

When Nature made her chiefe worke, *Stellas* eyes,
In colour blacke, why wrapt ſhe beames ſo bright?
Would ſhe in beamy blacke, like painter wiſe,
Frame daintieſt luſtre, mixt of ſhades and light?
Or did ſhe elſe that ſober hue deuiſe,
In obiect beſt to knit and ſtrength our ſight,
Leaſt if no vaile theſe braue gleames did diſguiſe,
They ſun-like ſhould more dazle then delight?
Or would ſhe her miraculous power ſhow,
That whereas blacke ſeemes Beauties contrary,
She euen in blacke doth make all beauties flow?
Both ſo and thus, ſhe minding loue ſhould be
Placed euer there, gaue him this mourning weed,
To honor all their deaths, who for her bleed.

8

Loue borne in *Greece*, of late fled from his natiue place,
Forc't by a tedious proofe, that Turkiſh hardned hart,
Is not fit marke to pierce with his fine pointed dart:
And pleaſd with our ſoft peace, ſtaid here his flying race.
But finding theſe North clymes do coldly him embrace,
Not vſde to frozen clips, he ſtraue to finde ſom part,
Where with moſt eaſe & warmth he might employ his art:
At length he perch'd himſelfe in *Stellas* ioyfull face,
Whoſe faire skin, beamy eyes like morning ſun or ſnow,
Deceiu'd the waking boy, who thought from ſo pure light,
Effects of liuely heat, muſt needs in nature grow.
But ſhe moſt faire, moſt cold, made him thence take his flight
To my cloſe heart, where while ſome firebrands he did lay,
He burnt vnwares his wings, and cannot flie away.

9

Queene *Vertues* court, which some call *Stellas* face,
Prepar'd by Natures choyſest furniture,
Hath his front built of Alablaster pure;
Gold is the couering of that stately place.

The doore by which sometimes comes forth her Grace,
Red Porphir is, which locke of pearle makes sure:
Whose porches rich (which name of cheekes endure)
Marble mixt red and white do enterlace.

The windowes now through which this heav'nly gueſt
Looks ouer the world, and can finde nothing such,
Which dare claime from those lights the name of best.

Of touch they are that without touch doth touch,
Which *Cupids* selfe from Beauties mind did draw:
Of touch they are; and poore I, am their straw.

10

Reason, in faith thou art well seru'd, that still
Wouldst brabbling be with sense and loue in me:
I rather wisht thee clime the Muses hill,
Or reach the fruit of Natures choyſest tree,

Or seeke heav'ns course, or heav'ns inside to see:
Why shouldst thou toyle our thornie soile to till?
Leaue sense, and those which senses obiects be:
Deale thou with powers of thoughts, leaue loue to will.

But thou wouldst needs fight both with loue and sence,
With sword of wit, giuing wounds of dispraise,
Till downe-right blowes did foyle thy cunning fence:

For soone as they strake thee with *Stellas* rayes,
Reason thou kneel'dst, and offeredst straight to proue
By reason good, good reason her to loue.

11

In truth, O Loue, with what a boyish kind
Thou doest proceed in thy most serious wayes?
That when the heav'n to thee his best displayes,
Yet of that best thou leau'st the best behinde.

For like a childe that some faire booke doth find,
With gilded leaues or coloured Velume playes,
Or at the most on some fine picture stayes,
But neuer heeds the fruit of writers mind:

So when thou saw'st in Natures cabinet
Stella, thou straight look'st babies in her eyes,
In her cheekes pit thou didst thy pit-fould set:

And in her breast bo-peepe or couching lies,
Playing and shining in each outward part:
But, foole, seek'st not to get into her heart.

Cupid

12

Cupid, becauſe thou ſhin'ſt in *Stellas* eyes,
That from her locks, thy daunces none ſcapes free,
That thoſe lips ſweld, ſo full of thee they be,
That her ſweet breath makes oft thy flames to riſe,
That in her breaſt thy pap well ſugred lies,
That her Grace gracious makes thy wrongs, that ſhe
What words ſo ere ſhe ſpeake perſwades for thee,
That her cleare voice lifts thy fame to the skies;
Thou counteſt *Stella* thine, like thoſe whoſe powers
Hauing got vp a breach by fighting well,
Crie, victorie, this faire day all is ours.
O no, her heart is ſuch a Cittadell,
So fortified with wit, ſtor'd with diſdaine,
That to win it, is all the skill and paine.

13

Phœbus was Iudge betweene *Ioue*, *Mars*, and *Loue*,
Of thoſe three gods, vvhoſe armes the faireſt vvere:
Ioues golden ſhield did Eagle ſables beare,
Whoſe talons held young *Ganimed* aboue:
But in Vert field *Mars* bare a golden ſpeare,
Which through a bleeding heart his point did ſhoue:
Each had his creaſt, *Mars* caried *Venus* gloue,
Ioue on his helme the thunderbolt did reare.
Cupid then ſmiles, for on his creſt their lies
Stellas faire haire, her face he makes his ſhield,
Where roſes gueuls are borne in ſiluer field.
Phœbus drevv wide the curtaines of the skies,
To blaze theſe laſt, and ſware deuoutly then,
The firſt, thus matcht, were ſcantly Gentlemen.

14

Alas haue I not paine enough my friend,
Vpon whoſe breaſt a fiercer Gripe doth tire,
Then did on him who firſt ſtale down the fire,
While *Loue* on me doth all his quiuer ſpend,
But vvith your Rubarb words ye muſt contend,
To grieue me worſe, in ſaying that Deſire
Doth plunge my wel-form'd ſoule euen in the mire
Of ſinfull thoughts, which do in ruine end?
If that be ſinne vvhich doth the manners frame,
Well ſtaid with truth in vvord and faith of deed,
Ready of vvit and fearing nought but ſhame:
If that be ſin vvhich in fixt hearts doth breed
A loathing of all looſe vnchaſtitie,
Then Loue is ſin, and let me ſinfull be.

You

15

You that do search for euery purling spring,
Which from the ribs of old *Parnassus* flowes,
And euery flower not sweet perhaps, which growes
Neare thereabouts, into your Poesie wring.

You that do Dictionaries methode bring
Into your rimes, running in ratling rowes:
You that poore *Petrarchs* long deceased woes,
With newe-borne sighes and denisend wit do sing,

You take vvrong wayes: those far-fet helps be such,
As do bewray a want of inward tuch:
And sure at length stolne goods do come to light.

But if (both for your loue and skill) your name
You seeke to nurse at fullest breasts of Fame,
Stella behold, and then begin to endite.

16

In nature apt to like vvhen I did see
Beauties, vvhich were of many Carrets fine,
My boiling sprites did thither soone incline,
And, Loue, I thought that I vvas full of thee:

But finding not those restlesse flames in me,
Which others said did make their soules to pine:
I thought those babes of some pinnes hurt did whine,
By my soule iudging what Loues paine might be.

But vvhile I (fool) thus vvith this Lyon plaid,
Mine eyes (shall I say curst or blest) beheld
Stella; novv she is nam'd, need more be said?

In her sight I a lesson new haue speld,
I now haue learn'd Loue right, and learn'd euen so,
As vvho by being poisond doth poison knowe.

17

His mother deare *Cupid* offended late,
Because that *Mars* growne slacker in her loue,
With pricking shot he did not throughly moue,
To keepe the pace of their first louing state.

The boy refusde for feare of *Marses* hate,
Who threatned stripes, if he his wrath did proue:
But she in chafe him from her lap did shoue,
Brake bovve, brake shafts, vvhile *Cupid* weeping sate:

Till that his grandame *Nature* pittying it,
Of *Stellas* browes made him two better bowes,
And in her eyes of arrowes infinit.

O how for ioy he leapes, O how he crowes!
And straight therewith like wags new got to play,
Fals to shrewd turnes, and I vvas in his vvay.

18

With what sharpe checkes I in my selfe am shent,
When into Reasons audite I do go:
And by just counts my selfe a bankrout know
Of all those goods, which heau'n to me hath lent:

Vnable quite to pay even Natures rent,
Which vnto it by birthright I do ow:
And which is worse, no good excuse can show,
But that my wealth I have most idly spent.

My youth doth waste, my knowledge brings forth toyes,
My wit doth striue those passions to defend,
Which for reward spoile it with vaine annoyes.

I see my course to lose my selfe doth bend:
I see and yet no greater sorrow take,
Then that I lose no more for *Stellas* sake.

19

On *Cupids* boaw how are my heart-strings bent,
That see my wracke, and yet embrace the same?
When most I glory, then I feele most shame:
I willing run, yet while I run, repent.

My best wits still their owne disgrace inuent:
My very inke turnes straight to *Stellas* name;
And yet my words, as them my pen doth frame,
Auise themselues that they are vainely spent.

For though she passe all things, yet what is all
That vnto me, who fare like him that both
Lookes to the skies, and in a ditch doth fall?

O let me prop my mind yet in his growth,
And not in Nature, for best fruits vnfit:
Scholler, saith *Loue*, bend hitherward your wit.

20

Fly, fly, my friends, I haue my death wound; fly,
See there that boy, that murthring boy I say,
Who like a theefe, hid in darke bush doth ly,
Till bloudy bullet get him wrongfull pray.

So Tyran he no fitter place could spie,
Nor so faire leuell in so secret stay,
As that sweet black which vailes the heav'nly eye:
There himselfe with his shot he close doth lay.

Poore passenger, passe now thereby I did,
And staid pleasd with the prospect of the place,
While that black hue from me the bad guest hid:

But straight I saw motions of lightning grace,
And then descried the glistring of his dart:
But ere I could flie thence, it pierc'd my heart.

Your

21

Your words my friend (right healthfull caustiks) blame
My young mind marde, whom *Loue* doth windlas so,
That mine owne wrongs like bad seruants shame
My wits, quicke in vaine thoughts, in vertue lame:

That *Plato* I read for nought, but if he tame
Such coltish yeeres, that to my birth I owe
Nobler desires, least else that friendly foe,
Great expectation, weare a traine of shame.

For since mad March great promise made of me,
If now the May of my yeeres much decline,
What can be hoped my harueste time will be?

Sure you say well, your wisedomes golden mine,
Dig deepe with learnings spade, now tell me this,
Hath this world ought so faire as *Stella* is?

22

In highest way of heau'n the Sunne did ride,
Progressing then from faire twinnes gold'n place:
Hauing no scarfe of clowds before his face,
But shining forth of heate in his chiefe pride;

When some faire Ladies by hard promise tied,
On horseback met him in his furious race,
Yet each prepar'd with fannes wel-shading grace,
From that foes wounds their tender skinnes to hide.

Stella alone with face vnarmed marcht,
Either to do like him which open shone,
Or carelesse of the wealth because her owne:

Yet were the hid and meaner beauties parcht,
Her daintiest bare went free; the cause was this,
The Sunne which others burn'd, did her but kisse.

23

The curious wits seeing dull pensiuenesse
Bewray it selfe in my long settled eies,
Whence those same fumes of melancholy rise,
With idle paines, and missing aym, do guesse.

Some that know how my spring I did addresse,
Deeme that my Muse some fruit of knowledge plies:
Others, because the Prince my seruice tries,
Thinke that I thinke state errours to redresse.

But harder Iudges iudge ambitions rage,
Scourge of it selfe, still climing slipperie place,
Holds my young braine captiu'd in golden cage.

O fooles, or ouer-wise, alas the race
Of all my thoughts hath neither stop nor start,
But only *Stellas* eyes and *Stellas* hart.

24

Rich fooles there be, vvhoſe baſe and filthy heart
Lies hatching ſtill the goods wherein they flovv:
And damning their owne ſelues to *Tantals* smart,
Wealth breeding vvant, more bliſt, more vvretched growe.
Yet to thoſe fooles heav'n ſuch vvit doth impart,
As vvhat their hands do hold, their heads do knovv,
And knowing *Loue*, and louing lay apart,
As ſacred things, far from all dangers ſhovv.
But that rich foole vvho by blind Fortunes lot,
The richeſt gemme of Loue and life enioyes,
And can vvith foule abuſe ſuch beauties blot;
Let him depriu'd of ſweet but vnfelt ioyes,
(Exil'd for ay from thoſe high treaſures, vvhich
He knowes not) grovv in only folly rich.

25

The wiſeſt ſcholler of the vvight moſt vviſe,
By *Phœbus* doome, vvith ſugred ſentence ſayes,
That Vertue if it once met vvith our eyes,
Strange flames of *Loue* it in our ſoules vvould raiſe.
But for that man vvith paine this truth deſcries,
Whiles he each thing in ſenſes balance vvayes,
And ſo nor vvill, nor can behold thoſe skies,
Which inward ſunne to *Heroicke* minde diſplaies,
Vertue of late vvith vertuous care to ſter
Loue of her ſelfe, tooke *Stellas* ſhape, that ſhe
To mortall eyes might ſweetly ſhine in her.
It is moſt true, for ſince I her did ſee,
Vertues great beauty in that face I proue,
And find th'effect, for I do burne in loue.

26

Though duſtie vvits dare ſcorne Aſtrologie,
And fooles can thinke thoſe Lampes of pureſt light,
Whoſe numbers vveighs greatneſſe eternity,
Promiſing wonders, wonder do inuite:
To haue for no cauſe birthright in the sky,
But for to ſpangle the blacke vveeds of night:
Or for ſome brawle, vvhich in that chamber hie,
They ſhould ſtill daunce to pleaſe a gazers ſight.
For me, I do Nature vnidle knovv,
And knovv great cauſes, great effects procure:
And knovv thoſe Bodies high raigne on the lovv.
And if theſe rules did faile, proofe makes me ſure,
Who oft fore-iudge my after-following race,
By only thoſe two ſtarres in *Stellas* face.

Becauſe

27

Becauſe I oft in darke abſtracted guiſe,
Seeme moſt alone in greateſt company:
With dearth of words, or anſwers quite awrie,
To them that would make ſpeech of ſpeech ariſe;
They deeme, and of their doome the rumour flies,
That poiſon foule of bubbling pride doth lie
So in my ſwelling breaſt, that only I
Fawne on my ſelfe, and others do deſpiſe:
Yet pride I thinke doth not my ſoule poſſeſſe,
Which looks too oft in his vnflattering glaſſe:
But one vvorſe fault *Ambition* I confeſſe,
That makes me oft my beſt friends ouerpaſſe,
Vnſeene, vnheard, while thought to higheſt place
Bends all his powers, euen vnto *Stellas* grace.

28

You that vvith allegories curious frame,
Of others children changelings vſe to make,
With me thoſe paines for Gods ſake do not take:
I liſt not dig ſo deepe for braſen fame.
When I ſay, *Stella*, I do meane the ſame
Princeſſe of Beauty, for whoſe only ſake,
The raines of *Loue* I loue, though neuer ſlake,
And ioy therein, though Nations count it ſhame.
I beg no ſubiect to vſe eloquence,
Nor in hid wayes do guide Philoſophie:
Looke at my hands for no ſuch quinteſſence;
But know that I in pure ſimplicitie,
Breathe out the flames vvhich burne within my heart,
Loue onely reading vnto me this art.

29

Like ſome weak Lords, neighbord by mighty kings,
To keep themſelues and their chiefe cities free,
Do eaſly yeeld, that all their coaſts may be
Ready to ſtore their campes of needfull things:
So *Stellas* heart finding what power *Loue* brings,
To keep it ſelfe in life and liberty,
Doth willing graunt, that in the frontiers he
Vſe all to helpe his other conquerings:
And thus her heart eſcapes, but thus her eyes
Serue him with ſhot, her lips his heralds arre:
Her breaſts his tents, legs his triumphall carre:
Her fleſh his food, her skin his armour braue,
And I, but for becauſe my proſpect lies
Vpon that coaſt, am giv'n vp for a ſlaue.

Whether

30

Whether the Turkish new-moone minded be
To fill his hornes this yeare on Christian coast:
How *Poles* right king meanes without leaue of hoast
To warme with ill-made fire cold *Moscouy*.

If French can yet three parts in one agree,
What now the Dutch in their full diets boast,
How *Holland* hearts, now so good townes be lost,
Trust in the shade of pleasing *Orange* tree.

How *Vlster* likes of that same golden bit,
Wherewith my father once made it halfe tame,
If in the *Scotch* Court be no welt'ring yet.

These questions busie wits to me do frame;
I cumbred with good manners, answer do,
But know not how, for still I thinke of you.

31

With how sad steps, ô Moone, thou climb'st the skie;
How silently, and with how wanne a face,
What may it be, that euen in heau'nly place
That busie archer his sharpe arrowes tries?

Sure if that long with *Loue* acquainted eyes
Can iudge of *Loue*, thou feel'st a Louers case;
I reade it in thy lookes, thy languisht grace
To me that feele the like, thy state descries.

Then eu'n of fellowship, ô Moone, tell me
Is constant *Loue* deem'd there but want of wit?
Are Beauties there as proud as here they be?

Do they aboue loue to be lou'd, and yet
Those Louers scorne whom that *Loue* doth possesse?
Do they call *Vertue* there vngratefulnesse?

32

Morpheus the liuely sonne of deadly sleepe,
Witnesse of life to them that liuing die:
A Prophet oft, and oft an historie,
A Poet eke, as humours fly or creepe:

Since thou in me so sure a power doest keepe,
That neuer I with close vp sense do lie,
But by thy worke (my *Stella*) I descrie,
Teaching blind eyes both how to smile and weepe.

Vouchsafe of all acquaintance this to tell,
Whence hast thou Iuorie, Rubies, pearle and gold,
To shew her skin, lips, teeth and head so well?

Foole, answers he, no *Indes* such treasures hold,
But from thy heart, while my sire charmeth thee,
Sweet *Stellas* image I do steale to mee.

33

I might, vnhappie word, ô me, I might,
And then would not, or could not see my bliſſe:
Till now wrapt in a moſt infernall night,
I find how heau'nly day wretch I did miſſe.

Hart rent thy ſelfe, thou doeſt thy ſelfe but right,
No louely *Paris* made thy *Helen* his:
No force, no fraud, robd thee of thy delight,
Nor Fortune of thy fortune author is:

But to my ſelfe my ſelfe did giue the blow,
While too much wit (forſooth) ſo troubled me,
That I reſpects for both our ſakes muſt ſhow:

And yet could not by riſing Morne foreſee
How faire a day was neare, ô puniſht eyes
That I had bene more fooliſh or more wiſe.

34

Come let me write, and to what end? to eaſe
A burthened hart, how can words eaſe, which are
The glaſſes of thy dayly vexing care?
Oft cruell fights well pictured forth do pleaſe.

Art not aſham'd to publiſh thy diſeaſe?
Nay, that may breed my fame, it is ſo rare:
But will not wiſe men thinke thy words fond ware?
Then be they cloſe, and ſo none ſhall diſpleaſe.

What idler thing, then ſpeake and not be hard?
What harder thing then ſmart, and not to ſpeake?
Peace fooliſh wit, with wit my wit is mard.

Thus write I while I doubt to write, and wreake
My harmes on Inks poore loſſe, perhaps ſome find
Stellas great powrs, that ſo confuſe my mind.

35

What may words ſay, or what may words not ſay,
Where truth it ſelfe muſt ſpeake like flatterie?
Within what bounds can one his liking ſtay,
Where Nature doth with infinite agree?

What *Neſtors* counſell can my flames alay,
Since Reaſon ſelfe doth blow the coale in me?
And ah what hope, that hope ſhould once ſee day,
VVhere *Cupid* is ſworne page to Chaſtity?

Honour is honour'd, that thou doeſt poſſeſſe
Him as thy ſlaue, and now long needy Fame
Doth euen grow rich, naming my *Stellas* name.

Wit learnes in thee perfection to expreſſe,
Not thou by praiſe, but praiſe in thee is raiſde:
It is a praiſe to praiſe, when thou art praiſde.

36

Stella, whence doth this new assault arise,
A conquerd golden ransackt heart to winne?
Whereto long since through my long battred eyes,
Whole armies of thy beauties entred in.

And there long since, *Love* thy Lieutenant lies,
My forces razde, thy banners raisd within:
Of conquest, doe not these effects suffice,
But wilt now warre vpon thine owne begin?

With so sweet voyce, and by sweet Nature so
In sweetest strength, so sweetly skild withall,
In all sweet stratagems, sweet Arte can show,

That not my soule, which at thy foot did fall,
Long since forc'd by thy beames, but stone nor tree
By Senses priuiledge, can scape from thee.

37

My mouth doth water, and my breast doth swell,
My tongue doth itch, my thoughts in labour be:
Listen then Lordings with good eare to me:
For of my life I must a riddle tell.

Toward *Auroras* Court a Nymph doth dwell,
Rich in all beauties which mans eye can see:
Beauties so farre from reach of words, that we
Abase her praise, saying she doth excell:

Rich in the treasure of deserv'd renowne,
Rich in the riches of a royall hart,
Rich in those gifts which giue th' eternall crowne;

Who though most rich in these and euery part,
Which make the patents of true worldly blisse,
Hath no misfortune, but that Rich she is.

38

This night while sleepe begins with heauy wings
To hatch mine eyes, and that vnbitted thought
Doth fall to stray, and my chiefe powres are brought
To leaue the scepter of all subiect things,

The first that straight my fancies error brings
Vnto my mind, is *Stellas* image, wrought
By *Loues* owne selfe, but with so curious drought,
That she, me thinks, not onely shines but sings.

I start, looke, hearke, but what in closde vp sence
Was held, in opend sense it flies away,
Leauing me nought but wayling eloquence:

I seeing better sights in sights decay,
Cald it anew, and wooed sleepe againe:
But him her host that vnkind guest had slaine.

39

Come sleepe, ô sleepe, the certaine knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balme of woe,
The poore mans wealth, the prisoners release,
Th'indifferent Iudge betweene the high and low;
With shield of proofe shield me from out the prease
Of those fierce darts, despaire at me doth throw.
O make in me those ciuill warres to cease;
I will good tribute pay if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillowes, sweetest bed,
A chamber deafe to noise, and blind to light:
A rosie garland, and a weary hed:
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Moue not thy heauy grace, thou shalt in me
Liuelier then elsse-where *Stellas* image see.

40

As good to write as for to lie and grone.
O *Stella* deare, how much thy power hath wrought,
That hast my mind, none of the basest, brought
My still kept course, while other sleepe, to mone.
Alas, if from the height of Vertues throne,
Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought
Vpon a wretch, that long thy grace hath sought,
Weigh then how I by thee am ouerthrowne.
And then, thinke thus, although thy beautie be
Made manifest by such a victorie,
Yet noblest Conquerours do wreckes auoid.
Since then thou hast so farre subdued me,
That in my heart I offer still to thee,
O do not let thy Temple be destroyd.

41

Hauing this day my horse, my hand, my launce
Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the iudgement of the English eyes,
And of some sent from that sweet enemy *Fraunce*;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship aduance:
Towne-folkes my strength, a daintier Iudge applies
His praise to sleight, which from good vse doth rise:
Some luckie wits impute it but to chance:
Others, because of both sides I doe take
My bloud from them, who did excell in this,
Thinke Nature me a man of armes did make.
How farre they shot awrie? the true cause is,
Stella lookt on, and from her heau'nly face
Sent forth the beames, which made so faire my race.

42

O eyes, which do the Spheares of beautie moue,
Whose beames be ioyes, whose ioyes all vertues be,
Who while they make *Loue* conquer, conquer *Loue*,
The Schoolen where *Venus* hath learn'd Chastitie.

O eyes, where humble lookes most glorious proue,
Onely lov'd Tyrants, iust in cruelty,
Do not, O do not from poore me remoue,
Keep still my Zenith, euer shine on me.

For though I neuer see them, but straight wayes
My life forgets to nourish languisht sprites;
Yet still on me, O eyes, dart downe your rayes:

And if from Maiestie of sacred lights,
Oppressing mortall sense, my death proceed,
Wrackes Triumphs be, which *Loue* (high set) doth breed.

43

Faire eyes, sweet lips, deare heart, that foolish I
Could hope by *Cupids* helpe on you to pray;
Since to himselfe he doth your gifts apply,
As his maine force, choise sport, and easefull stay.

For when he will see who dare him gain-say,
Then with those eyes he lookes, lo by and by
Each soule doth at *Loues* feet his weapons lay,
Glad if for her he giue them leaue to die.

When he will play, then in her lips he is,
Where blushing red, that *Loues* selfe them doth loue,
With either lip he doth the other kisse:

But when he will for quiets sake remoue
From all the world, her heart is then his rome,
Where well he knowes, no man to him can come.

44

My words I know do well set forth my mind,
My mind bemones his sense of inward smart;
Such smart may pitie claime of any hart,
Her heart, sweet heart, is of no Tygres kind:

And yet she heares, and yet no pitie I find;
But more I cry, lesse grace she doth impart.
Alas, what cause is there so ouerthwart,
That Nobleness it selfe makes thus vnkind?

I much do ghesse, yet finde no truth saue this,
That when the breath of my complaints doth ruch
Those daintie dores vnto the Court of blisse,

The heav'nly nature of that place is such,
That once come there, the sobs of mine annoyes
Are metamorphos'd straight to tunes of ioyes.

45

Stella oft sees the very face of wo
Painted in my beclowded stormie face:
But cannot skill to pitie my disgrace,
Not though thereof the cause her selfe she know:
Yet hearing late a fable, which did show
Of Louers neuer knowne, a grieuous case,
Pitie thereof gate in her breast such place,
That from that Sea deriv'd teares spring did flow.
Alas, if fancie drawne by imag'd things,
Though false, yet with free scope more grace doth breed
Then seruants wracke, where new doubts honor brings;
Then thinke my deare, that you in me do reed
Of Louers ruine some sad Tragedie:
I am not I, pitie the tale of me.

46

I curst thee oft, I pitie now thy case,
Blind-hitting boy, since she that thee and me
Rules with a becke, so tyrannizeth thee,
That thou must want or food, or dwelling place.
For she protests to banish thee her face.
Her face? O *Loue*, a Rogue thou then shouldst be!
If *Loue* learne not alone to loue and see,
Without desire to feed of further grace.
Alas poore wag, that now a scholler art
To such a schoole-mistresse, whose lessons new
Thou needs must misse, and so thou needs must smart.
Yet Deare, let me his pardon get of you,
So long (though he from booke myche to desire)
Till without fewell you can make hot fire.

47

What haue I thus betrayed my libertie?
Can those blacke beames such burning markes engraue
In my free side? or am I borne a slaue,
Whose necke becomes such yoke of tyrannie?
Or want I sense to feele my miserie?
Or sprite, disdaine of such disdaine to haue?
Who for long faith, tho daily helpe I craue,
May get no almes but scorne of beggerie.
Vertue awake, Beautie but beautie is,
I may, I must, I can, I will, I do
Leaue following that, which it is gaine to misse.
Let her do: soft, but here she comes, go to,
Vnkind, I loue you not: O me, that eye
Doth make my heart to giue my tongue the lie.

Soules

48

Soules ioy, bend not those morning starres from me,
Where Vertue is made strong by Beauties might,
Where *Loue* is chastnesse, Paine doth learne delight,
And Humblenesse growes one with Maiestie.

What euer may ensue, O let me be
Copartner of the riches of that sight:
Let not mine eyes be beat-driu'n from that light:
O looke, O shine, O let me die and see.

For though I oft my selfe of them bemone,
That through my heart their beamie darts be gone,
Whose cureless wounds euen now most freshly bleed:

Yet since my death-wound is already got,
Deare Killer, spare not thy sweet cruell shot:
A kind of grace it is to slay with speed.

49

I on my horse, and *Loue* on me doth try
Our horsmanships, while by strange worke I proue
A horsman to my horse, a horse to *Loue*;
And now mans wrongs in me poore beast descrie.

The raine wherewith my Rider doth me tie,
Are humbled thoughts, which bit of Reuerence moue,
Curb'd in with feare, but with guilt bosse aboue
Of Hope, which makes it seeme faire to the eye.

The Wand is Will, thou Fancie Saddle art,
Girt fast by memory, and while I spurre
My horse, he spurres with sharpe desire my hart:

He sits me fast, how euer I do sturre:
And now hath made me to his hand so right,
That in the Manage my selfe takes delight.

50

Stella, the fulnesse of my thoughts of thee
Cannot be staid within my panting breast,
But they do swell and struggle forth of me,
Till that in words thy figure be expresst.

And yet as soone as they so formed be,
According to my Lord *Loues* owne behest:
With sad eies I their weake proportion see,
To portrait that which in this world is best.

So that I cannot chuse but write my mind,
And cannot chuse but put out what I write,
While these poore babes their death in birth do find:

And now my pen these lines had dashed quite,
But that they stopt his furie from the same,
Because their forefront bare sweet *Stellas* name.

Pardon

51

Pardon mine eares, both I and they do pray,
So may your tongue ſtill fluently proceed,
To them that do ſuch entertainment need,
So may you ſtill haue ſomewhat new to ſay.

On ſilly me do not the burthen lay,
Of all the graue conceits your braine doth breed,
But find ſome *Hercules* to beare, in ſteed
Of *Atlas* tyr'd, your wiſedoms heav'nly ſway.

For me while you diſcourſe of courtly tides,
Of cunning fiſhers in moſt troubled ſtreames,
Of ſtraying waies, when valiant errour guides:

Meane while my heart confers with *Stellas* beames,
And is euen irkt that ſo ſweet Comedie,
By ſuch vnſuted ſpeech ſhould hindred be.

52

A ſtrife is growne between *Vertue* and *Loue*,
While each pretends that *Stella* muſt be his:
Her eies, her lips, her all, ſaith *Loue* do this,
Since they do weare his badge, moſt firmely proue.

But *Vertue* thus that title doth diſproue,
That *Stella* (O deare name) that *Stella* is
That vertuous ſoule, ſure heire of heav'nly bliſſe:
Not this faire outſide, which our hearts doth moue.

And therefore, though her beautie and her grace
Be *Loues* indeed, in *Stellas* ſelfe he may
By no pretence claime any manner place.

Well *Loue*, ſince this demurre our ſute doth ſtay,
Let *Vertue* haue that *Stellas* ſelfe; yet thus,
That *Vertue*, but that body graunt to vs.

53

In Martiall ſports I had my cunning tride,
And yet to breake more ſtaues did me addreſſe:
While with the peoples ſhouts I muſt confeſſe,
Youth, lucke, and praiſe, euen fild my veines with pride.

When *Cupid* hauing me his ſlaue deſcride,
In *Marſes* liuery, prauncing in the preſſe:
What now ſir foole, ſaid he, I would no leſſe,
Looke here, I ſay. I look'd and *Stella* ſpide:

Who hard by made a window ſend forth light,
My heart then quak'd, then dazled were mine eyes,
One hand forgat to rule, th'other to fight.

Nor trumpets ſound I heard, nor friendly cries,
My Foe came on, and beat the aire for me,
Till that her bluſh taught me my ſhame to ſee.

Becauſe

54

Becauſe I breathe not loue to euery one,
Nor do not vſe ſet colours for to weare,
Nor nouriſh ſpeciall locks of vowed haire,
Nor giue each ſpeech a full point of a grone:
The courtly Nymphs, acquainted with the mone
Of them, who in their lips *Loues* ſtanderd beare;
What he? ſay they of me, now I dare ſweare,
He cannot loue: no, no, let him alone.
And thinke ſo ſtill, ſo *Stella* knowe my minde.
Profeſſe indeed I do not *Cupids* art;
But you faire maides, at length this true ſhall finde,
That his right badge is but worne in the hart:
Dumbe Swannes, not chatring Pies, do Louers proue,
They loue indeed, who quake to ſay they loue.

55

Muſes, I oft inuoked your holy ayde,
With choiſeſt flowers my ſpeech to engarland ſo;
That it deſpiſde in true but naked ſhew,
Might winne ſome grace in your ſweet grace arraid.
And oft whole troupes of ſaddeſt words I ſtaid,
Striuing abroad a foraging to go;
Vntill by your inſpiring I might know,
How their blacke banner might be beſt diſplaid.
But now I meane no more your help to try,
Nor other ſugring of my ſpeech to proue,
But on her name inceſſantly to cry:
For let me but name her whom I do loue,
So ſweet ſound ſtraight mine eare and heart do hit,
That I well finde no eloquence like it.

56

Fy ſchoole of Patience, Fy, your leſſon is
Far far too long to learne it without booke:
What, a whole weeke without one peece of looke,
And thinke I ſhould not your large precepts miſſe?
When I might reade thoſe letters faire of bliſſe,
Which in her face teach vertue, I could brooke
Somwhat thy lead'n counſels, which I tooke,
As of a friend that meant not much amiſſe:
But now that I alas doe want her ſight,
What, doſt thou thinke that I can euer take
In thy cold ſtuffe a flegmatike delight?
No Patience, if thou wilt my good, then make
Her come, and heare with patience my deſire,
And then with patience bid me beare my fire.

57

Wo, hauing made with many fights his owne
Each ſence of mine, each gift, each power of mind,
Growne now his ſlaues, he fore't them out to find
The thoroweſt words, fit for woes ſelfe to grone,

Hoping that when they might finde *Stella* alone,
Before ſhe could prepare to be vnkind,
Her ſoule arm'd but with ſuch a dainty rind,
Should ſoone be pierc'd with ſharpeneſſe of the mone.

She heard my plaints, and did not onely heare,
But them (ſo ſweet is ſhe) moſt ſweetly ſing,
With that faire breaſt, making woes darkneſſe cleare:

A pretie caſe I hoped her to bring
To feele my griefes, and ſhe with face and voyce,
So ſweets my paines, that my paines me reioyce.

58

Doubt there hath beene when with his golden chaine,
The Orator ſo farre mens hearts doth bind,
That no pace elſe their guided ſteps can find,
But as he them more ſhort or ſlacke doth raine.

Whether vvith vvordes this ſoueraignty he gaine,
Cloth'd with fine tropes, vvith ſtrongeſt reaſons lin'd,
Or elſe pronouncing grace, wherewith his mind
Prints his owne liuely forme in rudeſt braine:

Now iudge by this, in piercing phraſes late,
The Anatomy of all my woes I wrate,
Stellas ſweet breath the ſame to me did reed.

O voyce, O face, maugre my ſpeeches might,
Which wooed wo, moſt rauiſhing delight,
Euen thoſe ſad words, euen in ſad me did breed.

59

Deare, why make you more of a dog then me?
If he doe loue, I burne, I burne in loue:
If he waite well, I neuer thence would moue:
If he be faire, yet but a dog can be.

Little he is, ſo little worth is he;
He barks, my ſongs thine owne voyce oft doth proue:
Bidd'n perhaps he fetcheth thee a gloue,
But I vnbid, fetch euen my ſoule to thee.

Yet vvhile I languiſh, him that boſome clips,
That lap doth lap, nay lets, in ſpite of ſpite,
This ſowre-breath'd mate taſte of thoſe ſugred lips.

Alas, if you graunt onely ſuch delight
To witleſſe things, then *Loue*, I hope (ſince wit
Becomes a clog) will ſoone eaſe me of it.

When

60

When my good Angell guides me to the place,
Where all my good I do in *Stella* lee,
That heau'n ot ioyes throwes onely downe on me
Thundred diſdaines and lightnings of diſgrace:
But when the ruggedſt ſtep of Fortunes race
Makes me fall from her ſight, then ſweetly ſhe
With words, wherein the Muſes treaſures be,
Shewes loue and pitie to my abſent caſe.
Now I wit-beaten long by hardeſt Fate,
So dull am, that I cannot looke into
The ground of this fierce *Loue* and louely hate:
Then ſome good body tell me how I do,
Whoſe preſence, abſence, abſence preſence is;
Bliſt in my curſe, and curſed in my bliſſe.

61

Oft with true ſighes, oft with vncalled teares,
Now with ſlow words, now with dumbe eloquence
I *Stellas* eyes aſſaid, inuade her eares;
But this at laſt is her ſweet breath'd defence:
That who indeed infelt affection beares,
So captiues to his Saint both ſoule and ſence,
That wholly hers, all ſelfeneſſe he forbeares,
Then his deſires he learnes his liues courſe thence.
Now ſince her chaſt mind hates this loue in me,
With chaſtned mind, I ſtraight muſt ſhew that ſhe
Shall quickly me from what ſhe hates remoue.
O Doctor *Cupid*, thou for me reply,
Driu'n elſe to graunt by Angels ſophiſtrie,
That I loue not, without I leaue to loue.

62

Late tyr'd with wo, euen ready for to pine
With rage of *Loue*, I cald my Loue vnkind;
She in whoſe eyes *Loue* though vnfelt doth ſhine,
Sweet ſaid that I true loue in her ſhould find,
I ioyed, but ſtraight thus watred was my wine,
That loue ſhe did, but loued a Loue not blind,
Which would not let me, whom ſhee loued, decline
From nobler courſe, fit for my birth and mind:
And therefore by her Loues authority,
Wild me theſe tempeſts of vaine loue to flie,
And anchor faſt my ſelfe on *Vertues* ſhore.
Alas, if this the only metall be
Of *Loue*, new-coind to helpe my beggery,
Deare, loue me not, that ye may loue me more.

63

O Grammer rules, ô now your vertues show;
So children still reade you with awfull eyes,
As my young Doue may in your precepts wise
Her graunt to me, by her owne vertue know.

For late with heart most high, with eyes most low,
I crau'd the thing which euer she denies:
She lightning *Loue*, displaying *Venus* skies,
Least once should not be heard, twise said, No, No.

Sing then my Muse, now *Io Pean* sing,
Heau'ns enuy not at my high triumphing:
But Grammers force with sweet successe confirme:

For Grammer sayes (ô this deare *Stella* nay,)
For Grammer sayes (to Grammer who sayes nay)
That in one speech two Negatiues affirme.

First song.

Doubt you to whom my Muse these notes entendeth,
Which now my breast orecharg'd to Musick lendeth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only in you, my song begins and endeth.

Who hath the eyes which marrie state with pleasure,
Who keeps the key of Natures chiefest treasure:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Only for you the heau'n forgate all measure.

Who hath the lips, where wit in faireneſſe raigneth,
Who womankind at once both deckes and stayneth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely by you Cupid *his crowne maintaineth.*

Who hath the feet, whose step of sweetneſſe planteth,
Who else for whom Fame *worthy trumpets wanteth:*
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onely to you her Scepter Venus *granteth.*

Who hath the breast, whose milk doth passions nourish,
Whose grace is such, that when it chides doth cherish,
To you, to you, all song of praise is due,
Onelie through you the tree of life doth flourish.

Who hath the hand which without stroke subdueth,
Who long dead beautie with increase reneweth:
To you, to you, all song of praise is due:
Onely at you all enuie hopeleſſe rueth.

Who

Who hath the haire which looſeſt faſteſt tieth,
Who makes a man liue then glad when he dieth:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due:
Only of you the flatterer neuer lieth.

Who hath the voyce, which ſoule from ſences ſunders,
Whoſe force but yours the bolts of beautie thunders:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due:
Only with you not miracles are wonders.

Doubt you to whome my Muſe theſe notes intendeth,
Which now my breaſt orecharg'd to Muſicke lendeth:
To you, to you, all ſong of praiſe is due:
Only in you my ſong begins and endeth.

64

No more, my deare, no more theſe counſels tric,
O giue my paſsions leaue to run their race:
Let Fortune lay on me her worſt diſgrace,
Let folke orecharg'd with braine againſt me crie.

Let clouds bedimme my face, breake in mine eye,
Let me no ſteps but of loſt labour trace:
Let all the earth with ſcorne recount my caſe,
But do not will me from my *Loue* to flie.

I do not enuie *Ariſtotles* wit,
Nor do aſpire to *Cæſars* bleeding fame;
Nor ought do care, though ſome aboue me ſit:

Nor hope, nor with another courſe to frame,
But that which once may win thy cruell hart:
Thou art my Wit, and thou my Vertue art.

95

Loue by ſure proofe I may call thee vnkind,
That giu'ſt no better eare to my iuſt cries:
Thou whom to me ſuch my good turnes ſhould bind,
As I may well recount, but none can prize:

For when nak'd boy thou couldſt no harbour find
In this old world, growne now ſo too too wife:
I lodg'd thee in my heart, and being blind
By Nature borne, I gaue to thee mine eyes.

Mine eyes, my light, my heart, my life, alas,
If ſo great ſeruices may ſcorned be:
Yet let this thought thy Tygriſh courage paſſe,

That I perhaps am ſomewhat kinne to thee;
Since in thine armes, if learn'd fame truth hath pred,
Thou bear'ſt the arrow, I the arrow head.

66

And do I see some cause a hope to feede,
Or doth the tedious burd'n of long wo
In weakened minds, quicke apprehending breed,
Of euerie image, which may comfort show?

I cannot brag of word, much lesse of deed,
Fortunes wheeles still with me in one sort slow,
My wealth no more, and no whit lesse my need,
Desire still on the stilts of feare doth go.

And yet amid all feares a hope there is,
Stolne to my heart since last faire night, nay day,
Stellas eyes sent to me the beames of blisse,

Looking on me, while I lookt other way:
But when mine eyes backe to their heau'n did moue,
They fled with blush, which guiltie seem'd of loue.

67

Hope, art thou true, or doest thou flatter me?
Doth *Stella* now begin with pitious eye,
The ruines of her conquest to espie:
Will she take time before all wracked be?

Her eyes-speech is translated thus by thee:
But failst thou not in phrase so heau'nly hie?
Looke on againe, the faire text better trie:
What blushing notes dost thou in margine see?

What sighes stolne out, or kild before full borne?
Hast thou found such and such like arguments?
Or art thou else to comfort me forsworne?

Well, how-so thou interpret the contents,
I am resolu'd thy errour to maintaine,
Rather then by more truth to get more paine.

68

Stella, the onely Planet of my light,
Light of my life, and life of my desire,
Chiefe good, whereto my hope doth only aspire,
World of my wealth, and heau'n of my delight.

Why doest thou spend the treasures of thy sprite,
With voice more fit to wed *Amphions* lyre,
Seeking to quench in me the noble fire,
Fed by thy worth, and blinded by thy sight?

And all in vaine, for while thy breath most sweet,
With choisest words, thy words with reasons rare,
Thy reasons firmly set on *Vertues feet*,

Labour to kill in me this killing care:
O thinke I then, what paradise of ioy
It is, so faire a Vertue to enioy.

O

69

O ioy, too high for my low stile to show:
O blisse, fit for a nobler state then me:
Enuie, put out thine eyes least thou do see
What Oceans of delight in me do flow.

My friend, that oft saw through all maskes my wo,
Come, come, and let me powre my self on thee;
Gone is the winter of my miserie,
My spring appeares, o see what here doth grow.

For *Stella* hath with words where faith doth shine,
Of her high heart giu'n me the monarchie:
I, I, o I may say that she is mine.

And though she giue but thus conditionly
This realme of blisse, while vertuous course I take,
No kings be crown'd, but they some couenants make.

70

My Muse may well grudge at my heau'nly ioy,
If still I force her in sad rimes to creepe:
She oft hath drunk my teares, now hopes to enioy
Nectar of Mirth, since I *Ioues* cup do keepe.

Sonets be not bound prentise to annoy:
Trebles sing high, as well as bases deepe:
Griefe but *Loues* winter liuerie is, the Boy
Hath cheekes to smile, as well as eyes to weepe.

Come then my Muse, shew thou height of delight
In well raisde notes, my pen the best it may
Shall paint out ioy, though but in blacke and white.

Cease eager Muse, peace pen, for my sake stay,
I giue you here my hand for truth of this,
Wise silence is best musicke vnto blisse.

71

Who will in fairest booke of Nature know,
How Vertue may best lodg'd in beautie be,
Let him but learne of *Loue* to reade in thee
Stella, those faires lines, which true goodnesse show.

There shall he find all vices ouerthrow,
Not by rude force, but sweetest soueraignetie
Of reason, from whose light those night-birds flie;
That inward sunne in thine eyes shineth so.

And not content to be Perfections heire
Thy self, doest striue all minds that way to moue:
Who marke in thee what is in thee most faire.

So while thy beautie drawes the heart to loue,
As fast thy Vertue bends that loue to good:
But ah, Desire still cries, giue me some food.

72

Desire, though thou my old companion art,
And oft so clings to my pure Loue, that I
One from the other scarcely can descrie,
While each doth blowe the fier of my hart;
Now from thy fellowship I needs must part,
Venus is taught with *Dians* wings to flie:
I must no more in thy sweet passions lie;
Vertues gold now must head my *Cupids* dart.
Seruice and Honour, wonder with delight,
Feare to offend, will worthie to appeare,
Care shining in mine eyes, faith in my sprite:
These things are left me by my only Deare;
But thou Desire, because thou wouldst haue all,
Now banisht art, but yet alas how shall?

Second song.

Haue I caught my heau'nly iewell,
Teaching sleepe most faire to be?
Now will I teach her that she
When she wakes, is too too cruell.
Since sweet sleep her eyes hath charmed,
The two only darts of Loue:
Now will I with that boy proue
Some play, while he is disarmed.
Her tongue waking still refuseth,
Giuing frankly niggard No:
Now will I attempt to know,
What No her tongue sleeping vseth.
See the hand which waking gardeth,
Sleeping, grants a free resort:
Now will I inuade the fort;
Cowards Loue *with losse rewardeth.*
But ô foole, thinke of the danger,
Of her iust and high disdaine:
Now will I alas refraine,
Loue *feares nothing else but anger.*
Yet those lips so sweetly swelling,
Do inuite a stealing kisse:
Now will I but venture this,
Who will read must first learne spelling.
Ob sweet kisse, but ah she is waking,
Lowring beautie chastens me:
Now will I away hence flee:
Foole, more foole, for no more taking.

Loue

73

Loue ſtill a boy, and oft a wanton is,
School'd onely by his mothers tender eye:
What wonder then if he his leſſon miſſe,
When for ſo ſoft a rodde deare play he trye?
And yet my Starre, becauſe a ſugred kiſſe
In ſport I ſuckt, while ſhe aſleepe did lie,
Doth lowre, nay, chide, nay, threat for only this:
Sweet, it was ſaucie *Loue*, not humble I.
But no ſcuſe ſerues, ſhe makes her wrath appeare
In Beauties Throne, ſee now who dares come neare
Thoſe ſcarlet Iudges, threatning bloudie paine?
O heav'nly foole, thy moſt kiſſe-worthy face,
Anger inveſts with ſuch a louely grace,
That Anger ſelfe I needs muſt kiſſe againe.

74

I neuer dranke of *Aganippe* well,
Nor euer did in ſhade of *Tempe* ſit:
And Muſes ſcorne with vulgar braines to dwell,
Poore Layman I, for ſacred rites vnfit.
Some doe I heare of Poets furie tell,
But (God wot) wot not what they meane by it:
And this I ſweare by blackeſt brooke of hell,
I am no pick-purſe of another's wit.
How falles it then, that with ſo ſmooth an eaſe
My thoughts I ſpeake, and what I ſpeake doth flow
In verſe, and that my verſe beſt wits doth pleaſe?
Gheſſe we the cauſe, what is it thus? fie no:
Or ſo? much leſſe: how then? ſure thus it is:
My lips are ſweet, inſpired with *Stellaes* kiſſe.

75

Of all the Kings that euer here did raigne,
Edward named fourth, as firſt in praiſe I name,
Not for his faire outſide, nor well lined braine;
Although leſſe gifts impe feathers oft on Fame:
Nor that he could young-wiſe, wiſe-valiant frame
His Sires reuenge, ioyn'd with a Kingdomes gaine:
And gain'd by *Mars*, could yet mad *Mars* ſo tame,
That Balance weigh'd what ſword did late obtaine.
Nor that he made the Floure-delice ſo fraid,
Though ſtrongly hedg'd of bloudy Lyons pawes,
That wittie *Lewis* to him a tribute paid.
Nor this, nor that, nor any ſuch ſmall cauſe,
But only for this worthy Knight durſt proue
To loſe his Crowne, rather then faile his Loue.

76

She comes, and streight therewith her shining twins do moue
Their rayes to me, whoin her tedious absence lay
Benighted in cold woe, but now appeares my day,
The onely light of ioy, the onely warmth of *Loue*.

She comes with light and warmth, which like *Aurora* proue
Of gentle force, so that mine eyes dare gladly play
With such a rosie morne, whose beames most freshly gay
Scorch not, but onely the dark chilling sprites remoue.

But lo, while I do speake, it groweth noone with me,
Her flamie glistring lights increase with time and place,
My heart cries ah, it burnes, mine eyes now dazled be:

No wind, no shade can coole: what helpeth then in my case,
But with short breath, long looks, staid feet and walking hed,
Pray that my sunne goe downe with merker beames to bed?

77

Those lookes, whose beames be ioy, whose motion is delight,
That face, whose lecture shews what perfect beauty is:
That presence, which doth giue darke hearts a liuing light:
That grace, which *Venus* weeps that she her selfe doth misse:

That hand, w^ch^ without touch holds more then *Atlas* might;
Those lips, which make deaths pay a meane price for a kisse:
That skin, whose passe-praise hue scornes this poor tearm of
Those words, w^ch^ do sublime the quintessence of bliss: (white:

That voyce, which makes the soule plant himselfe in the eares:
That conuersation sweet, where such high comforts be,
As consterd in true speech, the name of heav'n it beares,

Makes me in my best thoughts and quietst iudgement see,
That in no more but these I might be fully blest:
Yet ah, my Mayd'n Muse doth blush to tell the best.

78

O how the pleasant ayres of true loue be
Infected by those vapours, which arise
From out that noysome gulfe, which gaping lies
Betweene the iawes of hellish Iealousie!

A monster, others harme, selfe-miserie,
Beauties plague, Vertues scourge, succour of lies:
Who his owne ioy to his owne hurt applies,
And onely cherish doth with iniurie.

Who since he hath, by Natures speciall grace,
So piercing pawes, as spoyle when they embrace,
So nimble feet as stirre still, though on thornes:

So many eyes ay seeking their owne woe,
So ample eares as neuer good newes know:
Is it not euill that such a Diuell wants hornes?

Sweet

79

Sweet kisse, thy sweets I faine would sweetly endite,
Which euen of sweetnesse sweetest sweetner art:
Pleasingst consort, where each sense holds a part,
Which coupling Doues guides Venus chariot right.

Best charge, and bravest retrait in Cupids fight,
A double key, which opens to the heart,
Most rich, when most his riches it impart:
Neast of young joyes, schoolmaster of delight,

Teaching the meane, at once to take and give
The friendly fray, where blowes both wound and heale,
The prettie death, while each in other liue.

Poore hopes first wealth, stage of promist weale,
Breakefast of Loue, but lo, where she is,
Cease we to praise, now pray we for a kisse.

80

Sweet swelling lip, well maist thou swell in pride,
Since best wits thinke it wit thee to admire,
Natures praise, vertues stall, Cupids cold fire,
Whence words, not words, but heav'nly graces slide.

The new *Pernassus*, where the Muses bide,
Sweetner of musicke, wisedomes beautifier:
Breather of life, and fastner of desire,
Where Beauties blush in Honours graine is dide.

Thus much my heart compeld my mouth to say,
But now spite of my heart my mouth will stay,
Loathing all lies, doubting this Flatterie is;

And no spurre can his resty race renew,
Without how farre this praise is short of you,
Sweet lip, you teach my mouth with one sweet kisse.

81

O kisse, which doest those ruddie gemmes impart,
Or gemmes, or fruits of new-found *Paradise*,
Breathing all blisse and sweetning to the heart,
Teaching dumbe lips a nobler exercise.

O kisse, which soules, euen soules together ties
By linkes of *Loue*, and only Natures art:
How faine would I paint thee to all mens eyes,
Or of thy gifts at least shade out some part.

But she forbids, with blushing words, she sayes,
She builds her fame on higher seated praise:
But my heart burnes, I cannot silent be.

Then since (deare life) you faine would haue me peace,
And I, mad with delight, want wit to cease,
Stop you my mouth with still still kissing me.

Nymph

82

Nymph of the gard'n, where all beauties be:
Beauties which do in excellency paſſe:
His who till death looke in a watrie glaſſe,
Or hers whom naked the *Troian* boy did ſee.

Sweet gard'n Nymph, which keeps the Cherrietree,
Whoſe fruit doth farre th' *Heſperian* taſt ſurpaſſe:
Moſt ſweet-faire, moſt faire-ſweet, do not alas,
From comming neare thoſe Cherries baniſh me:

For though full of deſire, empty of wit,
Admitted late by your beſt-graced grace,
I caught at one of them a hungry bit;

Pardon that fault, once more grant me the place,
And I do ſweare euen by the ſame delight,
I will but kiſſe, I neuer more will bite.

83

Good brother *Philip*, I haue borne you long,
I was content you ſhould in fauour creepe,
While craftily you ſeem'd your cut to keepe,
As though that faire ſoft hand did you great wrong.

I bare (with Enuie) yet I bare your ſong,
When in her necke you did *Loue* ditties peepe;
Nay, more foole I, oft ſuffered you to ſleepe
In Lillies neaſt, where *Loues* ſelfe lies along.

What, doth high place ambitious thoughts augment?
Is ſawcineſſe reward of curteſie?
Cannot ſuch grace your ſilly ſelfe content,

But you muſt needs with thoſe lips billing be?
And through thoſe lips drinke Nectar from that toong;
Leaue that ſir *Phip*, leaſt off your neck be wroong.

Third Song.

If Orpheus *voyce had force to breathe ſuch muſicks loue*
Through pores of ſenceleſſe trees, as it could make them moue:
If ſtones good meaſure daunc'd, the Theban *walles to build,*
To cadence of the tunes, which Amphions *lyre did yeeld,*
More cauſe a like effect at leaſt wiſe bringeth:
O ſtones, O trees, learne hearing, Stella *ſingeth.*

If Loue might ſweet'n ſo a boy of ſhepheard brood,
To make a Lyzard dull to taſte Loues dainty food:
If Eagle fierce could ſo in Grecian *Mayd delight,*
As his light was her eyes, her death his endleſſe night:
Earth gaue [illegible] Loue, heau'n I trow Loue refineth:
O beaſts, O [illegible]s looke, Loue, lo, Stella *ſhineth.*

The

The birds, beasts, stones and trees feele this, and feeling Loue:
And if the trees nor stones stirre not the same to proue,
Nor beasts, nor birds do come vnto this blessed gaze,
Know, that small Loue is quicke, and great Loue doth amaze:
They are amaz'd, but you with reason armed,
O eyes, ô eares of men, how are you charmed!

84

High way since you my chiefe *Parnassus* be,
And that my Muse to some eares not vnsweet,
Tempers her words to trampling horses feet,
More oft then to a chamber melodie.

Now blessed you, beare onward blessed me
To her, where I my heart safe left shall meet,
My Muse and I must you of dutie greet
With thankes and wishes, wishing thankfully.

Be you still faire, honourd by publike heed,
By no encrochment wrongd, nor time forgot:
Nor blam'd for bloud, nor sham'd for sinfull deed.

And that you know, I enuy you no lot
Of highest wish, I wish you so much blisse,
Hundreds of yeares you *Stellas* feet may kisse.

85

I see the house, my heart thy selfe containe,
Beware full sailes drowne not thy tottring barge:
Least ioy by Nature apt sprites to enlarge,
Thee to thy wracke beyond thy limits straine.

Nor do like Lords, whose weake confused braine,
Not pointing to fit folkes each vndercharge,
While euerie office themselues will discharge,
With doing all, leaue nothing done but paine.

But giue apt seruing their due place, let eyes
See Beauties totall summe summ'd in her face:
Let eares heare speech, which wit to wonder ties.

Let breath sucke vp those sweetes, let armes embrace
The globe of weale, lips *Loues* indentures make:
Thou but of all the kingly Tribute take.

Fourth song.

Onely ioy, now here you are,
Fit to heare and ease my care:
Let my whispering voyce obtaine,
Sweete reward for sharpest paine:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Night

Night hath clos'de all in her cloke,
Twinkling starres Loue-thoughts prouoke:
Danger hence good care doth keepe,
Iealousie it selfe doth sleepe:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Better place no wit can find,
Cupids yoke to loose or bind:
These sweet flowers on fine bed too,
Vs in their best language woo:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

This small light the Moone bestowes,
Serues thy beames but to disclose,
So to raise my hap more hie;
Feare not else, none can vs spie:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

That you heard was but a Mouse,
Dumbe sleepe holdeth all the house:
Yet asleepe, me thinkes they say,
Yong folkes, take time while you may:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Niggard Time threates, if we misse
This large offer of our blisse:
Long stay ere he graunt the same:
Sweet then, while each thing doth frame,
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Your faire mother is a bed,
Candles out, and curtaines spread:
She thinkes you do letters write:
Write, but let me first endite:
Take me to thee, and thee to me.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Sweet alas, why striue you thus?
Concord better fitteth vs:
Leaue to Mars the force of hands,
Your power in your beautie stands:
Take thee to me, and me to thee.
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

Wo to me, and do you ſweare
Me to hate, but I forbeare,
Curſed be my deſtines all,
That brought me ſo high to fall:
Soone with my death I will pleaſe thee,
No, no, no, no, my Deare, let be.

86

Alas, whence came this change of lookes? if I
Haue chang'd deſert, let mine owne conſcience be
A ſtill felt plague, to ſelfe condemning me:
Let wo gripe on my heart, ſhame loade mine eye.

But if all faith, like ſpotleſſe Ermine ly
Safe in my ſoule, which only doth to thee
(As his ſole obiect of felicitie)
With wings of *Loue* in aire of wonder flie,

O eaſe your hand, treate not ſo hard your ſlaue:
In iuſtice paines come not till faults do call,
Or if I needs (ſweet Iudge) muſt torments haue,

Vſe ſomething elſe to chaſt'n me withall,
Then thoſe bleſt eyes, where all my hopes do dwell,
No doome ſhould make once heau'n become his hell.

Fift ſong.

While fauour fed my hope, delight with hope was brought,
Thought waited on delight, and ſpeech did follow thought:
Then grew my tongue and pen records vnto thy glory:
I thought all words were loſt, that were not ſpent of thee:
I thought each place was darke but where thy lights would be,
And all eares worſe then deafe, that heard not out thy ſtorie.

I ſaid, thou wert moſt faire, and ſo indeed thou art:
I ſaid, thou art moſt ſweet, ſweet poiſon to my heart:
I ſaid, my ſoule was thine (ô that I then had lyed)
I ſaid, thine eyes were ſtarres, thy breaſts the milk'n way,
Thy fingers Cupids *ſhafts, thy voyce the Angels lay:*
And all I ſaid ſo well, as no man it denied.

But now that hope is loſt, vnkindneſſe kils delight,
Yet thought and ſpeech do liue, though metamorphoſd quite:
For rage now rules the raines, which guided were by Pleaſure.
I thinke now of thy faults, who late thought of thy praiſe,
That ſpeech falles now to blame, which did thy honour raiſe,
The ſame key ope'n can, which can locke vp a treaſure.

Thou

Thou then whom partiall heauens conſpir'd in one to frame,
The proofe of Beauties worth, th'enheritrix of fame,
The manſion ſeat of bliſſe, and iuſt excuſe of Louers,
See now thoſe feathers pluckt, wherewith thou flew moſt high:
See what cloudes of reproch ſhall darke thy honours skie,
Whoſe owne fault caſts him downe, hardly high ſeat recouers.

And ô my Muſe, though oft you lulld her in your lap,
And then a heau'nly child gaue her Ambroſian pap:
And to that braine of hers your kindeſt gifts infuſed,
Since ſhe diſdaining me, doth you in me diſdaine:
Suffer not her to laugh, while both we ſuffer paine:
Princes in ſubiects wrongd, muſt deeme themſelues abuſed.

Your Client poore my ſelfe, ſhall Stella handle ſo?
Reuenge, reuenge, my Muſe. Defiance trumpet blow:
Threat'n what may be done, yet do more then you threat'n.
Ah, my ſute granted is, I feele my breaſt doth ſwell:
Now child, a leſſon new you ſhall begin to ſpell:
Sweet babes muſt babies haue, but ſhrewd gyrles muſt be beat'n.

Thinke now no more to heare of warme fine odourd ſnow,
Nor blushing Lillies, nor pearles ruby-hidden row,
Nor of that golden ſea whoſe waues in turles are brok'n:
But of thy ſoule, ſo fraught with ſuch vngratefulneſſe,
As where thou ſoone mightſt helpe, moſt faith doſt moſt oppreſſe,
Vngratefull who is cald, the worſt of euils is ſpok'n:

Yet worſe then worſt, I ſay thou art a theefe: a theefe?
Now God forbid. A theefe, and of worſt theeues the cheefe:
Theeues ſteal for need, and ſteale but goods, which paine recouers,
But thou rich in all ioyes, doeſt rob my ioyes from me,
Which cannot be reſtor'd by time nor induſtrie:
Of foes the ſpoile is euill, far worſe of conſtant louers.

Yet gentle Engliſh theeues do rob, but will not ſlay;
Thou Engliſh murdring theefe, wilt haue harts for thy pray:
The name of murdrer now on thy faire forehead ſitteth:
And euen while I do ſpeake, my death wounds bleeding be:
Which (I proteſt) proceed from only Cruell thee,
Who may and will not ſaue, murder in truth committeth.

But murder priuate fault ſeemes but a toy to thee,
I lay then to thy charge vnluſteſt Tyrannie,
If Rule by force without all claime a Tyran ſheweth,
For thou doeſt lord my heart, who am not borne thy ſlaue,
And which is worſe, makes me moſt guiltleſſe torments haue,
A rightfull Prince by vnright deeds a Tyran groweth.

Lo you grow proud with this, for tyrans make folke bow:
Of foule rebellion then I do appeach thee now,
Rebell by Natures law, Rebell by law of reason,
Thou sweetest subiect wert borne in the realme of Loue,
And yet against thy Prince thy force dost daily proue:
No vertue merits praise, once toucht with blot of Treason.

But valiant Rebels oft in fooles mouthes purchase fame:
I now then staine thy white with vagabunding shame,
Both Rebell to the Sonne, and Vagrant from the mother;
For wearing Venus *badge, in euery part of thee,*
Vnto Dianaes *traine thou runaway didst flee:*
Who faileth one, is false, though trusty to another.

What is not this enough? nay farre worse commeth here;
A witch I say thou art, though thou so faire appeare,
For I protest, my sight neuer thy face enioyeth,
But I in me am chang'd, I am aliue and dead:
My feete are turn'd to rootes, my hart becometh lead,
No witchcraft is so euill, as which mans mind destroyeth.

Yet witches may repent, thou art far worse then they,
Alas, that I am forst such euill of thee to say,
I say thou art a Diuell though clothd in Angels shining:
For thy face tempts my soule to leaue the heau'n for thee,
And thy words of refuse, do powre euen hell on mee:
Who tempt, and tempted plague, are Diuels in true defining.

You then vngratefull thiefe, you murdring Tyran you,
You Rebell run away, to Lord and Lady vntrue,
You witch, you Diuell (alas) you still of me beloued,
You see what I can say; mend yet your froward mind,
And such skill in my Muse you reconcil'd shall find,
That all these cruell words, your praises shall be proued.

Sixt song.

O you that heare this voice,
O you that see this face,
Say whether of the choice
Deserues the former place:
Feare not to iudge this bate,
For it is void of hate.

This side doth beauty take,
For that doth Musike speake,
Fit oratours to make
The strongest iudgements weake:
The barre to plead their right,
Is only true delight.

Thus doth the voice and face,
These gentle Lawyers wage,
Like louing brothers case,
For fathers heritage:
That each while each contends,
It selfe to other lends.

For beautie beautifies,
With heauenly hew and grace,
The heauenly harmonies;
And in this faultlesse face,
The perfect beauties be
A perfect harmony.

Musicke more lofily swels
In speeches nobly placed:
Beauty as farre excels,
In action aptly graced:
A friend each party drawes,
To countenance his cause:

Loue more affected seemes,
To beauties louely light,
And wonder more esteemes
Of Musike wondrous might:
But both to both so bent,
As both in both are spent.

Musicke doth witnesse call
The eare, his truth to trie:
Beauty brings to the hall,
Eye-iudgement of the eye,
Both in their obiects such,
As no exceptions tutch.

The common sense, which might
Be Arbiter of this,
To be forsooth vpright,
To both sides partiall is:
He layes on this chiefe praise,
Chiefe praise on that he laies.

The

Then reaſon Princeſſe hy,
Whoſe throne is in the mind,
Which Muſicke can in ſky
And hidden beauties find,
Say whether thou wilt crowne
With limitleſſe renowne.

Seuenth ſong.

Whoſe ſenſes in ſo euill conſort, their ſtepdame Nature lates,
That rauiſhing delight in them moſt ſweete tunes do not raiſe;
Or if they do delight therein, yet are ſo cloſde with wit,
As with ſententious lips to ſet a title vaine on it:
O let them heare theſe ſacred tunes, and learne in wonders ſchooles,
To be in things paſt bounds of wit fooles, if they be not fooles.

Who haue ſo leaden eyes, as not to ſee ſweet beauties ſhow,
Or ſeeing haue ſo wodden wits, as not that worth to know:
Or knowing haue ſo muddy minds, as not to be in loue;
Or louing haue ſo frothy thoughts, as eaſly thence to moue:
O let them ſee theſe heauenly beames, and in faire letters reede
A leſſon fit, both ſight and skill, loue and firme loue to breede.

Heare then, but then with wonder heare; ſee but adoring ſee,
No mortall gifts, no earthly fruites, now here deſcended be:
See, do you ſee this face? a face? nay image of the skies,
Of which the two life-giuing lights are figured in her eyes:
Heare you this ſoule-inuading voice, and count it but a voice?
The very eſſence of their tunes, when Angels dance ioyce.

Eight ſong.

In a groue moſt rich of ſhade,
Where birds wanton muſicke made,
May then yong his pide weedes ſhowing,
New perfumed with flowers freſh growing,

Aſtrophel *with* Stella *ſweet,*
Did for mutuall comfort meete,
Both within themſelues oppreſſed,
But each in the other bleſſed.

Him great harmes had taught much care,
Her faire necke a foule yoke bare,
But her ſight his cares did baniſh,
In his ſight her yoke did vaniſh.

Wept they had alas the while,
But now teares themſelues did ſmile,
While their eyes by loue directed,
Enterchangeably reflected.

Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighes of woes were glad sighes mixt,
With armes croſt, yet teſtifying
Reſtleſſe reſt, and liuing dying.

Their eares hungry of each word,
Which the deere tongue would afford,
But their tongues reſtraind from walking,
Till their harts had ended talking.

But when their tongues could not ſpeake,
Loue it ſelfe did ſilence breake;
Loue did ſet his lips aſunder,
Thus to ſpeake in loue and wonder:

Stella ſoueraigne of my ioy,
Faire triumpher of annoy,
Stella ſtarre of heauenly fier,
Stella loadſtar of deſier.

Stella, in whoſe ſhining eyes,
Are the lights of Cupids skies,
Whoſe beames where they once are darted,
Loue therewith is ſtreight imparted.

Stella, whoſe voice when it ſpeakes,
Senſes all aſunder breakes;
Stella, whoſe voice when when it ſingeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth.

Stella, in whoſe body is
Writ each character of bliſſe,
Whoſe face all, all beauty paſſeth,
Saue thy mind which yet ſurpaſſeth.

Graunt, ô graunt, but ſpeech alas,
Failes me fearing on to paſſe,
Graunt, ô me, what am I ſaying?
But no fault there is in praying.

Graunt, o deere, on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did ſtay)
That not I, but ſince I loue you,
Time and place for me may moue you.

Neuer ſeaſon was more fit,
Neuer roome more apt for it;
Smiling ayre allowes my reaſon,
Theſe birds ſing; now vſe the ſeaſon.

This

This ſmall wind which ſo ſweete is,
See how it the leaues doth kiſſe,
Each tree in his beſt attiring,
Senſe of loue to loue inſpiring.

Loue makes earth the water drink,
Loue to earth makes water ſinke;
And if dumbe things be ſo witty,
Shall a heauenly grace want pitty?

There his hands in their ſpeech, faine,
Would haue made tongues language plaine;
But her hands his hands repelling,
Gaue repulſe all grace excelling.

Then ſhe ſpake; her ſpeech was ſuch,
As not eares but hart did tuch:
While ſuch wiſe ſhe loue denied,
As yet loue ſhe ſignified.

Aſtrophel *ſayd ſhe, my loue*
Ceaſe in theſe effects to proue:
Now be ſtill, yet ſtill beleeue me,
Thy griefe more then death would grieue me.

If that any thought in me,
Can taſt comfort but of thee,
Let me fed with helliſh anguiſh,
Ioyleſſe, hopeleſſe, endleſſe languiſh.

If thoſe eyes you praiſed, be
Half ſo deere as you to me,
Let me home returne, ſtarke blinded
Of thoſe eyes, and blinder minded.

If to ſecret of my hart,
I do any wiſh impart,
Where thou art not formoſt placed,
Be both wiſh and I defaced.

If more may be ſayd, I ſay,
All my bliſſe in thee I lay;
If thou loue, my loue content thee,
For all loue, all faith is meant thee.

Truſt me while I thee deny,
In my ſelfe the ſmart I try,
Tyran, honour doth thus vſe thee
Stellas *ſelfe might not refuſe thee.*

Therefore, Deere, this no more moue,
Least though I leaue not thy loue,
Which too deep in me is framed,
I should blush when thou art named.

Therewithall away she went,
Leauing him to passion rent,
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

Ninth song.

Go my flocke, go get you hence,
Seeke a better place of feeding,
Where you may haue some defence
Fro the stormes in my breast breeding,
And showers from mine eyes proceeding.

Leaue a wretch, in whom all wo
Can abide to keepe no measure,
Merry flock, such one forgo,
Vnto whom mirth is displeasure,
Only rich in mischiefs treasure.

Yet alas before you go,
Heare your wofull maisters story,
Which to stones I els would show:
Sorrow only then hath glory,
When tis excellently sorry.

Stella *fiercest shepherdesse,*
Fiercest but yet fairest euer;
Stella *whom O heauens do blesse,*
Tho against me shee perseuer,
Tho I blisse enherit neuer.

Stella *hath refused me,*
Stella *who more loue hath proued,*
In this caitife heart to be,
Then can in good eawes be moued
Toward Lamkins *best beloued.*

Stella *hath refused me,*
Astrophel *that so well serued,*
In this pleasant spring must see
While in pride flowers be preserued,
Himselfe onely winter-sterued.

Why alas doth she then sweare,
That she loueth me so dearely,
Seeing me so long to beare
Coles of loue that burne so clearely;
And yet leaue me helplesse meerely?

Is that loue? forsooth I trow,
If I saw my good dog grieued,
And a help for him did know,
My loue should not be beleeued,
But he were by me releeued.

No, she hates me, wellaway,
Faining loue, somewhat to please me:
For she knowes, if she display
All her hate, death soone would seaze me,
And of hideous torments ease me.

Then adieu deere flocke adieu:
But alas, if in your straying
Heauenly Stella *meete with you,*
Tell her in your pitious blaying,
Her poore slaues vniust decaying.

87

When I was forst from *Stella* euer deere,
Stella food of my thoughts, hart of my hart,
Stella whose eyes make all my tempests cleere,
By iron lawes of duty to depart:

Alas I found, that she with me did smart,
I saw that teares did in her eyes appeare,
I saw that sighes her sweetest lips did part,
And her sad words my saddest sense did heare.

For me, I wept to see pearles scattered so,
I sighd her sighes, and wailed for her woe,
Yet swam in ioy, such loue in her was seene.

Thus while the effect most bitter was to me,
And nothing then the cause more sweet could be,
I had bene vext, if vext I had not beene.

88

Out traytour absence, darest thou counsell me,
From my deare Captainnesse to run away?
Because in braue array heere marcheth she,
That to win me, oft shewes a present pay?

Is faith so weake? or is such force in thee?
When Sun is hid, can starres such beames display?
Cannot heav'ns food once felt, keepe stomakes free
From base desire on earthly cates to pray.

Tush absence, while thy mistes eclipse that light,
My Orphan sense flies to the inward sight,
Where memory sets foorth the beames of loue.

That where before hart loued and eyes did see,
In hart both sight and loue now coupled be;
Vnited powers make each the stronger proue.

89

Now that of absence the most irksom night,
With darkest shade doth ouercome my day;
Since *Stellas* eyes wont to giue me my day,
Leauing my Hemisphere, leaue me in night,

Each day seemes long, and longs for long-staid night,
The night as tedious, wooes th' approch of day;
Tired with the dusty toiles of busie day,
Languisht with horrors of the silent night;

Suffering the euils both of the day and night,
While no night is more darke then is my day,
Nor no day hath lesse quiet then my night:

With such bad mixture of my night and day,
That liuing thus in blackest winter night,
I feele the flames of hottest Sommer day.

90

Stella thinke not that I by verse seeke fame,
Who seeke, who hope, who loue, who liue but thee;
Thine eyes my pride, thy lips mine history:
If thou praise not, all other praise is shame.

Nor so ambitious am I, as to frame
A nest for my young praise in Lawrell tree:
In truth I sweare, I wish not there should be
Graued in mine Epitaph a Poets name:

Ne if I would, I could just title make,
That any laud to me thereof should growe,
Without my plumes from others wings I take.

For nothing from my wit or will doth flow,
Since all my words thy beauty doth endite,
And loue doth hold my hand, and makes me write.

91

Stella, while now by honours cruell might,
I am from you, light of my life mis-led,
And that faire you my Sunne, thus ouerspred,
With absence Vaile, I liue in Sorowes night.

If this darke place yet shew like candle light,
Some beauties peece, as amber coloured hed,
Milke hands, rose cheeks, or lips more sweet, more red,
Or seeing gets blacke, but in blackneſſe bright.

They

They pleaſe I do confeſſe, they pleaſe mine eyes,
But why? be cauſe of you they models be,
Models ſuch be wood-globes of gliſtring skies.

Deere, therefore be not iealous ouer me;
If you heare that they ſeeme my hart to moue,
Not them, ô no, but you in them I loue.

92

// Be your words made (good Sir) of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by ſo ſmall rate?
Or do you cuſted Spartanes imitate,
Or do you meane my tender eares to ſpare?

That to my queſtions you ſo totall are,
When I demaund of *Phenix Stellas* ſtate,
You ſay forſooth, you left her well of late,
O God, thinke you that ſatisfies my care?

I would know whether ſhe did ſit or walke,
How cloth'd, how waited on, ſighd ſhee or ſmilde,
Whereof, with whom, how often did ſhe talke,

With what paſtime, times iourney ſhe beguilde,
If her lips daignd to ſweeten my poore name,
Say all, and all, well ſayd, ſtill ſay the ſame.

Tenth ſong.

O deare life, when ſhall it be,
That mine eyes thine eyes may ſee?
And in them thy mind diſcouer,
Whether abſence haue had force
Thy remembrance to diuorce,
From the image of the louer?

Or if I me ſelfe find not,
After parting ought forgot,
Nor debard from beauties treaſure,
Let no tongue aſpire to tell,
In what high ioyes I ſhall dwell,
Only thought aymes at the pleaſure.

Thought therefore I will ſend thee
To take vp the place for me;
Long I will not after tary,
There vnſeene thou maiſt be hold,
Thoſe faire wonders to behold,
Which in them my hopes do cary.

Thought

Thought see thou no place forbeare,
Enter brauely euery where,
Seaze on all to her belonging;
But if thou wouldst garded be,
Fearing her beames, take with thee
Strength of liking, rage of longing.

Thinke of that most gratefull time,
When my leaping hart will climbe,
In my lips to haue his biding.
There those roses for to kisse,
Which do breath a sugred blisse,
Opening rubies, pearles diuiding.

Thinke of my most Princely power,
When I blessed shall deuower,
With my greedy licorous senses,
Beauty, musicke, sweetnesse, loue
While she doth against me proue
Her strong darts, but weake defences.

Thinke thinke of those dalyings,
When with Doue like murmurings,
With glad moning passed anguish,
We change eyes, and hart for hart,
Each to other do depart,
Ioying till ioy make vs languish.

O my thought my thoughts surcease,
Thy delights my woes increase,
My life melts with too much thinking;
Thinke no more but die in me,
Till thou shalt reuiued be,
At her lips my Nectar drinking.

93

O fate, ô fault, ô curse, child of my blisse,
VVhat sobs can giue words grace my griefe to show?
What inke is blacke inough to paint my wo?
Through me, wretch me, euen *Stella* vexed is.

Yet truth (if Caitifs breath may call thee) this
VVitnesse with me, that my foule stumbling so,
From careles nesse did in no maner grow,
But wit confus'd with too much care did misse.

And do I then my selfe this vaine excuse giue?
I haue (liue I and know this) harmed thee,
Tho worlds quite me, shall I my selfe forgiue?

Onely

Only with paines my paines thus eaſed be,
That all thy hurts in my harts wracke I reede;
I cry thy ſighs; my deere, thy teares I bleede.

94

Griefe find the words, for thou haſt made my braine
So darke with miſty vapors, which arile
From out thy heauy mould, that inbent eyes
Can ſcarce diſcerne the ſhape of mine owne paine.

Do thou then (for thou canſt) do thou complaine,
For my poore ſoule, which now that ſickneſſe tries,
Which euen to ſence, ſence of it ſelfe denies,
Though harbengers of death lodge there his traine.

Or if thy loue of plaint yet mine forbeares,
As of a caitife worthy ſo to die,
Yet waile thy ſelfe, and waile with cauſefull teares,

That though in wretchedneſſe thy life doth lie,
Yet groweſt more wretched then thy nature beares,
By being placed in ſuch a wretch as I.

95

Yet ſighes, deere ſighs, indeede true friends you are,
That do not leaue your left friend at the wurſt,
But as you with my breaſt I oft haue nurſt,
So gratefull now you waite vpon my care.

Faint coward ioy no longer tarry dare,
Seeing hope yeeld when this wo ſtrake him furſt:
Delight proteſts he is not for the accurſt,
Though oft himſelfe my mate in arme he ſware.

Nay ſorrow comes with ſuch maine rage, that he
Kils his owne children, teares finding that they
By loue were made apt to conſort with me.

Only true ſighs, you do not goe away,
Thanke may you haue for ſuch a thankfull part,
Thank-worthieſt yet when you ſhall breake my hart.

96

Though with good cauſe thou likeſt ſo well the night,
Since kind or chance giues both one liuerie,
Both ſadly blacke, both blackly darkned be,
Night bard from Sun, thou from thy owne Sun light,

Silence in both diſplaies his ſullen might,
Slow heauineſſe in both holds one degree,
That full of doubts, thou of perplexity;
Thy teares expreſſe nights natiue moiſture right.

In

In both a mazefull ſolitarineſſe:
In night of ſprites the gaſtly powers to ſtur,
In thee or ſprites or ſprited gaſtlineſſe:

But but (alas) nights ſide the ods hath fur,
For that at length yet doth inuite ſonne reſt,
Thou though ſtill tired, yet ſtill dooſt it deteſt.

97

Dian that faine would cheare her friend the Night,
Shewes her oft at the full her faireſt face,
Bringing with her thoſe ſtarry Nymphs, whoſe chace
From heauenly ſtanding hits each mortall wight.

But ah poore Night in loue with *Phœbus* light,
And endleſly deſpairing of his grace,
Her ſelfe (to ſhew no other ioy hath place)
Silent and ſad in mourning weedes doth dight:

Euen ſo (alas (a lady *Dians* peere,
With choiſe delights and rareſt company,
Would faine driue cloudes from out my heauy cheere.

But wo is me, though ioy it ſelfe were ſhe,
She could not ſhew my blind braine waies of ioy,
While I deſpaire my Sunnes ſight to enioy.

98

Ah bed, the field where ioyes peace ſome do ſee,
The field where all my thoughts to warre be traind,
How is thy grace by my ſtrange fortune ſtaind!
How thy lee ſhores by my ſighes ſtormed be!

With ſweete ſoft ſhades thou oft inuiteſt me
To ſteale ſome reſt, but wretch I am conſtraind
(Spurd with loues ſpur, though gald and ſhortly raind
With cares hard hand) to turne and toſſe in thee.

While the blacke horrors of the ſilent night
Paint woes blacke face ſo liuely to my ſight,
That tedious leaſure makes each wrinkled line:

But when *Aurora* leades out *Phœbus* daunce,
Mine eyes then only winke, for ſpite perchance,
That wormes ſhould haue their Sun, and I want mine.

99

When far ſpent night perſwades each mortall eye,
To whome nor art nor nature graunteth light,
To lay his then marke wanting ſhafts of ſight,
Clos'd with their quiuers in ſleeps armory;

With

With windowes ope then moſt my mind doth lie,
Viewing the ſhape of darkneſſe and delight,
Takes in that ſad hue, which with th'inward night,
Of his mazde powers keepes perfit harmony:

But when birds charme, and that ſweete aire, which is
Morpes meſſenger, with roſe enameld skies
Cals each wight to ſalute the floure of bliſſe;

In tombe of lids then buried are mine eyes,
For ſt by their Lord, who is aſham'd to find
Such light in ſenſe, with ſuch a darkned mind.

100

O teares, no teares, but raine from beauties skies,
Making thoſe Lillies and thoſe Roſes grow,
Which ay moſt faire, now more then moſt faire ſhow,
While gracefull pitty beautie beautifies.

O honied ſighs, which from that breaſt do riſe,
Whoſe pants do make vnſpilling creame to flow,
Wing'd with whoſe breath, ſo pleaſing *Zephires* blow,
As can refreſh the hell where my ſoule fries.

O plaints conſeru'd in ſuch a ſugred phraſe,
That eloquence it ſelfe enuies your praiſe,
While ſobd out words a perfect Muſike giue.

Such teares, ſighs, plaints, no ſorrow is, but ioy:
Or if ſuch heauenly ſignes muſt proue annoy,
All mirth farewell, let me in ſorrow liue.

101

Stella is ſicke, and in that ſicke bed lies
Sweetneſſe, which breathes and pants as oft as ſhe:
And grace ſicke too, ſuch fine concluſions tries,
That ſickneſſe brags it ſelfe beſt graced to be.

Beauty is ſicke, but ſicke in ſo fair guiſe,
That in that paleneſſe beauties white we ſee,
And ioy which is inſeparate from thoſe eyes:
Stella now learnes (ſtrange caſe) to weepe in thee.

Loue moues thy paine, and like a faithfull page
As thy lookes ſturre, comes vp and downe to make
All ſtokes preſt at thy will thy paine to aſſwage.

Nature with care ſweates for her darlings ſake,
Knowing worlds paſſe, ere ſhe enough can find
Of ſuch heauen ſtuffe, to cloath ſo heauenly a mind.

102

Where be thoſe Roſes gone, which ſweetned ſo our eyes?
Where thoſe red cheeks, which oft with faire encreaſe did frame
The height of honour in the kindly badge of ſhame?
VVho hath the crimſon weeds ſtolne from my morning skies?
How doth the colour vade of thoſe vermillion dies,
Which Nature ſelfe did make, and ſelfe engraind the ſame?
I would know by what right this paleneſſe ouercame
That hue, whoſe force my hart ſtill vnto thraldome ties?
Galens adoptiue ſonnes, who by a beaten way
Their iudgements hackney on, the fault on ſickneſſe lay,
But feeling proofe makes me (ſay they) miſtake it furre:
It is but loue which makes his paper perfit white,
To write therein more freſh the ſtory of delight,
While beauties reddeſt inke *Venus* for him doth ſturre.

103

O happie Tems, that didſt my *Stella* beare,
I ſaw thy ſelfe with many a ſmiling line
Vpon thy cheerefull face, ioyes liuery weare:
While thoſe faire planets on thy ſtreames did ſhine.
The boate for ioy could not to daunce forbear,
While wanton winds with beauties ſo diuine
Rauiſht, ſtaid not, till in her golden haire
They did themſelues (ô ſweeteſt priſon) twine.
And faine thoſe *Æols* youth there would their ſtay
Haue made, but forſt by Nature ſtill to flie,
Firſt did with puffing kiſſe thoſe lockes diſplay:
She ſo diſcheueld, bluſht; from window I
With ſight thereof cride out; ô faire diſgrace,
Let honor ſelfe to thee grant higheſt place.

104

Enuious wits what hath bene mine offence,
That with ſuch poyſonous care my lookes you marke,
That to each word, nay ſigh of mine you harke,
As grudging me my ſorrowes eloquence?
Ah, is it not enough, that I am thence,
Thence, ſo farre thence, that ſcarcely any ſparke
Of comfort dare come to this dungeon darke,
Where rigours exile lockes vp all my ſenſe?
But if I by a happy window paſſe,
If I but ſtars vpon mine armour beare,
Sicke, thirſty, glad (though but of empty glaſſe:)
Your mortall notes ſtraight my hid meaning teare,
From out my ribs, and puffing proues that I
Do *Stella* loue, fooles who doth it deny?

Eleuenth Song.

Who is it that this darke night,
Vnderneath my window playneth?
It is one who from thy ſight,
Being (ah) exil'd, diſdayneth
Euery other vulgar light.

Why alas, and are you he?
Be not yet thoſe fancies changed?
Deere when you find change in me,
Though from me you be eſtranged,
Let my chaunge to ruine be.

Well in abſence this will dy,
Leaue to ſee, and leaue to wonder:
Abſence ſure will helpe, if I
Can learne, how my ſelfe to ſunder
From what in my heart doth ly.

But time will theſe thoughts remoue:
Time doth work what no man knoweth,
Time doth as the ſubiect proue,
With time ſtill the affection groweth
In the faithfull Turtle doue.

What if we new beauties ſee,
Will not they ſtir new affection?
I will thinke thy pictures be,
(Image like of Saints perfection)
Poorely counterfeting thee.

But your reaſons pureſt light,
Bids you leaue ſuch minds to nouriſh?
Deere, do reaſon no ſuch ſpite,
Neuer doth thy beauty flouriſh
More, then in my reaſons ſight.

But the wrongs loue beares, will make
Loue at length leaue vndertaking;
No the more fooles it do ſhake,
In a ground of ſo firme making,
Deeper ſtill they driue the ſtake.

Peace, I thinke that ſome giue eare:
Come no more, leaſt I get anger.
Bliſſe, I will my bliſſe forbeare,
Fearing (ſweete) you to endanger;
But my ſoule ſhall harbour there.

Well, be gone; be gone I ſay,
Leſt that Argus *eyes perceiue you,*
O vniuſt fortunes ſway,
Which can make me thus to leaue you,
And from lowts to run away.

105

Vnhappie ſight, and hath ſhe vaniſht by
So neere, in ſo good time, ſo free a place?
Dead glaſſe doſt thou thy obiect ſo imbrace,
As what my hart ſtill ſees thou canſt not ſpie?

I ſweare by her I loue and lacke, that I
Was not in fault, who bent thy dazling race
Onely vnto the heau'n of *Stellas* face,
Counting but duſt what in the way did lie.

But ceaſe mine eyes, your teares do witneſſe well,
That you guiltleſſe thereof, your Nectar miſt:
Curſt be the page from whence the bad torch fell,

Curſt be the night which did your ſtrife reſiſt,
Curſt be the Coachman which did driue ſo faſt,
With no worſe curſe then abſence makes me taſt.

106

O abſent preſence *Stella* is not here;
Falſe flattering hope, that with ſo faire a face,
Bare me in hand, that in this Orphane place,
Stella, I ſay my *Stella*, ſhould appeare.

What ſaiſt thou now, where is that dainty cheere,
Thou toldſt mine eyes ſhould helpe their famiſht caſe?
But thou art gone now that ſelfe felt diſgrace,
Doth make me moſt to wiſh thy comfort neere.

But heere I do ſtore of faire Ladies meete,
Who may with charme of conuerſation ſweete,
Make in my heauy mould new thoughts to grow:

Sure they preuaile as much with me as he
That bad his friend but then new maim'd, to be
Mery with him, and not thinke of his woe.

107

Stella ſince thou ſo right a Princeſſe art
Of all the powers which life beſtowes on me,
That ere by them ought vndertaken be,
They firſt reſort vnto that ſouraigne part;

Sweete for a while giue respite to my hart,
Which pants as though it still should leape to thee:
And on my thoughts giue thy Lieftenancy
To this great caule, which needs both vse and art.

And as a Queene, who from her presence sends
Whom she imployes, dismisse from thee my wit,
Till it haue wrought what thy owne will attends.

On seruants shame oft Maisters blame doth sit;
O let not fooles in me thy workes reproue,
And scorning say, see what it is to loue.

108

When sorrow (vsing mine owne fiers might)
Melts downe his lead into my boyling brest,
Through that darke furnace to my hart oppresst,
There shines a ioy from thee my only light:

But soone as thought of thee breeds my delight,
And my yong soule flutters to thee his nest,
Most rude despaire my daily vnbidden guest,
Clips straight my wings, straight wraps me in his night,

And makes me then bow downe my head, and say,
Ah what doth *Phebus* gold that wretch maile,
Whom iron doores do keepe from vse of day?

So strangely (alas) thy works in me preuaile,
That in my woes for thee thou art my ioy,
And in my ioyes for thee my only annoy.

The end of Astrophel and Stella.

HER MOST EXCELLENT MAIESTIE WALKING IN WANSTEED GARDEN, AS SHE PASSED DOWNE INTO THE

groue, there came ſuddenly among the traine, one apparelled like an honeſt mans wife of the countrey, where crying out for iuſtice, and deſiring all the Lords and Gentlemen to ſpeake a good word for her, ſhe was brought to the preſence of her Maieſtie, to whom vpon her knees ſhe offred a ſupplication, and vſed this ſpeech.

The Suiter.

MOſt faire Lady, for as for other you titles of ſtate ſtatelier perſons ſhal giue you, and thus much mine owne eyes are witneſſes of, take here the complaint of me poore wretch, as deeplie plunged in miſerie, as I wiſh to you the higheſt point of happineſſe.

One onley daughter I haue, in whome I had placed all the hopes of my good hap, ſo well had ſhe with her good parts recompenced my paine of bearing of her, and care of bringing her vp: but now alas that ſhe is come to the time I ſhould reape my full comfort of her, ſo is ſhe troubled with that notable matter, which we in countrey call matrimony, as I cannot chuſe but feare the loſſe of her wits, at leaſt of her honeſty. Other women thinke they may be vnhappily combred with one maiſter husband, my poore daughter is oppreſſed with two, both louing her, both equally liked of her, both ſtriuing to deſerue her. But now laſtly (as this iealouſie for ſooth is a vile matter) each haue brought their partakers with them, and are at this preſent, without your preſence redreſſe it, in ſome bloudy controuerſie; now ſweete Lady helpe, your owne way guides you to the place where they encomber her: I dare ſtay here no longer, for our men ſay in the countrey, the ſight of you is infectious.

And with that ſhe went away a good pace, leauing the ſupplication with her Maieſtie, which very formallie contained this.

Supplication.

Moſt gracious Souerai-ne,
To one whoſe ſtate is raiſed ouer all,
Whoſe face doth oft the braueſt ſort enchaunt,
Whoſe mind is ſuch, as wiſeſt minds appall,
Who in one ſelfe theſe diuerſe gifts can plant;
How dare I wretch ſeeke there my woes to reſt,
Where eares be burnt, eyes dazled, harts oppreſt?

Your ſtate is great, your greatneſſe is our shield,
Your face hurts oft, but ſtill it doth delight,
Your mind is wiſe, your wiſedome makes you mild,
Such planted gifts enrich euen beggers ſight:
So dare I wretch, my baſhfull feare ſubdue,
And feed mine eares, mine eyes, my hart in you.

Herewith

Herewith the woman-ſuiter being gone, there was heard in the wood a confuſed noyſe, and forthwith there came out ſix ſheapheards with as many foſters haling and pulling, to whether ſide they ſhould draw the Lady of May, who ſeemed to encline neither to the one nor other ſide. Among them was Maiſter *Rombus* a ſchoole-maiſter of a village thereby, who being fully perſwaded of his owne learned wiſedome, came thither, with his authority to part their fray; where for aunſwer hee receiued many vnlearned blowes. But the Queene comming to the place where ſhee was ſeene of them, though they knew not her eſtate, yet ſomething there was which made them ſtartle aſide and gaze vpon her: till old father *Lalus* ſtepped forth (one of the ſubſtantialleſt ſhepheards) and making a legge or two, ſaid theſe few words.

May it pleaſe your benignity to giue a litle ſuperfluous intelligence to that, which with the opening of my mouth, my tongue and teeth ſhall deliuer vnto you. So it is right worſhipfull audience, that a certaine ſhe creature, which we ſhepheards call a woman, of a minſicall countenance, but by my white Lambe not three quarters ſo beautious as yore ſelfe, hath diſanulled the braine pan of two of our ſeatiouſt yong men. And wil you wot how? by my mother *Kits* ſoule, with a certaine franſicall maladie they call Loue, when I was a yong man they called it flat follie. But here is a ſubſtantiall ſchoole-maiſter can better diſnounce the whole foundation of the matter, although in ſooth for all his loquence our young men were nothing dutious to his clarkeſhip; Come on, Come on Maiſter ſchoole-maiſter, be not ſo baſhfull; we ſay, that the faireſt are euer the gentleſt: tell the whole caſe, for you can much better vent the points of it then I. *Lalus the old Shepheard.*

Then came forward Maiſter Rombus, and with many ſpeciall graces made this learned oration.

Now the thunderthumping *Ioue* transfund his dores into your excellent formoſitie, which haue with your reſplendent beames thus ſegregated the emnitie of theſe rurall animals: I am *Potentiſſima Domina*, a ſchoole-maiſter, that is to ſay, a Pedagogue, one not a litle verſed in the diſciplinating of the iuuentall frie, wherein (to my laud I ſay it) I vſe ſuch geometricall proportion, as neither wanted manſuetude nor correction, for ſo it is decribed.

Parcare Subiectos & debellire ſuperbos.

Yet hath not the pulchritude of my vertues protected me from the contaminating hands of theſe plebeians; for comming, *ſolummodo* to haue parted their ſanguinolent fray, they yeelded me no more reuerence, then if I had bin ſome *Pecorino Aſinus*. I, euen I, that am, who am I? *Dixi verbus ſapiento ſatumeſt.* But what ſayd that Troian *Æneas*, when he ſoiorned in the ſurging ſulkes of the ſandiferous ſeas, *Hæc olim memonaſſe iuuebit.* Well well, *ad propoſitos reuertebo*, the puritie of the veritie is, that a certaine *Pulchra puella profectò* elected and conſtituted by the integrated determination of all this topographicall region, as the ſoueraigne Lady of this Dame Maias month, hath bene *quodammodo* hunted, as you would ſay, purſued by two, a brace, a couple, a caſt of yong men, to whom the crafty coward *Cupid* had *inquam* deliuered his dire-dolorous dart.

But here the May Lady interrupted his ſpeech, ſaying to him:

Away away you tedious foole, your eyes are not worthy to looke to yonder Princelie ſight, much leſſe your fooliſh tongue to trouble her wiſe eares. *May-Lady.*

At which Maiſter Rombus in a great chafe cried out:

Rombus. *O Tempori, ô Moribus!* in profeſſion a childe, in dignitie a woman, in yeares a Ladie, *in cæteris* a maid, ſhould thus turpifie the reputation of my doctrine, with the ſuperſcription of a foole, *ô Tempori, ô Moribus!*

But here againe the May Ladie ſaying to him,

May Lady. Leaue off good Latine foole, and let me ſatisfie the long deſire I haue had to feede mine eyes with the only ſight this age hath graunted to the would.

The poore ſchoolemaiſter went his way backe, and the Lady kneeling downe ſaid in this maner:

May Lady. Do not thinke (ſweet and gallant Lady) that I do abaſe my ſelfe thus much vnto you becauſe of your gay apparell, for what is ſo braue as the naturall beauty of the flowers, nor becauſe a certaine Gentleman here by ſeekes to do you all the honour he can in his houſe; that is not the matter, he is but our neighbour, and theſe be our owne groues, nor yet becauſe of your great eſtate, ſince no eſtate can be compared to be the Lady of the whole moneth of May as I am. So that ſince both this place and this time are my ſeruants, you may be ſure I would look for reuerence at your hands if I did not ſee ſomething in your face which makes me yeeld to you; the troth is, you excell me in that wherein I deſire moſt to excell, and that makes me giue this homage vnto you, as to the beautifulleſt Lady theſe woods haue euer receiued. But now as old father *Lalus* directed me, I wil tel you my fortune, that you may be iudge of my miſhaps and others worthineſſe. Indeed ſo it is, that I am a faire wench or elſe I am deceiued, and therefore by the conſent of all our neighbours haue bene choſen for the abſolute Lady of this mery moneth, with me haue bene (alas I am aſhamed to tell it) two yong men, the one a forreſter named *Therion*, the other *Eſpilus* a ſhepheard very long euen in loue forſooth. I like them both, and loue neither, *Eſpilus* is the richer, but *Therion* the liuelier: *Therion* doth me many pleaſures, as ſtealing me veniſon out of theſe forreſts, and many other ſuch like prettie and prettier ſeruices, but withall he growes to ſuch rages, that ſometimes he ſtrikes me, ſometimes he railes at me. This ſhepheard *Eſpilus* of a mild diſpoſition, as his fortune hath not bene to do me great ſeruice, ſo hath he neuer done me any wrong, but feeding his ſheepe, ſitting vnder ſome ſweete buſh, ſometimes they ſay he records my name in doleful verſes. Now the queſtion I am to aske you faire Ladie, is, whether the many deſerts and many faults of *Therion*, or the verie ſmall deſerts and no faults of *Eſpilus* be to be preferred. But before you giue your iudgement (moſt excellent Ladie) you ſhall heare what each of them can ſay for them ſelues in their rurall ſongs.

Thereupon Therion chalenged Eſpilus to ſing with him, ſpeaking theſe ſixe verſes:

Therion.

Come Eſpilus, *come now declare thy skill,*
Shew how thou canſt deſerue ſo braue deſire,
Warme well thy wits, if thou wilt win her will,
For water cold did neuer promiſe fire:
Great ſure is ſhe, on whome our hopes do liue,
Greater is ſhe who muſt the iudgement giue.

But

But *Eſpilus* as if he had bene inſpired with the Muſes, began forthwith to ſing, whereto his fellow ſhepheards ſet in with their recorders, which they bare in their bags like pipes, and ſo of *Therions* ſide did the foreſters, with the cornets they wore about their neckes like hunting hornes in baudrikes.

Eſpilus.

Tune vp my voice, a higher note I yeeld,
To high conceipts the ſong muſt needes be high,
More high then ſtarres, more firme then flintie field
Are all my thoughts, in which I liue or die:
Sweete ſoule, to whom I vowed am a ſlaue,
Let not wild woods ſo great a treaſure haue.

Therion.

The higheſt note comes oft from baſeſt mind,
As ſhallow brookes do yeeld the greateſt ſound,
Seeke other thoughts thy life or death to find;
Thy ſtarres be fall'n, plowed is thy flintie ground:
Sweete ſoule let not a wretch that ſerueth sheepe,
Among his flocke ſo ſweete a treaſure keepe.

Eſpilus.

Two thouſand sheepe I haue as white as milke,
Though not ſo white as is thy louely face,
The paſture rich, the wooll as ſoft as ſilke,
All this I giue, let me poſſeſſe thy grace,
But ſtill take heede leaſt thou thy ſelfe ſubmit
To one that hath no wealth, and wants his wit.

Therion.

Two thouſand deere in wildeſt woods I haue,
Them can I take, but you I cannot hold:
He is not poore who can his freedome ſaue,
Bound but to you, no wealth but you I would:
But take this beaſt, if beaſts you feare to miſſe,
For of his beaſts the greateſt beaſt he is.

Eſpilus kneeling to the Queene.

Iudge you to whom all beauties force is lent.

Therion.

Iudge you of Loue, to whom all Loue is bent.

But as they waited for the iudgement her Maieſtie ſhould giue of their deſerts, the ſhepheards and foreſters grew to a great contention, whether of their fellowes had ſung better, and ſo whether the eſtate of ſhepheards or forreſters were the more worſhipfull. The ſpeakers were *Dorcas* an olde ſhepheard, and *Rixus* a young foſter, betweene whome the ſchoole-maiſter *Rombus* came in as moderator.

Dorcas the shepheard.

Now all the bleſsings of mine old grandam (ſilly *Eſpilus*) light vpon thy ſhoulders for this honicombe ſinging of thine; now of my honeſtie all the bels in the towne could

could not haue ſung better, if the proud heart of the harlotrie lie not downe to thee now, the ſheepes rot catch her, to teach her that a faire woman hath not her faire-neſſe to let it grow ruſtiſh.

Rixus the foſter.

O *Midas* why art thou not aliue now to lend thine eares to this drivle, by the precious bones of a hunts-man, he knowes not the bleaying of a calfe from the ſong of a nightingale, but if yonder great Gentlewoman be as wiſe as ſhe is faire, *Therion* thou ſhalt haue the prize, and thou old *Dorcas* with young maiſter *Eſpilus* ſhall remaine tame fooles, as you be.

Dorcas. And with cap and knee be it ſpoken, is it your pleaſure neighbor *Rixus* to be a wild foole?

Rixus. Rather then a ſleepiſh dolt.

Dorcas. It is much refreſhing to my bowels, you haue made your choiſe, for my ſhare I will beſtow your leauings vpon one of your fellowes.

Rixus. And art not thou aſhamed old foole, to liken *Eſpilus* a ſhepheard to *Therion* of the noble vocation of huntſ-men, in the preſence of ſuch a one as euen with her eye only can giue the cruell puniſhment?

Dorcas. Hold thy peace, I will neither meddle with her nor her eyes, they ſayne in our towne they are daungerous both, neither will I liken *Therion* to my boy *Eſpilus*, ſince one is a theeuiſh proller, and the other is as quiet as a lambe that new came from ſucking.

Rombus the ſchoole-maiſter.

Heu, Ehem hei, Inſipidum, Inſcitium vulgorum & populorum. Why you brute Nebulons haue you had my *Corpuſculum* ſo long among you, and cannot yet tell how to edifie an argument? Attend and throw your eares to me, for I am grauidated with child, till I haue endoctrinated your plumbeous cerebroſities. Firſt you muſt diuiſionate your point, *quaſi* you ſhould cut a cheeſe into two particles, for thus muſt I vniforme my ſpeech to your obtuſe conceptions; for *Prius dinidendum oratio antequam definiendum exemplum gratia*, either *Therion* muſt conquer this Dame *Maias* Nymphe, or *Eſpilus* muſt ouerthrow her, and that *ſecundum* their dignity, which muſt alſo be ſubdiuiſionated into three equall *ſpecies*, either according to the penetrancie of their ſinging, or the meliority of their functions, or laſtly the ſuperancy of their merits *De* ſinging *ſatis. Nunc* are you to argumentate of the qualifying of their eſtate firſt, and then whether hath more infernally, I meane deepely deſerued.

Dorcas. O poore *Dorcas*, poore *Dorcas*, that I was not ſet in my young dayes to ſchoole, that I might haue purchaſed the vnderſtanding of maſter *Rombus* myſterious ſpeeches. But yet thus much I concerne of them, that I muſt euen giue vp what my conſcience doth find in the behalfe of ſhepheards. O ſweete hony milken Lommes, and is there any ſo flintie a hart, that can find about him to ſpeake againſt them, that haue the charge of ſuch good ſoules as you be, among whom there is no enuy, and all obedience, where it is lawfull for a man to be good if he liſt, and hath no outward cauſe to withdraw him from it, where the eye may be buſied in conſidering the works of nature, and the hart quietly reioyced in the honeſt vſing them. If temptation as Clarks ſay, be the moſt excellent, which is ſo fit a life for Templers as this is, neither ſubiect to violent oppreſſion, nor ſeruile flatterie, how many Courtiers thinke you I haue heard vnder our field in buſhes make their wofull complaints, ſome of the greatnes of their Miſtriſſe eſtate, which dazeled their eyes and yet burned their harts;

ſome

ſome of the extremitie of her beautie mixed with extreme cruelty, ſome of her too much wit, which made all their louing labours folly. O how often haue I heard one name ſound in many mouthes, making our vales witneſſes of their dolefull agonies! So that with long loſt labour finding their thoughts bare no other wooll but deſpaire; of yong Courtiers they grew old ſhepheards. Well ſweet Lams I will ende with you as I began, he that can open his mouth againſt ſuch innocent ſoules, let him be hated as much as a filthy fox, let the taſte of him be worſe then muſtie cheeſe, the ſound of him more dreadfull then the howling of a wolfe, his ſight more odible then a toade in ones porreage.

Rixus. Your life indeede hath ſome goodneſſe.

Rombus the ſchoole-maiſter.

O tace, tace, or all the fat will be ignified, firſt let me dilucidate the very intrinſicall maribone of the matter. He doth vſe a certaine rhetoricall inuaſion into the poynt, as if in deed he had conference with his Lams, but the troth is he doth equitate you in the meane time maiſter *Rixus*, for thus he ſaith, that ſheepe are good, *ergo* the ſhepheard is good, An *Enthimeme a loco contingentibus*, as my finger and my thumbe are *Contingentes*: againe he ſayth, who liueth well is likewiſe good, but ſhepheards liue well, *ergo* they are good; *Silloginſme* in *Darius* king of *Perſia* a *Coniugatis*; as you would ſay, a man coupled to his wife, two bodies but one ſoule: but do you but acquieſcate to my exhortation, and you ſhall extinguiſh him. Tell him his maior is a knaue, his minor is a foole, and his concluſion both, *Et ecce homo blancatus quaſi lilium.*

Rixus. I was ſaying the ſhepheards life had ſome goodneſſe in it, becauſe it borrowed of the countrey quietneſſe ſomething like ours, but that is not all, for ours beſides that quiet part, doth both ſtrengthen the body, and raiſe vp the mind with this gallant ſort of actiuitie. O ſweet contentation to ſee the long life of the hurtleſſe trees, to ſee how in ſtreight growing vp, though neuer ſo high, they hinder not their fellowes, they only enuiouſly trouble, which are crookedly bent. What life is to be compared to ours where the very growing things are enſamples of goodneſſe? we haue no hopes, but we may quickly go about them, and going about them, we ſoone obtaine them; not like thoſe that haue long followed one (in troth) moſt excellent chace, do now at length perceiue ſhe could neuer be taken: but that if ſhe ſtayed at any time neare the purſuers, it was neuer meant to tarry with them, but only to take breath to fly further from them. He therefore that doubts that our life doth not far excell all others, let him alſo doubt that the well deſeruing and painefull *Therion* is not to be preferred before the idle *Eſpilus*, which is euen as much to ſay, as that the Roes are not ſwifter then Sheepe, nor the Stags more goodlie then Gotes.

Rombus. Bene bene, nunc de queſtione prepoſitus, that is as much to ſay, as well well, now of the propoſed queſtion, that was, whether the many great ſeruices and many great faults of *Therion*, or the fewe ſmall ſeruices and no faults of *Eſpilus*, be to be preferred, incepted or accepted the former.

The May Lady.

No no, your ordinarie braines ſhall not deale in that matter, I haue already ſubmitted it to one, whoſe ſweete ſpirit hath paſſed through greater difficulties, neither will I that your blockheads lie in her way.

Therefore ô Lady worthy to ſee the accompliſhment of your deſires, ſince all your deſires be moſt worthy of you, vouchſafe our eares ſuch happineſſe, & me that particular fauour, as that you will iudge whether of theſe two be more worthy of me, or whether I be worthy of them: and this I will ſay, that in iudging me, you iudge more then me in it.

This

This being said, it pleased her Maiestie to iudge that *Aspilus* did the better deserue her
but what words, what reason she vsed for it, this paper, which carieth so base
names, is not worthy to containe. Sufficeth it, that vpon the iudgement giuen, the
shepheards and forresters made a full consort of their cornets and recorders, and
then did *Aspilus* sing this song, tending to the great ease of his owne ioy, and yet
to the comfort of the other side, since they were ouerthrowne by a most worthy
aduersarie. The song contained two short tales, and thus it was.

Siluanus *long in loue, and long in vaine,*
At length obtaind the paine of his desire,
When being askt, now that he did obtaine
His wished weale, what more he could require:
Nothing (sayd he) for most I ioy in this,
That Goddesse mine, my blessed being sees.

When wanton Pan *deceiu'd with Lions skin,*
Came to the bed, where wound for kisse he got,
To woe and shame the wretch did enter in,
Till this he tooke for comfort of his lot,
Poore Pan *(he sayd) although thou beaten be,*
It is no shame, since Hercules *was he.*

Thou iestfully in chosen tunes reioyce,
That such a one is witnesse of my hart,
Whose cleerest eyes I bliss, and sweetest voyce,
That see my good, and iudgeth my desert:
Thus wofully I in woe this salue do find,
My soule mishap came yet from fairest mind.

The musike fully ended, the May Lady tooke her leaue in this sort.

Lady your selfe, for other titles do rather diminish then adde vnto you I and my little company must now leaue you, I should do you wrong to beseech you to take our follies well, since your bountie is such, as to pardon greater faults. Therefore I will wish you good night, praying to God according to the title I possesse, that as hitherto it hath excellently done, so hencefoorward the florishing of May, may long remaine in you and with you.

FINIS.